

# SANOHAT



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# THIS IS A HOSPITAL

It's another building you hardly noticed before---  
Until one day you find yourself inside.  
Lying there helplessly---  
Or sitting and standing and pacing and waiting and hoping.

You know now it's not just another building---it's more  
like a Church  
Where no one, except death, is ever turned away.  
Where life enters timidly, and is coaxed to remain.  
Where men and women spend their lives saving the lives  
of people they never saw before.

Where who you are and what you are seem rather unimportant,  
Where forgotten things---like the miracle of opening and  
closing your hand---become new and exciting.  
Where the starched whiteness, the gentle touch, the  
selfless devotion  
Take you back to when you were a child and you looked up  
to see your Mother and Father smiling over you.

This is a hospital---and when you leave you may forget  
all about it.  
But it never forgets you. It stands there ready, day and night,  
to help whoever needs help.  
Sometimes these hospitals themselves need help.  
Doesn't THEIR generosity deserve some of YOURS?

---Lewis Snyder

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SEWARD SANATORIUM  
BARTLETT, TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are hospitalized on a contract basis. The Alaska Department of Health, Alaska Native Service, Veterans Administration, and United States Public Health Service, hospitalize patients here at a standard per diem cost. The Woman's Division of Christian Service makes a sizeable contribution annually in helping to bear the cost of operating the hospital.

MEDICAL STAFF

Francis J. Phillips, M.D., F.A.C.S. The  
Board of Thoracic Surgery.....Medical Director and Thoracic Surgeon, ADH  
Shih-Shun Chao, M.D.....Tuberculosis Clinician, USPHS  
Anthony Lalli, M.D.....Staff Physician  
Joseph B. Deisher, M.D.....Thoracic Surgery Resident, Part Time, ADH

CONSULTING STAFF

C. Earl Albrecht, M.D.....Commissioner of Health  
Charles L. Anderson, M.D., F.A.R.A.....American Board of Neuropsychiatry, ADH  
James C. Parsons, A.B., M.A.....Clinical Psychologist, ADH  
Mary Lou Prawl, A.B., M.S.W.....Psychiatric Social Worker, ADH  
Milo H. Fritz, M.D., E.E.N.T.....Board of Ophthalmology and Otorhinology  
Karola Reitlinger, M.D.....Tuberculosis Consultant, ADH  
Merrit P. Starr, M.D.....Cardiology and Internal Medicine  
Edward T. Blomquist, M.D.....Physician and Surgeon, USPHS  
Max R. Williamson, A.B., M.S.W.....Chief, Territorial Vocational Rehabilitation  
Norman D. Hall, M.D., F.A.C.S.....Physician and Surgeon  
E.L. (Bob) Bartlett.....Alaska Delegate to Congress  
Maxim Schapiro.....Concert Artist Impresario

ATTENDING STAFF

Russell M. Wagner, D.D.....Contract Veterans Dentist

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

Paul W. Nelson, B.S., M.H.A.....Administrator  
Ruth Murrell, R.N.....Treasurer  
Ada A. Stuart, R.N.....Director of Nurses  
Frances W. Clark, R.T.....Xray Technician  
Keturah King, A.B., M.S.W.....Medical Social Worker  
Mrs. Lewis Firth, A.B.....Rehabilitation Counsellor  
George Kimpton.....Commercial Enterprises Manager  
Suzanne Hayward, B.S., A.D.A.....Dietitian  
Helen Priebe, B.S., A.D.A.....Dietitian  
Diana Mackay, R.T.....Laboratory Technician  
Maurine D. Maurer, M.T., A.S.C.P.....Laboratory Technician  
Florence Ayles, R.N., R.P.T.....Physical Therapy (part time)  
Christine Meredith Rouse, A.B., M.A.....Director of Recreation  
Helen D. Case.....Teacher  
Myra McDonald.....Teacher  
Sarah May Garrett.....Supply Worker

# VOLUNTEER STAFF

Not for the World's approval, nor plaudits of friend or foe  
They come each day with a service and help us assuage our woes,  
And each in her own heart's goodness from the Heavenly Father above,  
"With never a blare of trumpets, and never a surge of cheers,"  
They quietly serve where we need them, these wonderful "Volunteers"

-----A Patient

Mrs. Ray James.....Chief of Staff  
Mrs. Norman Hall.....Ward One Librarian  
Mrs. Victor Mahan.....Assistant Ward One Librarian  
Mrs. Charles Malin.....Ward Two Librarian  
Mrs. Esther Chipman.....Assistant Ward Two Librarian  
Mrs. Russel Clapp.....Ward Three Librarian  
Mrs. Vance Hitt.....Ward Three Librarian  
Mrs. Robert Muller.....Assistant Ward Three Librarian  
Miss Sarah May Garrett.....Librarian at large

Our special thanks goes out this month to Marie Green for donations to buy books for a patient, to Gust Brann for his book donations, and to Fred Caldwell for special book donations to buy part of a mining course for another patient.

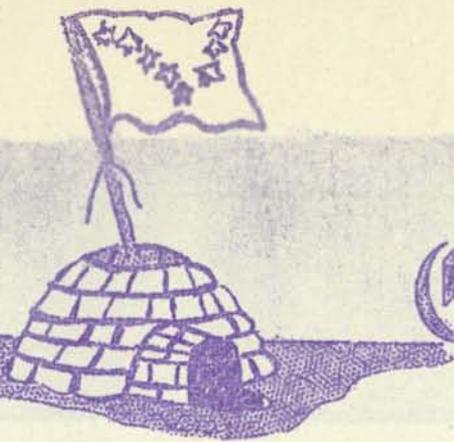
Ward Four will be sorry to learn that Mrs. Cora Jacobs has not yet recovered sufficiently from her recent illness to return as the Ward Four Librarian.

All patients will be happy to learn that Mrs. Ray James is back in Seward, and that Mr. James is almost completely recovered from the illness which took them outside for a short stay.

All wards are very grateful to Miss Sarah May Garrett, who with patient help from the convalescent ward has been pinch hitting for all the Ward Librarians who could not get out to the San during the recent siege of measles and bad weather.

Augustine Birrell wrote that libraries are not made, they grow, and we know that our patients' library keeps growing from the kindness of volunteer workers, generous donations of our own workers, our patients and some of our San Chat readers. To all these we are truly grateful.

# SAN CHAT



MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS  
SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA.

MARCH 10, 1954

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

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Joseph Oneha.....	Sports Editor
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Alice Ashenfelter.....	Ward Two News
Hilda Whitaker.....	Ward Two News
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## SENTENCE EDITORIALS

You may have a good mind and wonderful opportunities but if you do not use your mind and take advantage of your opportunities you can not hope to achieve anything. Be resourceful, develop initiative; don't be satisfied to stay in a rut. If you make a mistake, try to find out why you made it; then take steps to make sure that you won't make that same mistake again.

-----The Sanatorium Sun

The idle person never knows how to make use of odd moments; the busy one always knows how. There is one matter to which we should all pay more attention; namely, leisure time. Here is a good description of a gentleman; "A gentleman is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage and never mistakes sharp saying for arguments."

-----The Sanatorium Sun



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THE MARCH ISSUE OF SAN CHAT IS  
 RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY DE-  
 DICATED TO ADMINISTRATOR, PAUL  
 W. NELSON, WHOSE BIRTHDAY IS  
 IN MARCH.

IN RECOGNITION OF THE MANY IM-  
 PROVEMENTS IN SERVICE TO PATIENTS  
 AND IN WORKING CONDITIONS AT  
 SEWARD SAN, THE PATIENTS, THE  
 STAFF, THE VOLUNTEER WORKERS,  
 AND ALL THOSE IN ANY WAY CON-  
 NECTED WITH THE SANATORIUM, JOIN  
 IN WISHING MR. NELSON, "HAPPY  
 BIRTHDAY."



PAUL W. NELSON

When it was suggested that our March issue of San Chat ought to be dedicated to Administrator Paul Nelson because his birthday is March 29, the idea was greeted with high enthusiasm. Members of the hospital staff and patient body alike have vied with each other in contributions of material to pay tribute to Mr. Nelson whose efforts here at Seward Sanatorium have made for personnel a more pleasant, harmonious place to live and work, and for patients a happier more secure environment in which to win back their health.

#### A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY

Paul W. Nelson was born March 29, 1915 in Enderlin, a small town in North Dakota which has about the same population as Seward, Alaska. His father was George A. Nelson, a dentist and his mother, Mary, who was imbued with the old-fashioned concept that a Christian home is the foundation of all success, and so spent her time as housewife and mother rearing her five sons, (no girls) to become Christian gentlemen no matter what profession they might choose to follow in later life.

Paul attended the normal twelve years through Enderlin Public School, graduating from high school during the depression years. After high school he worked in the North Dakota wheat fields at a wage of \$1.00 a day until he was able to enter North Dakota Agricultural College in Fargo, where he attended for one year. Then he transferred to the University of Nebraska at Lincoln and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Business Administration.

During summer vacations while at college, Paul had worked in Yellowstone National Park and somewhere along the way had been introduced to and become smitten with a charming and talented young lady who was a student at the University of Minnesota. She was Betty (Bets) Cherrington, and it was to her that Paul revealed his youthful ambition to "Go to Alaska."

After graduation from the University, Paul actually set out for Alaska. He got as far as Seattle where the long arm of Uncle Sam's Air Force reached him with an appointment as Cadet. Nothing left to do but accept the appointment, he went into training at Oxnard, California, and subsequently at Randolph Field, and Kelly Field.

On September 26, 1941, he received his Officer's Commission at Kelly Field, and the same day was married to Betty Cherrington. The hometown paper in Enderlin carried the following headlines: "LOCAL BOY WINS WINGS, TAKES BRIDE, SAME DAY."

Paul and his bride then went to Waco, Texas, where he was assigned as flight instructor, to make their home. It was here that Ranger, a son, and Gypsy, a daughter were born.

From Waco, Paul went to Indiana as Liason Officer for the recruiting of Cadets, and then to New Mexico for twenty weeks of training with B29 aircraft. He was in Salina, Kansas with a B29 crew preparing to go overseas when V day was announced. Shortly after he was mustered out of the Air force, with a wife, two children, and a still active yen to go to Alaska.

Nothing stopping him now, Paul arrived in Alaska on Thanksgiving Day, 1945. He spent

the night in Moose Pass with the Estes Brothers, and the next day paid a visit to Alaska Nellie. He decided then and there after a view of Kenai Lake from Alaska Nellie's place that Kenai Lake was THE place to live. The Logan Varnells offered him their summer home off the shore of the lake at mile 20, so Paul sent for his family. The family arrived on the S.S. Yukon, the last, ill-fated voyage of the Yukon which met disaster on the return trip from Seward.

Their first winter in Alaska at mile 20, the Nelson's spent cutting wood for heat, skiing for fun, and generally basking in the beauty of Alaskan scenery along Lake Kenai. During the summer of '46 Paul went to work for the Forestry Service as trail foreman, and then in November of that year, made his debut at Seward Sanatorium as business manager. He remained in the capacity of business manager until August, 1949 when he decided to take his family outside for a vacation in Yellowstone National Park.

In the meantime a new name had been added to the family roll-call, Paula, a daughter born in 1948.

Driving outside in a Ford pick-up, in August, 1949, Paul took his wife, three kids, their dog, Willow and a pup for a vacation in Yellowstone National Park.

The following September, Paul enrolled in Northwestern School of Hospital Administration, and graduated June, 1950 with the degree of Master of Arts in Hospital Administration. June 20, 1950, he returned to Seward Sanatorium as Hospital Administrator.

Many and varied are the gradual improvements which have steadily up in and around the Sanatorium under the guiding hand and inspiration of Paul Nelson. His early background as well as a natural bent for helping folks fitted him well indeed for the roll of Christian leadership in work for the less fortunate in the human brotherhood.

One of his first reform measures was in obtaining a Sanatorium Bus for transporting workers to and from Seward, thus enabling more of the local people to hold jobs at the San. The advent of the San Bus marks two milestones in the lives of Paul and Betty Nelson. April 19, 1952, Paul drove the San Bus from the factory outside where it was purchased back to the San, and on April 19, 1952 the same day, Bill, the Nelson's second son was born in Seward General Hospital.

In May, 1953, a cottage beside their beloved Kenai Lake, which the Nelsons had long admired became available, and so their present summer home, "NELSUICKEN" (Nelson's-by-the-lake) was purchased.

As nearly as the San Chat biographer can learn by snooping in out-of-the-way places, Paul's favorite hobbies are: 1. hunting, 2. fishing, 3. skiing, 4. bridge, in that order.

The Nelson hunting log might read something like this:

First year in Alaska.....	no score
Second year.....	one goat, one sheep, one moose
Third year.....	one bear, one goat
Fourth year.....	one goat, one moose
Fifth year.....	no hunting
Sixth year.....	one bear, Ranger gets a moose
Seventh year.....	much hunting, no moose

The Nelson saga is still unfolding, and the San Chat expresses a wish on behalf of all staff and patients that it may continue to unfold for many, many years to come.

## A TRIBUTE

By Joseph Oneha

I would like to take this opportunity to write about Mr. Paul W. Nelson our Administrator of the Seward San who needs no introduction to the majority of the patients here. We all know that a hospital is only as good as those who have the authority to administer its various functions. In this regard I am happy to state that we have a very well operated Sanatorium which is continually improving as the years roll by. The majority of these improvements have only come about during the past few years and Mr. Nelson has had a leading role in every improvement. His position as Administrator makes him the watchdog of all funds turned over to the San. He must use good judgment and considerable planning to see that these funds are distributed in the best possible manner and not squandered on trifles. Mr. Nelson as a Hospital Administrator is more than ably qualified to perform the duties of his office with exceptional skill and ability. The patients are fortunate to have Mr. Nelson as their Administrator because he has their welfare at heart and is always trying to improve conditions here to make their stay a pleasant one.

Upon the author's admission to the Seward San in June 1950, his first impression of the place was of a drab battleship gray, dark looking building amongst towering pine trees. He felt like someone entering a house of doom where all a patient could look forward to was maybe a few years of laying around in bed and eventually death.

To-day the outlook is very bright. New white paint has been applied to the outside of all the buildings giving the place a New Look and a smarter appearance. The wards, hallways, ramps, diet kitchens, bathrooms, surgery rooms, offices and in general the whole place including the laundry building have been painted. New cubicles have also been installed throughout the San wherein two patients are occupying each cubicle. These cubicles provide more space between patients and as a health precaution is looked upon with favor by health authorities.

The hospital grounds in front of the administration building has been given the New Look also. All the trees at the entrance to the Sanatorium have been uprooted and the grounds leveled off, adding to the beauty of the place.

Another favorable improvement for the convenience of the patients was the installation of a Centrally controlled radio. At each patient's bed a radio hook-up for headphones was installed. All one needs to do is to plug in his or her earphones and by turning the switch may listen to two local stations from early in the morning until ten o'clock at night. Formerly it was necessary for a patient to purchase his own radio.

These are only few of the numerous improvements that have been taking place over the years and I am quite sure there will be many more to come as the years go by.

We have a good staff of workers who keep up the maintenance of this place. Even though the turn over of employees use to be a problem here, nevertheless, the improvements continued to take place as new employees were trained to take over the work of those who resigned for seasonal or other employment.

Since Mr. Nelson is the personnel officer of Seward San the responsibility of employing new workers and assigning them to their various duties rests on his shoulders. This is no small responsibility and I for one feel that he has done a very good job and is a credit to the institution. Keep up the good work Paul and the best of luck to you always, especially on your Birthday.

## SOME IMPROVEMENTS AT SEWARD SAN

(A tribute to Paul Nelson, Administrator)

By George Green

About ten years ago the spread of tuberculosis in Alaska had reached alarming proportions. Known cases needing hospitalization numbered more than 5,000 and there were less than 500 beds available to take care of them. That there were many many more unreported cases at large in the Territory was an undisputed fact. It was also an undisputed fact that whole families were wiped out, and hundreds of persons rendered incapable of earning a livelihood, every year by this dreaded scourge of civilization.

Then someone got a vision, a vision of healing, and a new effort was made toward constructing a hospital which might offer these unfortunate TB sufferers a small ray of hope for the future. Also such a hospital would certainly help in checking the spread of tuberculosis in Alaska. The public benefactor who is responsible for heading the movement for a new hospital must remain anonymous to posterity, for no names are recorded, however great courage was needed for the task, because one small hospital in the face of such great need must have looked like only a drop in the bucket to the brave people who advocated it. Nevertheless, the vision of healing was pursued, and crystallized into the hospital now operating here at Seward as the Seward Sanatorium.

Under the persistence of those early hospital-minded people, the U.S. Army was prevailed upon to donate the barracks type buildings which had served Fort Raymond as their hospital area during World War II. Then the U.S. Navy donated some medical equipment, but there was no money for operational expenses. The matter was brought to the attention of the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church, and they agreed to assume the responsibility of the operational costs.

Thus, Seward Sanatorium began its operation some eight years ago, under the most trying and disheartening conditions imaginable. Its beginning was distinguished only by the things it lacked. The long list of things lacking was headed by a serious lack of funds, there was also a serious lack of equipment-- a lack of personnel-- even a lack of patients, although there were enough of these in the Territory to fill a dozen such hospitals, and more.

Looking at Seward San today, it would be hard for the casual observer to conjure up the dismal, cheerless scene these self same buildings presented when the hospital first opened. Those of the personnel who have weathered the storms through the intervening years until now remember how they looked. The buildings were covered with same drab paint job of the war years, the interiors were unpainted and cheerless. On the wards, bed pans were flushed by hand and sterilized by boiling them in an open pan of water on a hot stove. In the diet kitchens, sterilization was accomplished by the same method because of lack of adequate equipment.

The San had no means of transporting workers, consequently, local people from Seward who offered their services for work in the San, or in volunteer capacity, unless they owned cars had no way of getting to and from their work.

Today, eight short years hence, the whole picture is changed. Gone is the drab, cheerless, dismal atmosphere of exterior and interior. The whole place has assumed a hopeful, face-lifted, streamlined new look. It is a happy, harmonious scene, now, where people come, are healed of their illness, and go out to live useful, effective lives.

In short, a transformation has been wrought. Many things have happened since those early days to bring about this transformation. Those of us who have lived and worked here through all the change for the better know that these vast improvements are for the most part due to the skill and ability of two men, our Administrator, Paul Nelson, and the present Medical Director, Dr. Francis J. Phillips.

Our hospital Administrator came to us first as business manager, then he took a leave of absence to prepare himself for the greater challenge of Hospital Administrator. He had the foresight to attend the best School of Hospital Administration that he could find and to study the methods of the most up-to-date hospitals outside. Then he had the skill and knowledge to adjust the methods to our need here at Seward Sanatorium. The result speaks for itself. Our buildings may be still primitive, but they are attractive and comfortable, and visiting doctors and surgeons tell us with some surprise that our medical equipment and methods are second to none.

Here is a brief review of some of the important improvements which will confirm the value of contributions to hospital improvement by Mr. Nelson. To name them is to reveal with much satisfaction the vast improvement over eight years ago.

1. Painting— All of the barracks type exteriors of buildings have been painted and interiors re-decorated.
2. Landscaping —Trees have been removed from around the wards and Administration buildings so that sunshine and light could penetrate, adding to the cheerfulness and beauty of the place.
3. Equipment — A long list of needed equipment for kitchens, wards, surgery, X-ray and Lab have been acquired, all contributing in ever increasing degree to patients' well-being and comfort.
4. Supplies —All supplies are now available in adequate quantities to carry on a program of effective patient care.
5. Courses of study — Courses of study have been set up for Aides and Also Home Nursing for patients to insure better nursing care for patients and to give the patient better ideas of how to stay well when they are medically discharged.
6. Pavement —All roads around the Sanatorium have been paved to keep down the thick dust in summer which once was a menace to the patients.
7. San Bus —A Sanatorium owned Bus was acquired which gives adequate transportation to all San workers and visitors.
8. Street Lights — The outside grounds of the Sanatorium is now well lighted in long winter nights when it starts getting dark around four o'clock in the afternoon. This illumination, we believe is symbolic of the change that has been wrought in Seward Sanatorium, and we believe this change is just in its beginning.

We believe it is fair to say that as our physical aspect changed for the better here, so has the outlook of our operating personnel changed for the better. The attitude of all has become more harmonious and contented — and consequently so has the attitude of the patients, as a whole they have become more cheerful, more filled with hope for the future.

The above resume has not mentioned another great step forward which recently been

...of Seward Sanatorium, and which... An... of  
...in the... and...  
...at the instigation of Dr. Phillips and  
...is operating under the same handicaps as our early hospital. So we have  
much hope for it.

Therefore, to you, Paul, we dedicate this issue of San Chat as a slight token of our appreciation for all the good things you have done for Seward Sanatorium, its patients and employees, and we take this method of wishing you, "Happy Birthday".

#### A TRIBUTE TO MY BOSS -- Or -- HAVE I STILL GOT MY JOB TOMORROW?

By Dick Briggs

If an emphatic observation were made to explore the make-up of Paul Nelson, the most profound statement possible would be an indecisive presumption that he might prefer pumpernickle seeds to ice cream. This evaluation is made not with the intention to imply that the inner man is without complexity, but that his manner personifies stoicism, and his true impressions are unfathomable. Anyway, this is all by way of saying that Nelson is having a birthday, and because he is the boss and the pay-roll master it is prudent and diplomatic to dedicate this issue of the San Chat to Paul Nelson, Administrator.

Inasmuch as modern writing dictates a survey of the psyche, and we have revealed as much of Nelson as is dared without jeopardizing relations with the pay-roll disbursement department, the next step in relating a story is the inevitable beginning. Nelson was born.

Sometime between the Civil War and the Depression (the 1932 Depression that is) Nelson arrived in Enderlin, North Dakota, and like a true Horatio Alger character, attended Public School 19, and toiled as a wheat-field sod-buster for \$1 per day. At the outset of the Thirty-Years War (World War II) Nelson had graduated from Nebraska University with a B.S. degree in Business Administration, and departed for Alaska, where he no doubt would have soon made his fortune in Horatio Alger style, if his trip hadn't been interrupted in Seattle with an appointment as Army Air Force Cadet.

In September, 1941, Nelson received his commission and married Betty Cherrington. In-bued with a horticultural desire born from his labors in South Dakota wheat fields, Nelson began raising children, and Paul and Betty arrived on Kenai Peninsula with Gypsy and Ranger, (their first bumper crop) some five years later.

A brief sojourn with the Forestry service in 1946, and Nelson acquired a position at the Sanatorium as Business Manager the following year. Several years at the San provided outstanding experience in Administration, and when he acquired a Master's degree in Hospital Administration at Northwestern after completing the prescribed course, Nelson was favored with the position as Administrator of Seward Sanatorium.

Though particularly talented in supervising the maintenance of an elaborately complex organization like Seward Sanatorium, Nelson possesses the little errors that make all gifted and great men human; like trying to find a leaky gas jet with a lighted blow torch, or pouring plaster into flour bins.

At the end of this page its time to be serious. With utmost honesty and sincerity we hope that the remaining years of Nelson's life may offer at least as much pleasure, happiness and success that have already occurred in his pleasant Alaska experience.

# THE DOCTOR'S CORNER

Rehabilitation at the Seward Sanatorium has become more than just a vocational training for a few physically able patients. This achievement has come about slowly and arduously. It was not always such an entity. To be sure there was an occasional patient who went to work at a job that differed from the one he had when he or she was admitted for treatment. But now rehabilitation has become a kind of philosophy that marks the Sanatorium. It is no longer a matter for the rehabilitation center. Rehabilitation is becoming a clinical approach. The entire Sanatorium staff is excited about the rehabilitation possibilities for every new admission as well as the ones who are well on the road to recovery.

Not long ago the staff agreed that every female patient should have the opportunity to get a short course of training in home nursing. Miss Burdick and Miss Stuart set up such a course with enthusiasm. Patients took the course with enthusiasm. After a few sessions only one dropped out. She had other things to do anyway. She went home to continue her convalescence on out-patient treatment. Following the course in home nursing the girls next took a similar length course in the dietary department. These two courses were designed for a number of purposes. First there is a need for every female to know how to make a bed and get food ready to eat. Also there is a need for them to know something about taking care of sick folks. It was such a fundamental need that prompted the initiating of these two courses as part of the early rehabilitation. Now from the staff point of view these courses enable us to do a better job of evaluating the patient's physical stamina and his ability as an artisan. This time is thus well spent.

From the above course program the patients are then given an opportunity to do some more specialized training. Some are training the fundamentals of photography. There are others doing training in office and secretarial work. Shortly there will be several who will get training in store management. In the spring there will be a few who will get the chance to learn something about managing a gasoline filling station by running the sanatorium pump on the corner. It is not expected that any of these more or less commercial ventures will make big operators of all the patients. We only hope to teach them basic fundamentals so that they may go out and do a little more for themselves when they leave the Sanatorium. The particular physical plant for each of these ventures will not permit a big scale operation, but are designed especially for the job training. This on-the-job training will be augmented with classroom work as well.

Education is generally recognized as one of the few best mediums that do much to elevate the general standing of a people. Thus we hope to accomplish a number of things in the long run. We will help handicapped patients learn how to make a living wage in a new vocation. We will help keep them off the welfare roles. We will give them something of a new vision for life that will eventually be reflected in an improvement in the entire people. We think it will pay big dividends!

-----Dr. Phillips.

-----  
Ill-health of body or of mind, is defeat.....Health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to helathy!

-----Thomas Carlyle

## SO YOU PLAN TO LEAVE AGAINST MEDICAL ADVICE?

By Ellsson 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.

Sure, 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 o 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 last, 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 really you don't want to get well, at least not right this minute while you're talking so big about leaving.

But where is it going to get you? You still have active T.B. If you didn't have, you wouldn't be here. Your doctors and your nurses and all other people 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 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 faster, remember?

No, you can't run away from this thing, no matter how hard you try. And what a gamble you're taking! 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 your 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 something out for you. Sure, it may not be the best, or exactly what you want, but we'll make it bearable for you to stay and complete your cure. We don't want to see you go and blow your chances of getting well into You Know Where.

So think it over and change your mind now. We'll forget you ever talked this way.

and later on, when you cool down a little bit, you'll be able to tell the woods from the trees.

Remember, if sanatoriums weren't good, there wouldn't be any standing today filled with people getting well. And remember, these are YOUR lungs, not mine; if you're wrong, and I know you are, you're the guy who pays, Mac. So cool off and settle down in that bed. Someday you'll be glad. If you don't stay, the place will be here when you're brought back in, maybe too late. Don't do it, Mac, don't go. You'll never be sorry. Don't quit now; keep fighting and you'll win. The best of luck to you--a hero.

-----The Beacon

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#### TB FIFTY YEARS AGO

Dr. Joseph C. Placak Sr., of Cleveland Ohio, a pioneer in the treatment of tuberculosis, writes interestingly of the advances he has seen in the care of the disease during the past fifty years. (Jour. AMA, October 31, 1953)

Prior to 1900, he writes, "The standard treatment . . . was an airtight room with the patient wrapped up in a feather bed and stretched out behind a red-hot stove. It was a question at times whether he died of tuberculosis or parboiling." Large doses of creosote-and-whiskey was the commonest medication, but some doctors began to doubt the efficacy of this treatment when they heard rumors of patients overtaken by spontaneous combustion.

Old-wives' remedies, says Dr. Placak, "were generally based on the premise that the bacilli had a sense of smell; they included sleeping on manure piles, eating dog fat, a regular diet of garlic, and sleeping in a room with one or more savory goats. Physicians with their time-honored hot-box treatment were naturally scornful of this folk-lore, but it is likely that more than one old granny had a better mortality rate than the medical profession."

Stoves and featherbeds became antiquated when the fresh air rage captured the public imagination about 1900. The first sanatorium with which Dr. Placak was associated was a former smallpox hospital to which sleeping porches had been added. The next, a built-to-order sanatorium, was located 12 miles from the city in order to take advantage of "country air." "In wet weather two teams of horses were sometimes required to drag the wagon with the new patient through the axle-deep mud." Rubber boots were a part of the regulation equipment of nurses, and rounds were made at night with barn lanterns. It was frequently necessary to dig the patient out of a snow-bank to take his temperature.

----NTA Reporter

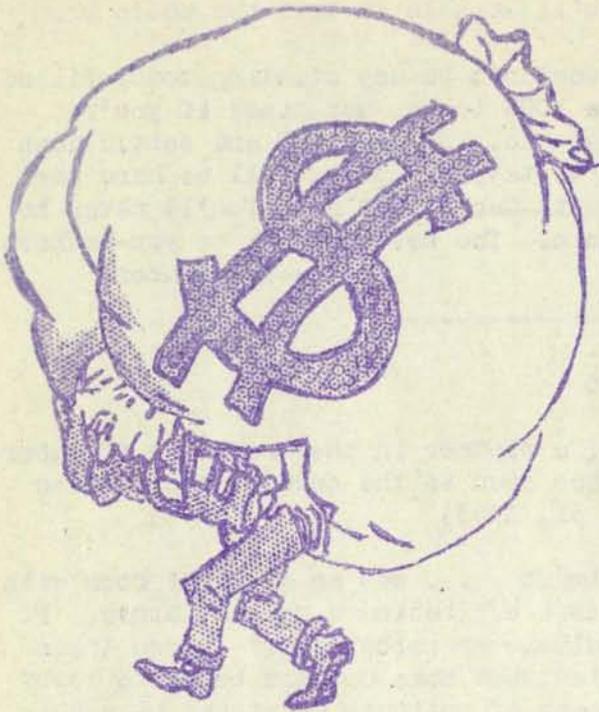
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#### SOME TB FACTS TODAY

Tuberculosis can be prevented and can be cured---yet approximately 2,500 people die of the disease every month in the States, and approximately ten times that number per capita in Alaska....Why? Is the Great American Public more interested in getting and keeping wealth than in preserving the good health of its citizens?

Deaths from pulmonary tuberculosis have been cut about 50 per cent since the end of World War II, but TB is still attacking 115,000, in the States every year, and ten times that population ratio in Alaska.

Tuberculosis is not hereditary, but is caused by a germ, the tubercle bacillus. It can be prevented and cured.



#### TB COSTS BIG MONEY?

There are several thousand known unhospitalized cases of TB in Alaska, and as long as this is true the burden of curing the disease will continue to stagger the tax-payer, since every unhospitalized will go on spreading the germ and creating more cases. The following is an article taken from the ATA News which gives some idea of the magnitude of this problem for Alaskans.

To care for these cases and bring them back into productive society costs money, and big money. Hospital records show that an average case costs between \$7,000 and \$8,000, provided there is no reactivation of the disease that causes a return to the hospital for a second or third bout of treatment. We must recognize that tuberculosis is a treacherous and chronic disease that requires intensive treatment over a long period of time.

Right now beginning in December, 200 patients are being called in to the new Alaska Native Service hospital in Anchorage. There alone, just on this particular group, is a potential expenditure by the Federal government of \$1,600,000. What about the other 3000 active cases whose TB conditions is such that they should be hospitalized?

Last April the official Hospital Admissions Committee read X-rays on 600 cases and put 300 of them in the Class 1 priority list in the hope that the Anchorage Hospital would be ready to receive patients by July 1st. The hospital could not be opened on that date, and when the Committee met again three months later they found that eleven of those patients on the Class 1 priority list had died in the meantime. That is how urgent our TB situation is. The Federal Government has been spending around four million dollars in Alaska every year on about 350 hospitalizations. When the Anchorage and Bethel hospitals are filled to capacity, the cost will doubtless be doubled.

What is the Territory spending on TB? When the Alaska Legislature met last spring, just enough money was appropriated for TB hospitalization to continue the present case load of 90 patients. So when new cases are discovered who cannot pay for their own hospital expense, the Alaska Department of Health is forced to say, "You will have to go on the waiting list, and in your turn, as beds are vacated, you will be called." Fortunately in these days with the best of treatment and surgery available, beds are being vacated in some other manner than by death; still there are cases where inability to get into a hospital and receive treatment means a death sentence. There are very few people whose families have the money to pay TB hospital bills. The months in bed run on and on and the costs mount in every case.

Because tuberculosis is a contagious disease it is recognized as a public health problem and that it must be paid for out of tax money if it is ever to be brought under control.

The longer unhospitalized cases are neglected, the longer TB spreaders remain at large, the longer empty beds in established TB hospitals are allowed to remain empty, the greater will the public tax-burden become, and of course, the greater will be the public health hazard of all Alaska's people.

## WHOSE FAULT? BY NATHANAL

By Nathanal

To blame every unpleasantness that befalls us on something or someone else is a remnant of childhood. When Little Tommy stumbles and falls over one of his toys he angrily kicks the toy as the culprit. Little Susan, playing tag, tears her pretty dress and cries, "You made me do it!" she cries to her playmate who suggested the game. Sometimes the cause of a misdeed is loudly blamed on another because of fear of punishment. The first reaction of young children after an unhappy incident seems to be to proclaim their innocence by shifting the blame. This is probably a hang-over from the days when our ancestors peopled the world with spirits, good and bad, and suspected a little devil behind each accident, hurt, sickness, or misadventure.

As we grow up we discover the silliness of looking for scapegoats for every trivial incident. We acknowledge that the fault may be, in part at least, our own. Yet all adults resort to blame-shifting occasionally. Finding the other person at fault saves our face and restores our self-esteem. It takes courage to say, "I was at fault," but it reflects maturity, the willingness to accept responsibility, and the striving to conquer our own weaknesses.

Lawyers fighting personal damage suits make much of the phrase, "contributory negligence" in trying to shift blame, or to excuse the carelessness of their clients. In daily life it seldom helps matters to identify legalistically the thing or person responsible for a mishap. Almost always the cause of an accident is the "coming-together" of a number of circumstances, one of which is likely to be the victim's own ineptitude or carelessness. It would be far more practical to analyze the circumstances, in which case the concept of "blame" would, in most cases, vanish.

The habit of attaching "blame" for every fault is often carried to extremes by some people. They develop what the psychiatrist calls a "guilt complex" and they make themselves very unhappy. They punish themselves unnecessarily with feelings of guilt, and seem to pride themselves on their righteousness in proportion to the depth of their suffering. It is a form of unlovely egotism, the result of the pendulum swinging too far from the childish desire to escape blame.

This is not to say that conscience should be dethroned. Conscience is an excellent guide to conduct so long as its still small voice is left free to whisper gently and persuasively; but it becomes a clumsy taskmaster to persons who rigidly and irrationally demand an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth. Mistakes are important clues to faulty ways of thinking and acting. Don't hunt for blame but follow the clue. You lose the spoor when you pass the buck to someone else or even when you "blame" yourself. Shoulder your own mistakes--not in punishment of yourself but because you are a mature adult intelligent enough to know that the striving for improvement gives meaning to life.

-----NTA Reporter

We have a talent to work, even when on a strict bed-rest schedule, we can work at getting well. Being careful to do everything the doctor tells you to do, even when it means doing absolutely nothing is working at your job of getting well. We can all say with Henry Van Dyke:

"Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way.' "

LAUGHTER IS CHRISTIAN  
By Arthur Yeagy

Laughter is good medicine for our bodies and souls. We need it in these strenuous days.

We can easily become overtaxed by the tensions of life in the home, on the job, in our chaotic, surging world. Sometimes you would think life is nothing but a sad, grey mess.

Laughter can be blessed for those who have personal problems or griefs that tend to give life a somber hue. Laughter is the reminder that there is light as well as shadow. God has not died, nor has he renounced the globe and the creatures he made.

The Bible helps us understand the nature of this health-giving laughter. It doesn't mention laughter openly very often, but the wise old preacher who wrote Ecclesiastes knew it when he said that there is "a time to weep, and a time to laugh."

Jesus had a serious mission, a divine mission. But he had a sense of humor. He was good company. He was a welcome guest at a wedding feast. His own mother turned to him so neutrally when the wine supply ran low. He was a much-sought-after dinner guest. His enemies even held this against him.

Flashes of humor come from his teachings. One who could picture a man "straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel" must have had a delightful sense of humor. Think of the picture he made for his hearers--a very precise man carefully removing a flea from his cup, and then swallowing a camel!

Consider the story of the mote and the beam, or, as the Revised Standard Version has it, the speck and the log. His hearers must have chuckled as they pictured a man with a log in his eye peering into the eye of a friend to remove a speck from it.

The entire New Testament is a joyous book. The awesome and ultimate matters of salvation and eternal destiny are in God's hands, and God is a God of grace.

St. Paul caught the smile of God and speaks often of joy. One of his letters, Philippians, is called the "Joy Bell Book." He writes "Rejoice in the Lord always!

You need to laugh at yourself occasionally. Learn to do it. If you make some blunder that causes others to laugh at you, laugh with them.

Laughter, a sense of humor, is the oil that smoothes many a turbulent sea in the dealings of man with man. When discussion is about to turn into angry debate, inject a smile or a quip, perhaps at your own expense, that will bring a relaxing laugh. It may be a funny story, but never a joke at the other person's expense.

All this is based on something deep and abiding in Christian faith. Laughter is not self-deception, like whistling in the dark to keep up courage. It does not depend on easy unconcern about the heartaches of men, or trials you may face. Laughter is a healthy recognition that God is in charge of things, that He has sealed the guarantee of this through His Son, and that we can stand stalwartly in any gale, facing the future with inner serenity.

-----The Broadcaster

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"It is not good writes John Morley to do good one must do it in a good way. It is a self-evident fact that every generous hearted and right thinking person should have concern for those who are in less fortunate circumstance than he. Self denial and self sacrifice are needed to strengthen a man's will to develop his character, and to enable him to live sanely, honorably, and nobly."

-----Sanatoriwa Sun

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The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.

-----Santayana in Dialogues in Limbo

## FROM ASH WEDNESDAY TO EASTER



FOOD FACTS AND FANCIES

By "SANGALLY"

Since early times cheese cakes have been traditional county treat for Lent and Easter, in some parts of England; for Whitesuntide and Trinity, in others. In Arken-garthdale, Yorkshire, it was necessary to offer cheese cakes to visitors and friends at the annual Whitesuntide feast. In Cleveland, on the other hand, the cakes were featured during Trinity Week, while in Stokesley, a large curd cheese cake, made with currants, was the special delicacy for the Trinity Sunday meal.

English literature abounds in references to cheese cakes; in 1588, there is this amusing reference to cheese cakes, which indicates that the original pastry was three-cornered, like Coventry godcakes: "The dogglies at the Bishop, and took off his corner capp (he thought belike it had bene a Cheese Cake)."

A sixteenth-century cook book instructs the housewife how "To Make a Tarte of cheese," by directing her thus:

"Take harde cheese and cut it in slyces and pare it, then laye it in fayre water, or in swete mylke, the space of three houres, then take it up and breake it in a mortar tyll it be small, then drawe it up throue a strainer with the yolkes of syxe egges, and season it wyth sugar and swete butter and so bake it."

This hearty pastry was well calculated to suit robust Tudor appetites! During the eighteenth century, cheese cakes reached the height of their glory. Cook books of the period abound in directions for making many different varieties of this favorite dessert. The simplest types were called "Common Cheesecakes." Then there were "Elegant Cheesecakes," "Almond Cheesecakes," "Rice Cheesecakes," and "Lemon Cheesecakes," not to mention those made with oranges, perfumed plums, macaroons and many other ingredients too numerous to mention.

## SIMNELS

According to old English custom, the forth Sunday in Lent, known as Mid-Lent or Mothering Sunday, is the day when children living away from home visit their parents. The boys and girls take presents of flowers or trinkets, or, in many counties, a simnel cake as a special gift for the mother. In olden times parents and children usually attended service at the parish church, and then went home to a special family dinner which included such foods as roast veal or lamb, rice pudding, "frumenty" (a special dish that is made by steeping whole wheat grains in water overnight, then boiling the mixture in milk and seasoning with sugar and spice), and homemade wine, in addition to the saffron-colored simnel or "mothering cake." The mother, who was called "Queen of the Feast," always was the center of festivities, and nothing was forgotten which would add to her pleasure or enjoyment.

There are many local variations of the custom, which is modified from county to county; but in essence the idea of Mothering Sunday is the same throughout England. Mid-Lent Sunday of medieval times was the day when faithful parishioners returned with gifts to the Mother Church; but behind the rites of the Christian church, are ancient festivals of the early Greeks for Cybele, mother of the gods, and Roman ceremonies in honor of divine motherhood. The simnel cakes and saffron, figs and frumenty offered to British mothers since early times probably originated as sacrificial gifts to the

Mother Goddess of pagan days.

The custom of "going a-mothering" with a present of a simnel was deep-rooted in Gloucestershire centuries ago, when Robert Herrick referred to it in 1633 in the following lines from "Hesperides."

"I'll to thee a Simnel bring,  
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering;  
So that, when she blesseth thee,  
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."



The town of Bury, Lancashire, is noted throughout England for its simnels, and calls Mid-Lent Sunday Sumnel, or Simlin', Sunday. Before the Second World War, the Simnel Shop on Bury's Princess Street used to ship tins of the cakes the world over, to British subjects wishing to celebrate Mothering Sunday in traditional fashion. No exports have been made since 1939, however, for shortages of nuts, fruits and other essential ingredients render the original product almost impossible to make. "The old custom is dying out," says the proprietor of the shop sadly, doubtless thinking of times when huge decorated simnels in his windows attracted visitors from far and near.

It seems doubtful, however, that the lovely old customs of Mothering Sunday will ever die out in England, so long as there are devoted mothers and loyal sons and daughters. Bury, may be noted no longer for the dense throngs which once poured into the town to eat the famous simnels and drink the mulled ale which were specialties of the place; but boys and girls still flock home for Mid-Lent Sunday. The traditional gift of violets is often primroses nowadays, and the cake Mother provides (for in Bury it is the mother, not the children, who furnishes the cake) may be a mere ghost of its former self, but Mothering Sunday continues to be observed.

There are many variations in simnel cakes. In Lancashire and other northern counties, for example, the cake is baked, while in Shrewsbury it is boiled and then baked. An old Shropshire rhyme goes:

"If a simnel you would make,  
First you boil and then you bake."

These directions are literally true. In this part of England simnels are made from a rich mixture (With plenty of candied peel, housewives remind you!) that is similar to a dark Christmas fruit cake. A stiff flour-and-water dough is prepared, with enough saffron coloring to make it yellow. This dough is rolled out and made into a deep case, with scalloped edges. The cakebatter is poured in and the whole thing is tied up in a cloth, plunged into boiling water and boiled for several hours according to the size of the cake. The cloth is removed, the cake brushed over with beaten egg and baked in the oven for an hour. The outside crust, which is hard as a rock, is inedible.

The Shropshire simnels are little more than a heavy black cake that is made inside a saffron-colored crust. Simnels of Lancashire, Worcestershire and Herefordshire, on the other hand, often are covered with preserved fruits or are decorated with sugar flowers and fruits; they are baked but not boiled and are made without the hard outside cake.

There is a far-fetched tradition in Shrewsbury about the origin of the name simnel and the peculiar method of making the cake in that part of the country. Legend

says that a man and his wife, who lived in the shadow of the ark, had a serious dispute about making a certain pastry. One declared that the cake should be boiled; the other insisted it must be baked. By way of compromise the couple finally decided the pastry could be both boiled and baked. And, ends the story, since the man's name was Simon, and the woman's name was Hell, the resulting product was named sim-nell!

In the South Country, Mid-Lent Sunday is known as "waffering," rather than Mothering Sunday, because of the wafer (or thin waffles, baked in tongs or irons) which have been made there for centuries, in place of simnels. Many of the irons are made with elaborate and beautiful designs which, in turn are stamped on the wafers. The wafer tongs are heated in the fire, wiped and greased with butter. A thin batter, made of sugar, flour and water, is poured in, and the heat of the iron cooks the wafers. Waffering irons were used from the 16th century on. Probably the custom of making wafers for Mothering Sunday originally had some religious significance, and the irons once were used for making holy wafers.

Mothering Sunday, with its charming custom of giving gifts to mothers, holding family parties and feasting on traditional foods, is the predecessor of the American Mother's Day. The English observances suggest many picturesque ways in which to entertain our own and other mothers on the second Sunday in May, the day on which America pays official homage to her mothers.

There are many recipes for sommel cakes. Here is an excellent one:

#### SOMMEL CAKES

Cake dough

Sugar	2 cups	Currents	1 cup
Butter	3/4 cup	Candied peel	3/4 cup
Eggs	4 large	Salt	1/2 t
Flour	2 cups		

Cream together butter and sugar until fluffy and smooth. Add eggs, one at a time beating after each addition. Sift together flour and salt, adding gradually and combining thoroughly. Dredge fruit peel with flour and fold into the batter.

#### ALMOND PASTE

Sugar	1 cup
ground almonds	1 cup
eggs	1 whole
few drops of yellow food coloring	

Make the almond paste by combining the ingredients thoroughly. Add a few drops of coloring to make the paste a pale yellow.

Line a deep round cake tin with waxed paper. Pour in half of the cake dough. Roll out almond paste to size of cake tin. Add paste to dough, then cover with a second layer of batter. If preferred, the cake may be divided into 3 layers and the almond paste made into two layers.

Bake in a slow oven (290-300 F) for between 1 and 1 1/2 hours.

Preserved fruit may be arranged on the top of the cake batter before baking. A paper, placed over the top of the pan, will keep the fruits from drying too rapidly. If preferred, the cake may be iced on top and sides and decorated with almond butter icing:

(cont'd next page)

### MID-LENT BUTTER ICING

Butter	1/2 cup	Powdered sugar	4 cups
Almond flavor	2 tsp.	Salt	1/8 tsp.

Cream butter and sugar, adding salt and flavoring and beating until light. Cover top and sides of cake with icing. Color the remainder as desired and force through pastry tube to form roses, leaves, flutings or other decorations.

### FIG, OR FIG PIES

Fig pies, a pastry made with a filling of dried figs, spices, sugar and treacle, were eaten as a special delicacy on Mid-Lent or Mothering Sunday, in many communities of northern Staffordshire, Lancashire and the West Riding or Yorkshire.

In olden days figs, along with other special articles of diet, such as fritters, fish, peas, eggs, simnels and other cakes, were so greatly esteemed, indeed, as Mid-Lent Sunday fare, that the parish of Draycot-le-Moors, Staffordshire named the fourth Sunday in Lent "Fig Pie Sunday" and declared the holding of a Fig Pie cake on that day. In many sections of northern Lancashire, Mid-Lent Sunday was further defined as "Mothering Fig Pie Sunday." In the county dialects of Lancashire and Yorkshire, fig pies often were called fag pies.

There are many local variations in the eating of fig pies, as with all other county specialties. In the town of Burnley, Lancashire, for example, fig pies are eaten on Carling, rather than Mid-Lent Sunday. In Northamptonshire and Hertfordshire, on the other hand, Palm Sunday often is called Fig Sunday. Tradition suggests the day may have derived its name originally from the Biblical story concerning the barren fig tree which Christ is supposed to have cursed and caused to wither, following His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

Regardless of tradition, however, figs and fig puddings were eaten extensively in the Midlands on Palm Sunday until the end of the nineteenth century.

Now the Mid-Lenten fig-eating custom, which once amounted almost to ceremonial rite, is rapidly disappearing. The recipe for fig pies has come down through the centuries and, with the modifications required by modern taste, is well worth trying for a Mother's Day treat.

### FIG PIE SHORT CRUST SHELL

Flour	1 1/4 cups	Sugar	1 Tbsp.
Salt	1/2 tsp.	Shortening	1/3 cup
		Cold water	about 3 tbsp.

Sift together the flour, salt and sugar. Add 1/2 of the shortening and work it in with a pastry blender until the mixture looks like coarse meal. Add the remaining shortening and cut in until particles are the size of a small bean. Sprinkle the mixture with water, a tablespoonful at a time, and work together lightly with a fork until a soft dough is formed.

Roll out the dough 1/8 inch thick, prick with fork and loosely fit into the

inside of a pie tin. Let the dough sag for 5 minutes, and then pat it firmly into a pan with a small piece of dough. Trim the edge 1/2 inch larger than the pan, then to turn it back and flute with the fingers. Bake 15 min. in very hot oven (450°).

#### FIG FILLING

Cooked figs	2 cups	Grated orange rind	1 Tbsp.
Currants	3/4 cup	Molasses	1 Tbsp.
Sugar	3/4 cup	Egg whites	2
Mixed spices	1/2 tsp.		

Cut figs into small pieces. Add the currants, sugar, molasses, spices and rind. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, and fold into the first mixture, blending well. Pour into the baked shell. Bake in Moderately hot oven (375°) for 30 min. When cold, top with mixture of 1 cup heavy cream whipped, 2 Tbsp powdered sugar and 1/2 tsp. vanilla.

#### HOT CROSS BUNS

"Good Friday comes this month, the old woman runs  
With one-or two-a-penny hot cross buns,  
Whose virtue is, if you believe what's said,  
They'll not grow mouldy like the common bread."

Wrote Poor Robin in his ALMANACK for 1733; according to popular British superstition, buns or breads baked on Good Friday never get mouldy or "reamy", and do not "string out" when pulled apart. Old folk say that Good Friday buns do not become stale, but retain their freshness until the following year. They protect homes from fire, corn from mice, sailors from shipwreck and clothes from moths, and have power to cure diseases of cattle and men!

Blessed indeed, say country people, is the housewife who bakes on Good Friday and five Fridays thereafter, but cursed is she who washes. The reason is plain, as anyone can see; for Christ on His way to Golgotha, stopped to rest at the cottage of a woman who was washing clothes. The woman, not wishing to be seen with common malefactors, threw suds at Our Lord and ordered Him away.

Then Christ knocked at the door of a woman who was baking and asked her for bread and water. "I hunger and thirst," He said. "The way is long and the cross heavy."

This woman offered Our Lord a place by the fire, a loaf from the oven, and a cup of fresh water. And from that time, according to legend, women who washed on Good Friday were cursed and women who baked were blessed.

Hot cross buns were made extensively throughout England from early times, but buns from the "Old Original Royal Bun House" of Chelsea, London, probably were the most famous.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century, English pastry cooks and bakers were competing in making Good Friday buns until, in the words of William Hone, writing in his EVERY DAY BOOK "...the demand has decreased, and so has the quality of the buns." He goes on to describe the tremendous traffic in these cross-marked, sugar topped buns,

which were hawked through the streets of old London until sleeping citizens complained of the racket.

"...The great place of attraction at that time was Chelsea," wrote Hone, in his graphic description of London's early morning rush for the famous specialty, "for there were the two 'royal bun houses.'" Before and along the whole length of the long front of each, stood a flat-roofed neat wooden portico or piazza of the width of the foot path, beneath which shelter 'from summer's heat and winter's cold' crowds of people assembled to scramble for a chance of purchasing 'royal hot cross Chelsea buns' within a reasonable time; and several hundreds of square black tins, with dozens of hot buns on each tin, were disposed of in every hour, from a little after six in the morning till after the same period in the evening of Good Friday. Those who knew what was good, better than the newcomer, gave preference to the 'old original royal house', which has been a bun house ever since it was a house, and at which the king himself once stopped, and who could say as much for the others?"

London's buns were famous, but so were the "Superior Hot Cross Buns" which were made by Father Rocliff, the fourteenth century "monkish cook" of St. Albans. Tradition says that on Good Friday, 1361, Father Rocliff, a monk of St. Albans, Hertfordshire, gave each poor person who came to the Abbey a rich little spiced bun, in addition to the usual dole of soup. Soon the custom of giving buns on Good Friday spread throughout the country, although nowhere, we are told, were buns so good as those made by St. Albans monks, after Father Rocliff's secret formula.

Archaeologists declare that hot cross buns date back to pagan times when ancient Greeks offered small cakes to propitiate their gods. Others point to loaves of bread excavated at Herculaneum, which are marked by the cross, a symbol of remote origin; but simple folk are content to believe that cross buns are heathenish cakes signed with the mark of the cross to make them holy!

#### SAFFRON BUNS

As has already been suggested, custom prescribes certain articles of diet for Good Friday in many of England's counties. Hot cross buns are universally eaten. Salt fish, fig or fag puddings, various herb decoctions, and such delicacies as almonds and dried fruits were among the traditional foods which, in early times were eaten in various communities on the Friday before Easter. In Cornwall and Devon, however the special Good Friday fare consists of saffron buns and clotted cream. Cornwall, like some other counties, prides herself on her saffron buns and cakes. "as yellow as saffron," is an old saying, for saffron imparts a rich yellow color to pastries and breads.

Tradition says that an English pilgrim, during the reign of Edward III, stole a bulb of saffron from an Indian Rajah and planted it in the peaceful hills of Walden, in Essex. It was not long before such an abundance of handsome blooms spread over the countryside that the name of Walden became known as Saffron Walden. The raising of saffron for medicinal purposes became such a flourishing industry that, in 1444, the Abbot of Walden mentioned it as a titheable commodity. "As dear as saffron," became a proverb because, by 1665, the plants were bringing as much as four pounds in money for a single pound of saffron. It is little wonder, either, since over four thousand blooms are required to make an ounce of the precious substance. The saffron industry died out in England toward the end of the 18th century, but saffron still is used to color Cornwall's rich Good Friday buns.

## EASTER CAKES

From early times, England has been the home of Easter cakes of highly individual character. Some of them survive to the present day; others are nonexistent or half-forgotten. There are, for example, the tansy cakes, once given as prizes for the Easter sports and games, the quaint Biddenden alms cakes and the Easter cakes of Twickenham.

In olden times the bitter juice of the tansy herb was used extensively in flavoring traditional Easter foods, especially the tansy cakes and puddings which were awarded to winners of the Easter games.

"Soone at Easter cometh Alleluya,  
With butter, cheese and a tansay,"

was written by a seventeenth century poet, in reference to the custom of making tansy cakes at Easter. The cakes included such ingredients as butter, eggs, sugar, sack or ale, cream and fruit peels; and so the bitterness of tansy must have been largely disguised.

British literature abounds in such references as "playing ball for a tansy cake" and "a game of stool ball for a tansy." Sometimes two cakes were offered to the Easter game winners, one to the boys, the other to the girls.

Evidently the youth of those days was none too particular about picking up after the outdoor feast, since we read the complaint that:

"Wherever any grassy turf is view'd,  
It seems a tansie, all with sugar strew'd."

Biddenden alms cakes, unlike "tansies," were distributed to the parish poor in the Kentish town of Biddenden. At one time people said the cakes were stamped with the images of their donors, Elizabeth and Mary Chulkurst.

The custom of distributing Easter alms cakes was by no means confined to Biddenden. Among other parishes following this practice was Twickenham in Middlesex, where it was customary at one time to break two large cakes in church on Easter Sunday, and give pieces to the parish youth. The ancient ceremonial was abolished in 1645, when by Order of the House of Commons, it was decided to give out bread instead of cake, and not to young people alone but to all the poor of the neighborhood. Old records tell us that the loaves, instead of being distributed within the church, were to be cast down from the top of the steeple!

-----From An English Oven

## YOUR FAVORITE SNACK

Favorite snacks of the Greeks: slender olives as shapely as Grecian urns, and exceptional Olive oil pressed from them. Grilled lamb and tomatoes, meat cakes, egg plant, fish soup and the distinguished partridge potage of Chios. Kefissia asparagus with Oxy-galo, sour cream dresses everything de-luxe. So many ways of cooking an octopus that each of its arms could be snacked in a separate style. And by the way, we needn't be so squerish about eating octopus when probably everyone of us has eaten our weight in octopus without knowing it. For it is the most popular substitute that

goes into cans labeled lobster and decorated with one real lobster claw on top to make convincing the similar-looking and-tasting octopus meat beneath. So beware a Greek bearing gifts--especially cans of "lobster."

The Greeks live by selling oranges to each other.

Helen Hayes

Anything which can be eaten from toothpicks and: a big hunk of bread and a slice of Bermuda onion slathered over with peanut butter and another big hunk of bread.

Eugene Ormandy  
Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra

Mr. Ormandy has one weakness and that is cold macaroni au gratin. To find this and a bottle of beer in the icebox is a rare treat and something to which he looks forward after each concert.

Favorite snacks of some of the Sanatorium employees

Marie Green-----Scones  
George Green-----A ruffled egg with ecru lace edges  
Grace Firth-----Ox tail soup  
Helen Case-----Armenian shish-kabab  
Myra McDonald-----Thick slices of hot home made bread with butter and applebutter.  
Dr. Lalli-----Roasted chestnuts, new wine and dancing.  
George Kimpton-----Any creamed "goop" on toast squares.  
Ethel Lindley-----Corn bread, buttermilk and good old turnip greens.  
Marie Hoogland-----Persimmons preserved in rice wine.  
Arthur Crooks-----Beanie weenies and cheese cake  
Thelma O'Brian-----NOT FISH OR LIVER!  
Nell Schnoecker-----Stewed eels and gooseberry jam with pickles no end.  
Agnes Harp-----Truffles, yams and tropical temptations by the ton.  
Anna Shea-----Pork cake  
Viola Blom-----A goose stuffed with sour kraut  
Charlotte Nedosik-----Lady fingers dunked in thick hot chocolate  
Mrs. Ostegaard-----Klipsfiskpudding and venison sandwiches  
Miss Burdick-----Blood sausages on saffron bread with radish slices in sour cream.  
Bertha Gardner-----Pop corn made thus: Buy a 5 pound sirloin steak, cut off all the fat, put the fat in a skillet and try it out. Using this beef lard, your popcorn will be so luscious that your habits from then on will be devoted to the extravagance of five pound steaks, the lean part of which you throw away after using the fat.  
Yummy good.

#### Verse

Whether you be man or woman you will never do anything in this world without courage. It is the greatest quality of the mind next to honor.

-----James L. Allen



## HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE NEWS

From Ward One

By Al Brown

You'd better open your frosty window before you begin this article--- believe me this one is a real STINKER.

Medical Science has answered some of our hopes and our prayers in the so-called "Wonder drug."---Some patients are still wondering why the drug hasn't cured them.

Every Monday and Friday our nurse comes around pushing a dumb -waiter and heralded by a yell from the ward of "Bottoms Up" or "Stern sheets to the Wind," or "Have a shot on the House." And in spite of myself, my thoughts run along from brands to bottles. Old Granddad. Seven Crown. Rum. Coke. Etc. All these dance round and round in my thoughts, but when the cart comes alongside, all I see on it is a lot of fat hypos. The needles look as long as the harpoons used by Eskimos. I turn over and shrink into the mattress, but the nurse always finds me and jabs me just the same, then she goes away leaving me with the feeling of having been torpedoed from behind.

Perry, in the room next to mine is the stoic type, he never utters a word of complaint, that is he doesn't until he hears that cart rattle in my room and then he starts to holler bloody murder.

Rudolph's room is next to Perry's, across the way that is, Rudolph's nose isn't red, but you can bet on it, he's got a rosy foundation. The nurse never seems to sharpen her needles at all.

Some times I wonder if I am in the wrong ward. After a visit to the Pneumo room most of the guys come back looking very much like expectant mothers. I wonder if those inflated bay windows could be hiding something? They look so convincing that a few times I've almost panicked to the point of yelling, "Let me out of here."

I hear the Republicans are having a banquet in our mess hall, that is the staff mess hall some time soon. Funny creatures Republicans, aren't they? Although they admit to being Republican, they are still promoting our Democratic Way of Life in foreign countries.

None of the above artice is meant to be a reflection on any person place or thing, nor on anyone's character, it just proves that we're all human or vice versa, in case you didn't know.

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To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuler, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuler, happier-- more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God.

-----Thomas Carlyle.

Our main business is, not to see what is dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

-----Thomas Carlyle.

# CHEECHAKO'S CORNER

By Shirley Clendenen

There are two new R.N.'s on the twelve to eight shift. We have one clear from New York. Miss Yolanda Leone is here from New York City, New York. She is waiting for her future husband to come to Alaska to get themselves a homestead. She is a Professional Violinist, a graduate of New York College of Music. Her future husband is also a Professional musician and is teaching in a College of Music. We hope that you and your "Robert" will like Alaska, Miss Leone.

The other R.N. is the night supervisor. Mrs. Jane Rusk comes from Clam Gluch. She and her husband and three little girls have a homestead at Clam Gluch. The Rusks' came from Colorado to Alaska last July to homestead. Mrs. Rusk likes Alaska real well.

Mrs. Flora Bunches is a new aide on three during the day. Flora says she came from Michigan, the next best country to Alaska. (Snows there too, doesn't it, Flora?) She says she has contributed long-shoreman, a bank cashier, a student and two little citizens to Alaska. (That's what builds Alaska). They have built two homes in Seward dug in the nice rocky soil until, she says, "she feels part of it." She got to feeling useless at home, so it was time to go to work and didn't know a better place than the San.

Beverly Gray is that cute little aide on three during the day. She just came from Hollywood, California. (little different weather, Bev) She really hails from New Hampshire. She has a sister in Anchorage. Hope you like Alaska by now, Bev. Pretty good country.

Another new aide is Shirley Clendenen. She's working on Ward IV from twelve to eight. Comes from Anchor Point. Came to Alaska first in July 1952 from Lebanon, Oregon. Went back to Portland, Oregon till October 1952, came back to Alaska to live with her folks at Anchor Point. Had to go outside in February 1953 for medical treatment, stayed till September 1953. Likes Alaska very much.

On Ward I there is a new aide. She is Mrs. Doris Doyle. She is married and has two teenage children. She's not a new Alaskan as she lived in Seward fifteen years. She comes to us from Indiana. (fifteen years ago) If you boys on Ward I wonder why she is tired on Saturday mornings--well she is one of the Gate way Swingers at the Jesse Lee Recreation Hall. (that's square dancing boys). We are very glad to have you with us, Doris.

We have a new blond R.N. on from four to twelve. She comes to us from Great Falls, Montana. She graduated from Mercy Hospital Williston, North Dakota. So in the evening you see a blond nurse that will be Charlotte Murphy--must be Irish. She thinks the San is a nice place to work and just loves Alaska. We welcome you, Miss Murphy--hope your stay is a long one.

A newcomer to the Diet Kitchen who is no Cheechako in Alaska, is Kathering Christensen. She was born in Alaska, is just up from King Cove, and lives with her sister in Seward, Mrs. Mack Eades.

That's all for this time folks, if you have news of any newcomer to the San, please turn the item in to your Cheechako editor.

# WARD NEWS

\*\*\*\*\* WARD ONE \*\*\*\*\*

By Paul Rudolph

The old melody, "There'll be some changes made" can be well applied to Ward One this year and the latter part of last year, for there has been tremendous change in Ward One in the last four months. One great welcome change is the filling of a few empty beds.

Well wishing was exchanged with Dan Tatoowl and McKenna Wemark recently. They, having defeated their disease, are now being trained to live within the means of their physical endurance, and are learning a new trade in the Vocational Rehabilitation Center. (Dan, a patient has just informed me, took off for Sitka, and is no longer a temporary resident of the Rehab Center.)

Fledgling Herman Joseph, too, has been considered well enough to try out his wings. Instead of flying south like other seasonal birds, he went north to Anchorage.

Three handsome Ward One fellows, Eddie Roehl, David Andrews, and Joseph Oneha, (Our sports writer) have made recent sojourn in Ward Three, the surgical ward. Joe, is back with us now, well on his way to recovery, and we hear via the grapevine that Ed Roehl too, will soon be back in Ward One, and David also if these "little birds" of the grapevine can be relied upon.

We don't think there is any Kangaroo blood in Marcus Macabiente, but he was so happy to receive his discharge papers that he literally "hopped" a boat for historic Sitka, where he will operate a key-making and saw-filing shop--a trade he learned here at the Vocational Rehabilitation Center.

Three new comers were warmly welcomed into Ward One by all the patients, nurses and Ward Aides. The first of these to enter the hospital was Daniel B. Hunnicut, Fairbanks; the second, Owen Barnes, Dillingham and the third Glenn Tingook, Nome. Each of these new patients was transferred to this hospital from his home-town hospital, presumably for surgery. However, that is hardly a challenge to our top-flight Thoracic Surgeon and Medical Director. A grateful patient, one who was once considered hopeless, remarked to me the other day, (he is now almost ready for discharge) that, "Patients who are fortunate enough to get into this hospital are lucky indeed."

Reposing contentedly, and progressively more healthy, in our sun-porch these days, are four young, easy-going fellows: Harold Ptarmigan, Ed Brown, Alex Mercurief, and Daniel Malavansky. All these are just one step from the discharge list. Trying to wheedle their likes and dislikes from these chaps is just like trying to get a clam to open up and talk. However the "little Bird" tells me that Daniel Malavansky has developed a sweet tooth for candy--especially Taffy. Ed Brown could double for the Greek idea of Adonis except for that protruding front. Pneumoperitoneum will do it every time. Alex Mercurief is just a regular guy. Why? Because he has a beautiful wife and young child on St. George Island that he's mighty anxious to get back to. Young Harold Ptarmigan, (little bulgy, we call him) will soon be winging his way home also.

Grey-haired Bill Henchey recently joined the Ward One Air-Force. He fondles his inflated front and brags loudly that this is the smoothest part of him. His buddy,

Frank Perry, seems to be the happiest guy in Ward One.

Gus Erickson is coming along fine physically, and is often caught dreaming of his home town along the Pan-handle-Juneau section. His cubicle companion, Eugene Killigivuk, cartoonist and artist de lux, is taking life easy with his easel on his lap.

Johnny Stevens may be seen, each and every morning cosily curled up on his bed with his most cherished book, the Holy Bible. His neighbor, Al Brown, apparently has his sights set on a cute gal with all-Brown eyes and a Bobby Ann smile.

Chris Milovich hustles his own tray of food these days, and he helps gather the trays up after each meal. His neighbor, Oscar Johnson, takes life easy and seems to be dreaming of something nice. Could be the picture (Marilyn Monroe) on the calendar above his bed.

Howard Honakok and Joe Hannaka says that living in Seward San is really the life for any tired dog-musher.

With the fading of February and early March winds the arguments between Roland Barr and Edward Kimoktuk also have decreased in fury. The before mentioned "little bird" has told me that these two argumentatively inclined gentlemen will "set to" on any subject at all, but have been strangely silent since that popular song, "Woman" hit the airways, and have quit arguing. Evidently they have found a mutual interest, a subject upon which they can agree.

Sylvester Sevahok and Rueben Lincoln are both busy cramming their noodles with knowledge. From all indications they are progressing very nicely both mentally and physically.

Likable Dan Wright is a recent transferee from the surgical ward. He is only a couple of steps from going home. Simeon Catigas, too, is patiently waiting for his discharge papers.

Ward Politician, Pop Jim Stevenson is still peddling his postage stamps. If there are any pennies lying around, you can be sure they will eventually wind up in Pop Jim's stamp box. He says though that he's losing out as the top ward politician. Says Walt Farrow has him beat a mile. When asked for his reasons for saying this, He explained, "Well, you just listen to the way Farrow talks all the nice looking married women that come on the ward, "If you weren't married already, I'd surely marry you." but you never hear him say that to any of the single ones."

Walt Farrow is our big oil man as well as crowding Pop Jim for top political place. He says he is considering making a few more investments in the stock market, and is casting a critical eye over the oil situation in Alaska as he diligently scrutinizes the Anchorage papers to make sure he hasn't missed anything.

Added to our staff of efficient workers was Mrs. Joe Doyle of Seward, who came to us as a nursing Aide on Feb. 15. Her warm friendliness has made wide appeal, and Ward One is very happy to welcome her into the fold. Also we were happy to have Mrs. Bernie Spain who came to us from Ward Two where she is Charge Nurse.

(Note: in spite of Paul's impending surgery, which he does not mention in the ward news, he has done a good job as usual of writing Ward One news, the SAN Chat wishes to express especial thanks. Paul underwent surgery this week and will probably be back in Ward One in time for next month's news)

## WARD TWO NEWS

Hello friends: We bring you once again the monthly news of Ward Two. I'll begin on the porch with a very nice young girl, Miss Olga Sheppard. Olga is busy knitting a pair of Argyle socks and writing letters for pastime. Her roommate is Emily Jimmy Joe, and she also is knitting, not a pair of socks, but something very special, can't see from here what it is. Emily is resting very nicely beside her school work.

Now we'll go into the Ward. Ward Two has fewer vacant beds, too, now. The first three girls in the ward are new, so I'll introduce you to them; first is Mrs. Lucy Sockpealuk who hails from Shoktoolik, then Mrs. Ella Eringowuk from Nome and Mrs. Mary Moses also from Nome. Being new patients, they are all taking strict bed-rest until further notice for up-time.

Leah Apayauk spends her time doing embroidery, school work and writing letters. Lucy Madison is crocheting a lovely doily. She knits beautiful sweaters, and has just recently finished one. Alice Ashenfelter is tatting beautiful handkerchief edging now. She is very talented and skillful in all kinds of hand work.

And now we come to another new patient. She is Mrs. Helen Mansen from Seward, and she is also on complete bed-rest for the present.

Alice Juneby is busy selling cards and sewing. She says she is glad to stop taking pneumos because they make her so puffy.

Now we begin with rooms and another new patient, Sassa Etuckmelria who comes from Alegnik, Alaska. She reads magazines and rests. Mrs. Mary Hitzasuka, another comparatively new patient, goes to school, crochets, takes Bible lessons, and writes to her pals and her family.

Sarah Dunn, next door reads, writes letters and listens to her radio. Congratulations are in order for her, she's received some more up-time. Good luck, Sarah, keep up the good work!

On the other side, is Mrs. Irene Wolfe who has recently had surgery and is waiting for good news from Dr. Phillips.

Another new patient who arrived only a couple of days ago is Lilly Henry from Kotzebue. She spent six months in Edgcombe Hospital and a month and a half in Alice Island before coming here. She makes crocheted and beaded scatter pins for sale. It's really beautiful work. My, some of these women in the Ward are fortunately God gifted.

Mrs. Lassie Dunder does everything in the line of hand work. She mostly enjoys her husbands' daily visits. May you be well soon, Lassie to go home to your family.

I'll introduce to you now another new patient, Miss Katherine Walunga who also arrived lately. She comes from Gambell. Recently she started her school work. Her pastime is reading and writing letters to friends. Her roommate Dorothy May Stump goes to

to school and is beginning to learn to knit and embroider.

Madeline Charles is sewing fur bedroom slippers. She finished a beautiful parka just before Christmas and sold it. Wished I could be as talented in fur sewing as Madeline. Her roommate is a new patient Lizzie Koonaloak from Pt. Barrow. She is resting and reading as of now.

Dora Cleveland reads and listens to the radio and writes letters to pen pals.

Taffy Rabbido is resting and knits once in awhile. Listens to her radio and writes letters.

Mary Ann Robinson reads and writes letters. Rosa Mitchell listens to her radio, reads and writes letters. Miss Mitchell is by the way a very lovely girl.

Well, this is all for now and I hope you've enjoyed visiting with us as we have with you. Bye for now till next month and God Bless you.

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\*\*\*\*\* WARD THREE NEWS \*\*\*\*\*

By Adeline Woods

Well, here it is another month, and time again for the Ward Three Room News. The (sunny?) month of February left us with some new faces showing up in our many vacant beds in Ward Three. March finds us with some brand new introductions to make, and we are happy to make them.

First there is Eddie Roehl, who has weathered his surgery and is doing very nicely, in fact, on his way up to Ward Four for further convalescence, he told me he hopes it won't long before he is saying those wonderful words, "going home". Say them good and loud Eddie. And may your recovery and rehabilitation be so complete that you can remain a healthy, happy and useful citizen!

And here's David Andrews, another recruit from Ward One for surgery. David says he feels fine, but misses his buddies in Ward One.

Another new face, Mrs. Irene Wolfe, who recently moved up from Ward Two. Good Luck, Irene, and I hope your stay here will be a short one. And there's Mrs. Jessie Isaacson, also moved up from Ward Two.

Clinton O'Meara is doing nicely since his surgery, but I think he is eager to get back to Ward Four, his former home. Says he misses all the boys up there.

Oleta Welch, our official San Chat proof reader is feeling better these days. If you find a few typographical errors in the copy this month, it is because Oleta has not been quite up to correcting all of it. We are all pulling for you, Oleta, and know that you'll be much better soon. Oleta's sister was down for a visit not so long ago.

Mrs. Mary Merril had surgery and is getting along very well. Also Mrs. Molly Snider of Seward.

Peeped in on John Fawsett, our musical genius, just now, he says he's feeling fine,

and the same goes for Ralph Woolard, too.

Paul Rudolph has made a quick some-back also, considering he only had surgery a day or so ago.

Joe Oneha left us sometime ago for more convalescence in Ward One. Well, guys and gals, guess that's all for this month, and we can say it was a very busy month for our nurses and doctors, too! So long, see next month.

Yours, Adeline Woods.

\*\*\*\*\* MORE WARD THREE NEWS \*\*\*\*\*

By Doras Tobuk

There are only two empty beds on Ward Three now. We are very happy to welcome the new boarders. They are Alice Brown and Mary Merrill from Ward Two. Both have had their operations and are already in the main Ward. How well they look, too! Molly Snyder was with us for only a short while. We are glad she was able to return home so soon.

Tanna Christiansen spent a few weeks alone when her roommate Oxzenia Carlson had surgery. "Gran'ma" is now back and crocheting to the strumming of guitars. She has musical neighbors!

New hair-do and new ear-rings, that's Libby Davidovics these days. Next to Libby is Dorothy Neal. When I asked her about news she said, "I'm still kicking up my heels and yelling!" So you see she is hard'at exercising that leg.

Frances Stettinger looks happy over the promotion she recently had. Her daughter, Carol baked her a nice cake which we all so willingly helped Fran eat.

Lena Willis was knitting a sweater but now she just seems to be getting acquainted with her new roommate.

I can see Mary Shaginoff is taking it easy. Marva Trainer has some very entertaining movies that she took. We like to have them shown backwards best of all!

Evelyn Mullaly has a new way of painting finger nails. She has Anna Pete stick her finger through a hole in the partition then Evie polishes one at a time. Anna is a whizz at playing Chinese Checkers. I managed to win just a half a game once. Isn't that what it is when you come in second with three players?

We hope Bobbie Edwards will soon be feeling better. We miss her kidding and laughing.

Carrie Voss is still patiently waiting for a roommate. It's a wonder that there isn't a hole in the wall the way we knock to each other!

The lucky girl that made Class Four is Hannah Hand. She is going to embroider a table cloth. Ambitious, Huh? Here is another busy girl, Betty Engler. She is all set to take off for home when the doctor gives the word. Betty and Adeline Woods have completed the classes in dietary. You should see the cable-stitch sweater that Addie is knitting! Her hubby is sure to like it.

Doras Tobuk (hey, that's me!) is the laziest one on the Ward! She does nothing but

eat, read and sleep.

All the happy faces on Ward Three are due to the return of our former charge nurse Miss Matz, now Mrs. Hanks and on the four to twelve shift. Bye now, Doras Tobuk

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\*\*\*\*\* WARD FOUR NEWS \*\*\*\*\*

By Gust Brann

Here it is again time for a few items from Ward Four from a brand new Reporter and let me say right here that if you have any news which you think should be put in the San Chat bring it over to room three and your reporter will do his best to get it in the earliest possible San Chat and now the news.

Ed Gelles left the San on the first of February a well man as the result of the expert treatment he received at the Seward Sanatorium. Ed is missed by the patients here on Ward Four but they are also glad for him that he made it as we say. Ed was a Businessmens Solicitor and somewhat of an entertainer. Good luck, Ed.

Julius Petersen and Joe Devlin are now back from Ward Three where they underwent a chest operation. They are both in the same rooms they had before and both are feeling good and in good spirit. Julius with his evening snacks and of course, Joe is still making ivory ear-rings and is glad to see any prospects who like fancy ear ornaments.

New patients on the ward are: First; Silvertooth, who is really not a new patient but was moved here from Ward Three. I guess he got tired of the girls or could it be the other way around? However, he says that after the Doctor gave him an hour uptime it became necessary to move either him or the girls. How about that?

Wilbur Ruyle came here a while back. He is an old time Alaskan and a three years resident of Seward where he worked as a Longshoreman up to the time he got sick. Wilbur is married and has indeed a charming wife who comes to visit him as often as she can.

Jacinto Blancafor comes from Clarks Point. He is a good looking young fellow of 20 hard winters and he says that he likes girls so be on your guard. He is also a real artist. He both draws and paints and he is good at it.

Willie Fitka came from Marshall. He is 34, married and his wife is at Mt. Edgecomb a patient there. They have four children who are taken care of by the Welfare Society and are now at a Mission School.

Andrew Edwards is from Fairbanks and is a married man. His wife resides at Fairbanks. They have a daughter of three and half years who is now on Ward Five. A cute little girl. They call her little Ruth. Mr. Edwards is the latest arrival here on Ward Four but the daughter has been here for sometime.

Ralph Woolard is back on Ward Four after several months on Ward Three. He is getting along well and is always ready with a smile.

William Lindstrom came to Ward Four from Ward One a couple of months ago. Bill is

from Anchorage and is getting along just fine. He is out on the porch with three other fellows. Mr. Lindstrom has three children, all at the Jesse Lee Home. They come to visit their Dad once in a while.

Henry Duncan left the San on the 21st of February. A well man. He has for the past several months studied Finger Printing and criminal identification. Several weeks ago Duncan made a trip to Anchorage with Dr. Phillips primarily to find out if he could get a job there. Just another instance to show that our Doctor has the patients' welfare at heart.

Leo Kunnuk is now our official Platter-Pusher at K.S.A.N.--so if you want your special platter spun just contact Leo and he will gladly spin it for you.

Henry Bowen my next door neighbor is walking up and down the isle taking in what sights there is, picking up the gossip floating around and gathering news for this poor reporter who is too big to get around very well but hopes to get in shape one of these days.

John Fawcett moved to Ward Three a couple of weeks ago. John is our long-haired musician, he plays piano very well and likes classical music best.

Henry Saccheuse is getting along pretty good after his Bronc, which he had the other day. Henry is a cheerful chap, always ready with a smile. His by-word is, "You must know something, if you can walk around."

Scotty Armour makes his regular trips outside every afternoon, and is looking forward to getting a discharge soon.

Andy Stickwag is busy working on a fancy box nowadays which he has made from an old phonograph. Go to it Andy.

O'Meara came back to Ward Four on Feb. 24, after spending six weeks on Ward three where he underwent chest surgery. He says he feels fine now, and he sure looks good.

Since beginning this news column, events have moved so fast on Ward Four that the picture has changed considerably, and such changes will be duly recorded in the next San Chat.

Yours truly, Gust R. Brann, Ward Four Reporter.

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\*\*\*\*\*WARD SIX NEWS\*\*\*\*\*

By Rachael Edwards

Hello everyone. Yep! it's me again with the news.

We'll start from Margie this time --now where is she, oh! She's somewhere in this almost empty ward. She has been doing everything from soup to nuts. She reads mostly and talking and looking for Moses. I wonder where he is at? Margie is mighty lonesome--all in teasing.

Gert, knits and reads,her favorite pastime is teasing everyone,Wow! can she really tease.

Julia Beans still loves to dance-oo-la-la-wee-wee. She will be taking up store clerking starting next week. What have you got to sell, Julia? WOW! look at the price on that. We all hope your clerking is successful one.

Irene left us for Ward Three for a little while and we sure miss her. Come home soon, Irene. She had minor surgery and is doing fine.

Elsie is still a very busy gal. I can't keep up with her yet. She has been in an ironing mood these days. Wanna do mine, too? She has an interesting pastime. She's been taking pictures of everyone she can catch off guard.

Annie John has been crocheting these days besides knitting, she does a lot of resting. Ollh, I'm sleepy, this is all for now, folks. See you all next month.  
(By Margie) Hey Rae! I mean Law-ligo! She's been real busy announcing for K.S.A.N. Now and then shows the movies and getting her daily letter written (the latter part Hubba! Hubba!) So when she's not busy--she's dizzy, (I kid!) But you know Rae, She's sweet as candy.

#### FROM THE CHILDREN'S WARD

(Hey, kids, where are all those nice letters you used to write to the San chat editor?)

Fannie Black is a new girl on the Children's Ward. She was transferred here from Kananak Hospital.

Herman Toolie has returned to his home at Savoonga, St. Lawrence Island.

Barbara Boskoffsky left for Wrangell Institute, February 25th where she has a sister and a brother. We beg your pardon, she has two brothers at Wrangell Institute.

Many of the children received letters from Gus Nickolia, who went home last Summer. He is now attending school at Glenallen, Alaska.

The children had a valentine box in the ward last month. They made valentines under the direction of their teacher, Miss Hele Case, to send home.

Five of the children have up-time and go to the schoolroom to study. They are Tony Mitchell, Costia Inga, Alfred Stephan, Julia Lopez and Dorothy Stump.

Julia received a letter from Mary Toko, who left last year for Cordova.

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#### MARY'S LITTLE COLD



Mary had a little cold, but wouldn't stay at home;  
And everywhere that Mary went, the cold was sure to roam:  
It wandered into Molly's eyes and filled them full of tears --  
It jumped from there to Bobby's nose, and thence to Jimmie's ears.  
It painted Anna's throat bright red, and swelled poor Jennie's head  
Dora had a fever, and a cough put Jack to bed --  
The moral of this little tale is very quickly said.  
She could have saved a lot of pain with just one day in bed!

-----ATA News



BY JOSEPH ONEHA

After an absence from one San Chat because the writer had to undergo surgery, I am now back in circulation again, and to help clutter up the pages of the San Chat with a column on the sports situation in our country.

Our national Sport, Baseball, is humming with the usual brisk activity at the present time.

At the beginning of each season, there is always the big problem that confronts every club owner, that is, the signing of player contracts. There are many factors in-

involved that confront both player and owner before a mutual agreement is finally decided upon. Statistics are scrutinized thoroughly on the fielding, hitting and all around ability of the player during the past year, and upon this performance the basis of an increase or decrease in salary is made. Hold-outs are usually numerous during this time and returned unsigned contracts are commonplace.

Since baseball is a sport and the old adage "to the victor belongs the spoils" the same holds true in baseball. The owners will allow substantial increases in some instances after much haggling and moderate cuts or no increases in other cases. In some clubs a young player of outstanding ability will be allowed a gradual salary increase each year until he reaches a position of potential value to the club.

Baseball is big business today and many of the club owners have found it to be a losing proposition in some of the cities where two home clubs have been operating. Because of this the Boston Braves who were playing in Boston where the Boston Red Sox also were located shifted their franchise to Milwaukee last year and made a creditable showing not only in box office receipts but also in league standing. Where formerly you would find them at the bottom of the League standings in games won and lost, in 1953 the Milwaukee team was leading the National League for quite a while during the year. The St. Louis Browns of the American League have also shifted from St. Louis to Baltimore for the coming season as the St. Louis baseball fans were unable to support two Major League teams in their city. This is the first time in over a decade that Baltimore has had a Major League Baseball team so enthusiasm should be very high in that city this year.

Spring training is now beginning for all the clubs and we should see some very good games played during the coming year. As it is too early to make any predictions the writer will refrain from forecasting the results of the clubs in their league standing for the present.

#### BOXING

The boxing situation in the Heavyweight class is very quiet at the present time be-

cause of the absence of any worthy opponent to meet the present champion Rocky Marciano. Nevertheless, the International Boxing Club is trying to line up a June bout for the champion with either former champion Ezzard Charles or Butcher Boy. However, most experts of boxing contend that the present champion will likely hold his position for a few more years at least.

In the Lighthweight division the present champion Archie Moore successfully defended his title against former champion Joie Maxim in a 15 round bout that was held in Florida. In their past engagement Joie Maxim showed considerable more boxing ability than in the championship fight when he was defending the title. However in this third engagement Archie Moore proved that he is far superior in the manly art of self defense as he jabbed and hooked with great ability and floored Joie Maxim twice to win the bout handily.

The coming Middleweight Championship bout between Bobo Olson and present Welterweight Kid Gavilan is stirring up considerable discussion amongst boxing fans. This bout is to be held on April 2 in Philadelphia and should prove once and for all whether Bobo Olson is a good successor to Sugar Ray Robison or just an ordinary run of the fighter. Kid Gavilan should give a very good account of himself when he squares off against Bobo but the writer will string along with Olson to retain his crown because we are hometown boys.

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#### ESSAY CONTEST WINNER

Albert Brown, Jr. of Klawock, Alaska, won an Honorable Mention Certificate Award in the 1953 Alaska Salmon Institute Essay Contest. The title of his essay was "Chums Beware of Fish Traps." He has been a fisherman in Southeastern Alaska, so he writes from experience. He received his early education at Sheldon Jackson School, Sitka, and at Craig, Alaska; and his high school at Wrangell Institute and Anchorage High School. He plans to complete his high school work upon discharge from the Sanatorium. He writes very good short stories, too. When asked for a copy of the winning essay, for San Chat, Al said, "I only make one copy, and they haven't sent that one back to me."

#### FUR RENDEZVOUS ART EXHIBIT

Noah Phillips entered the Fur Rendezvous contest this year for the first time with an oil painting of Eskimo in his home village. Eugene Killigivuk entered a pen and ink drawing of a hunting scene. It was Gene's second entry.

Although neither of the contestants won any cash prizes, there has been much commendation of the excellent work done and for their fine effort. We hope they will both win a prize next year.

Mrs. Mable Kendall, a Nursing Aide who won first prize in the amateur class last year, entered this year in the professional ranks.

#### SAN TEACHERS ATTEND CONFERENCE

Seward Sanatorium teachers attended the second annual regional teacher's conference held in the new Anchorage High School recently. The theme of the conference was "Share an Idea." The keynote address was by Dr. Julio Bortolazzo, President of Stockton College. Immediately after the conference Dr. Dorothy Novatney left for Australia on a United Nations Fellowship to study their school system, since it is the only one in the world administered similar to Alaska from a central office.

## GENERAL MANAGER, G.S. DURVEA, OF ALASKA STEAMSHIP COMPANY IS VISITOR TO SANATORIUM

G.S. Duryea, Assistant President and General Manager in charge of the new unatized cargo operation of the Alaska Steamship Company was a recent visitor to Seward Sanatorium.

"The unatized system" he explained in an interview with the San Chat reporter, "is designed to revolutionize shipping to Alaska." He went on to say that cargo shipped under the new plan will be much less likely to be damaged in handling, and that there will be less pilferage on the docks. He said faster shipping and easier checking are other improvements over the old system.

"Cargo to each consignee will be shipped in one unit, he said, thereby eliminating the necessity of checking each individual item as was formerly done. He also stated that sailings of the Alaska Steamship vessels will be stepped up beginning April first, to one passenger ship and one freighter each week to the Port of Seward.

## TERRITORIAL HEALTH TEAM VISITS THE SAN

Dr. Charles L. Anderson, Chief of the Mental Health Team of the Alaska Department of Health, with his two able assistants, James F. Parsons, Clinical Psychologist and Miss Mary Lou Prawl, Psychiatric Social worker, were recent visitors to Seward Sanatorium.

While at the San, Dr. Anderson took some time out of his busy day to sit in the San Chat Office and explain the great benefits of this Health Team to our patients. "The services of the Mental Health Team can be invaluable to each and every patient here," said Dr. Anderson. "Working in co-operation with your Vocational Rehabilitation Counsellor," he said, "We can help you get much better results in every case selection of candidates for your Vocational Rehab program."

It is in the matter of job training, that the Health Team can be of most benefit to patients, Dr. Anderson said, in evaluating candidates who have a reasonable chance to succeed.

With the present state of Rehab funds available, He went on, you cannot afford to spend money on everyone, therefore both your time and money must be used to greatest advantage. Patients who are going to be "misfits" on a job, or those who have made a poor selection should be eliminated at the outset. Only those patients who present the best prospects of success in the program should be given the training, he said.

According to Dr. Anderson, this trained Health Team, working with our Rehab Counsellor here at the San, can guide patients in realizing their own best aptitudes and desires in job-training. Mental attitudes, he explained are just as important to success in a job as physical ability, and should be just as carefully evaluated. Sometimes, he pointed out, every physical indication points to the patient's success on a given job, bby his own personal preference and physical indications he should have done well in the job, yet he doesn't. And the failure, Dr. Anderson said, is probably due to emotional and unrecognized mental attitudes. If a patient has made a bad choice in job training, and the Mental Health Team in evaluating his case finds strong emotional reasons why he is not going to succeed in that job, if these reasons are carefully explained to the patient, then he can be helped to make a better choice, to select a job that will lead to success. Most patients, he said, really want to succeed, and when they know that a happy mental toward the work they are doing contributes to their success, most of them will show 100 percent co-operation with Rehab Counsellor and Mental Health Team.

For these reasons, Dr. Anderson went on to say, every individual case should be carefully evaluated, and this cannot be done in dogmatic fashion. When Dr. Phillips instigated that Rehab Conference, Dec. 1952, a long stride forward was achieved. Dr. Anderson deplored the

fact that such conferences cannot be a regular occurrence at Seward San. He also deplored the fact that Departmental shortage of funds prevents frequent and regular visits of the Mental Health Team to Seward San to help carry on the valuable work being done here.

"We of the Mental Health Team feel, said Dr. Anderson that a valuable work is being done here, and we all wish to contribute as much to it as possible." We feel that it would actually be an economy measure to spend more money on Vocational Rehabilitation in training these people to be self-sufficient, to take them off the relief rolls. The actual cost of maintaining an ex-TB patient who has not been trained to a job that he is physically able to do is only slightly less than the cost of caring for him in a hospital."

Vocational Rehabilitation, said Dr. Anderson, has a big job to do, from the patient's mental as well as his physical health. Former occupations of most TB patients in Alaska can no longer be followed and others have to be substituted. That calls up all sorts of mental adjustments. The change from a strenuous out-door life to a sedentary, sheltered existence puts a strain on both mental and emotional adjustments for a TB patient. Such jobs as homesteading, heavy carpentry, longshoring, game-guide, hunting, fishing, trapping which the average Alaska TB patient has been following are all unsuitable occupations for arrested TB cases. Vocational Rehabilitation, said Dr. Anderson, is faced with the task of complete re-orientation of living, and if it doesn't accomplish that, the patient's stay in the hospital will be just an expensive way station to the grave.

#### MEDICAL SOCIAL WORKER FROM ANS HOSPITAL IN ANCHORAGE IS SAN VISITOR

Miss Mary Kuechler, Medical Social Worker, from the ANS Hospital in Anchorage was a recent visitor to Seward San. Miss Kuechler attended the University of California at Berkley, and has a Master of Arts degree in Medical Social Work. She came to the ANS Hospital to work in November, 1953.

She expressed herself as delighted with the work that is being done here at Seward San. "You have a much more home-like atmosphere here than we have at ANS," she said. "Your situation here seems much more suited to the Rehabilitation of patients, you work in such close co-operation and friendliness, everyone seems to be working together for one cause, it is going to take ANS a long time to develop an atmosphere like this."

Before coming to the ANS Hospital to work, Miss Kuechler served as Medical Social Worker in a TB Sanatorium in the Hawaiian Islands.

#### CLARA E. ROBISON RESIGNS POSITION AS MEDICAL SOCIAL CONSULTANT FOR ADH.

Patients who remember Miss Clara E. Robison, who joined the Department staff in July, 1949 as Medical Social Worker at Seward Sanatorium, will be interested to learn that she expects to remain in the Territory since her resignation as Medical Social Consultant.

Miss Margaret Johnson, who replaced Miss Robison as Medical Social Consultant for the Alaska Department of Health, was a recent visitor to Seward San. Prior to her appointment with the Health Department, Miss Johnson was Assistant Professor of Medical Social Work at the University of British Columbia. She has her Master of Social Work degree from Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri.

#### REGIONAL PUBLIC HEALTH NURSE HERE FOR VISIT

Charming Vera Hansel, Regional Public Health Nursing Consultant, with Region Nine of the United States Public Health Service, attended a weekly Rehabilitation Staff conference at Seward Sanatorium recently. This distinguished and decidedly attractive

young Nursing Consultant has five States and two Territories under her jurisdiction. Her job she says takes her on long trips and involves continual travelling, but she added, "Travelling is fun, too."

#### YOUNG PUBLIC HEALTH SURGEON TO STUDY WITH DR. PHILLIPS

Dr. Edward R. Distler, U.S. Public Service General and Thoracic surgeon assigned to Mt. Edgecumbe is at Seward Sanatorium for a few weeks studying Dr. Phillip's technique in Thoracic surgery.

Dr. Distler, who is Mt. Edgecumbe's Rehabilitation Director as well as general and Thoracic surgeon, says one object in coming to Seward San these few weeks is to observe our Rehabilitation program in order to set up a similar organization at Mt. Edgecumbe.

Asked if he had found anything outstanding at Seward San in his short stay here, he replied, "Yes I have found something outstanding, Dr. Phillips would be outstanding anywhere. He is the only reason I am here. He went on to state that he is enjoying his work here very much. His home state is Idaho.

#### DR. PHILLIPS TO LEAVE FRIDAY ON LECTURE TOUR.

Dr. Phillips will leave Friday, March 19 for Fairbanks where he will spend a week lecturing to various Clubs. The lectures will be sponsored by the Fairbanks Woman's Club who have shown keen interest for sometime in the work Dr. Phillips is doing here at Seward San. If the following agenda is correct it looks like Dr. Phillips is in for a busy time, almost as busy as he is normally:

Sunday afternoon.....	Taken to City Library and City Health Center to meet Club Members
Monday afternoon.....	Lunch with Kiwanis Club.....short talk
Monday evening.....	Meet Nurses Assoc. at eight, and at nine give short talk to Nordale School PTA
Tuesday noon.....	Luncheon with Chamber of Commerce.....short talk
Tuesday evening.....	American Legion Birthday dinner...."Interesting talk"
Wednesday.....	Lion's Club Luncheon....speak
Wednesday.....	6:45 Soropotimist Club dinner meeting.... "Would like to hear about Dr. Phillips' work"
Thursday-1:00 PM.....	Address students and faculty at the University of Alaska
Thursday-3:15 PM.....	Address the High School students
Thursday-7:30 PM.....	Regular Woman's Club meeting.....speak
Friday.....	Plane trip to Nome and Kotzebue to be back in Fairbanks the following Monday.

The ladies who drafted this agenda for Dr. Phillips assured him that his mornings will be free.

#### V.A. SOCIAL WORKER ON VISIT HERE

Ernestine Zollman, Chief Social Worker for the Veterans Association was a visitor this month at Seward San. She was here working with Mrs. King the San Medical Social Worker on problems concerning Veterans in this hospital. Miss Zollman has regional offices in Juneau.

Miss Zollman says she always enjoys a visit to Seward San and is happy when her work brings her here.

MRS. FIRTH RESIGNS AS REHABILITATION COUNSELLOR  
Mrs. Louis Firth, who will be affectionately remembered by most patients as Miss Grace Ushler, has resigned her position at the San as Rehab Counsellor.

Miss Ushler, who was recently married to Mr. Firth, resigned her position here in order to accompany her husband to a new job in Florida. Although the San will miss her cheerful presence here, we all join in wishing her luck, and in hoping that she enjoys the Florida sunshine as much as she did the skiing in Alaska.

#### DISTINGUISHED VISITORS ATTEND THE REHABILITATION STAFF CONFERENCE

Recent and welcome visitors to the Sanatorium Rehab Staff conferences which are held weekly here, were Max Williamson, Chief of Rehabilitation in Alaska, George Shaber, Field Worker for the Alaska Tuberculosis Association, and Dr. Edward T. Blomquist, highest ranking physician and surgeon in the United States Public Health Service in Alaska.

Mr. Shaber and Mr. Williamson, whom we are always very happy to have with us, presented a film to the meeting showing a model Vocational Rehabilitation village for TB patients which is in operation in England. The village is called "Papsworth" and gives a good demonstration of the high efficiency that may be attained by "arrested" TB cases when they are trained in a new vocation which falls within their physical limitations.

Mr. Shaber stated that when his work grows a little stale elsewhere, he likes to visit Seward San to "Get his battery recharged" as he put it. "There seems to be an empathy here which I have not found anywhere else in the Territory," said Mr. Shaber. "Everyone here seems to be working whole-heartedly together for a common cause, patients and staff alike, he added. Those of us who have contacted Mr. Shaber get the same sense of "recharged battery" from him, his enthusiasm for the work he is doing is contagious.

Dr. Blomquist expressed great interest and enthusiasm also for the work that is being done here at Seward San.

Dr. Phillips pointed out in the meeting that although Seward Sanatorium is not an imposing structure with all the extravagant appointments, it still has the first requisite of success. "The first thing you must have in any interprise, he said, is interest in succeeding." Here we are using every method known to us for succeeding in this interprise of healing and Rehabilitation. He added, there are 3,000 cases of TB in Alaska not in hospitals, Dr. Phillips went on, and how many unknown cases is still a moot question. Tuberculosis is not purely a surgical matter, nor is it purely an institutional matter, A TB Sanatorium must be looked upon as a hospital where we treat people who happen to have contracted TB -- when we get this idea across to the general public it will be a tremendous step forward psychologically -- TB is an accident that can happen to anyone, just as a broken leg can happen to anyone. It is the integration of the whole treatment program that we must work toward, said the Doctor. That is the taking care of each handicapped person until he is rehabilitated into another way of life.

#### A FEW LAST MINUTE ITEMS OF INTEREST

Henry Bowen was recently discharged, and has departed for Juneau, Alaska.

Val Morrison has also been discharged and left us for Kodiak, Alaska.

Thomas E. Stevenson is a brand new patient on Ward Four, he came from Anchorage.

Henry V. Scott, from Fairbanks, is also a brand new patient on Ward Four, and Daniel Cronin from Anchorage, also on Ward Four.



To all you new patients who have come to us in the last month or so, the San Chat, on behalf of the Sanatorium extends a hearty welcome. We are happy for you, not only because you are now in a place where your disease can be arrested, and you may, if you follow the Doctor's orders and the rules this hospital has laid down for your comfort and convenience, soon be restored to your family and friends a well and happy person, but we are also happy for you because your presence here means a little step forward in the complete control of TB in Alaska.

And so to you, all our new patients we cannot do better than borrow for your benefit an editorial written for the Arroyan which expresses pretty generally the guiding spirit of hospital management:

To you who enter this institution as a patient, we who manage this sanatorium give you greetings.

Some of us may never get to know you, but just the same we want you to feel that this is a human house, and not a soulless institution. This is your home, be it for a day or a night only, or for a longer period.

Human beings with human sympathies manage this place.

Human beings care for you here, make your bed, clean your room, serve you food and medicine. All who serve you are made of flesh and blood as you are; they have their interests, likes and dislikes, ambitions, dreams and disappointments, just as you have.

We are not going to make any glad hand or uplift endeavor with you, but we are going to take care of you, and try our best to restore you to good health.

Whatever rules there are here, are made for your protection and comfort, not to annoy you. The best rule in all the world for a hospital or anything else, is the Golden Rule -- Do unto others as you would like to be done by.

We shall try to put ourselves in your place. How would we like to be treated if we were a patient here, as you are?

And we ask you to put yourselves in our place. Before you complain and condemn us, ask yourselves what would, or could you do if you were running the Sanatorium?

We are all travelers from the port of birth to the port of death. For a little space you lodge with us -- and we wish to put these good thoughts upon you--- May God keep you and bring you your heart's desire, and when you go away, leave for this hospital a bit of grateful feeling.

-----From Policy of the Arroyo

Teller, Alaska  
March, 1954

Dear Friends--

### Greetings from Teller

Now with days getting longer and sunshine bright enough on the snow to make us wear dark glasses, we want to remember you with a letter from us so that you may know our present activities.

We have had a long cold spell with 10 to 30 degrees below zero, and when it is minus 25 with a 25 M P H wind, it is really cold. It makes us glad for our fur parkas and mukluks. This year I got a fawn skin parka, as the skins were a "Thank you gift" from a reindeer man whom Pastor Hegland had helped last year. Now we are enjoying fresh reindeer roasts and steaks as another "Thank you" because my flying husband helped look for some lost reindeer around the Sawtooth Mountains.

We don't have to shovel paths here, for the wind packs the snow so hard that we walk on top of the drifts even when they're six feet high.

We have three Eskimos teaching Sunday School here in Teller Town this year: Mrs. Eddie Pocktoo, Agnes Eyuk, and Dick Kugzruk. They with some others are in the senior choir which sings Sunday morning and Wednesday Evening. We are now practicing some anthems which they sang when they lived at Igloo; they are special arrangements of favorite hymns such as "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." I also have a junior choir of 12 to 15 year olds which usually sings for the Sunday evening services. Now I want to have the younger children meet regularly to get ready for an Easter program.

At this time of the year many of the Eskimos fish for flounders thru the thick ice. From our windows we can see the snow shelters they have built by their fish holes in the ice. These shelters are the closest resemblance we see to a snow igloo. Dog teams are busy these days; some are driven east to Salt Lake where the Eskimos have fish nets for white fish. Some go north and west 26 miles to Lost River with freight plus some of their Salt Lake fish to sell up there, as the Lost River men do not have a chance to fish. Some few go south along the coast toward open water to camp for several days of seal hunting. Almost every day there are teams from Teller Mission six miles across the bay, for they come to buy groceries, gasoline and other supplies, to get mail, and to sell their sewing of mukluks and fur slippers or their ivory carving.

The Eskimo women keep busy too. They do tasks which I would feel should be men's duties, but so it is. When the Eskimo hunter brings home the seals, the wife skins them, cares for blubber and meat, prepares the valuable skins. Many a time I see women pushing the heavy sleds of ice for drinking water. Every spare moment the women and girls have they are busy sewing, as for many families that is the main source of income: what they can sell in mukluks, slippers and parkas (usually ordered specially). Many of the women go fishing--and that must be a cold job to remain out on the ice many hours when it is below zero and windy.

Children play outside when it is cold. They have enjoyed sliding on the hill by town. We have playnight for them once a week in the quonset, where they play with different games which have come in the mission boxes---Chinese checkers, dominoes, sorry, checkers, ping pong, ring toss. We also play circle games as an outlet for their energy--as for many the homes are too small to allow much active play.

Miss Noreen Paulson was here after Christmas and conducted four weeks of week day classes for the children which they enjoyed. Now she is back at Teller Mission where she serves as Missionary for the 75 Eskimos there. She and I had worked together last fall on the mission boxes to select and wrap the many gifts for our Eskimos here, Teller Mission and Lost River.

Rev. Albert Tastad came in October to serve primarily at Lost River, for many of our families have moved up there from our other Mission Stations. We are relieved that now they can have a pastor right with them so that they can have regular services and classes for the children. A large under ground tin mine is operated at Lost River by the U.S. Tin Corporation.

Miss Helen Frost is at Shismaref which is the L.D.R. Mission Station. She keeps very busy with over 200 Eskimos to serve. We are glad to have her visit with us for a few days after New Year's Day. We hope soon to fly the 75 miles north to visit her when the weather gets less severe and can be trusted, (When is that?) not to weather us in.

We are grateful, for the sake of the Eskimos and for the comfort it gives us workers, for the prayerful interest and material support many of you are giving Christ's work here. Thank you from us all.

Sincerely,  
Margaret Hegland

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#### FORMER NURSING AIDE RETURNS TO SEWARD SAN

Many patients who know Beth Forth will be happy to learn that she is back at Seward Sanatorium in her former job of Nursing Aide.

Beth, who left the San two years ago for an extended visit with her folks in the States, and who has since been employed at Belmont California Sanatorium as a Practical Nurse, says she is more than happy to be back working at Seward San.

She says she hardly recognized the place because of the new coat of paint the buildings have acquired in her absence. She was also quite impressed, she said, by new improvements in the Staff Mess Hall. The new steam tables, she added, and the decorating job give the place a different and much more cheerful atmosphere.

Welcome back Beth, we are sure all your former friends and patients will be just as glad to see you as we are.

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#### SOME MARCH BIRTHDAYS

Eugene Killigivuk.....March 26  
Taffy Rabbido.....March 27  
Margaret Smith.....March 27  
Annie John.....March 30

# EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

## BEHIND THE SCENES WITH THE EDITOR

Editor's Note: The following letter from Paul Rudolph, a patient on Ward One shows that many patients are still concerned about the "empty bed" situation, not only at Seward San, but all over the Territory. For the information of those who may not be "up" on the situation, that is the latest development, we can tell you that Alaska Native Service is also concerned about the matter as well as ADH. Seward San has recently received surgery patients from the ANS hospital in Anchorage, which they are not so well equipped to take care of as we are here. Altogether the "empty bed" situation is not so acute as it was a short time ago. However, we still have 18 empty beds. And now for Paul's Letter:

Dear San Chat Readers: Many of my fellow patients, Indian, Eskimo, Aleut or White, whatever they happen to be, as they walk past my room from time to time, often stop to inquire what I think about all these empty beds showing up so glaringly in our respective wards.

My answers to these questions are beginning to sound as ludicrous as Mortimer Snerd's catch phrase, "How about them, eh?" However when you stop to think about this "empty bed" situation, and the many, many tuberculous persons there are in Alaska who are not in hospitals, that are mingling with healthy, unsuspecting folk, infecting them, spreading TB at an alarming rate, it loses the flavor of a mere catch phrase and becomes something very serious to think about.

True, Seward San is not an elaborate hospital with marble floors and porcelain walls, rigged with subdued lights, but its medical facilities are certainly the best to be found anywhere, Statesides or Alaska. Being the San Chat Reporter in Ward One last fall, I was accorded the privilege of an introduction to the eminent Dr. Thomas Parron, former surgeon general of the United States Public Service, now founder and Dean of the University of Pittsburgh Graduate School of Public Health. As I shook hands with him, he said, "You men are fortunate to have a bed in this hospital which is equipped with modern facilities in medicine, and moreover you are most fortunate to have such an outstanding and skillful surgeon as Dr. Phillips for you Medical Director.

This realization of modern medical facilities here at Seward San, modern surgery, Vocational Rehabilitation for patients, the training of Nursing Aides, and Home Nursing for patients, are but a few of the fruits of Dr. Phillips' past efforts, and yet in spite of these life-saving benefits to people who would eagerly grasp the opportunity, this hospital was a short time ago threatened with the closure of one of the wards because of lack of funds to hospitalize new patients. And even now, as TB runs rampant in the Territory, this hospital, which is well staffed and equipped to cure many of these known cases, has been forced to slow down to four-fifths of capacity operation.

Not until you ask yourself why the patients are showing so much concern over this situation and come up with some answers can you realize how drastically this cut-back in patient quota affects almost every patient here. Just about every patient here at Seward San has members of their families, friends and neighbors who are badly in need of hospitalization for tuberculous. It is easy to see how concern over relatives and friends who may be dying of TB could retard the cure of those who are hospitalized here.

And speaking of time and cost, of course, TB can be controlled. It can be wiped out but the short-sighted politicians who are thinking in terms of cost per day of hospitalization are not going to wipe it out. Costs must be figured in terms of the over all picture. The more advanced the case of TB, the longer the stay in the hospital. If the patients' stay in the hospital is cut short for lack of funds, he will be back later for a longer stay and more expense. Whereas if every available bed in the Territory is used and money allocated to arrest each case, whether the time required for hospitalization runs a few months or half a dozen years, so that when the individual returns as a member of society, he can maintain himself as a taxpayer and contributing citizen. Public funds are then well spent. If every means is employed to educate him, so that when he returns to his home village, he will be able to earn his living, to protect himself, and to help others who have the disease to keep from spreading it, eventually TB in Alaska can be defeated. At the present time, however, according to statistics there is 10 to 20 times as much TB in Alaska as there is in the States.

And as the population of Alaska increases, just so will TB increase. It will spread at same rate in which it is spreading today, unless all of us who call ourselves voters start putting pressure on our favorite senators and Representatives for bigger appropriation of funds. Tuberculosis knows no party lines. A Republican gets it just as readily as a Democrat and keeps it just as long unless something is done about it. Whatever party platform is up for consideration, it is bound to have a sturdy plank concerning the over all picture of health in Alaska. We have to assume that they ARE interested in the health of Alaska.

The politicians you elect to office must not be allowed to forget the seriousness of TB in Alaska. Tuberculosis is an enemy with the weapons of annihilation pointed squarely at the heads of every citizen in the Territory. I know, because it got me, and I wasn't out looking for it when it nailed me either. Nor were any of the other thousands of people who have it aware of the fact when they contracted it. Nor will you, and you, and you who will be in need of hospitalization tomorrow be aware of this awful thing when it sneaks insidiously into your lungs. Some chance stranger sitting beside you in a restaurant will cough too close, or you will partake of food, or drink from a glass that has not been properly sterilized, and if your resistance is low, you are in for it. So it behooves you voters one and all to urge your legislators with unceasing persistence to keep every available bed in the Territory filled with active TB cases until this scourge is wiped out, not only in Alaska but from the face of the earth.

Alaska stands on the threshold of Statehood, and when it is achieved will undoubtedly be taxed heavily for a long time to come in order to set up Statehood machinery. Despite the granted benefits of Statehood, the fact that so many thousands of Alaska's people are sick with TB will remain unchanged unless something is done about it, and it will surely become an intolerable burden to the young State already struggling to get its machinery in motion. It will be the "Old-Man-Of-The-Sea" around the neck of young industry and new business. It could well be the straw that breaks the camels' back of both Capital and Labor. It wont make much difference how great our natural resources are if so large a percentage of our population has to be supported the rest.

You, Mr. and Mrs. Territorial Voter, hold the key to Alaska's Health. Use it by writing to your honorable legislators about these empty bed in Seward San, and in all the other tuberculosis hospitals in the Territory. Urge them to fill each bed which can be used in curing an active case of TB.

Should any member of our honorable Territorial Legislature oppose adequate appropriations to keep these beds filled, your letters urging them to amend their thinking may save the lives of some member of your family, some friend or neighbor, or even your own, and it will be a great stride toward TB control in Alaska.

Sincerely yours, Paul Rudolph

and speaking of time and cost, of course, TB can be controlled. It can be wiped out but the short-sighted politicians who are thinking in terms of cost per day of hospitalization are not going to wipe it out. Costs must be figured in terms of the over all picture. The more advanced the case of TB, the longer the stay in the hospital. If the patients' stay in the hospital is cut short for lack of funds, he will be back later for a longer stay and more expense. Whereas if every available bed in the Territory is used and money allocated to arrest each case, whether the time required for hospitalization runs a few months or half a dozen years, so that when the individual returns as a member of society, he can maintain himself as a taxpayer and contributing citizen. Public funds are then well spent. If every means is employed to educate him, so that when he returns to his home village, he will be able to earn his living to prevent himself and his family from being a burden to the community, eventually TB in Alaska can be deleted. At the present time, however, according to statistics there is 10 to 20 times as much TB in Alaska as there is in the States.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT**

And as the population of Alaska increases, just so will TB increase. It will spread at same rate in which it is spreading today, unless all of us who call ourselves voters start putting pressure on our legislators to see that the Territory is not just a playground for the politicians. Just as the last page of San Chat is being put to bed, comes word that a new member of the San family has arrived on the scene. Mr. and Mrs. Morris Wright are proud parents of an eight pound boy, born March 15 in Seward General Hospital. His name is Kenneth Seward, and yesterday it was noticed that his father, Morris, was wearing a much larger size hat.

Morris, as most of you know is the electrical engineer for KSAN, and Mrs. Wright was until a few days ago, secretary to Dr. Phillips. I know, because I know the Territory. Not were any of the other towns. Kenneth Seward is the Wright's first child. Mrs. Wright, before her marriage to Mr. Wright was Jeanett Lind, an attractive local Seward girl. Both the Wrights have worked at Seward San almost since their marriage.

Alaska stands on the threshold of Statehood, and when it is achieved will undoubtedly be taxed heavily for a long time to come in order to set up Statehood machinery. Despite the granted benefits of Statehood, the fact that so many thousands of Alaska's people are sick with TB will remain unchanged unless something is done about it, and it will surely become an intolerable burden to the young State already struggling to get its machinery in motion. It will be the "Old-Man-Of-The-Sea" around the neck of young industry and new business. It could well be the straw that breaks the camel's back of both Capital and Labor. It won't make much difference how great our natural resources are if so large a percentage of our population has to be supported the rest.

You, Mr. and Mrs. Territorial Voter, hold the key to Alaska's Health. Use it by writing to your honorable legislators about these empty beds in Seward San, and in all the other tuberculosis hospitals in the Territory. Urge them to fill each bed which can be used in curing an active case of TB.

Should any member of our honorable Territorial legislature oppose adequate appropriations to keep these beds filled, your letters urging them to amend their thinking may save the lives of some member of your family, friend or neighbor, or even your own and it will be a great stride toward TB control in Alaska.

Sincerely yours, Paul Rudolph

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# SAN CHAT



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Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Women's Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are housed in the Seward Sanatorium, a part of the United States Public Health Service. The women's service is a part of the Christian Service of the Methodist Church.



SAN

CHAT

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS

SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA  
 JULY 1954

Published monthly by the patients of Seward Sanatorium. Single copy, 10¢, subscriptions, \$1.00 per year. All patients receive one free copy. Subscriptions may be addressed to the Editor.

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- Paul Rudolph.....Editor
- Sarah Dunn.....Book Review Editor
- Joseph Oneha.....Sports Editor
- Paul Rudolph.....Ward One News
- Alice Juneby.....Ward Two News
- Carrie Voss.....Ward Three News
- Doras Tobuk.....Ward Three News
- Gust Brann.....Ward Four News
- Julia Beans.....Ward Six News
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- Lillian Aldridge.....San Galley
- Scotty Armour.....Features
- Gust Brann.....Features

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The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came.-- Chales Kingsley

SEWARD SANATORIUM  
BARTLETT, TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are hospitalized on a contract basis. The Alaska Department of Health, Alaska Native Service, Veterans Administration, and the United States Public Health Service hospitalize patients here at a standard per diem cost. The Women's Division of Christian Service makes a sizeable contribution annually in helping to bear the cost of operating the hospital.

MEDICAL STAFF

Francis J. Phillips, M.D., F.A.C.S. The Board of Thoracic Surgery....Medical Director and Thoracic Surgeon, ADH  
 Dr. Herbert B. Greenlee.....Staff Physician  
 Norman Diamond, M.D.....Thoracic Surgery Resident  
 Joseph B. Deisher, M.D.....Thoracic Surgery Resident, Part Time, ADH

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 E. L. (Bob) Bartlett.....Alaska Delegate to Congress  
 Maxim Schapiro.....Concert Artist Impresario

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Russell M. Wagner, D.D.....Contract Veterans Dentist

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 Ruth Murrell, R.N.....Treasurer  
 Ada A. Stuart, R.N.....Director of Nurses  
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 Suzanne Hayward, B.S., A.D.A.....Dietitian  
 Helen Priebe, B.S., A.D.A.....Dietitian  
 Gloria Avenell, M.T.....Laboratory Technician  
 Ardith Levis.....Laboratory Technician  
 Florence Ayles, R.N., R.P.T.....Physical Therapy (part time)  
 Betty Nelson.....Director of Recreation  
 Helen D. Case.....Teacher  
 Myra McDonald.....Teacher  
 Sarah May Garrett.....Supply Worker

# THE DOCTORS' CORNER

## DOCTOR'S CORNER

The Medical Treatment Program of the Seward Sanatorium has improved in a number of ways in the past year. We now have the second trainee from the University of Chicago Medical School. Herbert B. Greenlee was chosen from among the applicants to replace Anthony Lalli. Dr. Joseph Ceithaml, Dean of the Medical Students in the University of Chicago and Professor William E. Adams of the Department of Surgery of the University of Chicago have expressed good satisfaction with the type of experience and training that we are able to give these young doctors.

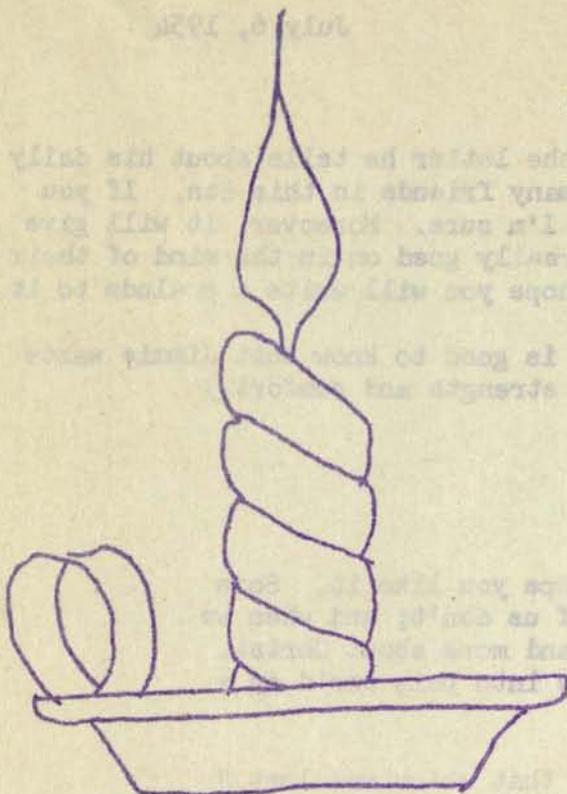
These young doctors are not the only ones who gain from this program. Our patients are now getting the advantage of the newer knowledge of medicine that is being taught in the great University Medical Schools. Having these young men with us is an important asset to our entire program. It is a source of personal satisfaction to us to have these young doctors recognize the superior nursing care our patients are getting. When we pause for a moment and realize that they are comparing the care that our patients get with highly specialized University City Hospitals, it is more than gratifying to know that the quality of nursing care that our patients get is as good as the best.

Reflection on the above facts is comforting. Yet, we have empty beds at the Seward Sanatorium!! Not two or three, but fifteen! We all know that there are still many cases of tuberculosis in Alaska that would be given a chance to get well and live were they hospitalized. The cost of treating a patient for tuberculosis at the Seward Sanatorium compares very favorably with that in the best Sanatoriums in the United States. This may seem a casual observation on the surface. It must be realized by those who are conversant with the many factors involved in the successful treatment of tuberculosis that there is more than the mere medical and surgical therapeutic approaches. We recognize that the patient with tuberculosis is a human being with a debilitating, handicapping, demoralizing disease. At this Sanatorium, the entire professional and auxiliary staff is integrated in the principle that our patients are people with a disease which has be-set them without any particular fault of their own.

Our staff, therefore, makes every possible kindly effort to encourage the patients during their treatment program, to help them to live in spite of their disease, in fact in some instances it would seem that getting tuberculosis was almost a benefit in that it gave the patient the opportunity of being subjected to our Vocational Rehabilitation Program. Even though our program is young, some of our discharged patients are already in new vocations and happily so.

Again, it is a strange paradox that a treatment center engined and geared for the treatment, rehabilitation and vocational training of the tuberculous should be only partly used!

Dr. Phillips



# A small Light to guide by

Rev. Charles Malin

## THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF FAITH.

Faith is often misunderstood. Not many go so far as the small boy's definition, "Faith is believing what you know isn't so". Never the less many think of faith as something without knowledge, a sort of "leap in the dark." Now faith is not devoid of knowledge but is founded upon it. It is not an unthinking submission to authority. The root of faith is inner conviction. Faith goes with freedom of the spirit. Like science, faith appeals with and to experience, only it is the experience of a different sort of world. Natural science deals with the world of appearance, the world that comes to us through our senses. But there is the unseen world which is just as real and larger. We experience this unseen world through truth, love, justice, the trust of a friend, the spirit of God - these we have never touched with our hands but they are among life's determinative influences. Faith, then, is trust in a world that is not seen, and willingness to act upon it. Only in religion can such a faith find its fullest expression. The unseen world, the world of order and beauty, of love and righteousness, breaks upon us everywhere in life. Religion gathers all this together and says - the world of the spirit is one, and its name is God.

Faith thus rests upon experience, and transcends it. It sees what this experience means and trusts it, and goes beyond it. It demands not merely trust but obedience, and loyalty, and courage. It makes of life a high adventure and not a timid surrender.

It is a man's trust in the highest he knows. As the scripture says: "Faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen."

July 6, 1954

Dear Editor:

J Idgill Home A

The following is a letter from Jimmie Kilapsuk. In the letter he tells about his daily scripture lessons, which he wants to pass on to his many friends in this San. If you use it in the SAN CHAT, it will make him very happy, I'm sure. Moreover, it will give many who need spiritual guidance an insight to what really goes on in the mind of their close friend, Jimmie Kilapsuk. If you do use it, I hope you will write a prelude to it.

(Editor's Note--No further prelude is necessary. It is good to know that Jimmie wants to share with others the faith in which he has found strength and comfort.)

Rev Charles Miller

Hello there, my Friends:

This is my scripture lesson this morning, I hope you like it. Some of us like to read from our Bible, and some of us don't; and when we read from our Bible, we learn more or understand more about Christ. Holy scripture tells us that Jesus Christ came into this world on a definite mission.

"For the Son of man (Christ) is about to save that which was lost." Matthew 18:11. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I Timothy 1:15.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." John 10:10. "God sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him." John 4:9. "And that we might have everlasting life." John 3:16.

Yes, Christ came that we might be saved; that we might have eternal life! This shows that man, by nature, is not saved and does not have eternal life. If man was already saved and already had eternal life, it would not have been necessary for Jesus to have come. When you receive Christ, you become a child of God; you pass from death into life. "And you pass out of darkness into His marvelous light." I Peter 2:9.

"Therefore, rejoice in His great salvation." Yes, God wants to save us. He wants us to get ready before Him -- and before it is too late.

Close for now, and may God bless you all and keep you well.

Signed,

Jimmie Kilapsuk

# WARD NEWS

Paul Rudolph

The boys and the girls are the magnetic forces that draw the boys out into the open to anatomy and flowers in full bloom. And you can be sure, some of the boys are oblivious to their disease when the flowers start to nod their heads in the wind and the girls move with a special wig-walk.

Johnny Stevens is the model patient of Ward One. He devotes all his leisure time to reading literature that will give him strength both physically and spiritually. Johnny expects surgery in the near future. One of the fellows said that Johnny's friend, Owen, always looks out the window and watching the birds. One of the fellows said that Owen's birds referred to aren't the chickens in Ward Two. Another says Owen's birds shouldn't be referred to as chickens, for the attractive tribe in Ward Two is a bunch of Ravens and Eagles.

Gene's favorite radio program is "My Friend Irma." One day, a blonde waitress was so dumb. One old man told him these nice blondes get off the beam; when that happens, their only recourse is marriage. That explains why most of our blondes here are married," said Sylvester.

Gene has a sign printed hanging at the foot of his bed, which reads: "Bad Boy for Sale." Aging Oscar Johnson told this to a patient who is hard of hearing, a partially deaf patient passed the word along that Gene was the BAD BOY with the sign.

Walt Farrow is as happy as a meadow lark with a big fat worm in its bill. The reason: The company in which he holds some stock is active this summer in drilling for oil. It's a good bet, should the oil company strike oil and his stock start paying dividends, that the fellows here will gush all over him for financial aid to promote a big clambake.

Alaskan Inggan from Unga, Alaska, was recently transferred to this hospital from the AM hospital in Juneau. He expects to have surgery in the near future. Alex admits he has fallen in love with good old Juneau. He plans to move his family from Unga to Juneau when he's released from this hospital. The boys wish him the best of luck in the pending surgery and the selection of a future home.

Shorty Harold Ptarigan moved back into the ward from the solarium. The move, it was rumored, was to cut his walking distance in half. In the ward he's not as full of the devil as he was out in the sun porch. His buddy, Glenn Tingook, says Harold is no angel, nor is he a vocalist, but you should hear him sing. "Hear the Harold angel sing."

Hefty Stevenson takes great delight in Post Office work. Because it involves figures that are small, it is serious business—so he says. His good friend, young Ruben, is wondering if these figures include the lovelies in high heels.

Frank Perry isn't exactly a stingy guy, and he never lets anything go to waste—if he can help it. However, that's just where the delicious food serves here is showing up—his waist. Howard Honakok and George Dan, often exchange vowels in their native tongue. The favorite pastime of these fellows is looking at pictures of shipwrecked women and reading

Ward One News Post'd

Literature of the same vein.

Jimmie Kilbuck, who was recently promoted, is only a step away from home. He says he could see and hear the roar of motors, quivering wings, and the image of his attractive wife standing amid the colorful wild flowers on the rolling tundra of Pt. Barrow. His room mate, Gust Erickson, wonders why he, too, isn't blessed with such a beautiful apartment.

Tall and heavy Gerald Masson is thinking of taking a specially erected group picture of some of the boys here. John Nathaniel is a little worried because Gerald might see himself toyed with on his totem pole picture. Joe Hanaha, too, is a little worried that he might be the top man of this picture.

Young Herman Joseph had his operation recently and is now back in Ward One. His friend, Samil, is developing his drawing talent, some of which will appear from time to time in the pages of the SAN CHAT.

Leif is an adult that eating and sleeping and resting will soon defeat the old bug which was recently medically discharged, is the lucky fellow walking the streets of Juneau. His good friend, Dan Hunnicut, is but two steps away from going home.

Bill Hinchey was wishing he was up town in Seward, just as the floats go floating by. His buddy (PCR) says that there's no doubt, if he were to go to town, that he, too, would be floating his nose, not in the parade, but in a chilled glass of beer.

Ward one humorist, says that in the nineteenth century the Gay Blades and their four ladies did a dance called "Bustle and a Bump." When Al gets up and is strong, he'll be willing to teach the modern dances he has in mind. They will include fox trots, rumbas, congas, and waltzes; pneumo-peritoneum bump, paragonic hop, and the frenic clip!

Sports Writer, says that if you are too old to cut the mustard in a game, then it's time for a doctor to wax you warm with a paraffin pack.

One day, from the oysters served, David Andrews found two pearls. He says he will polish these pearls and his manners, then will set out to see who will be willing to wear the pearls for a lifetime. The boys wish him the best of luck.

Ed had his surgery recently and is now back in the ward. Says Ed, "Glad to get back!" The boys wish him the best of luck.

#### WARD TWO NEWS

by

Alice Juneby

Howdy everyone! The news of the ward patients seems to be about the same except for a few additional new patients. Sasa isn't feeling too well. Avis Norway is a very quiet person; she is resting most all the time. Nena Russell is a very busy, young lady from Fort Yukon. The lucky guy who gets letters from her everyday is her tall, dark and handsome husband.

Frieda Stearman is a very nice person to know, and is very anxious to get well and get home to her darling daughters and son. Dora Williams is making pretty gloves with a fancy design them for her guy.

Once in a while, Luc, Strickland spins Mario Lanza records and Hawaiian music which takes us start dreaming and wishing we were down there in a beautiful Hawaiian island eating coconuts and delicious pineapples. Her room mate, Eva Sears writes letters and sends them to the

Sarah Dunn has some squirrels (did I say squirrels?) that all look alike; I don't know how she can tell them apart, she also has a nickname for everyone of them. Her room mate like that (they are such hams).

Helen Hanson is one gal that hates to get out of bed, for she just loves to sleep. Mrs. Spain's favorite words are, "Helen, did you use your up-time?"

Well, let's see what's going on with the patients in the romance department. Kay Walunga and Owen (Shorty) Barnes classify in that department. They have spring fever, bad! Mary Ann Robinson is growing up these days; she's beginning to notice good-looking guys.

Lilly Henry's room mate, Shirley Alander, moved up to Ward Three for surgery. Guess Lilly misses her because she is awfully quiet. Alice Ashenfelter's favorite pastime subject--initials are P. J. She also made a pretty cushion trimmed with red ribbon for her friend's birthday.

Irene Salmon is in the romance department, too, but her favorite one is Abner. Agathena Nickali is a lively little girl who always has a smile for everyone. Sophie Peter and Gene K. (How much is that doggie in the window?) are in L.D.L. (long-distance love, that is!) Effie Rabbido and Sophie are taking turns playing western hill-billy music until they almost drive us nuts.

Ella E. does mostly reading and resting; her room mate, Mary M., crochets beautiful doilies. Emily Jimmie Joe is back from Ward Three after she got her surgery over with. Rose Nichell isn't doing much except writing and reading. Julia Nelson is making a pretty yellow sweater for one of the children. Maude Watkins is busy crocheting doilies. I don't know what Mary H. and Alga H. are doing; they are out on the porch. I guess they are doing the usual reading and writing.

These are the new patients who were admitted recently. Annie Kimokiokt from Koyuk, Sophie James and Alice Keganerk from ? and Tiny Everitt from Egigik. Hope their stay will be short and sweet.

Marilyn Sunberg is a lovely young lady who does lots of beautiful handiwork. She says she has spring fever and wants to go home. Our charge nurse, Mrs. Margaret Spain, is going on her vacation in Fairbanks and will drive to Circle Hot Springs. We sure are going to miss her and hope she has a very nice and enjoyable vacation. Mrs. Elizabeth Olsen is a very lucky lady; she went home Saturday. Irene Wolfe also went home sometime in June.

Hi there guys and gals! I think I'll drop a line to you, OK? Well, where do we start? Hmmm, oh yeah, I left my good ward five. I liked it there, but I had to leave for Ward Three for surgery and came on a little vacation down here to Ward Two. I like it down here more than anyplace, only one thing though, I miss all the kids up there in Ward Five with their crying and hollering.

There are so many new patients down here on Ward Two that I can't even keep up with them. Mary Ann Robinson went up to Ward Three for surgery and came back down here. Also Emily Jimmie Joe, Madeline Charles, Myra Robinson and next Lucille Madison. Alice Ashenfelter is all alone since her room mate, Lucy Madison, went to Ward Three for surgery. Because

Dora Cleveland went to Ward Three for surgery and Effie Rabbido was a little lonely. Sophie Peters moved in with her. Mrs. Elizabeth Olson and Rosa Mitchell moved in the porch and they enjoy it there. Since Leah Apayouk left for Ward Six, Mary H. has moved and she says she is enjoying it out there. Also Julia Lopez moved to Ward Six and I bet she is enjoying her four hours up-time. They are so lucky! Alice Junsby moved in with Helen Hanson from the Women. Lillian Henry took her place. Effie Rabbido enjoys playing her phonograph. Sophie Peters, Mary Ann, and Olga Sheppard are very nice girls. I like them a lot. Irene Solomon, my room mate, is always writing and she gets lots of mail, too. Gee, my cousin Alfred Stephen sure is a lucky man, huh? He went home to Lyonek on Friday the 18th of June. I heard he hated to leave Seward. He's such a nice kid.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I think I've said enough, huh? Until we meet again in the next SAN DAY. May God bless you all as long as you guys and gals live and may he watch over you nice people. Sincerely, Miss Agraphena Mickalai.

WARD THREE NEWS

by  
Carrie Voss

The month of June was a month for love, love, love everywhere. But then how could our lives go on without love for something. For instance, loves of:

- "Grandma" Carlson loves her crocketing and her fish--else all life would be dull.
  - Tauna C. and "Mamachua" Reft love to play cribbage when they can get together.
  - Dorothy Neal loves to beat Evelyn M. in Chinese checkers and vice versa.
  - Mary Hofseth loves to get mail from her family.
  - Adda Woods loves her beadwork and visiting hours.
  - Myra R. loves just resting.
  - Daisy "Mae" loves picking wild flowers for her friends.
  - Lena Willis loves to sing about love and her extra long fingernails for scratching.
  - Lucy S. loves her beadwork and listening to Lena sing.
  - Dora C. loves her records.
  - Mary Shaginoff loves to get news about her sons.
  - Lassie D. loves her comics and stories.
  - Marva Trainer loves her plants, squirrels, and handiwork.
  - Doras Tobuk loves teasing Carrie, singer Tony Bennett, and bird watching.
  - "Bobbie Ann" Edwards has her own secret!
  - Shirley A. loves pictures and men.
  - Carrie loves just plain LOVE and sunshine.
  - Hannah, Anna Pete, Donya, and Madeline definitely do not love surgery, but they are looking forward to getting well.
  - I'm sure everyone agrees that we love having Miss Knight back working after her month vacation, and Mrs. Hiler from her week off.
- And so the month of love passes, but we still have our loves!

WARD FOUR NEWS

by

Gust Brann

Well you guys and gals, here it is another month again and the news must go on, or was that the show must go on, anyway that is a new slant on things; or don't you go for new things. To begin with, I want to stress the fact that this is your newspaper, or should I say our newspaper, and, if we want something printed in this paper, we must give out with something. What I mean is this Reporter has nothing to write about unless you give him the material. So what do you say boys, let's have a little from you--in other words tell us something about yourselves. Let's write it down, will ya, huh?

Francis Pyenna left the San on June 7th a well man; the result of fine and expert treatment he received here in the Seward Sanatorium. Francis is from Nome and said he was going back there. When asked what he was going to do when he gets home, he said that he did not know, but he figured he would find something suitable whenever he got well enough to work.

We had a letter from Henry Kaiser a while back, and as there must be a number of persons who remember him, it would be of interest to know how he has fared since he left the San. Henry says that he has been going to the University of Alaska all winter and had been studying Human Anatomy as a prerequisite to premedical which he will be taking up next, providing he gets passing grades of which there isn't much doubt as Henry is a very studious man, can handle most anything mentally. Here's hoping he reads this as it will give him a boost. He said also that he had been to Anchorage during the winter and had intended to come for a visit at the San, but found he had no time as his studies were more important than a visit to the San. We agree, Henry!

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred F. Weingart came down from Anchorage Saturday, June 5th, for a visit with their friend Clinton O'Meara who is a patient here at Seward San. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Harrow of the Seward Sanatorium accompanied them to the ward. Mrs. Weingart was formerly Jo Stafford from Faulkton, South Dakota, and Alfred is a Master Sargent with the 5039th Air Transport at Elmendorf Air Force Base at Anchorage, Alaska. Mr. O'Meara has been here at the San since February of 1953; he had a chest operation and is now well on the way to recovery. Since he came here, he has learned to carve ivory. He is doing a good job toward his own rehabilitation. O'Meara is a model patient and easy to get along with.

Today has been Flag Day, shot day, bath day, and, of course, Monday and blue; there is nothing much to say about the day except it has been sunny and very quiet. One happening that has not occurred for sometime on Ward Four was the appearance of an orderly on the Ward. This will surely keep the aides happy, or don't you think so? We surely hope that we can keep him as he seems to be a nice fellow.

Today five fellows from Ward Four had broncoscopy. They were Mr. Oman, Mr. Wezark, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Kozloff, and Mr. Koonaloak; everything went off as scheduled and they are all feeling fine by this time. Since then, Mr. Kozloff says that he likes it much better in the big ward than in room 28 where he has been since his arrival. There is more activity on the big ward and he doesn't get quite as lonesome.

Alfred Stephen left the Sanatorium today with his disease completely arrested, and is going home to his family. Alfred has been here at the San about two and one half years and has been a model patient and a very good boy. He is 14 years of age and was going to school all last winter here at the San. Alfred is from a village on Cook Inlet called Tyonec and apparently Alfred did not want to go home just now as he has so many friends here at the San. As he said good-bye, I discerned a tear in his eye, and had anyone looked close at my own eyes, they probably would have seen my eyes water a little as Alfred shook my hand and said good-bye.

## Ward Four News Condit

Noah Phillips has been at the Sanatorium for over two years, and is now well under way to recovery as he had surgery a few months ago. Noah is a real artist as you might have seen on last month's SAN CHAT cover. Noah comes from Wainright, Alaska, and he says he is probably going back there whenever he gets well enough to go home. Noah is a married man with a wife and two small children. He has had bad news about his wife--she is also in bed with T. B. and is probably coming to this or the Anchorage hospital.

Charles Carr, the latest arrival at the San, came th Ward Four today. Mr. Carr is from Juneau, the queen city of Alaska. May your stay here be short, as well as pleasant.

More about Henry Kaiser..... Today I received the most surprizing letter from Henry. It was written at the Mayo Clinic located near Rochester, Minnesota, and he tells me that he underwent a major operation on his heart. As we all know, Henry had a heart condition and this is what he tells me was wrong and I quote from his letter.

"The doctors tell me that I had a hole in the dividing section between the two upper chambers of my heart; and the surgeon tells me that they sew a plastic sponge over the hole, after which nature takes over and grows skin over the plastic sponge. The operation took eight hours; I was four days under an oxygen tent. Right now, I am feeling fine and I will be out of the hospital in two or three days."

I thought that this would be of interest to his many friends here at the San, so I pass it on to you through the medium of the SAN CHAT. Henry says that he will be back home in Alaska in about two or three weeks. Wonderful what can be done surgically, these days!

Henry Saccheus told me that if his name appeared in the SAN CHAT again he would not speak to me anymore, but I think that Henry was just kidding, anyway, I'll take a chance. Since he is now our official stamp collector, I mean that he collects stamps from the post office, then he resells the stamps to us. Second hand, eh? Anyway, I think the stamps are legal cause I used one and the letter passed through the post office. Keep smiling, Henry, it does one good to see a real honest to goodness smile. You must have learned a lot lately, as I see you walking around quite a bit.

Mr. Art Deering tells me that he had Stateside visitors recently. They were John Freisan, Joe Collins, and Dallas Lynanna. They were three ministers of his church who were on their way to Wassilla to make preparations for a convention to be held there July 3rd to the 5th. They had perviously visited friends and Mr. Deering's folks at Williston, North Dakota, Montana, and the state of Washington before coming to Alaska. They had a lot to talk about so a very pleasant visit was enjoyed. Art spent some time at the town of Kodiak before coming to the Seward Sanatorium where he has been for 46 months. Art is a very good patient and it will perhaps not be very long before he will be going home, a well man. At least we hope so.

## WARD SIX NEWS

by

Julie Bean

Hi there one and all! Well, let's start with Gertrude Anayak. She's a lucky girl; she went home on June 20th. Here's wishing you best of health and happiness in the future and that you'll never have to return to the San except for visiting. We all miss you, Gert.

Frances S. rund the movies on wards two, three, and five. She's going home next week. We're sure going to miss her, too. And who will run the machine?

Julia Lopez is a nice little girl; she works the Ward Six table and she likes to play "snertz."

Ward Six News Cond't

Leah A. helps with the book cart. She also likes to play "snertz." And enjoys taking walks.

Alice Brown is our new girl. She does post office work for Ward Three besides helping at the K S A N studio. Sometimes she reads and plays "snertz." Hope you'll be home soon, Alice, and good luck!

Libby is our new office girl. Most of the time she works in the SAN CHAT office. Now that Annie John is leaving, Libby will take over the postal work. Wish you luck, Lib!

Annie John will be saying good-bye to us real soon. Wish you the best of luck and health, Annie, and hope you won't ever have to come back to the San, except when you visit. Of course, we'll miss you and Fran. Well, guess that's about all for now. Have a happy Fourth of July everyone!

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PIN REMOVED FROM ANCHORAGE SCHOOLBOY'S LUNG (Special to the Anchorage Daily News by Dick Briggs) Seward, Alaska, June 25. A straight pin located in the lung of John Andrews, Jr., an Anchorage schoolboy, was removed by delicate surgery yesterday in an operation on the patient's left lower lobe at Seward Sanatorium.

Dr. F. J. Phillips, Medical Director of the Sanatorium, retrieved the pin at 9:50 a.m. approximately 30 minutes after the opening incision was made. The boy is expected to be dismissed in several days.

John Andrews, Jr., age 12 and a student of Anchorage junior high, experienced recent illness, and was taken to the Anchorage clinic for diagnosis. An X-ray following an unrevealing medical examination detected the pin in the lower lobe and subsequent X-rays were made, according to Mr. Andrews, to verify that the object was not attached to the skin.

Doctors consulted in the case could only surmise that the pin was swallowed and passed into the lung through the bronchial tube. Dr. Starr of the Anchorage clinic reviewed the case to Dr. Phillips who arranged the operation for June 25.

Young Andrews, the father asserts, had suffered abdominal discomfort for several months, and suspected the pin entered the boy's lung over a year ago.

Andrews, Jr., recently graduated from North Star grammar school in Seward and is presently enrolled at the Anchorage junior high school. The Andrews live on Fireweed Lane in Seward.

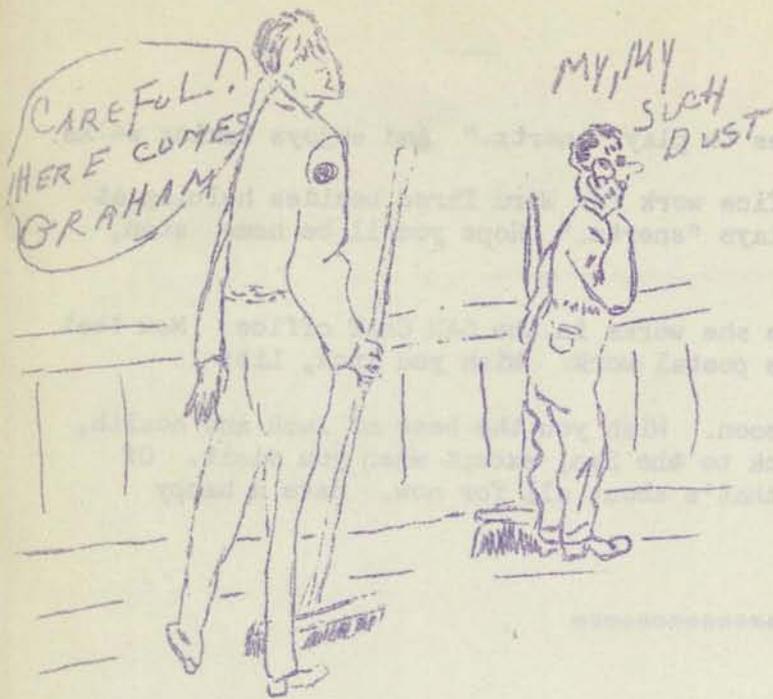
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#### SEWARD SANATORIUM NURSE MAKES CONTRIBUTION

The Alaska Nurses Association met in Anchorage this last month. Two nurses, Miss Ada Stuart and Mrs. Ethel Lindley from the San attended the sessions. Mr. Nelson was in attendance during one days session and talked to the nurses about the need for accrediting Alaskan hospitals and evaluating their standards and services.

The SAN CHAT office has a clipping from the Anchorage TIMES announcing that a contribution of \$500. had been given by Mrs. Lindley to a fund for a permanent office for the association. We think this is a wonderfully fine gesture and wish here to commend Mrs. Lindley for her generosity and interest in this worthwhile cause.

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# MOPPING

## "THOSE MEN IN WHITE"

No girls, Hollywood has not come to the Seward Sanatorium. Those handsome men in white you see sweeping the "San" wards and hallways, are none other than Ma Graham's boys in their new coveralls.

Not every hospital is lucky enough to acquire a group of men resembling Van Johnson, Clark Gable, and Tyrone Power to push its brooms and mops around, and why the "San" women exclaim "Oh" and "Ah" when they pass them in the hallways is understandable.

Their day begins at eight A.M. With heads held high, they march to the attack, for "DUST" their enemy awaits them. "Forward for Graham!" they scream and the battle is on.

The enemy stubbornly resists, but slowly falls back under the relentless attack. Ward One is captured, but fierce resistance meets them in Ward's Two and Three where they are driven back to the hallways several times by a barrage of bedpans.

Four, Five, and Six melt under their withering fire and their artillery is now moved to a new position in the hallways, but feeble opposition meets them here and their advance is uninterrupted.

A call for reserves is issued as trouble develops on the left flank under "Dick Brigg's Desk." Relentless attack with mop and broom fails to dislodge this enemy pocket and not until Clorox is used, does the "tide" of battle turn in the favor of the "Men in White."

Afternoon brings the attack on the Administration sector. From their doorsteps, Miss Juttlestad, Miss Harp, and Mr. Nelson yell, "Onward to Victory—but don't forget to mop on the way back!" as Graham's troops push forward.

An enemy sniper from Texas named "Dead-eye" Cawthon is now encountered in front of surgery. Men fall before the "ping, ping" of his 250-3000 rifle. However, it is not long before he is eliminated, as Col. Crooks pins him to an aspirin tablet with a broadhead arrow from his trusty bow. "Long live Texas," he shouts as he disappears up the vacuum cleaner hose.

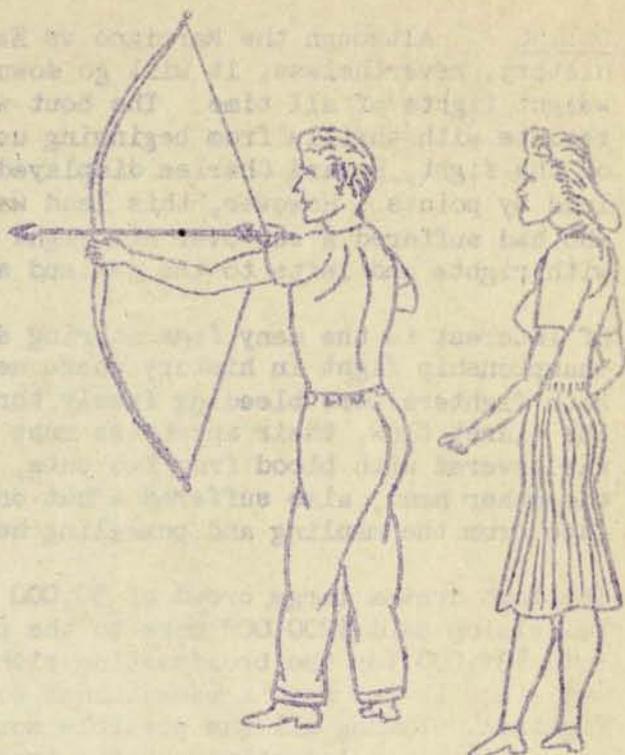
Four P.M. brings a lull in the battle as the "Men in White" are weary. "Fall back," orders Commander Graham, for she knows her troops need rest. Tired men lean on their brooms and sleep dreaming of happier days on the sunny beaches of Seward and the pasture lands of Bartlett. Nothing but dreams for them, for in the morning they must fight on. "DUST" their enemy will be waiting!



# sports

By

Joe Oneka



ARCHERY Almost overnight a real man's sport was introduced at the Seward San by our good friend Arthur (Bill) Crookes whom we all know as the custodian of the Honey Wagon. Bill has created an Archery range across the road from the Administration building. At the present time, there are many different types of targets to shoot at, more and more interest is being shown by those people who have started to learn how to draw an arrow across the bow and even people in Seward are coming out to try their skill at this sport.

Archery as the laymen who have not been initiated into the sport know it only as the shooting of arrows from a bow. Early man used this as a means of obtaining food by the shooting of wild game. Today the hunter need no longer hunt for food. The excitement of seeking out the game and shooting it with an arrow instead of a high powered rifle makes a day spent in the woods a very thrilling experience.

Today archery as a sport is growing by leaps and bounds. There are all kinds of articles in the press, sports news and magazines pertaining to this subject and books on the "Essentials of Archery" may be obtained on magazine stands throughout the United States. In the book "The Essentials of Archery," it tells how to use bows and arrows, gives rules and regulations of the game, and contains a variety of other archery information. Interest in archery is widespread and genuine.

Since time is of the essence and space is limited, I will not delve into all the details of archery because of my amateurism on the subject and would rather refer you to an expert like Bill Crookes. Suffice to say that Bill has all the equipment available should you wish to try your hand at this sport and at very nominal cost to start you off in the right direction.

NOTE FROM REPORTER DICK BRIGGS--- Recently a bold black bear stumbled into the San's newly constructed archery range in pre-dawn hours to entice occasional thrusts from a few adventuresome dogs. Incensed by the intrusion, San archers ~~set~~ set up bear pictures for targets as a subtle warning against future invasions. That bear--no fool was he--recognized a safe refuge in making recurrent visits, knowing that he could set up house-keeping in front of the archery range bullseye and die of old age before being poked by some archer's erratic arrow.

BOXING Although the Marciano vs Ezzard Charles championship fight is now in ring history, nevertheless, it will go down in boxing annals as one of the greatest heavy-weight fights of all time. The bout which went the distance of fifteen rounds was replete with thrills from beginning until the final bell rang. In the earlier rounds of the fight, Ezzard Charles displayed beautiful boxing ability to go into a commanding lead by points. However, this lead was soon overcome when the Champion Rocky Marciano who had suffered a cut over his right eye in the first round started bombarding Charles with rights and lefts to the jaw and solar plexus.

Of interest to the many fans at ring side was the fact that this was the first heavyweight championship fight in history where neither opponent was sent to the canvas from blows. Both fighters were bleeding freely throughout the bout and, for those who enjoy seeing the claret flow, their appetites must have been satiated with all the gore seen. Marciano was covered with blood from two cuts, one below and one above his right eye. Charles, on the other hand, also suffered a cut on one of his eyes and lumps appeared all over his face from the mauling and pummeling he received at the hands of the champion.

The bout drew a large crowd of 50,000 fans who paid over \$500,000 to witness the brawl. Television paid \$200,000 more to the promoters of the bout, and one of the radio companies paid \$35,000 for the broadcasting rights. Since the fight went the full fifteen rounds and since it was such a sensational bout, movie rights will also be a bonanza to the fighters. Taking all the possible sources of income available, both fighters will receive one of the most lucrative payoffs they have ever received in their careers and they certainly earned it after all the punishment they both absorbed. There was no doubt in the minds of the fans who witnessed the fight that the best man had won and he had to be at his best to beat a determined challenger who fought the greatest battle of his long career.

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#### REHAB CENTER NEWS

This has been a busy month at the Rehab Center. The Service Station opened for business the first of the month. This is the latest business enterprise to be put into operation for the purpose of training physically handicapped persons to learn a trade. This is an up-to-date station with the finest kind of equipment and we can expect to find Seward Rehabilitation Center training persons in demand as service station operators all over the Territory. Right now, Leo Kammusk Jr. is the attendant---and a good job he is doing.

Raymond David is also working the the station. Ray has learned several trades since he left the San. Ray has been a barber, a clerk, first in the San Commissary and later in the Rehab Center Store. He also has been a janitor and a bus driver. We'd say that Ray is one of the most versatile men at the San. Incidentally, Ray is vice president of ALASKA PRODUCTS COMPANY which has just finished processing its 300th case of salmon eggs to be sold for fish bait.

The Rehab Shoe Shop is open for business, and folks in Seward are glad to have a shoe repairman in the vicinity. Woody Lambert, who will instruct trainees in this particular skill has been a bootmaker for many years, and also is a real artist when it comes to hand tooling and lacing leathers. Woody has made a number of purses for sale. At least one of his purses is on display in the Rehab Gift Shop. And, speaking of the gift shop, we're also reminded to tell you about the fine line of nylon hose they have for sale there. They also have nurses white nylons. Drop in at the Gift Shop any day---you'll be pleased with their merchandise, and their prices.

And so every day is busy at the Seward Rehab Center. Much has already been accomplished and with all of the enthusiastic workers they have there your SAN CHAT is standing by to report many more and bigger things. As George, the business manager there says, "It's really outstanding."

Sharon Miller, reporter

# CHECHAKO'S CORN

By Shirley Clendenen

Hi, Gang! Here I am again with the news. It seems that I just get last month's news in and it is time to write again. I have to get the news in earlier this month because I am getting a few days off, and I'm going over home to try to catch some of those fish that none of the rest can catch in that Anchor River.

Seems like the midnight sun at Circle had a lot of onlookers from the San. Mrs. Clara Boysal, 12 to 8 aide, and Mrs. Short, 4 to 12 aide, are on their vacation. They went up to Circle and they are also going to enjoy some of the rest of Alaska before they come back to work. They are camping out (I hope they have nice weather on their trip, as it is not much fun to fix a meal in the rain).

Miss Ada Stuart, Mrs. Ethel Lindley, and Mrs. Mary Randolph all went up to Anchorage to the nurse's convention. Mrs. Randolph came back, but Miss Stuart and Mrs. Lindley went on to Circle to finish out their vacation.

Michelle Westling, Helen Hiler, Isabelle Frisk, Bernice Devlin, and Amos Blain have all gone to Circle to see the midnight sun. So, you can see the San is well represented in the north this month. Bernice Devlin is on her vacation. After she comes back from the circle, she is going to visit her family in Fairbanks. She is our cook for the night shift.

Miss Sarah Mae Garrett went to Anchorage to meet her sister from Washington D.C. Her sister works in the purchasing department of the Navy. Not a bad place to work; what do you think, gals? Miss Mildred Garrett should see a lot of Alaska if she follows her sis around. They are also going up to Circle. I suppose Sarah Mae will take Mildred out to her "ranch". Miss S. Garrett has recently purchased some property out by Hope. I know one thing—she has planted some "spuds". While you are in Alaska, Mildred, we hope you have a nice stay.

We have a lot of new help; some of them have been with us before. We welcome you all. We have a real red head who works in the kitchen. She was here last year, so most of you already know Peggy Poor. She has been going to Lindfield College in Minville, Oregon (good state).

Working in the office is Peg's sister, Billie Poor. Billie graduated from Lindfield where she was Valedictorian of the 1954 Class. Congratulations, Billie! Billie also worked here last summer. Billie and Peggy's home state is Montana. Their folks are now living in Moose Pass.

Betty Cook is that nice looking blond who has been working on the wards. She also is not new; last year she worked in the kitchen. She has been going to the State College of Idaho. Sorry, fellows, but if you look on her third finger you will see that she is already spoken for. Helen Ennis is her future mother-in-law. Good luck to you and Don.

There is a cute little dark-haired girl that comes to us from Eugene, Oregon. She came to Alaska with Peggy and Billie Poor. She says she likes Alaska very much; it reminds her of Oregon. (I can vouch for that, it even rains as much here as it rains in Oregon.) This gal's name is Roberta Chase. We're glad you like Alaska, Bobby. Hope you stay long.

Cheechako Corn ----- cont'd

Evvie O'Brien is one of the new office girls. She has been working for Mrs. Nelson and Miss Parker. Evvie has been attending the University of Washington. Her mother is Thelma O'Brien, 4 to 12 aide. We are very happy to have you with us, Evvie.

We would like to welcome Dr. N. J. Diamond and his family. They come to us from the Government Hospital in Juneau. They are living in the Nelson apartment, for as you know the Nelson's are in their summer home. We hope the Diamond's are having a nice stay.

Oh yes, Mr. Nelson, how are your speeches coming along? Remember you are to practice on your speeches this summer!

Mrs. Keturah King, Medical Social Worker, is on her summer vacation. Hope you have a nice time and a good rest, Mrs. King.

Mrs. Rachel Masters, R. N., is back from her vacation and she said she had a nice time, the only trouble being it didn't last long enough. It seems Mrs. Masters had good luck as she caught a fish. (Anyway she caught the biggest fish if she didn't catch just one.)

Ann Painter, aide on Ward I, is on her vacation. She says she is going to stay home and rest.

Miss Annette Jacobson is vacationing in the country. She was the R.N. on Ward I. Have a good time, Miss Jacobson, and good luck wherever you go.

Mrs. Blanche Van Orman, aide on Ward II, is taking a few days off and going over to her homestead at Clam Gluch.

Miss Goldie Bolles, aide on Ward II, has acquired a new son-in-law. Her daughter Alene married William Kipsguard on June 11th at the Episcopal Church. Father Clapp performed the ceremony. The reception was held at the groom's home. Congratulations, Alene and Bill!

Could you use \$500? Mrs. Charles Boney (kitchen aide on Ward Three) can and will! Her husband, Charles, won the Bingo jack-pot at the Elks Club this week. Isn't it wonderful? Mrs. Ostegaard, Surgery nurse, was lucky too. She won the big jack-pot at the Legion Club.

#### EVERYBODY'S PET SNACK

- Gloria Avenell--Black eyed peas and hog jowl.
- Ardith Lewis--Roast suckling pig.
- Doris Boney--Ragout of venison.
- Mona Mononeek--Salamí cornucopias.
- Jim Harrow--Good old ham bone cooked with beans.
- Virginis Heseltine--Big mounds of mashed potatoes and a thick juicy sirloin steak.
- Carrie Voss--Grilled turkey legs.
- Sarah Dunn--Nasturtium canapes.
- Joe Oneha--Chopped, roasted, and salted Kukui nuts and Lomi salmon.
- Paul Rudolph--Small thin pancakes spread with strawberry jam and rolled up.
- Alice Juneby--Fresh pickled tiny ears of corn.
- Doras Tobuk--A finger of hot buttered toast dunked in cold tomatoe juice.
- Gust Brann--Shoo-fly pie.
- Julia Beans--Eating crackers and store cheese in bed.
- Eugene Killigvuk--A steaming bean sandwich with bacon between slabs of brown bread.



# IT STINKS

by  
A. BROWN

She turned down his proposal because he was just a good for nothing taxi cab driver. He threatened to drive over the cliff, but she just laughed, as she knew the Cab was "YELLOW."

Mother asked little brother if he had been eating the cookies. The reply was emphatic, "No; I didn't touch one." Mother said, "I'll spank you if you're lying. There's only ONE cookie left in the jar." "I know, mother. That's the 'one' I didn't touch."

The old captain of the vessel was crafty and wise. He asked his crew members to see if they knew how many ENDS on a rope. The crew men all agreed that the old rope had two ends, but the captain proceeded to prove them wrong. Where upon he picked up the rope and said, "Here's one end." Then he picked up the other end and said, "Here's the second end." At this point, the captain picked up the coil of old rope and threw it over the side into the ocean and declared, "That's the third end!"

A girl that thinks that "no man" is good enough for her, may be right, but she soon changes her mind when she thinks of being an old maid. She ends up by going to the altar with the worst of the lot.

The car was parked in the dark alley and the voice was feminine. "What were you drinking tonight, rubbing alcohol?"

The paratroopers were getting last minute instructions before the Normandy Invasion, when a young paratrooper asked, "What if my chute doesn't open if I pull the string?" "That," replied the instructor, "is what is known as jumping to conclusion."

Paul Rudolph's definition for "Sweet-tooth" is love at all cost, for candy that is. In this case it seems to be an old favorite--taffy.

A man usually never stops chasing after a pretty blue eyed blonde until she catches him.

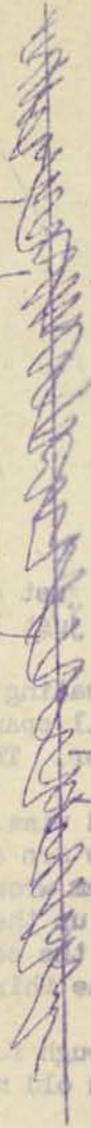
Science is a wonderful thing; you can paint on pretty little eye brows, and paint your tender little lips a deceiving, tempting red. You can eat all you want, and still not show it around the middle, for the department stores will provide you with a girdle. You won't have any more toothaches; the dentist can make you a pair of false teeth. You can even color your hair, but after all these little helps from scientific efforts--you will still be the same old you.

Our great grandmothers use to complain when they didn't have anything to wear; the modern era has changed that, as they now complain if they have too much on---

Camouflage!!



WORKING HOURS



After hours

Solutions: Get Well Boys...

A constantly nagging wife had a momentary change of heart and bought her husband two neckties for his birthday. Finding them on his dresser, the surprised husband put one on and came down to the dining room for breakfast. "Lumph!" the wife snorted. "So you don't like the other one?"

MINER'S PROVERB

Never throw your pick away, there may be gold in them thar hills!!!

Richard Briggs  
Prospector

## I ENTER THE U.S.A.

by Gust Brann

Ed. note..... Gust Brown in Ward Four has sent in a contribution titled "I Enter the U.S.A." In the story Gust tells of the short time he spent in the U.S.A. For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with Gust, here is a brief outline of his life:

Gust was born and raised in Lules, Sweden. While working there as a seaman, he crossed the blue Atlantic and landed in the port of bustling Philadelphia. (There-at his story begins.) From there he went to Gladstone, Michigan, and worked in an iron mine for several months. In 1918, he decided to come to Alaska. Juneau was his first stop and there he stayed to work for the now idle Alaska Juneau Gold Mine Company. In 1946, he returned to Sweden to visit his family. While visiting with his sister in Sweden, he met and married his wife Ruth. Because of the red tape involved in bringing foreigners to this country, Gust reluctantly left Ruth behind. However, the U.S. Government finally rolled around to iron out the necessary papers for Ruth to enter these United States as a married citizen. Gust and Ruth settled in Juneau. After 18 months of married life, he found out that he was badly bitten by TB bugs. Soon thereafter, he entered this San, and has been here for the last five and one half years. His wife who is a registered nurse is presently employed in a Day Nursery in Juneau. This is his story--

While I was reading last month's SAN CHAT I became interested in a story (written by Sangalley) about the Pennsylvania Dutch so that I decided to tell one of my own on the same subject--or nearly so. I spent a little time there and I certainly learned a few things about those wonderful people who live in Pennsylvania (and who are called the Pennsylvania Dutch). I invaded the United States of America in the fall of 1916, at the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. And right here I want to state that the invasion was accomplished without the firing of a shot. But believe me, I was loaded for anything that might cross the path of a young man of 21--and one who was looking for adventure. So much for the invasion.

As I said before, I landed in the City of Brotherly Love, and I marched right on from there to Valley Forge. However, Gen. George Washington had left by the time I got there, but he did leave evidence of having been there. I got a train at Valley Forge which took me to Allentown, Pennsylvania, (a little country town of about 50,000 souls), a very nice town indeed, with a lot of very nice people. There I began to learn about American Democracy, and there is where I landed my first job.

I was walking along on of the streets when I passed a place where a new building was being erected. One of the men working there walked up to me and tried to engage me in a conversation. It was not very easy, as I could not understand what he was trying to tell me, nor could he understand me. Finally, he made me understand that he was looking for men to work, by gestures and a lot of talk which of course did not mean a thing to me. However, he wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to me, and then pointed to a taxi. However, after showing this paper to people on the street, I finally ran across a lad of about 15, who I think was most understanding. He took me to a street car line, and we got on the car and rode for a few blocks, then got off. He then took me to a house and said something to me before he left. I tried to pay him for taking me there, but he just shook his head and laughed and said something which I did not get. So I proceeded toward the house the boy had indicated and rang the bell. It was plain to me that here lived the fellow who would probably be my future employer. I did not have to wait long before a medium built, light complected man appeared at the door. He had a broad smile on his face, which at once gave me courage to stay. I handed him the slip of paper with his name and address. He looked at it and at once indicated chairs on the porch

and asked me to sit down. I could understand that much anyway! He said something and then disappeared into the house. But he soon reappeared with a small book and a pen. He then proceeded to talk. I suppose that he was asking questions, but it seemed to be a hopeless task as there were no answers forthcoming. I could, however, understand that he wanted my name, so I wrote it down because he could not understand what I said.

Finally he smiled and went into the house. After a moment's wait he came out, this time he was accompanied by his wife and two small children. I have yet to smile when I think of what happened next. He was talking and smiling all the while. Finally he pointed his finger at himself, then at his wife and the young kids. He looked at me for a second as to say, "Did you get that?" He pointed with his finger at himself, then at his wife and kids for a second time. I did not know what to do. It completely passed me by, but when he repeated the same performance, it finally dawned on me that what he wanted to know was if I was married and if I had any children. I shook my head vigorously and said, "No." (the word "no" is the same in both his language and mine) He then formally introduced me to his wife and I shook her hand. Later it seemed that the interview was over with when his wife went into the house. Mr. Peete, that was his name, said for me to come. I went with him and we got into his car. First, we went to a store where he purchased a complete working outfit, such as I would need for the work--shoes, jeans, a jacket, a hat, and some canvas gloves and shirt. All this, if I can remember right, came to about \$3.25. There were also some underwear and socks included. We again got in the car, and this time we drove on until we were out of the city of Allentown. It now started to dawn on me, why it was so important that he found out if I was married. It was of course, to find out if he could take me out of Allentown. We finally came to a little town by the name of Slatington. (I think it is about 12 miles from Allentown) At Slatington he took me to a place where a new building was just started. He introduced me to the foreman, and then he took me to a house about four blocks from the job where I lived all the time I spent in Pennsylvania.

I did not know it at the time, but found out later, that these were of the most prominent people in and around Slatington. For instance, they owned and operated a street car line between Slatington and Allentown, and another in a small town about three miles from Slatington. I have never before or after seen such food as we were served in the home--that is exactly what it was--a home. There was so much food and so many kinds of food that in the five weeks I was there, I did not get to taste all of it. The people were very friendly and tried to please me in every way. I was overwhelmed at the constant attention shown me by these people and yet, I knew that had it not been for Peete, I could never have gotten inside their door.

But it got a little too lonesome for me not to be able to speak, so I decided to cut short my visit. I was already well-liked and had a hard time trying to explain why I wanted to leave. The boss offered to pay me higher wages, the only thing I regret is leaving those nice people. Perhaps they think I was ungrateful for all they had done for me. I, later on, had a friend of mine write a nice letter to explain to them why I had to leave. I got a very nice letter in return. This is my story of how I came to these United States of America. I do hope you folks like it!

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Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone.--Ella Wheeler Wilton

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.--Beecher

# TRIPS AND TRAVELS

## OUR ADVENTURES TO THE MIDNIGHT SUN

by Helen Hiler

Mrs. Westling (Tillie) and I left the San at 6:15 A.M. June 19, 1954, for one of the most interesting trips I have ever taken. Just at Mile 76 we saw a moose running out of the water with its head pointed directly in front of us. I yelled, "Tillie, stop!" She was trying to get her Kodak to take a picture of said moose and decided if she didn't put all her weight on the brakes, the thing would run right over us. Stop, she did--just in time. Of course, we got no picture--no moose burger!

North of Anchorage, Mile 29, we were awed at the beautiful wild flowers (Shooting Star and Iris); we took pictures and decided we were losing time doing all of this and after all we must make it to Circle City for the 21st. Around 6 P.M. we had only driven as far as Meiree Lodge, 375 miles. When nearing the Lodge, I spotted Miss Garrett's Chevy. She and her sister were feasting on a delicious steak as we entered the dining room. We stayed there that night, next morning we all started out together, stopped a few miles up the pike to cook our breakfast of pancakes, bacon, and eggs, and the best coffee in the world. After catching up with the Garretts, we did not feel so much like the lonely travelers.

Our next big thrill was taking pictures of a Ptarmigan and her young mother's instinct is really grand. That little mother fluttered and stood by until all her babies were safely hidden behind stones or weeds.

About 3 P.M. June 20th we had lunch beside the road, consisting of fried chicken from the Rehab Store (we don't mean to say that George was so good as to fry them for us). Also Navy beans we had cooked Friday night. Everything tasted so good in the open air. We lunched again after many miles up the Richardson Highway, then drove off the highway, curled up in the seats and slept soundly.

June 21st at 8 A.M. Sarah Mae was pounding on our windows telling us to wake up and get going; we very promptly obeyed her and were on the last lap of our journey to Circle City. Arrived there around 10 A.M., not too much to see, but visited John Nathaniel's mother. As bedraggled as we looked, she seemed glad to see us. We told her John was improving in health and of what a grand patient he is. That pleased her very much.

By this time we knew we just must find a lodging place so took off for Circle Hot Springs. On our way back we met Miss Lindley and Miss Stuart, later we all met at the hotel and enjoyed the swimming pool. On the evening of the 21st, we drove some 50 miles back to Eagle Point to witness the midnight sun. I, for one, was a bit reluctant to leave the pool, therefore when we arrived on top the point, all out of breath, hair wet, and very lightly clad, we sat shaking like quaking aspen, trying our best to see old Sol do its stuff. Believe me--it went almost out of sight and came up in the same place. Many pictures were taken by the crowd.

We returned to the hotel around 4:30 A.M., back to the pool for a while, then a very short nap, and breakfast at 8 (much too early). Oh yeah, there is gold up there! We spent one afternoon and evening panning for the yellow stuff. It's really a thrill to see a wee nugget.

All good things must come to an end and we all knew we must get started back home. We reached Fairbanks around midnight, stopped at a restaurant to eat. We surely must have looked rugged, as the waitress thought we were the "Laddettes", seems as though that's a baseball team (flattered we were).

We ate steaks to hold us together and drove until 4:39 A.M., by this time the sun was way up yonder in the sky, but we had to sleep. Again we parked in a gravel pit and slept until the heat almost got us all. Thursday the 27th, Tillie and I parted from our good traveler friends, the Garrett sisters, Miss Lindley and Stuart, at Tok Lodge. The lucky ones didn't need to get home until Monday!!!! We stopped many times to take pictures of moose, even geese, that day.

Time surely slipped by and we came to realize we must get back on the job. When nearing Moose Pass, the scenery was so much prettier than any we had seen farther up. We said, "This is heaven!" We are glad to be back rubbing backs and making beds at the San!

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### NIGHT PROWLER

by Ethel Short

I had often heard of the Richardson Highway and thought I would like to ride over it, so when Ma Boygal invited me (Ma Short) to go to Circle with her to see the midnight sun, I lost no time in accepting. We left June 17th about 5 A.M., almost perfect weather attended us throughout our trip and the scenery could not be surpassed. We saw several moose along the way and lots of grouse, rabbits, and ground squirrels, and every once in a while Clara would say, "We are liable to see a Bear."

Eleven o'clock arrived, but no bear. We were pretty weary by that time and had reached Mile 85 on the Richardson Highway and decided we would use a convenient turn out and rest a while. Clara stretched out in the front seat and I in the back. She was apparently asleep in no time and I, too, was about to drift off into rosy dreams.

There was a silence you could almost hear, then all at once someone seemed to come out of nowhere and was right along side of the car by my head. I thought, "What does he want? I'm glad the doors are locked!" Then a sort of rubbing--"He's sure breathing hard, wonder if he needs First Aid?"--then a definite SCRATCH! (I knew our bear had arrived.) A little silence (a lot on my part!). I gathered me a bit of courage to peek out and there he was right at my head. I sort of melted under the covers and hoped he'd go away. But instead, he circled the car--rubbing, scratching and sniffing. By the time he reached the back, he decided to get right down to business and gave us a terrific shaking.

About that time Clara began to wonder, "What on earth are you doing back there?" She raised up--to see Mr. Bear grinning at her. Clara lost that tired stare and started the car as Mr. Bear loped across the roas and into the edge of the woods where he played hide and seek. He attempted to circle back a few times after we had been back on the highway. He would have liked very much to share Clara's bacon. Did I say share?

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### A WELL-EARNED VACATION FOR ONE WEEK

By Ethel Lindley, R.N.

Stunned so much by a report from one of the workers from the Veterans Administration that our Rehabilitation Center at Bartlett, Alaska was now recognized on the same level as those in the States, I felt the need of a place where I could think it through in quiet. We had worked so faithfully, and hard, to reach a conclusion; a rest, for me, seemed imperative. However, I also wanted to hear the message from the mouth of our head man at VA as he spoke the words. So, on hte 12th of June, two days after the wonderful news, I started out to find a place I so needed.

Miss Stuart, my Nurse Director, and I left by car for Anchorage as delegates to the Alaska Nurses Convention. After spending a week, deep in the work of the conference, and assisting in plans for next year, we headed for the land of the midnight sun for a complete change of scenery. We reached Fairbanks in the late afternoon of the 19th. Of course, we must make the trip to the sun when the weather was clear. So, to our surprise, we learned the weather was or had been rainy for the last few days, therefore, we decided to "make hay while the sun was shining" and lost no time in making our reservations for the trip to Ft. Yukon that night; for it is there where you may see "Old Sol" stare you in the face throughout the night and absolutely refuse to sink behind the western horizon. The trip was made together with a group of tourists who to our surprise were chattering French among themselves. Finally, they found out we were two passengers sitting in wonderment. They then became a most courteous and gay crowd anyone could find anywhere.

Sailing through the air, with eyes glued to the scenery, our plane began to rise to a height, then dropped almost to the ground. It gave us passengers the thrill of jumping the arctic circle and each gave a hilarious laugh as we swung into Ft. Yukon air port.

On our tour of the fort we purchased post cards and mailed them to friends in the States. On my return to Seward, I found some answered in a long letter from Houston, Texas. (This shows how fast Texans can be.)

We arrived back in Fairbanks around 3 that morning and slept until 10:30 Sunday morning, ready for another trip. This was a boat ride up the Tanana River, where we saw Alaska sourdoughs living in their natural environment. No other way could we have had this privilege and the trip was wonderful.

Monday morning found us on our way through caribou country. The roadside was dotted with signs of "Don't Remove Any Of The Caribou From Here". We had a good laugh, for we never spied any the entire way.

A nice room awaited us at Circle Hot Springs where we were met by a wonderful group of tourists and a most gracious lady hotelclerk. Every courtesy was afforded us during our entire stay. Don't ask me if we took a bath--we plunged into the bathing pools more often than most of the others. Not only did we enjoy the swims, but we also made a habit of gold panning after running into four other Sewardites. The six of us drove to the 12 mile summit to view, again, the midnight sun on the night of the 21st.

On Thursday morning the six of us drove to Circle City on the Yukon and met several of our patients' relatives. Visiting around for sometime and taking pictures, we drove back to Circle Hot Springs and loaded up for home. After driving several miles this side of Big Delta, we became too weary to go further and all retired to the roadside and stretched out in our cars and fell asleep. Next morning, we realized just how good a breakfast can taste when cooked in the open air.

Arriving at Tok Junction we spent the rest of the day and night and had breakfast next morning with a father, mother, and son from Dallas, Texas, which made me feel like I had been visiting old friends back home. Two of our group had continued on home, so, that left only four who drove to Copper Center where we left one car and drove on down to Valdez for Friday night. Saturday morning we left again, headed for Seward, and reached Seward Sunday night tired, but happy. Such a refreshing week's sightseeing trip was never more enjoyed.

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## OUR YUKON VACATION TRIP

by Sarah May Garrett

Vacation time this summer was a very unusual experience for two reasons: the first being my sister's visit to Alaska, for the first time; and the second being my trip to see the midnight sun from Circle City.

We left Seward Friday afternoon for Hope where we planned to spend the night and leave early the following morning for our long trek to the Yukon. Never having been that distance before, at one time, I naturally had a few butterflies dancing in my tummy.

Needless to say, my sister, never having been experiencing such rugged travel before, sat on the edge of her seat several times. As we traveled narrow mountain roads, climbed steep hills, circled sharp curves and looked down deep precipices which we have in Alaska, as we ascended steep hills and then descended almost as soon as we reached the top and looked across the great expanse of beautiful landscape, we were exceedingly glad for the great promise of a loving Father who said, "lo, I will be with you always," and we recalled His promise of protecting care many times as we journeyed on our way.

One of the happiest additions to our trip was the companionship of other Staff members who joined us at places along the way. Mrs. Westling and Miss Hiler caught up with us at Meirer Lodge as we were eating our dinner. What an exciting time we had relating our experiences we had had along the way. The beautiful flowers we had seen, the animals: a fox, a moose and her calf. One place we saw a moose with her calf swimming in the Creek. My sister was driving, I said, "Stop, I want to get a picture," but when the moose turned about in the stream and swam toward us, I changed my mind and said, "Oh no, drive on quickly."

We left Meirer Lodge early the following afternoon to find a spot (free from mosquitoes). After washing our dishes, we were on our way again. On the highway we spied some tiny spruce chickens and their mother. We four Staff members kept together until we got to Circle City and were on our way to Hot Springs when we were joined by Miss Stuart and Mrs. Lindley. We all went up to Hot Springs Lodge, got lodging and had dinner, took hot baths in the pool and then went gold prospecting in the creek. We failed to find it although we had many observers, the following day she proved an old timer and found the real thing. All emerged with the experience and knowledge that gold prospecting is not the easiest way to make a living and that we would rather get ours gold-digging at the Sanatorium.

Then sis and I scoured about to get wood to start a fire to feed those hungry travelers. We all had a grand breakfast of ham and pancakes (the ham a donation from Nell Graham for the party's enjoyment and pleasure) how delicious everything tasted. We soon washed up and were off again.

Our next lodge stop was Tok Junction. This was the finest lodge on all our trip. We had private rooms and showers; food and environment were excellent. Tillie and Helen left us for Seward, after a short rest, and we were planning a trip to Copper Center and Valdez the following day so we stayed overnight and started the next morning. Miss Stuart and Mrs. Lindley suggested that we throw our grips into their car and ride down to Valdez together which pleased us all very much as we had lots more fun on those bumpy roads together holding each other in place for forty miles of rough, rocky traveling; but, Miss Stuart being the driver she is, was master of the situation. We all came out alive and well. This was a rich experience in more ways than one; the scenery was wonderful; the description, given by Mrs. Lindley, of the early days in Valdez was breathtaking. We all wondered how long it took the heat from the chimney to melt a place for smoke to ascend from the houses through the great depth of snow that fell in those years when she was Public Health Nurse.

Of course we realized she, being a nurse, must have provided oxygen for the residents until they could dig themselves out and up for air.

We spent the night in the hotel at Valdez. There were other travelers there also who had been guests at the Hot Springs Lodge. On our way out of Valdez, we stopped at a water fall to get a drink and take pictures. I wanted to get as near to the falls as possible so I stepped on a log which proved to be slippery and down I went into the cold glacier water. I do not know which gurgled the louder, but I managed to pick myself up out of the stream before Miss Stuart, who was preoccupied, snapped the picture. I was glad she did not get a picture of that incident. Needless to say, I had to sit in the hot sun and dry out before we could continue on our journey. Our next stop was the Worthington Glacier. We parked the car and walked almost into the open mouth of this beautiful glacier taking pictures.

We decided to leave Meekin Lodge before we stopped for the night and had breakfast, then leaving for Seward early Sunday morning. We arrived in Seward with a cluster of wonderful memories of a great and enjoyable trip. These may be recalled to rest and refresh our minds and bodies during the coming year and as it rolls to a close.

We are grateful to a loving Father for His watchful care and guidance and for the real enjoyment of a wonderful vacation up North. We had no car trouble, not even a flat tire or blowout, in all those hundreds of miles.

We spent most of the second week in Hope returning to the Sanatorium Saturday and to Sunday School and Church Sunday. Then to see the Marathon Race and the program of the day which I was glad for my sister to see as it is an outstanding event in Seward's history.

My sister left on the Alaskan this morning at 4:30 to return to Seattle and join another tour down through California, Utah and across the western part of the States to Chicago where she will visit some former friends and then return to Washington D.C. where she works in the Navy Department of the United States Government. A number of the Seward San personnel came down to the boat last night to see her off. We left her about midnight wishing her a "Bon Voyage."

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Mrs. Inez E. Moore (Tugboat Inez) from Valdez visited Paul Rudolph recently. They are mutual contributors to Old Knik's column in Anchorage Daily News, and through correspondence have found many other interests in common. Paul had this note from Tugboat Inez recently:

Valdez, Alaska  
July 1, 1954

Dear Paul Rudolph:

I surely am slow in getting a letter off to you to thank you for the copy of the SAN CHAT. You surely have a wonderful group there. Your own part in the paper takes a lot of planning and writing, but it was splendid. Also the artist who makes the drawings possible. They surely are doing a good job.....

Sincerely,  
Inez E. Moore

## THE "I CANNOT" DISEASE

So often the question comes up "Why can't we have more white bread instead of whole wheat bread or why eat that dark cereal?" We don't really like to force you to eat any food that you don't like, but we'd like to explain why we encourage your eating it.

Long years ago white bread was preferred to dark bread. It was rare and expensive, and black bread became more or less a badge of poverty. Consequently, man has tried constantly to make a whiter flour. This was accomplished by removing the outside layer or bran and the germ of the grains. And in this milling process about 90% of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and other food substances lost in the milling.

What is this vitamin B<sub>1</sub>? Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> or thiamin is a substance important in human diets. Unless whole grain or enriched cereals are eaten in recommended amounts, that is once or twice daily, it is hard to get enough. It is found in whole grain and enriched cereals and breads; milk; meat, especially pork and organ meats such as liver; nuts, dried peas, and beans.

The discovery of this vitamin is an interesting story and dates back many hundreds of years. A serious disease called beriberi developed in the rice eating countries. Beriberi meant "I cannot". Its victims cannot move easily. The nervous system is impaired and partially paralyze the arms and legs. It is known to have existed as early as 2600 B.C. in the Orient where it was called the "Scourge of the Orient."

In the 1870's and 1880's, 1000 to 2000 of the enlisted Japanese naval forces of 5000 men were afflicted with this disease. The sanitary conditions were improved and still the disease persisted. Takaki, a medical officer in the Navy, began experimenting on the food of the sailors and he gave two entirely different diets to two ship crews going on a nine months voyage on the same route. One crew received the regular diet. The other had the rice decreased, whole grain barley increased, and meat, milk, and vegetables added. On the first vessel there were 169 cases of beriberi resulting in 25 deaths. On the second vessel, there were only 15 cases and no deaths. In each case of beriberi in the second vessel, the sailor had not eaten his allowance of new food.

Many other men experimented with food on animals trying to discover what beriberi was. A Dutchman, Eijkman, noticed the chickens eating scraps from the prisoners food had the same sort of disease and began feeding them different diets. He discovered the chickens recovered from the poison, as he called it, on the diet of rice polishing--which had been removed in the process of milling.

But this vitamin was not discovered until 1911. All this work it took us to make us understand that good food really is essential to healthy living. Now we have vitamins added to everything, and the vitamin pills which can be taken in case we don't get the proper amount in foods. However, it is still more enjoyable to enjoy the food than swallow a pill. And this is one reason we like to feed whole grain cereals and whole wheat bread to you patients.

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### DIETERY PERSONNEL

There have been two new additions to the Dietery Department since the last publication of the SAN CHAT. Myrtle Evans came up on the Aleutian about a month ago. Myrtle originally came to Alaska in 1947 and left here in 1953, but Alaska beckoned and here she is again. Our second member is Peggy Poor who worked here last summer. Peggy attended Minville College, Minville, Oregon, last year. She likes Alaska very much, especially mountain climbing (little ones, that is). Peggy is very companionable--I know, she is my room mate.



# Food Facts and Fancies

## THE MAGIC OF HERBS

The whole history of modern medicine is founded upon herbs, plants, trees, and flowers. Nature, in her infinite wisdom, has provided a whole storehouse of natural remedies to cure the ills of all mankind. It has simply remained for man to discover them and to put them to good use.

In our Grandmother's day common, everyday remedies were always "homemade". Tonics, cough syrups, laxatives, liniments were all made in the kitchen "laboratory." Rhubarb and soda, syrup of figs, for a laxative; honey, cherry, and white pine cough compound, elderberry and blackberry wine; snake root, Mayapple and Indian turnip liniment--are but a few of these homemade remedies that we still remember.

We may ask who first discovered the medicinal value of herbs, roots, plants, and flowers? The answer to that question is hidden in antiquity--lost in the dawn of history. Perhaps, however, the following explanations come as close to its solution as any.

Away back, when civilization was young, the first inhabitants of the earth were vegetarians, feeding on grasses, roots, berries, and herbs. Those that agreed with them, they continued to eat, while they stayed away from those that made them ill.

Later when man learned how to make a fire and to eat the roasted flesh of animals, he lost much of his knowledge of herbs, roots, and plants. Meat, to him, was the important thing in keeping his hunger appeased. So he began to domesticate animals, sheep, goats, and cattle.

Those early shepherds of the hills still remained close to mother nature, however, and had many opportunities of studying nature all around them. They had plenty of time to experiment with various plants and soon learned by observation the results of eating these various plants.

Gradually these aboriginal men became the Medicine Men of their tribes. Because of their

superior knowledge of various roots, they were able to prescribe brews and concoctions to cure the ills of brother tribesman. Each time a cure was effected, the value of the medicine man was increased to his tribe--and accordingly, so was his power. The ancient medicine man jealously guarded his secret knowledge and passed it on to his eldest offspring who through generation after generation added more knowledge and experience to his art.

Soon, other members of the tribe were wont to believe, that in some way, the powers of the Medicine Man were bound up with the Gods and Goddesses which they worshipped. This belief that there was some religious significance to the power of the Medicine Men was increased by the fact that he often chanted over his brews, or made incantations or made signs or performed rituals. This he did to make the patient believe that it was his personal power that brought about the cure--NOT the natural herbs which he concocted. At the same time this was the one means he had to keeping his secret formula for the cure.

Thus it came about that the early tribesmen thought that some magic power rested with the Medicine Man and soon his advice was sought on all manner of subjects--some of them far removed from the curing of bodily ills. If a tribesman sought to overcome a personal enemy, he went to the Medicine Man who perhaps prescribed an herb which made the offender violently ill. Sometimes he even got potions of poison brew to entirely eliminate the undesirable one. Of course, payment was always extracted for such services until the Medicine Man became the wealthiest in the tribe. Thus a form of witchcraft and sorcery was established which, after many generations, became a part of the religion of these aboriginal tribes. It is not to be wondered at that the Medicine Man or the Witch Doctor was greatly feared and that great respect, which almost approached veneration, was tendered to him. Even today, many of the cures effected by Medicine Men in Darkest Africa remain unexplained by modern science. The "Black Magic" of these witch doctors has been witnessed and described by competent observers, yet they are without a scientific explanation.

As man grew wiser he gradually gave up his nomadic ways and began to settle down to live in one place. From the temporary camp, he came to live in villages and towns and soon began to be civilized. He built permanent homes; Built ships for travel and trade and learned to write and to read; developed his morals and his religion.

Despite all this progress, man continued to cling to many of the old ways of the ancient days. The Witch Doctor and the Medicine Man had disappeared, but in his place were priests of the early religions. In their way, they were as powerful as the earlier Witch Doctors had been. There were many such priests who preyed upon the fancies of their people. Some were hated and feared; others were performing great works for their flocks and were beloved and honored and became great leaders.

Such a man was Moses who, the earliest records of civilization reveal, exerted great influence over early Israelites. The Bible records many instances of his great knowledge of Natural History and describes many of his formulae and recipes. His position as the religious head of his people made him able to enforce his doctrines, his ethics, his rituals which he pronounced the "Law of God". That they were natural laws, laws of commonsense, perhaps, did not occur to his followers at that time. Let it suffice to say that Moses was a wise man, more concerned with his people than his power. He had recorded all the laws and doctrines which he set forth and among them are found the earliest herbal recipes of mankind. Some of these recipes of earliest civilization still are in use today.

(to be continued)

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Garlic can make a man wink, stink, and drink.--Proverb

No man can be a patriot on an empty stomach.--W. C. Brann

# Guest List

Mrs. Carl, who has an art school in Seattle, visited the San on Monday, June 19th. Her work had been done in Seattle and she also demonstrated the use of a left-point pen which she uses for her black and white art. We spent a very pleasant afternoon with her. Miss Brown and Julia Lopez were surprised when Mrs. Carl used them as models to show how easy it is to interpret person-ality by studying expressive lines. Both girls obviously have lovely personalities.

Many of you will remember the "Pittman Team" who were in Alaska last year in order to make a sort of social weather and we had a very beautiful day. The weather was just what we needed from the "outside" and from other places in Alaska to enjoy our stay here. We have taken the June page from the guest book for this year and we have heard many of our visitors say that they wish it were possible to meet all of the patients, but, most usually we find that the professional people who come here, come with a definite job to do, a schedule to keep, and a little time to spend socially. It is not allowed to do a little bragging--our San has become well known for its excellent treatment program and for its fine medical staff. Some people have come to learn here, some have come to study and evaluate our program, and some have come to assist in our work, others just to visit.

Dr. Shelton, staff Ophthalmologist, made his regular visit here the first Monday of the month. He brought with him Mr. Milligan, an optician, (and a number of our patients had their eyes examined and treated.

Dr. Norman Diamond, Thoracic Surgery Resident, came early in the month to work here during his vacation from his job as Director of the Intermountain Hospital. His wife, Myra, and small daughter, Lynn, accompanied him. Mrs. Diamond visited Wards one and four with the book cart and has reported that she enjoyed the visits tremendously. The Diamonds will return to Juneau with an addition to the family---namely one pup. Lynn fell in love with one of Bisquit's (Nelson's Golden Retriever) pups and her mother has been busy "training" ever since.

The Section of Mental Health, under the Alaska Department of Health, of which Dr. Charles Anderson is the chief visited and worked here. Mr. James C. Parsons, Psychologist, and Mrs. Mary Lou Prawl, Psychiatric Social Worker, are the other persons of the "Mental Health Team." These three members represent the three professions working together to evaluate the social, mental, and emotional status of the patients. Dr. Anderson brought his family with him and the entire group enjoyed the Fourth of July Celebration in Seward. Mrs. Prawl asked your reporter to greet all of the patients of the San, through the SAN CHAT because it is not possible for the team to see each patient personally.

Miss Jessica O. Heybrook who is working for the summer as a house-mother at Jesse Lee visited our Rehab Center. Miss Heybrook is employed as a teacher in the Rehab program of Great Harbte Sanatorium in California. She was especially interested in the nice craftwork which she saw for sale in our gift shop.

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Mrs. Carl, who has an art school in Seattle, visited the San on Saturday, June 19th. Mrs. Carl exhibited a number of her own water colors and black and white sketches. Much of her work had been done in Alaska and many of the subjects were known to the patients. She also demonstrated the use of a felt-point pen which she uses for her black and white pictures. We spent a very pleasant afternoon with her. Alice Brown and Julia Lopez were surprised when Mrs. Carl used them as models to show how easy it is to interpret personality by painting expressive lips. Both girls obviously have lovable personalities.

Many of you will remember the "Parran Team" who were in Alaska last year in order to make a sort of reconnaissance study preliminary to this year's more extensive study. The Graduate School of Public Health of the University of Pittsburgh, and Dr. Parran as its Dean, have been commissioned by the Department of the Interior to make a study of the Health and welfare conditions in Alaska and to make recommendations for long range planning for the improvement of these conditions. Several members of this team have visited the San.

Samuel M. Wishek, M.D., M.P.H. who is the professor of Maternal and Child Health at the University of Pittsburgh School of Public Health visited here in connection with his studies in Alaska of the Maternal and Child health conditions, also the Crippled Children's Services, nutrition and health education.

On July 7th and 8th our distinguished guests included James E. Perkins, M.D. who is the Managing Director of the National Tuberculosis Association. Dr. Perkins is interested not only in the Tuberculosis in Alaska, but in all communicable diseases. He was accompanied by Joseph B. Stockton, A.B., M.D., who is the Controller of Tuberculosis for Cuyaboga County (Cleveland, Ohio). Dr. Stockton is surveying the T.B. control procedures in Alaska.

Miss Ruth Freeman, R.N., Ed. D., visited here as a member of the "Parran Team". Miss Freeman is the Associated Professor of Public Health Administration in John Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health in Baltimore. Miss Freeman said this was her first trip to Alaska and that she was delighted with the scenery and pleased with the hospitality of Alaska.

Other members of the group are working in other Alaska Department of Health offices and field stations. We hope that our guest list will include Thomas Parran, M.D., who is the Chairman and the Coordinator of the Survey. Dr. Parran has the responsibility to report the results of this survey to the Secretary of the Interior and to make recommendations for long range planning for Public Health in Alaska.

The Reverend Olin Tunnel who is from Dallas, Texas, checked in at the San this month. He is to serve the Methodist Church in Seward during Rev. Malin's vacation this summer, and to visit patients here as well as to conduct the Sunday evening worship service over K3AN.

Other Methodist visitors were the Reverend and Mrs. Wilson H. Tennant and their daughters, Ruth Ann and Carol Jean, who are from the Brotherhood Methodist Church in Holt, Michigan. Reverend Tennant took many feet of movie film around these premises which will show our friends in the "States" the San.

Mr. Cheryl Wingate, the Social Welfare Worker with the Alaska Native Service in Anchorage, visited here this month and assisted our staff with some of our problems.

Max Williamson, A.B., A member of the Seward Sanatorium Consulting Staff, and the Director of the Vocational Rehabilitation Program in Alaska, spent some time here this month. He found so much work to be done here in connection with our Rehab program, that he has promised to return soon.

Dr. Joseph Dean from the Washington office of the Medical Department of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and Dr. Myron Miller who is the Medical Director of the Marine Hospital in Seattle

included the Seward Sanatorium on their itinerary. Both doctors are to make a study tour of hospitals and public health installations in Alaska. This was Dr. Miller's first trip to Alaska, but he is not letting our great distances deter him from his schedule. When there was no transportation out of Seward in the evening which could get him to Cordova by the next morning, he "hitched" a ride to Anchorage via the Northwest Freight Trucklines to be there for the first flight to Cordova for the next day. With his determination to keep up with his schedule, he'll surely see a lot of Alaska and will be able to make an objective report of his findings.

The Fourth of July was a big day in Seward. Many San employees were seen scanning the side of Marathon as Sven Johannson won the annual race in 53 minutes and 21 seconds. Our Seward favorite, Ralph Hatch, six time winner of the annual fete came in a close second.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Hutchinson shared the days festivities with Dr. Phillip's and family. Mr. Hutchinson is the administrator of the new ANS Hospital in Anchorage. They were accompanied by Dr. Behring, who had visited Alaska himself many years ago and who is a descendant of Vitus Bering, the Danish sea captain whose name has been given to the Bering Sea.

Dr. Molles, the Thoracic Surgeon at the ANS Hospital in Anchorage, also accompanied the Hutchinsons. Dr. Molles is recently from California, and he stated that he had always wondered where the California winters went during the summer and now he had decided that they came to Alaska. Your reporter assured Dr. Molles that the weather is made in Alaska---not second hand, and that the slight chilly spell we had was probably California's next winter in preparation.

Dr. McKinley has visited the San twice since the last issue of SAN CHAT. When Dr. McKinley comes he really rolls up his sleeves for WORK. During his first visit, which was about two hours during one evening, he saw 16 patients and visited with many more. Last Saturday the line of Jesse Lee children waiting to see Dr. McKinley looked like the line to buy tickets to the circus.

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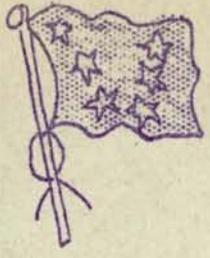
PATIENT'S PLIGHT by Paul Rudolph.....Since Dr. Jack Hittson left the hospital a year ago because he was denied a dental license to practice in Alaska, the patients here have been without a dentist to care for their decayed and decaying teeth. Being without a dentist in this hospital poses a problem. Many of the patients who had only their worst teeth repaired a year ago are now badly in need of dental care. The same is true of many new patients who have been hospitalized here from outlying areas in the last year. Many letters have been, and are being, written to individuals of high political standing and responsibility about the acute shortage of dentists in Alaska. And it is gratifying to know that much is being done to alleviate this situation by interested individuals and active organizations. For the patients here, it certainly is a comforting knowledge! In the meantime, many of the patients here have been gritting their aching teeth, hoping some humanitarian dentist will come to relieve their aches and pains. Their prayers were answered when Dr. Lee L. McKinley who is aware of the patients' plight here in Seward San, appeared here last month to extract the teeth of patients who were most in need of dental care. The patients here are sincerely grateful to Dr. McKinley for crowding Seward San patients into his heavy schedule. A note of interest is that Dr. McKinley rendered his dental services free of charge to the patients and to the Sanatorium. Seeing that many more here and the young ones at the Jesse Lee Home need immediate attention, Dr. McKinley will return July 10th. Dr. McKinley is a member of the lower house of the Territorial Legislature. During the last session, he campaigned bills providing for licensed dental hygienists in the Territory and creating a new dental examining board. At present, he is running for statehood, public health, and dental legislation. The expatiating patients doff their hats to this outstanding gentleman with honorable humanitarian interest in the people of Alaska!

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# San Chat

## 1954 August



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SAN SIMMONDS

# SAN



# CHAT

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS  
 SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA  
 AUGUST 1954

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Noah Phillips.....	Staff Artist
Eugene Killigivuk.....	Staff Artist
Paul Rudolph.....	Ward One
Alice Juneby.....	Ward Two
Agraphena Nickolai.....	Ward Two
Sara Dunn.....	Ward Two
Carrie Voss.....	Ward Three
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### SAN CHAT COVER PICTURE STORY Original by Sam Simmonds

Since time immemorial the parka-clad tribe of the far north used skin boats in the summer to harvest what the cold Arctic ocean had to offer for food. Oftentimes these skin boats serve a three-fold purpose. Its main purpose, however, is to gather sea food. Secondly, it is used as shelter against cold biting winds whenever the hunters have to spend a night away from home. Thirdly, it is used to orientate growing male youngsters to the choppy seas. As you see in the picture, the child's chubby face exudes a certain unmistakable gleam of delight. However, the delight seems to be under a cloud of uncertainty. For this reason, the mother probably came along as an assurance of faith and trust in the skin boat. Like the baby Pribilof seal isn't sure of the icy water until it makes the plunge, the boy isn't sure of the skin boat until he is in it. This performance is repeated generation after generation. The canvas sail is evidence of the encroachment of civilization. However, the tribe of the far north is not yet far removed from the primitive ways of life, for the people still use skin boats. It could be that SAN CHAT staff artist Samuel Simmonds captured the memory of his youthful days and, with nostalgia, put it on paper so that you may look upon life as it was, and as it is, in the far north.

SEWARD SANATORIUM  
BARTLETT, TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are hospitalized on a contract basis. The Alaska Department of Health, Alaska Native Service, Veterans Administration, and the United States Public Health Service hospitalize patients here at a standard per diem cost. The Women's Division of Christian Service makes a sizeable contribution annually in helping to bear the cost of operating the hospital.

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Myra McDonald.....Teacher  
Sarah May Garrett.....Supply Worker

# THE DOCTORS' CORNER

The Public Health Study Team of the Graduate School of Public Health of the University of Pittsburgh has been to Alaska once again. Already many of them have returned to their duties in "the old country". It was good to meet these inquisitive folk again. It was fine to hear their sympathetic and understanding discussions of our problems. All of these things were comforting to those of us who are working in this field and interested in improving Public Health for the sick of Alaska.

Now, let us not forget that their report will finally sift into the innumerable files of a busy office in Washington. Just what file this report will go to is known to none of us. We do feel confident from the sincerity exhibited by these experienced and well seasoned Public Health enthusiasts who accompanied Dr. Thomas Parran that they will submit a very comprehensive and complete report. We believe these men are well qualified and have real integrity. We anticipate that they will make practical suggestions for the improvement of our Public Health methods in Alaska.

Let us not forget this report. Let us watch for its appearance and be ready to help. Let us remind the Public Health people of Alaska that we are expecting this report. If we get no answers, let us keep asking our questions. If the questions seem awkward, then so it must be. A people's health is dramatically at stake. It is economically ridiculous to continue to prime the hope of the sick with long term promises of relief. Something more tangible must be offered. We are hopefully waiting for the tangible suggestions from the Public Health Study Team! We are looking forward to effective enactment of those suggestions just as a sick patient looks forward to the results hoped for from the prescription given by his private physician.

Let us not be lulled into complacency by the fact that "now the Parran Team has made its study of Alaska, we can settle down to work again". It would be a gross injustice to even intimate that the Parran Study Team interfered with our work in Alaska. The visit of those doctors, scientists and nurses that came with that team may and should well be a Godsend to the sick and the well alike of Alaska's populace.

Dr. Phillips

# CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

Text: And the Lord said unto Moses, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." (Exodus 14:15)

The Israelites had been heavily persecuted. They had been held in bondage, beaten, over-worked, poorly fed and scorned by the Egyptians. However, God raised up a leader out of their midst whose name was Moses. Moses received the command of the Lord to lead the people away under the agreement of a frightened Pharaoh. After the Hebrew children had started their journey, however, the frightened Pharaoh speedily forgot about the plagues that had tormented his people and the promise he had made to free the slaves. He gathered his army in swift pursuit of the exiled slaves. The Israelites, reaching the banks of the Red Sea, were alarmed at the possibility of being trapped. They heard the angry shouts of the army behind them and gazed hysterically into the sea before them. Like most people on discovering peril, they began to cry out for help. Then God spoke to Moses and issued the command for the people to go forward.

There is a fictitious story told concerning a man who was in search of SOMEWHERE, a mysterious village which would end his quest for life. He set out in search of this village that obviously illustrated his highest place of achievement.

At the first town, he inquired of a citizen, "Is this SOMEWHERE?" To which question the citizen quickly replied, "No, you're not even prepared to reach that place. For to get there you must have a dream in your eye."

You and I must have a dream, or a vision in our eyes if we're to reach the place God would have us know in life. What is your highest ambition? What would you most rather do? If this meets with God's approval, fasten the objective well in mind and aim straight for it. The Israelites, you remember, had a dream of finding the promised land and of escaping from the Egyptians.

Our traveler reached a second town, now equipped with a dream in his eye. He approached a native there and asked him, "Have I found SOMEWHERE?" The native smiled and said, "No, but you are on the right track. I can see someone's been giving you the right directions. However, to get where you're wanting to go you must have a voice in your ear."

You must have a voice in your ear, also. The Israelites heard the clatter of the chariots in hot pursuit and you hear the discouraging voices that would frighten and waylay you; but the Israelites also heard God issue the command to go forward. This voice you must have to reach your place in the world. Never seek to retreat. Advance with God's voice challenging you on to conquer every obstacle.

The next town was even more appealing than the others. Our traveler was almost certain that he had reached his destination. He asked the first citizen he came across if he had at last reached SOMEWHERE. The reply was a disheartening, "No, but I see you have a dream in your eye and a voice in your ear. Without these you couldn't continue, but there's still another thing you need. You must have a sword in your hand."

The Israelites had faith in their God. He had never forsaken them. When he commanded that they go forward, they advanced and the Red Sea opened for them to pass through on dry land. Had they not possessed faith, however, they could

not have responded to the call in the first place to escape from Egypt; they would not have listened to His voice at the Red Sea and they would have perished at the ruthless hands of the Pharaoh's army. The point I am making is simple: this: You must have faith. Faith like a sword in your hand to lash out at every discouraging obstacle. Your faith in Jesus Christ should be great. He died out of his love for you, and arose from the grave to give you eternal hope. You place your faith in him and you know that your dream can be realized, that the voice can be answered. The Scriptures say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." This becomes your hope, your greatest encouragement of reaching SOMEWHERE. Place your trust, your life, all that you are and all that you ever hope to be, in the hands of the Master.

Our traveler went on to the fourth village and there found a willing person to answer his questions. Sadly though, the man said, "I'm sorry, you've not yet found somewhere. There is yet one thing you must have." The traveler hastened to ask, "What is it? What else must I have?" The citizen answered, "You must have a song in your heart."

A song in the heart means patience. Someday you may reach the place God wants you to find. Some make it and some don't, but you must not stop at just any place along the way. You must not take your eyes off the best. God never says for us to stop or retreat. The Israelites one day reached the promised land but the dream did not end, nor was the voice silenced. God's people have moved over all the earth, and God's command is still go forward. Press on for the high mark, keep faith and be patient. Only this way will a smile lighten your load and a song play in your heart. When the traveler of this story reaches SOMEWHERE, he will know it. It may be near evening, and the sun may be going down, his load will be heavy and he'll be eager to rest, but he'll know that he's there. It is that way with each of us. Strive for the highest in God's sight. Never turn loose of the dream until you come to the place your life was meant to find, and you lay down your load at the river's side. Then a new dream will be planted in your eye, and a new voice will be heard in your ear, and Jesus will say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Are you going SOMEWHERE?

A Condensed Sermon by Olin Tunnell Jr.

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DAILY SCRIPTURE LESSONS by Jimmie Kilapsuk.....

Here I am again with a few words from the Holy Scripture. I was very glad to hear what some of you told me about the scripture lesson which I put in last month's SAN CHAT.

You know, my friends, our Lord Jesus Christ wants us to be saved. He said: "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." That must be a good resting place. He also said: "Open your heart, and life, now, to Christ, the Son of God, who loves you." Romans 5:8.

The question is often asked, "What must I do to be saved?" The scripture says: "The gift of God is eternal life." Romans 6:23. This is one of the most important statements in the Bible. Repeat it slowly over and over again. "The gift of God is eternal life." Repeat it until the marvelous truth of this verse comes home to your heart.

God makes it plain in his word that we obtain eternal life--that we are saved merely by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is a simple matter of faith.

# WARD NEWS

## WARD ONE NEWS

by Paul Rudolph

Because there were many shifts in the backfield and a front battle line of men who are moving steadily forward with grim determination to defeat pernicious TB bugs in their lungs, the fellows can be readily compared to that of a well organized football team. Coach and Medical Director Dr. F. J. Phillips makes it plain to his bedridden and ambulatory TB infected team that to win the long drawn-out battle with the TB bugs, the fellows must cooperate with him in every prescribed treatment.

These inveterate warriors are gradually educated to understand the values of environmental sanitation and personal cleanliness. The fellows who make the backfield and who leave shortly thereafter as cured are the representatives who teach their friends and neighbors the meaning of sanitation and cleanliness. This is a big step toward controlling TB in Alaska, especially in remote areas.

Johnny Stevens in room one is never without that special friendly smile. His gradual regain of health is noticeable in his weight and color of skin.

Reticent I. Anderson from Ketchikan loves to eat, rest and sleep. An old-timer here wonders whether Andy misses the down-pour of rain in Ketchikan or not. "From the relaxed look of contentment," said another fellow, "Andy has fallen in love with the sunshine which smiles almost steadily over Bartlett, Alaska."

Young Sylvester Sivohok, with his guitar, parades up and down the hallways of Ward One singing, "You Are My Sunshine." His eyes, however, keep straying to the windows that give clear view of Ward Two which is the Women's Ward. His buddy, Al Brown, is sure that the words of the song are meant for the sunshine over Bartlett, and that Sylvester's straying eyes prove that he has grown up to appreciate feminine architecture.

Cartoonist Gene Killigivuk, lover boy of Ward One, admits he loves to get loads of perfumed mail. Ed Kimoktuk, too, loves to get mail from his wife who is in Ward Two. The letters aren't perfumed, but surely are loaded admits Ed. However, Ed won't say whether the "loaded" referred to is bitter invective or sweet nothings.

Harold Ptarmigan recently received an operation and is now back in Ward One. Being an old timer of Ward One, Harold received a warm welcome from the fellows. His buddy, Alex Calugan, also had an operation, and is now back in Ward One. Alex, too, received a warm welcome from the fellows. Alex says he had a pleasant dream while he was under the anesthetic. "In a special compartment," says Alex, "in a flying saucer, I visited every planet visible to the naked eye. And the only one I recognized was Venus--She was beautiful!" Aging Oscar Johnson, who overheard the conversation, said, "I'll bet that is the way you want to get home to your Venus in Unga--in a flying saucer!"

A speedy recovery isn't a mere wish anymore in Seward San; it is a reality. Aging Gust Erickson hustles his own tray now and helps in gathering them. His friend, young Gerald Hasson, just lays in bed and reads mystery novels, and occasionally waves his arms. He claims he exercises his arms by waving them. But one isn't so sure whether he is exercising them or not, for when he moves an arm, about 40 arms wave back at him from Ward Two.

## Ward One News Cont'd

It is an off day for Frank Perry when he is quiet. On his garrulous days, he talks politics and their relation to public affairs. Like a good politician, he talks in vague terms, even refers to 1952 presidential candidate Adlai Stevenson as "What's his Name?" His friend John Nathaniel thinks Perry was born under a star called Tansus (the Bull). Aging Bill Hinchey agreed with John when he said, "You're sure about him because he is full of the same."

Owen Barnes was moved recently into the ward from his cubby hole. Among the fellows here, it was unanimously agreed that if Barnes has a Wigwam, he'd pitch it under a tree in Ward One yard.

Walt Farrow is presently the stamp and post office man in Ward One. Walt, during the heat wave, wore a silk shirt which revealed more than it hid. His buddy Pop Jim Stevenson, who moved to the Rehab Center to learn the trade of a cobbler, said that transparent silk looks pretty nice on some people. Herman Joseph, who had been holding his breath, let out a big sigh and said to Pop, "Gosh, I thought you were going to say, 'Silk looks pretty nice on women'."

This month George Dän is the model patient, for he judiciously observes the hospital rules. The same can be said of Glenn Tuigook and Dan Hunnicut. Jimmie Kilapsuk is one of the many who strolls lieisurely over the hospital grounds. He admits that he is willing to trade the hard-packed ground of Bartlett for the soft and spongy tundra of Pt. Barrow.

Every morning for three days, David Andrews swallowed a rubbery snake, the end of which is attached to a suction glass. If the gastric tests come back favorably, he will be on his way home. (Good luck, Dave.)

Joe Hanaka is the lucky fellow who went home. His home is Nome. In a letter to the Editor, he reports high prices of food and the development of Nome.

Joseph Oneha, Head of Patient's Council and Sports Writer, is another lucky fellow who is now walking the streets of Anchorage (for Pleasure).

Samuel Simmonds, whose artistry is seen on the cover of this SAN CHAT, can be seen sitting up in his bed. At his board, he cocks his head this way and that way—one of the old timers here said that only a curvy line will make a man cock his head this way and that in admiration. His friend, Pudgy Howard Honakok's eyes light up like neon signs when he looks over the broad shoulders of Sam. Fully expecting to see a lovely in a bathing suit, Reuben Lincoln took a peek at Sam's drawing board. He came away disappointed. "Shucks," he said, "the picture on the board is a bear." An old timer quickly popped this question, "A bare what?"

Two new patients were recently admitted. The first to come was William Blackburn, Anchorage; the second, Daniel Mc Devitt, Palmer.

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## WARD TWO NEWS

by Alice Juneby

Well, here I am again, people, with the latest news, or should I say "gossip" of Ward Two. Olga Sheppard has the ding dong, she's got the bell, but me no tell! Rosa Mitchell is smiling as always, and is waiting patiently for more up-time. E. Jimmie Joe and Shirley Alander just had surgery recently. They are now back in Ward Two and both are doing fine.

Annie and Ella E.—these two ladies keep themselves busy in doing things for their families. Julie Wilson and Maude Watkins are two talented ladies who do beautiful handwork of all kinds. Lucy S. passes her time playing records. Her roommate, Dora W., passes her time by reading scripture from her well worn Bible. Agra N. and Irene Soloman are the two

Ward Two News Cont'd

livliest gals in Ward Two. Agra has some up time now, so she is in her glory. Irene is busy doing post office work and other things—Tsk, tsk! Irene. Madeline Charles just got back from surgery. She has one wheel chair time, that means she is doing fine.

Lilly H. has up-time (walking privilege), and is patiently waiting for the good word. We all wish the Doctor would say to us, "You'll be going home soon." Lucy Madison also had surgery recently and is doing fine. Her roommate, Alice Ashenfeiter, is always impatient to go outside. Hmmm, wonder why? Tell us, Alice, will you?

Mary Robinson had surgery recently. She is doing fine, and also has some up-time. Mary sure has a crush on a certain someone. I won't say who, or else she'll blow her top—BOOM!

Kathy W. and Shorty Owen are still in the Romance Department. Sara Dunn is a happy-go-lucky gal, and always has a smile on her face for everyone. Sara won't say why she blushes when I tease her about—??? WOW!! Sara, how about trading places with you?

My roommate, Helen Munson, left for Ward Three and had surgery. The report is she is doing fine. We wish you a speedy recovery, Helen. Eva Sears and her new roommate, Mary, are doing fine. Helen Langton was recently hospitalized here. Helen is from Yakutat, Alaska. Yours truly will have surgery real soon.

Dorothy and Sophie James keep themselves busy making socks—pretty ones, too. Marilyn Sundberg is another lucky gal who has up-time. Freida Stearman is patiently waiting for a date with the stork. Nina Russell has moved out into the ward. She's one of the few lucky ones who gets letters from her hubby. Avis Norway is doing the same thing as she has always been doing—lying down and getting fat.

Mrs. Lindstrom is a new patient. We hope your stay is short and sweet, Mrs. Lindstrom. About the middle of July Tiny Everett had a baby boy. Taffy Rabbido and her friend, Henry, are singing, "I Get So Lonely," beautifully together, like Doris Day and Johnnie Ray.

Helen H. also had surgery, and is now next to me. Helen is doing fine. Sara and yours truly are two here who love candy. Taffy teases us a lot, but we visit her daily. Well, that's all for now. I'll be seeing you next month.

by Agraphena Nickolai

Hi, everyone. Yep! It's me again with a little Ward Two News. "Well, here goes!" I'll start with all the pretty gals out on the porch. Shirley Alander and Emily J. Joe moved down from Ward Three where they had surgery recently. Next comes the ward Gals. Irene Soloman (a cute gal, she is) is doing bead work. My next door neighbor, Ella E., is resting and reading. Maybe it is because she is a little heavy in the middle with pneumo. (I can't blame her.) Ella misses her old roommate Mary Moses. As of now, Ella has a new roommate named Ann K. (Sure hope you enjoy it out here, Ann.)

We all got promoted on the 16th of July. Irene, Shirley, Lucille, Olga, Marilyn, and Lillian—each got one hour up-time. And the ones with walking time include Emily Jimmie Joe, Katherine, Juneby, and myself. Those that have wheel chair time include Ella E., Madeline C., and no more—that's all. There are so many new patients here that I can hardly keep track of them. Some of these days I'll give up! (I joke gals.) Dora Williams moved in with Lucy Strickland. Taffy Rabbido moved up to Ward Three to have her surgery. Her roommate Sophie Peters was transferred to the new ANS Hospital in Anchorage.

My roommate Irene Soloman is taking over the stamps. Alice Brown and Irene are doing the postal work here in Ward Two. Yours truly is reading and writing most of the time.

Ward Two News Cont'd

Florence Lindstrom was recently transferred here from the ANS Hospital in Anchorage. (Hope you like it here, Flora. This is all for now. Be seeing you in the next SAN CHAM. May the good Lord bless and keep you all. Good bye.

STUDY OF PERSONALITIES ON WARD TWO

By Sara Dunn

- |   |                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Name: Nena Russell                   | 1. Name: Alice Ashenfelter            |
| 2. Nickname: Rusty                      | 2. Nickname: Ashalins                 |
| 3. Hometown: Ft. Yukon                  | 3. Hometown: White Mountain           |
| 4. Fav. Song: To Die To Cut The Mustard | 4. Fav. Song: High Noon by Tex Ritter |
| 5. Pastime: writing to boyfriends       | 5. Pastime: Reading                   |
| 6. Likes: Darning caps and eggs         | 6. Likes: Teasing                     |
| 7. Dislikes: Lousy food                 | 7. Dislikes: Staying in Bed           |
| 8. Motto: Be Sad! Like her              | 8. Motto: Don't scream, just yell!    |
- 
- |  |                                      |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Name: Lucy S. Ackland                   | 1. Name: Irene Solomon               |
| 2. Nickname: Lulu                          | 2. Nickname: Johnny Guitar           |
| 3. Hometown: Nome & Seward                 | 3. Hometown: Tanacross               |
| 4. Fav. Song: Shot Can Boogie              | 4. Fav. Song: Ebttide                |
| 5. Pastime: Chewing the rag                | 5. Pastime: Talking to Grandma Moses |
| 6. Likes: Thunder and lightning            | 6. Likes: Writing to Abner           |
| 7. Dislikes: Sunny days                    | 7. Dislikes: Selling stamps          |
| 8. Motto: Don't do anything I wouldn't do. | 8. Motto: Keep 'em Guessing!         |

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WARD THREE NEWS

by Carrie Voss

Did you know that.....Mrs. Dick was actually left speechless by our beautiful and oh-so-in-love Betty Cooke while they were discussing sea foods. During the course of the conversation, Betty stated that she would not eat mussels. To this statement Mrs. Dick said, "I've eaten mussels and they're good." "Eat my own muscles?" ejaculated Betty. Well, as I always say, everyone to his own taste.

.....Flora Panches tried to help other nature along with Marva's snails, but found out that mother nature knows what she's doing after all.

.....Helen Lambert and Myrtle Lotz are somewhat worried over someone's anatomy and have given some friendly advice, hoping it will work. I wonder if they are not trying to benefit by it, too?

.....Mrs. Warden sent a sympathy card to her brother when she received the news of his coming marriage.

.....Our new nurse, Mrs. Samuelson from Bolivia, is fascinated by the handwork the women can do. I must admit that we have some very clever women here.

.....Mrs. Hanks is leaving for the States. We bade her a fond farewell, all with lumps in our throats. We hope that she will be able to return next fall.

.....Our beautiful Jeanie went on another ward and we miss her gentle ways. Beverly is also dreamy so that she'd give you a back rub for ten minutes without knowing it.

.....The girls were quite thrilled when entertained by the Elemendorf Air Force boys. Hope that they return soon. We thank them for taking time to bring some cheer to the patients.

.....This is all the news I can scrape up. I thought something about your nurses would be a pleasant change.

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WARD FOUR NEWS

by Gust R. Brann

I suppose that unless I get started on this news we won't have any, it will probably not be much news anyway. It seems like it will be a slow month. To begin with the 4th went off in grand style, everything was nice and serene here at the San. I was in hopes that one of the boys could have won some of that money on the Marathon Race. But no such luck. But we are happy with the way things came out. Just think of that fellow who ran to win and gave all the money away to the Crippled Children. Wasn't that a noble thing to do?

7/4 Mr. Silvertooth left today for the south to go to a VA hospital in Vancouver, Washington. Mr. Silvertooth left the San on a VA order. We here at the San will miss him. He was a very congenial fellow, one who would do anything he could to help a fellow patient out. He is very kind-hearted. We all wish him well and that he soon gets well and gets out in the sunshine of life, free from the confinement of hospitals.

7/6 Mr. Henry Saccheus moved to Ward Three today to receive Chest surgery. We hope the girls are good to you and let you come back to Ward Four. We all miss those peals of laughter which are so characteristic of you when you are around.

7/6 Little George moved to Ward Four from Ward Five, and is now in room #1. He had a smile for me when I visited him this morning. I asked if he liked it here, but he just smiled and said nothing. He did nod his head when I asked if he was lonesome. That will pass when he gets better acquainted with the fellows and nurses who are all very nice-- don't you think so, George? We hope that everything will turn out for the best, and that you soon will be well enough to get around a little.

7/11 Julius Pettersen has been in the San nearly three years, and is now on his way to recovery. Julius was born in Oslo, Norway, about 65 years ago. He went to school there. After finishing a common school education there at the age of 14, he went to sea on a trader. In a few years Julius went back to Oslo; this time he went to an engineering school. After completing his course as an engineer, he went back to sea and after four years, he was made chief engineer on a vessel sailing from Norway to Australia. He says it takes about 80 days from Norway to Australia. Julius went to sea for about 30 years, going to practically every port in the world. Then he came to Alaska and started to make his living as a fisherman. Julius is a very nice man and sociable fellow, and a good patient.

7/11 Mr. E. Sparks is our latest arrival at the San. Mr. Sparks comes from Valdez. He came to Ward Four last night. We hope that your stay here will be short and pleasant, Mr. Sparks.

7/11 Mrs. Knight, our former Chaplain who left the San in 1949, paid us a surprise visit today. Although it has been a long time, she still remembered our names. It is gratifying to say the least, that she would take time to visit us, let alone remember our names. I, for all of us here at the San who remember Mrs. Knight, wish to thank her from the bottom of our hearts for her kind gesture of friendship and fellowship.

7/16 Costia Inga left the San early today for his home in Old Harbor, Kodiak. Costia recently received chest surgery and was completely arrested as far as his disease is concerned. Costia was well liked by both young and old. He was a quiet lad and a good patient as long as he was here. We hope Costia stays well from now on, wishing him the best of luck in all his ventures.

Ward Four News cond't

7/22 Mike Frank is a young lad of 23 summers. He comes from Minto, Alaska. He is also a good-looking fellow, so watch out, girls, Mike is getting well and will soon be out looking over the fair sex. Mike came to the sanatorium in September 1949. He was a very sick man when he entered this hospital, but through the expert treatment here Mike is well on his way to recovery. And, of course, Mike is a good patient, an important factor in curing TB. Mike is a quiet, serious minded fellow as well. Remember that saying, "In the calm waters are generally found the biggest fishes." Eh, what?

7/23 In the news today we find Henry (Shanghai) Sheldon. I don't know just what it was he was carrying, but it looked almost like a mast for a boat. Maybe he was thinking of building himself a boat to go fishing, or could it have been an aerial pole for his radio. I looked into his room the other day, but I did not see anything, so he must have hidden it. Although I can't for the life of me see how he could hide a long pole like he was carrying into his room. Now when I think of it, I can't see how he got it into his room. I must ask him about it some day. I hear a dog bark once in a while (a kind of a glad sort of bark), and I suppose that a dog is munching on some of Henry's leftovers. I think Henry would much rather feed these animals than to feed himself. Henry loves animals of all kinds. Henry even has a telescope that he uses to watch for animals that are further away. When the sunshines, you will see Henry watching the mountainside to see if there is a goat or a bear in sight somewhere. He saw a goat the other day, so it pays off. Today Henry saw four goats on the mountainside, which goes to show you there are animals everywhere. If you have the patience to look, and patience is one thing that Henry has a lot of. Good looking, Henry.

7/24 Antonis Dominique is the latest patient to arrive here at the San. He came to Ward Four last night and is in room #1. Mr. Domonique comes from Healy Mine. We hope your stay here is short and pleasant, Dominique.

7/28 A bunch of the fellows went down for broncoscopy today. Bet they are all feeling swell by now.

7/29 Two new patients arrived at the sanatorium last night. They came to Ward Four about 6 P.M. They are as follows: Henry Captain from Galena, Alaska, is now residing in room #29; Roy Roehl from Billingham is staying out in the ward. We hope your stay here will be as short as possible, and as pleasant as you would wish it to be.

We have heard by seagull wireless that Mr. O'Meara tried to kick a wasp and got wounded on his big toe. Isn't that something? Better wear your shoes next time, Clinton?

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WARD FIVE NEWS

by Rhea Sam

Hi, kids! I'm sorry I didn't write last time. So I'll write now. I'll start with Wanda Jean Loescher. She's the patient that came long time ago. She came from Juneau, Alaska. She five years old. Next Shirley Shishnipoff. She's the new patient in our ward. She's nine years old. She in four grade. She came from Unalaska.

We have more patients in here so I'll tell you. Walter Weyoperk is a new patient in our ward. He came from Wales. And Johnson Tuckfield is in our ward too. I don't know he came from. If I know I'll tell you. And Helen Mosquito she came from Anchorage, Alaska. We laugh at that. She is a doll. Only 2 1/2. We were very glad to welcome George Eniegowuk back from Ward Three and Ward Four. He is doing fine after surgery. He is a good guy.

Chipper Nelson is the patient in our ward too. He is 3 1/2 and will go home soon. We now have 18 kids here. Paul and Tony and Hank John, also Bobby Hand can all play outdoors. They will be leaving before too long. Good luck, guys.

Ward Five News Cont'd

Tanny Black got spoiled on Ward Three, but our nurses are getting her broke in again. Hank John was already spoiled, but he got spoileder. Tony was never spoiled. Oh yes, I sure miss my friend Agraphensa Nickolai that leaving a long time ago. She sure is a nice girl and she so cute. She always writes to me and she writes a nice letter too.

Esther Hunt leaving Seward a long time ago. She don't want to go home, but she have to go. I have my tonsils out. Also Wanda Jean Loescher have her out. We both have ours the same day. Bobby Hand have a birthday on July. He sure is a cute baby. He's two years old. He might go home pretty soon.

Julia Lopez leave our ward too. I better say good bye. May God bless you all. Good luck and so long. See you again.

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#### WARD SIX NEWS

by Alice Brown

Hi there, guys and gals, Here we are once again, which means that another month has gone by. I'm the new reporter on Ward Six. Your old reporter Julie Beans (the lucky girl) has gone home to her folks. I believe Moonah, Alaska, is her hometown. Her plans are to visit her family, then leave to work in a hospital of a children's home.

Another lucky girl, Libby Davidivics, went home to visit her family in Kotzebue, Alaska. She will return to the Rehabilitation Center to live and to learn the trade of a beautician. We wish you lovely gals lots of luck.

Almost every day, Leah and Julia (Lulu) Lopez are playing snertz. Our glamour gal, Frances S. is still around doing this and that--she's a busy gal. Fran expects a medical discharge soon. When do you leave, Fran, we wish you the best of luck.

All that yours truly does is write letters to a very special one.

July 28th--a red letter day for us--a group of girls from Ward Two and Three moved down here just this morning. After Libby and Julie Beans were discharged, there were only four girls left in Ward Six. So we, therefore, welcomed (and how) the six new gals. These gals are old gals (I mean old timers) in Seward San, but new in Ward Six. It seems like old times now to have Adeline Woods back--it's good to see you Addie. The rest of the crowd is: little Emily Jimmie Joe, Lucille Madison, Mary Ann Robinson, Shirley Alander, Marilyn Sundberg and finally Myra Robinson.

Welcome to our community, gals, God bless you one and all.

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A letter from Dr. Oatway of LaVina Sanatorium, Altadena, California, tells us that BARBARA STROM has been discharged to her home with negative gastrics. Barbara had further surgery in California. It has been a long road for the Stroms. Now their home is re-established. We hope to see them in Alaska one day again.

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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

It will not be very long before we will go to the polls to elect Representatives and Senators to the Alaska Legislature, and I want to point out that we have a friend right here at the Sanatorium who is running for Territorial Representative. Now, if our friend is elected, I know he is in a position to do more for the patients in this sanatorium and, for that matter, all TB sanatoriums in Alaska. It is because he knows all the needs for a TB sanatorium and everything connected with it. All we have to do to know that he is the man for this position is to look at everything he has done for this San. Who am I talking about? You should know by this time. It is none other than our respected administrator, Paul W. Nelson. I thank you.

Gust R. Brann  
Ward Four Reporter

EDITOR'S NOTE-----In addition to what you have said about our administrator, Mr. Paul W. Nelson, I think the patients should know the "basic philosophy" of this outstanding gentleman from Bartlett, Alaska. It is: "THE RIGHT TO GOOD HEALTH BELONGS TO EVERYONE."

Dear Editor:

I guess I'd better drop you a few lines while I'm doing nothing. How are you doing these days? Just fine, I hope. As for me, I'm doing fine so far and I'm just taking it easy for a while.

You know Francis Payanna was just visiting me for about two and one half hours today. Francis looks good. I made three bucks today. Pretty good, huh? This place really changed a lot since the last time I was here. New houses, new stores, new bars and eating places. Everything is so high, too. Like today, I bought a pound of coffee for \$1.50 and a five pound sack of sugar for \$1.09. I have enough food to last me at least a couple months.

Tell the boys I said "Hello." Say "Hello" to Ann, Doris, Edith, Ruth, and the cook in Ward One. Will you do that for me, Paul? Well, I better be closing now and don't forget to answer my letter. I'll be waiting. I want my mail box to have some letters in it when I go to the post office. Say, Paul, will you please send me the next SAN CHAT? The enclosed twenty cents is for the SAN CHAT and the mailing cost. Bye now.

From your friend,  
Joe Hanaka

EDITOR'S NOTE-----Francis Payanna and Joe Hanaka are recent graduates of Seward San. Both are now living in Nome.

All the aides and the fellows in Ward One miss your helpful and friendly ways. As soon as the SAN CHAT leaves the press, one will be on the way to you. Give our best regards to Francis.



MAPPING



The End of A Perfect Day

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.....

The outstanding event of the month concerning the Housekeeping Department was the surprise party given Mrs. Nellie Graham in commemoration of her twenty-third birthday. "Nell, the Gazelle" as she is known since winning the recent "Mt. Marathon" race, in the women's division, related her experiences pertaining to the grueling grind, up and down the mountain. Her winning time of 19 minutes 14 seconds was a disappointment to her. She hopes to do better next year.

She laughed off the protest of Mrs. Mary Randolph, who was a close second and who had claimed a foul. Mrs. Randolph told the judges that all the way down the mountain Mrs. Graham threw floor wax behind her on the trail, causing her, Mrs. Randolph, to slip and slide, thereby loing time to the finish line. Mrs. Randolph refused to come to the party, saying she was afraid Graham would put Clorox in her ice cream or maybe poison in her tea.

The party program opened with a song by our beloved orderly, Joe Cawthorn. Joe sang "Texas My Own" in a deep baritone. He went so deep, in fact, that he sounded like he had snagged a Halibut.

Mr. Richard Briggs and Mr. Robert Faulks, the "San" bridge experts next gave an exhibition of thier prowess. How to use the mirrow ring, marked cards and stacked decks were also shown. Mr. Briggs demonstrated the trick they used on the railroad and steamship lines. In the trick, Mr. Briggs passes cards to Mr. Faulks under the table between his long toes—his bare foot being concealed in a slipper. After watching them one could easily see where the composer who wrote the song "I Never Had a Chance" got the inspiration.

Mrs. Polly Foulks brought the house down by singing in a beautiful contralto voice, Irving Berlin's grand old song, "All Alone by the Squawk Box". Refreshments were then served, and after a short intermission, the program was resumed, with the "Janitors Quintet" singing that famous sea chantey and tale of shipwreck, "We Are Stuck On the Northern Bar." And for an encore they obliged with "Throw Out the Life Line."

Bill Carmen then recited a poem called, "The Hot Strawberry" (or who set fire to the peat moss in my garden.) He was roundly applauded as he put his all into the recitation pertaining to this luscious fruit. The final number of the evening was a fine interpretation of the Charleston and Big Apple danced by Mrs. Graham and Art Crookes. They were accompanied on the piccolo by Mrs. Marie Hoagland. A good time was had by all and everyone arrived home un-assisted.

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NEWS RELEASE -- July 1954

Great White Hunter (Its Amazing)

Our George Kimpston recently downed a vicious coyote with his rifle while out Cooper Landing way. He asked the game warden what part he wanted to send to Juneau to claim the \$30 bounty. Just a piece of the ear explained the warden. George gave it to him and has been walking around with his head bandaged ever since. Dr. Phillips says it was quite a chunk the game warden cut out.

"RUGGED ISLAND DAYS"

Our Paul stood on the burning deck.

Sleep--was his hearts desire.

He'd like to rest his weary head,

But his mattress was on fire!

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The Anchor Point Community Club announces that the drawing for the Anchor Point wooded lot with materials to build a cabin, took place as scheduled Sunday, July 4 at 8 P.M. Mr. Everett Anthon of Homer, who is now working in Seward, was the winner. The club wishes to thank those in Seward whose donation will help us to build a much needed community club building.

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The management of KSAN wishes to thank the patients of Seward Sanatorium for answering the questionnaires which were sent out. The information received will be helpful to us planning our program. We can't promise that each of you will be able to hear your special requests, but we are going to make every effort to get the programs for which there were several requests.

KSAN will broadcast every day at 12:15 P.M. to bring you the transcribed voice of a great artist reading the complete text of the New Testament. If you listen every noon for the next two months you will hear the complete text. This, we feel, is a wonderful opportunity.

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# Fixing up - by O.N. EoFem

The average homeowner, plagued with balky plumbing, the electrical system gone on the fritz, the window in the back room jammed, and very likely broken by a flying baseball, very probably often wonder where all the help would come from to get things going again. And at that she would consider herself lucky that her household didn't consist of 250 persons, housed in barracks scattered hither and yon over 30 acres and wartime constructed at that.

Naturally an establishment of that magnitude entails considerable managerial skill, diplomacy, tact, and that touch which keeps things ticking like the proverbial clock. And one would add to the above requirements, the ability to pick and employ proper assistants, each skilled in his or her profession.

At this San, the proportion is practically one employee for each patient on the roll. And the varied skills called for run the gamut of the professions and trades.

The maintenance crew at this San consists of six men, with one foreman. A plumber and steamfitter, connected with the boiler room crew, handles work other than carpentry and painting. The cleaning work proper is handles by the janitor force.

At present, the carpenters and painters are putting on the finishing touches to a couple of barrack buildings, making them more comfortable and livable. With a well equipped work shop at their disposal, the work is proceeding apace.

As usual in Alaska, the men in the maintenance crew hail from all sections of the States, with the exception of the foreman, Ray Rogers who was born here in Alaska. Their experience is virtually a catalog of most of the known trades--Engineers, Sailors, Carpenters, and Electricians.

.....The staff of your SAN CHAT are grateful to the Fixer-uppers for giving us a new view of life, back yard life that is. Our office, an annex between Wards One and Two, was hot and dark these beautiful sunshiney days, and we appealed to Mr. Rogers "To Let a Little Sunshine In" which he did by way of a fine picture window which now frames the back yard of the San with spruce-clad Mt. Marathon in the background.

# TROIPS AND TRAVELS

## THE SAFARI OF THE SAD SACKS

After having returned to the States in the fall of '53 without really seeing much of this great North Country, I decided that "by hook or by crook" I would explore at least part of it before the snow decided to fly. So, with a great deal of juggling and working on the Fourth of July weekend, the three of us (Bobbie, aide on Ward I; Peg, my redheaded sister and myself) finally succeeded in getting a long weekend together (and also the family car).

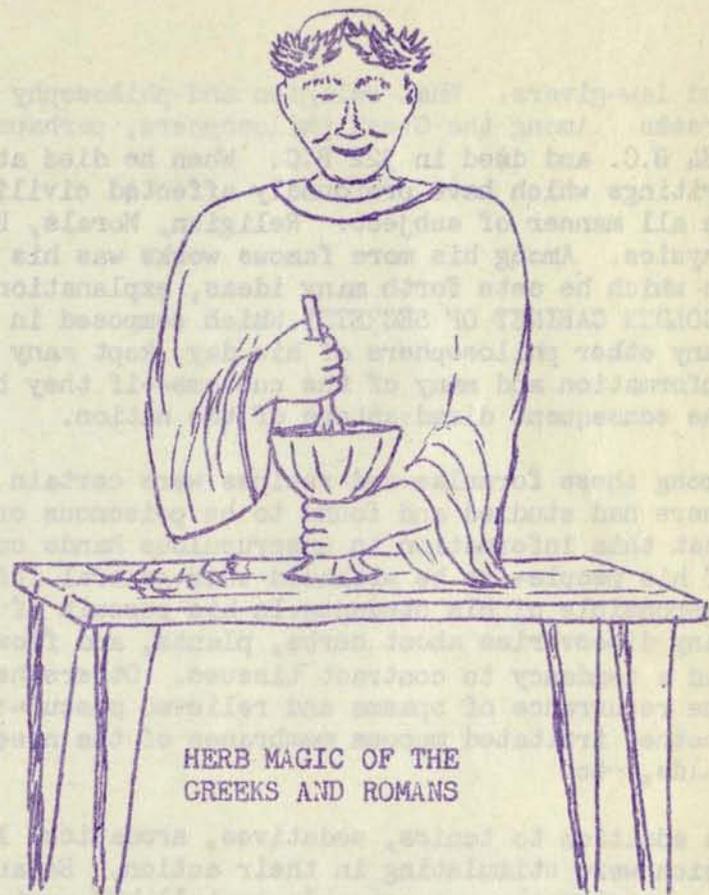
We had several objectives in mind as we planned our "safari" which included colored slides of the magnificent scenery, a sunset on the Yukon, a tour of Fairbanks and a swim in the hot springs. These objectives as well as many unexpected pleasures were to be realized. Of course, there was a main attraction that drew each one of us to the North. For me, it was the wildlife and beautiful scenery; for Bobbie, the privilege of writing home "at last I've reached the Arctic Circle"; for the redhead, a blue, Olds 88 Convertible with six feet of "tall, dark and handsome" behind the wheel--oh well, we can't all be so lucky as to have red hair!

"Mr. Sunshine" was perfectly wonderful to us and we were all very shocked to discover that instead of ice and snow, we found the highest thermometer reading, the greenest countryside and the most wildflowers near Circle City (also the biggest mosquitos). We were able to get pictures that we will treasure for the rest of our lives.

Of course, no trip is complete without its humorous antidotes and we certainly had our share. For instance, the night that we arrived in Fairbanks I had quite a fright. Being completely exhausted after a long day of driving, I crawled into bed at the North Haven Motel shortly after midnight only to awake at 2:00 A.M. to the horrible conclusion that Bobbie was not in bed. After a few moments of frantic searching, she was discovered "slinking" in the door after waiting over an hour to get a picture of the sunrise. It may have been a frightening moment, Bobbie, but those pictures would win a blue ribbon. Then there was the time after a fitful night in the car (we moved inside due to circumstances beyond our control--mosquitos) that I woke with a start at 4:30 A.M. to discover Peg on her hands and knees in her sleeping bag trying to figure out where she was--this was one time I was wishing for a movie camera.

Most of the time, it is very difficult to say what you enjoy most on such a trip, but the three of us unanimously agreed that the highlight of our entire trip was the wonderful, friendly visit and the hospitality that we received as we stopped on First Street in Circle City to see the families of Johnny Nathaniel and Annie John. Thank you Annie and Johnny for having such grand families--their big smiles of welcome will never be forgotten.

After four days of real adventure and over 1500 miles of astounding beauty, we once again turned toward the sea. Yes, we returned to the bay city very weary, but also very thankful for the privilege of viewing another portion of this vast universe which God has created for His people.



HERB MAGIC OF THE  
GREEKS AND ROMANS

In all countries and in all climes there have been people who have depended upon the power of herbs and plants, trees and flowers. Many ancient races had their own particular sacred beliefs about a tree or plant.

For example, the oak tree was the sacred tree of the ancient Celts and Druids who placed great store in the power of mistletoe which grows upon the oak. Even to this day the inhabitants of Wales call it PRENAWR, "the celestial tree." The Ash tree was sacred to the Norsemen; the Hindus and Brahmins had their "tree of paradise"; the Buddhists had their "tree of knowledge."

In the same way, the ancient Greeks and Romans venerated both the oak tree and the ash. It was the belief of these ancients that man sprang from a tree. The Teutonic tribes of northern Europe had a similar belief. The beliefs of these ancients had their origin much in the same way as these peoples in Africa and the Orient. In many instances they came as stories or legends brought home by a Greek or Roman who had traveled to some distant land. Often these stories were changed or modified to meet the conditions of the users. Oftentimes the very plants or flowers or trees were transplanted to their new home for cultivation.

This is true of the Rose whose original home is said to have been Persia, where it was held a sacred blossom of Love. Some ancient Greek or Roman seeing this beautiful flower, remarking upon its fragrance and learning of its alleged power as a talisman of Love, perhaps brought it back to Greece and Rome where it was cultivated and grew in importance as a Symbol of Love.

The Greeks were the first of the early Europeans to develop the arts, literature, philosophy, and even science to a fairly high degree. The pages of history are filled with the names of Greeks who were wise beyond their time. Socrates, Plato, Aristophanes, Aristotle, are but a few of these early wise men. The Romans, on the other hand, were very much unlike the Greeks. Whereas the Greeks were great thinkers and philosophers and artists, the Romans were warriors

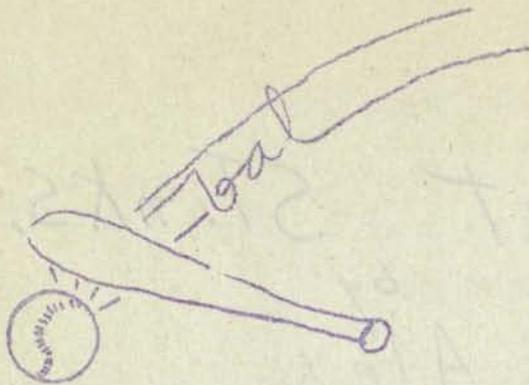
and law-givers. What religion and philosophy and medicine they had was largely stolen from the Greeks. Among the Greek philosophers, perhaps the greatest name is Aristotle who was born in 384 B.C. and died in 322 B.C. When he died at the age of 63, he left hundreds of philosophical writings which have profoundly affected civilization even to this day. He thought and wrote on all manner of subject: Religion, Morals, Biology, Natural History, Botany, Astronomy and Physics. Among his more famous works was his "NATURAL HISTORY" and his "SECRETUM SECRETORIUM" in which he sets forth many ideas, explanations, discoveries, and formulae. He set down his "GOLDEN CABINET OF SECRETS" which composed in part many formulae, recipes and customs. He, like many other philosophers of his day, kept many things secret because he feared that some of the information and many of the customs--if they became too widely accepted--would be misused to the consequent disadvantage of the nation.

Among these formulae and recipes were certain herbs and plants which he and his fellow philosophers had studied and found to be poisonous or narcotic in their influence. Aristotle knew that this information in unscrupulous hands could cause wholesale murder or degradation of many of his people--so he withheld this general information and gave it only to a few of the more responsible of his students. In his pursuit of the study of medicine and anatomy, Aristotle made many discoveries about herbs, plants, and flowers. He found that some were "astringents," which had a tendency to contract tissues. Others he found were "antispasmodics," which helped prevent the recurrence of spasms and relieved muscular irritability. He found some Demulcents, which soothed irritated mucous membranes of the nose and throat, and thus were good for coughs and colds, etc.

In addition to tonics, sedatives, aromatics, laxatives, and purgatives he also wrote about many which were stimulating in their action. Because of the limited knowledge and experience available, Aristotle was not able to tell WHY certain herbs brought about certain results. He could only tell what results could be expected. When he observed, for example, that a given herb would act upon the glandular system of an aged person in such a way as to make him or her feel more youthful, he immediately set it down as a Love Powder or Love Philtre.

At that period in Greek history there were no universities as we know them today. Rich men sent their sons to a tutor or a philosopher, who lectured to a few students and taught them all he himself knew. After a period of such tutoring, the student went forth to pass on the knowledge he had learned together with some of his own ideas, discoveries and philosophies. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that many of the discoveries, ideas, philosophies, formulae and recipes of the Great Aristotle should have come down and be used all through these many years--even to our own day. His fame spread all over the world. His original secret recipes were used in Rome, Alexandria and Cairo. Many of the famous people of history used them in their original or modified form. Cleopatra was said to have used a "fatal fragrance" which made men powerless to combat her wiles. It is thought that this was nothing more than a fragrant incense which, when burned in the right setting, was conducive to peace and quiet or to romance. History has recorded that her chambers were filled with beautiful odors, which were burned all the time, and that it was her custom to anoint her body with fragrant oils so that those that might enter her chambers would believe that they were near a beautiful flower. If these are the facts, it is no wonder that Mark Anthony was drawn to her exotic chambers to become enslaved by her physical charms.

Some people like to take a small piece of charcoal and light it and sprinkle the incense powder thereon. The odor of this incense is exotic in its fragrance. We know that incense is soothing and quieting to some peoples' nerves. We know, too, that each perfume has a personality all its own and may be alluring, seductive, exotic, sensuous, carefree, etc. Used intelligently it can create a "mood" or an "atmosphere." (cont'd next month)



Sports On  
by  
Al Brown

The spotlight of sports has been on our national pastime, the good old American game of baseball. The amazing Willie Mays and the spray-hitting Don Mueller are keeping the New York Giants in the limelight as they lead the National League. The New Yorkers are setting the pace with five games over the pursuing Brooklyn Dodgers. Those Bums from Flatbush with Duke Snider's devastating bat just can't seem to triumph over N.Y... Duke Snider is currently leading the National League with a .369 average.

Giant Manager, Loe (Lippy) Durocher, is going around in the Senior Circuit asking the also rans, "Where are the Dodgers?" This is reminiscent of the now famous quotation made by former manager of the Giants, John Mc Graw, "Is the Dodgers still in the League?"

Baseball fans are wondering if Willie Mays can surpass the home-run record set by the late George Herman Ruth in 1929—a record of 60 homers in 154 games while he was playing as a Yankee. It would be a great tribute to Willie Mays if he could break or tie the Bambino's record. Mr. Mays is now the greatest center fielder of all time, and that includes the fly-swatting, switching-hitting Mickey Mantle of the Yankees.

"What's wrong with the Dodgers?" That question has been asked by every Flatbush fan of Brooklyn. There's nothing wrong with Brooklyn. All them Bums need is a Major League manager. Walter Alston is strictly for the Minor Leagues. You may yet see Pee Wee Reese as player-manager for the Dodgers 1955 season. The Brooklyn Dodgers were favored to repeat as pennant winners in '54. Walter O'Malley, General Manager of the Dodgers, hired Walt Alston as manager to win not only the '54 pennant, but he was also expected to win the World Series for their first World Championship, a feat that has never been done by the Dodgers with their former managers. If the Dodgers do not win the pennant in '54, they can very well blame Willie Mays, the New York Giants' peerless center fielder. He is a ballplayer with a Giant-size baseball bat for clobbering home-runs.

Those Indians out of Cleveland are fighting to stay in the lead of the American League pennant race. The Yankees also have an Indian, Chief Allie Reynolds. He certainly will have something to say about who will win the pennant. To date Allie Reynolds' pitching record is ten wins and one defeat.

Frank Lane's pennant hopes are widing on the bench with injuries; they are George Kell and Ferris Fain. The accent was on youth for the Chicago (Go-go) White Sox, but Frank Lane had acquired such old timers as George Kell, a brilliant and excellent third baseman with an ever present back injury, and former Chicago Cub manager Phil Caveretta, a first baseman, by trade. The White Sox have one faithful fan here. Gene Killigivuk still is hoping for the Pale Hose to win the pennant. Gene's opinion is that 35 years of waiting for a Windy City pennant has been too long. (Why Gene, I didn't know you were that old.)

So far, the only no-hit, no-run game has been pitched by big Jim Wilson of the Milwaukee Braves. The victims were the Philadelphia Phillies. Big Jim is a 34 year old pitcher making a marvelous comeback. He has a record of seven wins and no losses for the Braves.



it STINKS!  
by  
Alex

"I've got the sweetest little headache this side of heaven!" complained one patient to another. Two other male patients who overheard the statement looked at each other for a few moments before one spoke up. "Do you suppose he is talking about his wife or that bald head of his?"

Staggering Forethought-----There was a young man admitted to a hospital which was noted for its staff of beautiful nurses. When the young fellow settled cozily into his bed, he was asked whether he had anything to store or hot. He said that he had nothing to store, and what he had in the newspaper sack was a fifth of whiskey, but that was for the nurses!  
Contributed by Mrs. R. Masters, R.N.

Absolutely No Goats-----The young farmer had been married a year. Night overtook a traveling salesman, so with the consent of the farmer, he spent the night in the farmhouse. And this conversation was overheard by the salesman when he went to bed. "Our mare," she had a colt, our cow had a calf, our cat had kittens, our goat had kids--and we've been married a year!" After a long silence, the farmer replied, "Colts, yes. Calves, yes. Kittens, yes....But, KIDS, NO!"  
P.R.

Al told his good friend Paul that it is a good fisherman who will lie in his teeth and not bite himself.

Fishy but True-----A hobo sitting on a pier was fishing when another hobo walked up to him. "Catch any fish that we can cook?" "All I've caught so far is a red snapper," replied the hobo fisherman. "Good," said the inquiring fisherman, "give it to me and I'll cook it for us while you are trying to catch another." With a hearty laugh the fisherman produced the red snapper. It was an old red snapper-type women's purse.

For The Dog-----"Nurse, what is all that noise in the next room?" "Oh, nothing but a little misunderstanding. The patient asked the new student nurse for a urinal and she went out and came back again and said she couldn't find him a journal, but she brought him a Saturday Evening Post."  
Laugh Book Mag.

Handy Devise-----How did your wife like those back scratchers I sent her for her birthday?" "Is that what they are? She had me trying to eat salad with them!"

Laugh Book Mag.

"How come you never married?" I once asked our middle aged hired man. "A woman won't bite you." "No," he retorted, "but they sure kin know!"  
Readers Digest

# CHEECHAPO'S CORN

by Shirley Clendenen

Name: Gloria Schaefermeyer

I have lived in Seward for two years, but before that I came from Utah. Last winter I lived in Fairbanks where I attended the University of Alaska. I started work at the San on July 5th. I work the 4 to 12 shift and have worked every ward. She is engaged.

Tillie Westling, 8 to 12 on Ward Five, is leaving and going outside. Sorry to see you leave. Good luck.

My name is Eva Mulvaney. I hail from Battle Creek, Michigan, and have been in Alaska since February. I am married and have an eight year old daughter. I like working at the San, and I think all the personnel and all the patients are exceptionally friendly. I hope I'll be around a long time. 4 to 12 shift.

Russell Nunes--orderly on Ward Four during the day. He will be taking you patients to X-ray. So you get to know him. Rus comes from Oakland, California.

Myrtle Evans is not new as she has been here before. She is the cook at night and also works in the kitchen. She hails from Washington.

Helen Lambert you all know as the shopping lady. She is also working as an aide on days.

Ann Painter is outside in California to be with her ill sister. Ann is an aide on Ward One.

Thelma O'Brien is back at work. She has been on vacation. She said she had a nice time, but it wasn't long enough.

Mrs. Spain, R.N., on Ward Two, is on her vacation. She said she had a nice time. Hope so.

Miss Ruth Knight, R.N., is back from her visit home. Glad to see you back.

Mrs. E. Frisk, aide on 4 to 12, has left the San and is working at the ANS Hospital. We all miss you, Friskie.

Thelma Toole has quit and moved to Anchorage. She was working on Ward Four days.

Beth Forth has quit and is to go outside. She is supposed to go to California.

Oh yes, yours truly received a telegram the other day and I found out that I have a niece.

Billee and Peggy Poor and Bobbie Chase went on a trip to Fairbanks and to Circle City for five days. Sounded like they had a good time. Billee and Peggy have been in Alaska before. This is Bobbie's first trip. Hope you like Alaska real well by now.

Jerry Ocborn, kitchen aide, is on her vacation. She is spending it with her folks.

Mrs. Gardener has left for Washington to spend her vacation. Mrs. Gardener is the kitchen aide on Ward three.

Florence Keyes, kitchen aide on Ward Four, has quit. Sorry to see her leave, even if she wasn't very big.

Mrs. Howard is back to work on the 4 to 12 shift. She has been outside for three months. Welcome back.

Jenny Nichols, Elk City, Oklaho, works from 4 to 12.

Bernice Devlin is also back from her vacation. She said she had a wonderful time.

I see Polly Foulks is back at her desk in the front office after her vacation.

You fellows see that new orderly on 4 to 12 shift. He is Ed Theiler from Tonahawk, Wisconsin. Ed is studying to be a priest. He has eight years all ready in and has two years left of college. We wish you the best of luck, Ed.

If anyone has anything they would like to have put in this part of the news, would they please give it to me or leave it in the SAN CHAT office. Thank You.

Mrs. Edith Bowers, aide on ward one from 8 to 4, with her husband Sammy are at home in Seward. She was born in Topeka, Kansas. Edith came with her parents to Alaska six years ago.

Mrs. Ruth Erdmann, aide on ward one from 8 to 4, is formerly from Clam Gulch. Mrs. Erdmann, her husband and three children are now making their home at Seward. Mrs. Erdmann has previously worked in the TB Sanatorium at Bethel.

Ann Painter is back to work, glad to have you back, Ann.

Mrs. Hanks, R.N., has gone outside. Miss Leone is leaving for Los Angeles in sunny California. Hope you don't get too tan, Miss Leone.

Mrs. Masters, R.N., is on a ten day vacation.

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Here's a letter from Elise Justin, who has recently graduated from Seward San. Her letter reads in part:

Hi there:

Well, what do you know, here I am way up in Palmer. I've been here since May 21st, and that day is indeed a happy day, for that's the day I was discharged as cured from the San. It's a great feeling to see the beautiful world again.

At the present time, I'm at the Lazy Mountain Home, but I'll soon be going to Fairbanks to live.

I do hope you boys and girls and also nurses didn't think I had forgotten you. "No," I have not forgotten you. I think of you and pray for you every day.

When I first entered the hospital at Seward San, I had TB so bad that I wondered if I'd ever get out of the hospital alive. Dr. F.J. Phillips worked hard to save my life-- and he did it, too. "Thanks a million, Dr. Phillips. May God bless you."

Another person to whom I owe a great deal of thanks is Mrs. Keturah King, Medical Social Worker. She is so understanding of her patients and is wonderful in doing everything she can for you.

Presently, I am living with Mr. and Mrs. Hughes. They are certainly nice to me. They took me to the big circus in Anchorage, and also to the tent Bible meetings. I will miss these nice people and also you patients when I move to Fairbanks. I surely miss my job of running the movies for each ward, and I wonder if the girls miss me in the KSAN music room. Thanks to everyone for all they have done for me.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Elsie Justin



#### QUINTET OF ENTERTAINERS INVADE SEWARD SAN

In the afternoon of July 24th, five young entertainers from Elemendorf Air Force Base, invaded Seward Sanatorium with musical instruments to entertain the patients in each of the six wards for ten minutes. The young men, headed by T/Sgt. and M.C. Frank Cohen, are truly artists in their respective fields of entertainment.

After introductions, the quintet blended their voices in choral harmony, then burst into a familiar song, "How Do You Do Everybody, How Are You?"

Wide-eyed and all ears, the patients sat up and moved to the foot of their beds to get a good view of the young musicians. A live show is a rarity for the patients at Seward San, especially one as pleasing as the young fellows brought.

In a surging prelude to an old ditty ("Once In A While"), accordionist Jerry Fiorucci's fingers sped lightly over the keys of his instrument until Bob Saxton, guitarist, softly struck a chord, then a rhythm and a song was soothingly born. The melody, "Once In A While," and the rhythm sentimentally touched and moved the emotions of the delighted patients—many of the patients confessed.

Whistler and bone player, Sam Ritacco, hit his stride beautifully when the accordionist and guitarist began to play a novel song, "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" So far as Sam is concerned the title of the song should have been, "Has Anybody Seen My Whistle?" About halfway through the song he blew a tiny whistle away from his teeth. However, like the true showman that he is, he finished the song with a couple of bones before retrieving his whistle. Along with the others, Sam won a tremendous applause.

When the instruments swung into a peppy tune, tap-dancer Charles Montgomery leaped into the air and came down tapping the floor with his well trained heels and toes. Every part of his body, except his smiling and relaxed face, quivered with splendid twirling, tapping, and timing.

While accordionist Jerry held a background of fast-moving chords, guitarist Bob Saxton climaxed the show with his inspiring style of guitar playing.

Frank Cohen and his group of entertainers promised to return to entertain the patients again in the near future. As the musicians moved away from ward two (women's ward), an inveterate patient enthusiastically exclaimed: "Man, I'm living now!"

# Guest List

GUEST BOOK FOR JULY 1954 Dr. Paul H. Harmon, Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, Member of the Board of Orthopedic Surgery, one time professor of Orthopedic Surgery in the University of Chicago Clinics was here this month again to consult on orthopedic problems at Seward Sanatorium and in Seward in general. It will be remembered that Dr. Harmon did a spinal fusion on Annie John of Circle, Alaska two years ago. Annie has now gone home with both her lung tuberculosis and her spinal bone tuberculosis arrested. Dr. Harmon has done much of this surgery along with limited fishing. It is really a privilege to our people to have a surgeon of his ability to help us out on our orthopedic problems. He also came up last year to do a very intricate prosthetic operation on Dorothy Neal, who is now walking after having been bed-fast for two years. Dorothy, it will be remembered, was in a serious automobile accident in Anchorage in November 1951. Dr. Harmon came up this time with hopes of visiting Prince William Sound in the "Blue Pacific". Dr. Harmon is orthopedic surgeon at the Wm. E. Branch Clinic of Hollywood, California, and the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. T.J. Beck of Wheaton, Illinois, visited the Sanatorium along with Mrs. Walter Blue and Virginia Blue of Seward. They were guests of Mrs. Schnoecker who escorted them to the several wards, and introduced them to the works and the workers of the Sanatorium. The Wesleyan Service Guild and Women's Society of Christian Service of the Gary Memorial Methodist Church in Wheaton have contributed frequently and generously to the patients of the Sanatorium and we asked Mrs. Beck to express our gratitude to those ladies for the gifts.

Our visitors from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, were Mr. and Mrs. K.A. Sorenson. The Sorensons drove up the Alcan for a vacation in Alaska and were leaving Seward via the Alaska Steamship. Mr. Sorenson works for the oil company in Calgary, but said he had no interest in the prospects of an oil boom in Alaska--he was on vacation.

Mrs. Grace Pezrick and Elizabeth Rearick from Jacksonville, Illinois, visited on July 29th. Paul A. Monroe, the E.R. Squibb and Sons representative, signed his name on August 5th, as did R. Roland Armstrong from Juneau.

We think it is nice to report to the patients who our guests have been each month. We ask the assistance of all the employees, though, to make our list complete. You will notice a new guest book on the table in the front entrance. Would you ask your guest or any other visitor to this Sanatorium to sign our guest book. Some time this last month there was a group of tourists who called themselves "The Epworth Tour" who visited the San and Rehab, and your reporter must apologize for not calling their attention to our guest book. If any of those folk should read this, we would be very happy to hear from you.

Barbara Dimock, the republican candidate for delegate to congress for Alaska, spent a few hours here one day. She was favorably impressed with the work being done here and at the Rehab Center and has promised to return soon.

And so the month has gone--we are proud to show our institution to anyone interested and the

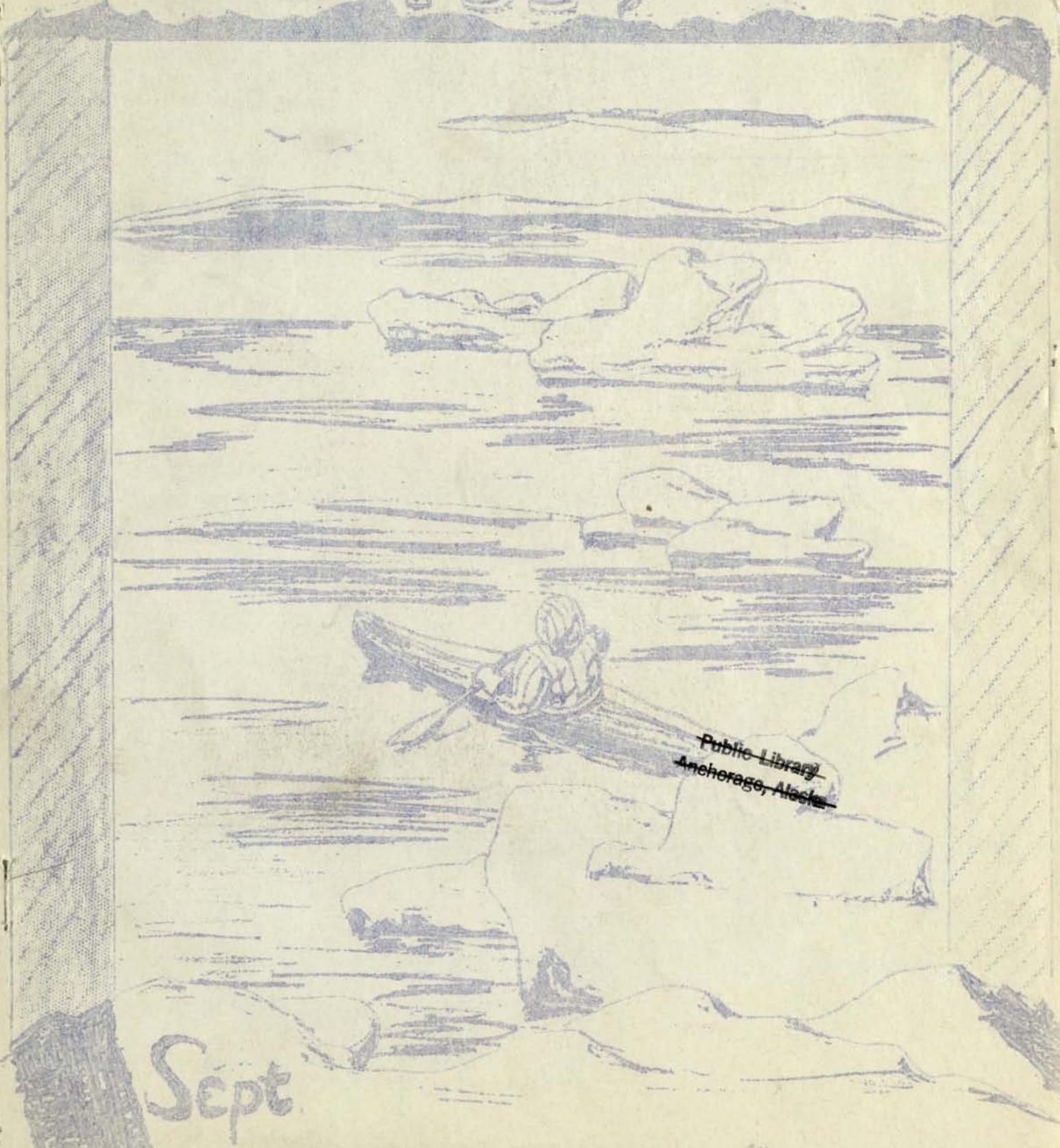
staff of the Seward Sanatorium hereby extend an invitation to all SAN CHAT readers and their friends to sign our guest book.



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CHAT

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS  
SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA  
SEPTEMBER 1954

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Eugene Killigivuk.....	Staff Artist
Paul Rudolph.....	Ward One
Sara Dunn.....	Ward Two
Doras Tobuk.....	Ward Three
Gust Brann.....	Ward Four
Rhea Sam.....	Ward Five
Dorothy Neal.....	Ward Six
Agraphena Nicholai.....	Ward News
Alec Calugan.....	Humor Editor
Eugene Killigivuk.....	Sports Editor

SAN CHAT COVER PICTURE STORY

Original by Eugene Killigivuk

The kayak has all but disappeared from the far north. When the ice had begun to break in the spring, the kayak came into prominence in community life. In the wake of the breaking ice, the hunter in his kayak seeked food for his friends and family. The hunter had to be equally skilled in handling his kayak and his ivory harpoon. Oftentimes, the kayak was overturned by a wave or a harpooned whale, but the hunter, who was well-trained in handling his boat, had it righted before sea water found its way into it. In a special compartment inside the kayak and within the reach of the hunter, were an ivory harpoon; a seal poke, which is cured seal skin inflated and used as a buoy; and a coil of skin rope. This rope is made from the dried hide of a baby whale. The kayak itself is made from the cured and treated skin of an oogruk, the largest of several species of hair seal. The kayaks that may be seen today are found in curio shops. These miniatures are made by the younger generation for the inquiring mind and inquisitive eyes of tourists. To the nomadic tribes above the Arctic Circle, the role of the kayak is as colorful as the brilliant northern lights. It could be that SAN CHAT staff artist Eugene Killigivuk looked to heaven and visioned a kayak, which he soon put on paper for you to see, know and remember. In the minds of the younger generation, like their ancestors, the kayak, too, has found its place in the sky.

----- Editor

SEWARD SANATORIUM  
BARTLETT, TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are hospitalized on a contract basis. The Alaska Department of Health, Alaska Native Service, Veterans Administration, and the United States Public Health Service hospitalize patients here at a standard per diem cost. The Women's Division of Christian Service makes a sizeable contribution annually in helping to bear the cost of operating the hospital.

MEDICAL STAFF

Francis J. Phillips, M.D., F.A.C.S.

The Board of Thoracic Surgery.....Medical Director and Thoracic Surgeon, ADH  
Dr. Herbert Greenlee.....Staff Physician  
Joseph B. Deisher, M.D.....Thoracic Surgery Resident, Part Time, ADH

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Mary Lou Prawl, A.B., M.S.W.....Psychiatric Social Worker, ADH  
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Karola Reitlinger, M.D.....Tuberculosis Consultant, ADH  
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Max R. Williamson, A.B.....Director, Vocational Rehabilitation  
Norman D. Hall, M.D., F.A.C.S.....Physician and Surgeon

E..L. (Bob) Bartlett.....Alaska Delegate to Congress  
Maxim Schapiro.....Concert Artist Impersario

ATTENDING STAFF

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Ada A. Stuart, R.N.....Director of Nurses  
Keturah King, A.B., M.S.....Medical Social Worker  
George Kimpton.....Commercial Enterprises Manager, Rehabilitation  
Helen Priebe, B.S., A.D.A.....Dietitian  
Suzanne Hayward, B.S., A.D.A.....Dietitian  
Frances W. Clark, R.T.....Xray Technician  
Gloria Avenell, M.T.....Laboratory Technician  
Ardith Levis.....Laboratory Technician  
Florence Ayles, R.N., R.P.T.....Physical Therapy (Part Time)  
Betty Nelson.....Director of Recreation  
Helen D. Case.....Teacher  
Myra McDonald.....Teacher  
John Hardcastle.....Teacher  
Sarah May Garrett.....Supply Worker

# THE DOCTOR'S CORNER

The Seward Sanatorium finally had 151 patients occupying beds during the past month. We have only 154 actual beds so there were only 3 empty beds during those days. This is fortunate for the Sanatorium from the point of view of economy of operation, but it must be very heartening to the people who have actual Tuberculosis in Alaska. Surely the seriousness of this disease from the human as well as the economic point of view must leave no doubt in the sensible persons mind regarding the need for treatment.



The news is also out that Congress passed the bill to furnish the money for 400 Alaskan patients in the State of Washington Sanatoriums. It was hoped by most of us that the Alaska Native Service would be able to keep their hospital filled with patients. The advance information indicates that such will not be the case. However, it appears that the appropriation for the patients in the State of Washington Sanatoriums was separate from that of the Department of Interior's appropriations for the Alaska Native Service. We might speculate that the Washington politicians are better budget getters than those from Alaska.

Dr. Walter Buhler from the Industrial Institute of Medicine from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has arrived for study in the surgical treatment of Tuberculosis. This arrangement was effected through the State Department of the President's cabinet and the University of Chicago School of Medicine. Dr. Buhler will go to the University of Chicago School of Medicine next July to continue his studies in the surgery of the chest for another year. Dr. Buhler left the post of Chief Surgeon of his Institute to avail himself to this opportunity to study here and at the University of Chicago.

Dr. Buhler is an avid color photographer. He states that he has already discovered colored photography to be very interesting here in Alaska.

-----Doctor Phillips

# CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

## ARE YOU A GOOD BUILDER ?

There were two men setting out to build houses. Each man had his own idea of how a house should be built. One man started a foundation on a sandy piece of land and began to construct on this foundation day by day until he completed the structure. He had used the best materials possible; he had planned carefully the design. Each room was laid out according to blueprint. There was a good roof and firm flooring. He furnished it well and entered it, anticipating many happy years.

The other man located a large rocky area and proceeded to use this for the foundation of his house. He built the walls cautiously and used good materials as the first man had done. He also had a protective covering floor covering and a sturdy roof. His house was equally well-furnished and he, like the first man, moved into his home with blissful hopes for the future.

For awhile, both men lived successfully. Then one day it began to rain. As a matter of fact, a real storm came. The wind howled about the houses and the waters rose and a small flood swept around the foundations of both houses. The first house only stood for a short time and was carried away, but the second house remained.

Both men had good materials, furnished well, prepared in great detail. Both houses experienced the same storm, but the first fell because of a weak foundation. A house built on sand cannot stand when the storm hits with all its might. The waters washed the foundation away.

The same is true of life. One person can build his life with good cause and abilities and be successful until some great trial comes and causes him to fail, simply because he had not built his success upon a sturdy foundation. His purpose had not been firm enough; selfish and foolish desires were not satisfactory for a lasting foundation. However, a person had the opportunity to construct his life with purpose and achieve success that will not be wasted if he chooses the right foundation. If you place your trust in Jesus Christ and stand upon his word for your foundation, you will face the same heartaches and difficulties that many non-Christians meet, but you will have an inner strength that they do not possess. Build your home upon the Rock, trust Christ as your Savior and Lord and your house will always stand, your life will forever be of value.

Luke 6:46-49

Olin Tunnell Jr.

## ADDITION TO SAN STAFF

Bartlett, Sept. 7, 1954-----Walter K. Buhler, M.D. has recently joined the staff at Seward Sanatorium. Dr. Buhler is here to study the Thoracic Surgery under Francis J. Phillips, M.D., F.A.C.S., through the exchange program of the University of Chicago. He will be in Alaska one year making quarterly reports to Dr. Adams at the University of Chicago and to the Director of the Instituto Aposentadoria e Pensoes dos Industriarios in Rio de Janerio, where he has been Chief of General Surgery.

Dr. Buhler is a naturalized citizen of Brazil, having left his native Germany in 1933 because of anti-Hitler sentiments. After his study tour here in Alaska and at the University of Chicago he intends to return to Brazil.

In commenting on the comparison between Brazil and Alaska, Dr. Buhler noted the similarity in the vast opportunities for the development of natural resources. He noted, too, that air travel is very commonly used here as it is in Brazil because of the size of the country and the underdevelopment of transportation facilities in both places.

The doctor will enjoy our winter, he said; there is no snow in Brazil except in the mountains in the southern states. The closest they come to having seasons, he said is a "Dry Time" when it is cooler, and a "Rainey Time" when it is warmer.

Swimming has been Dr. Buhler's advocacy. He boasts having crossed the Baia, the gulf on which the seaport of Rio de Janerio is built. We suspect that he will not boast that he has swum Ressurrection Bay on which the seaport of Seward is built.

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## TRANSFER ANS HOSPITALS TO PUBLIC HEALTH

Anchorage News--Juneau, Aug. 23 (IP)-----Transfer of Alaska Native Service hospitals to the public health service has been approved effective July 1, 1955, according to Assistant ANS Director Marvin Ripke. The act was signed by President Eisenhower this month over the opposition Bureau of Budget and Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which has jurisdiction over the public health service. The Department of Interior originally opposed the transfer, but later withdrew its opposition.

Included in the transfer order are the large medical installations at Mt. Edgecombe and Anchorage, and the hospitals at Barrow, Kotzebue, Bethel, Kakanak, Tanana and Juneau. Approximately 1,100 medical employees of the medical division of the Native Service will be retained in all cases where possible by the public health service, Ripke said. About 35,000 natives of Alaska come under the medical program which will be transferred. Gradual transfer to the native service's welfare and education programs to the territorial government planning stage, Ripke said. The Alaska Native Service is under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs of the Department of Interior.

## QUEST BOOK

Mrs. Frances L. Paul, Director, Alaska Tuberculosis Association, visited the Seward Sanatorium on August 30th and remained until September 2nd. She is collecting first-hand information for the ATA, which publishes gathered information on tuberculosis for the public twice a year. With Governor B. Frank Heintzelman, she will continue to the Anchorage military bases to confer with officials about the Tuberculosis Christmas Seals. From there, she will go to Fairbanks to confer with military officials, public health authorities, and to observe the "Mass Survey" being conducted there by a Medical Mobile Unit from the Alaska Department of Health. According to Mrs. Paul, The Medical Mobile Unit began the "Mass Survey" in Haines, Alaska, this spring and gradually worked its way to Fairbanks. From there, via the Tok road and the Richardson Highway, the Medical Unit worked its way to Valdez, where everyone, but four persons, was X-rayed. Via the same route, the medical team moved back to Fairbanks where they are presently conducting the "Mass Health" survey. While at Seward San, Mrs. Paul praised highly the work that is being done at the Rehabilitation Center for the patients. She also strongly stressed the importance of health education and rehabilitation in Alaska Tuberculosis hospitals. Recently, the ATA made a contribution to Seward San for many services to the patients. After consulting with various health officials throughout Alaskan towns and cities, she will return to her home in Juneau and prepare her findings for the ATA.

Since our last SAN CHAT, the Sanatorium has received several new and important pieces of equipment. Off hand, I think of a huge dryer which has been installed in the laundry, a new electric typewriter for the SAN CHAT office, a 1000 gallon oil reservoir for seven of the apartments, and a GUEST BOOK!

The new and important looking guest book has been placed on a special shelf by the business office window and it is our hope that every guest, every person coming to the San who is neither a patient nor an employee and won't have their name on some other roll or census will sign our guest book. It is the job of everybody at the San to ask their friends who visit to sign.

Looking through the first two pages we find the names of:

Paul A. Monroe, representative of the E. R. Squibb Co., who is from Seattle. R. Rolland Armstrong from Juneau visited with us on the sixth and Clyde K. Davis from San Francisco on the tenth.

There were two visitors from Fairbanks on August 11th. They were Etyhl Peasgood and M. R. McRoberts. O. K. Kinkaid spent several weeks here completing the annual audit of the books and he finally signed the guest book on the day, too.

M. J. Winninghoff signed on August 23rd.

On the 27th, the Alaska Native Service Ship, THE NORTH STAR, docked in Seward and several of the crew as well as guests on the ship came out to the San. Jeanette Lee and Eunice Logan left their autograph and so did Dr. James Cunningham and his family. Miss Gaddy who is the nurse on the ship expected to get out here, but schedules, appointments and delays in Seward prevented it, and she asked your reporter to greet everyone,

especially the patients in the San.

We met Margaret Hafemeister from the Seward office of the Department of Public Welfare in Mrs. King's office one day and asked her to leave her "been here" and she wondered if we'd ask her again every time she comes. I assured her that we always like to know who it is that is working for and with us, who comes to visit our patients and make their stay here more pleasant, those who come to sell or to buy or for any other purpose folks come to visit the Seward Sanatorium. We like to have visitors--we're proud of our institution and anxious to show it off.

The Alaska Department of Health Offices in Anchorage sent a whole retinue one day this month. Dr. Jack Eason, Mr. Calvin Wincy Jr., Geneva R. Hubbard R.N., and Mr. Andy Zeberl, each one an expert in some phase of public health were in town giving assistance for the solution of health problems. They attended a meeting of citizens of Seward interested in organizing a City Health Council. You will hear more of the Health Council idea in the weeks to come.

Dr. Joyce Sumner, anesthesiologist from the ANS Medical Center in Anchorage drove to Seward to assist in surgery.

Blanche Morrel visited the San and left her autograph on the last day of the month.

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Do you listen to the Bible broadcast of KSAN at 12 o'clock noon every day? We hope you do. We can think of nothing more restful and reassuring than to settle quietly down and listen to the words of the Holy Scripture read. The artist has a pleasant quality voice and reads beautifully. If you are already enjoying this program we would like to know about it-----write a note to Lilli Henry on Ward Six, for she is the disc jockey for this program.

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### YOUR VOTE COUNTS

At the Seward Sanatorium, this year, we have heard more about Alaskan politics than we ever have before. And there is good reason for it too.

This year WE have a candidate! Paul Nelson, Administrator of the Seward Sanatorium! We want to get him elected to the legislature. We believe that he can help us to health! We like his idea that "The right to good health belongs to everyone" and we know that he sincerely believes this and is concerned about anything which affects the well-being of the people of Alaska.

This is how we can help!

First, of course, is by voting ourselves. Every person who has been in Alaska for one year and in this precinct 30 days is eligible to vote. The patients will be supplied with absentee ballots and the U.S. commissioner in Seward will appoint someone to notarize and collect the ballots. Seward San employees who live in this area can vote at the polls in the San Fire Hall. Second, LET'S PASS THE WORD AROUND, and write home about our candidate. Ask our friends and families to vote for Paul Nelson, and ask their friends to do the same.

We want OUR candidate to represent us in Juneau----let's see that we get him there!!!

# WARD NEWS

## WARD ONE NEWS

by Paul Rudolph

September is the month when Mother Nature touches her magic brush to deciduous leaves, which cover the ground like a patched mottled quilt. The picture Mother Nature creates this time of year leaves people breathless with admiration. For those who are afflicted with Tuberculosis, a beautiful picture, too, has been created by the men and women of science. For several kinds of antibiotics have been discovered recently that help to combat Tuberculosis, thus sharply drooping the death rate. To the patients here at Seward San what is being done for them is certainly akin to magic.

Johnny Stevens in room one is not only determined to defeat TB, but is also determined to become a horticulturist--he has 13 potted plants of flowers in his room. For the Strangers that visit ward one--if a sweet fragrance assails your nostrils in the hallways, then you will know it is from Johnny's room.

Dan (Scotty) Mc Devitt in room two is from Palmer, Alaska. From the words that echoed down the hallways of ward one recently, Scotty thought it was really a wassail (this was on Monday, hypo day). The words Scotty heard were: "Bottoms up!" It didn't take long for quiet and perceptive Scotty to adjust himself to the daily routine of ward one.

Fisher man Bobby McCarr from Dillingham confided in another patient saying that he misses the delicious smoked salmon in Dillingham. Bobby was asked whether or not he caught any wild game in a trap around Dillingham. Bobby says that game is so scarce that all a fellow can catch nowadays on the trapline is a cold. That explains why he is here.

The most important day for Ed Kimoktoak is when he gets to visit his wife on ward three. Ed graduated from the rickshaw (wheelchair) to one walking privilege. Ed's favorite coolie is his buddy, Jimmie Kilapsuk. Both fellows are doing fine.

Getting things mixed up is not uncommon here among the fellows. One of the gals on handsome Jerry Hasson's trapline asked one of the fellows that wanders about the hallways for Hasson's name. The fellow that was asked wasn't sure of the name, but he thought it was Gust Erickson. Thereafter, the gal wrote a letter addressed to Gust Erickson instead of Jerry Hasson. Gust is 70 years old and walks with a stoop. But after he read that letter, no soldier at attention could have out-chested or stood straighter than Gust. Now Jerry is happy, but Gust is walking dejectedly with that stoop again.

Peppy Bill Henchey says the eternal question here at this San is whether "To console or not to console". On each hypo day the men with brute strength and big talk are like babies with big searching eyes looking for sympathy. The fellow who wrote "Heap big smoke, but no fire!" certainly must have been a TB patient.

Alex Calugan's ambition is to become a radio operator. His buddies are whispering to one another in trying to get someone to tell Alex that there are just too many "HAMS" already in this country. Lover-boy Gene Killigivuk, cartoonist of ward one, has taken over the editorship of sports. Al Brown has resigned this post to pay more attention to the love letters that he has been getting.

## Ward One News Cont'd

Checker board champion George Dan says that the game is like a "Hula hula Dance". Every move has a meaning. Walter Farrow has pulled the pin and left us for the Queen City of Alaska, Anchorage. After Walt departed, Howard Honakoh took over the post office work. Howard, too, is about ready to pull the pin.

The fellows here are trying to explain to slender Owen Barnes that a person in love has to eat too. Long distance love on an empty stomach is strictly for fellows like Don Quixote and Gust Erickson.

Young Rueben Lincoln, with that far-away look in his eyes is singing a new tune called "I'm A Fool To Care". Aging Oscar Johnson is wondering is Rueben singing the song for one gal or all the gals. Philosopher John Nathaniel spoke up and said that true love never runs a true course--it has to touch many girls. "For that reason," says Dan Hunnicutt "I only have eyes for women, not for girls."

Sylvester Sevouhok and Glenn Tingook are two young fellows who are studying the habits of animals in the yard. Because there are squirrels in the yard and girls in the background, one isn't sure just what animal the fellows are studying. Because of this confusing thought one of the patients asked the fellows as to what animal they were studying. Here is their answer: "The squirrels are provident animals; the girls are extravagant animals." It's quite true these fellows have not yet seen a Scotch lassie.

Swarthy Wassily Petlo thinks a hospital is where a fellow develops a penchant for beautiful pictures of Palm Beach beauties. Francis Droane, Mt. Village, agrees that these Palm Beach beauties will make a fellow forget the buckskin clad beauties from the far north along the Yukon. George Romondos, Clark Point, says the ward aides and the nurses may not be from Palm Beach, but they sure are beauties!

I. Anderson's outlook on life is this: Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil. Frank Perry is doing fine. The fellows think Frank hasn't outgrown the tricycle age, but many agree that he is a free-wheeling son-of-a-cyclist. Amiable Al Phillips, who was recently hospitalized here, talks the same language as does P. Rudolph--heavy duty equipment. Young and lively Harold Ptarmigan says he ain't seen a spruce hen yet that he liked. The fellows all agree that Harold is no pouter, but he'll soon get to that age where he will be hooting the lovely ones.

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## WARD TWO NEWS

by Sara Dunn

Hiya Everyone! Here we are again. Junebug, your regular reporter, has moved to ward three for surgery. So I'll try to write for you. I hope I don't bore you all !! We have 12 new patients who are as follows: Mary Anthony, Mary George, Eva Black, Lena Miller, Molly John, Freida Sanford, Nellie Kanuk and Cora Toglook. All these girls were transferred down from ANS Hospital in Anchorage. The others are: Catherine Peters, Ft. Yukon; Elizabeth Mainard, Bethel; Helen Sifsof, Ekuk; and Esther Captain, Gleana. Here's wishing each of you a speedy recovery.

Katykins and Rosa are both in the Romance Department, so we'll just skip over them both.

Freida Stearman spends most of her time writing. By the way, she's one of those lucky ones who was recently promoted. As for Sophie James, She usually knits and is also trying her best to speak English. So far, Sophie can say, "Oh, my aching back!" and "Dream of Papa". Ellie and Irene are both busy getting acquainted with their new neighbors.

Let's see who's next? It's none other than Dora and Lulu--both were promoted and are happy, I guess. Maud W. had a nice little visit with her husband who drove down from that wonderful town--Fairbanks. Maud's roommate, Julie Nelson, had minor surgery and is doing fine.

Madeline seems awfully lonely, especially since they took her recordplayer. Cheer up, Madeline. Things could be worse, the voice of experience speaking!

Ever since I wrote Ashakins' likes and dislikes, she has been singing, "You Better Not Do That". I wonder why? Avis is making slippers for her one and only. Maybe since she's right across from me, I should try to learn how--too much work!

Mary Morgan is wondering what color maroon is. Won't anyone tell her? Eva Sears is doing fine in her little room, says she likes it better as the other one was as dark as a tunnel.

Besides being a model patient, Helen L. is teaching her little roommate how to read and write. Helen says she graduated from kindergarten.

Sasa, Florence and Tiny--I don't know what these girls do besides from taking the cure. Oh well, it's good for what ails them. (I jokes!) Nena Russell's favorite song is "Frankie and Johnny". "Wow! I wonder why?"

Sara Dunn (whodunit) looks in and under her bed every night just before the lights go out. The rumor is that she is looking and hoping to find--oops! (Got to keep the crumb a secret.)

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### WARD THREE NEWS

by Doras Tobuk

Since the last issue of the SAN CHAT, we have had four new patients admitted. Malina (Lana) Crane is from Sleetmute, Susie Koonaloak calls Point Barrow her home, Katie Kawagley and Elizabeth Kawagley are both from Akiak. Welcome, girls, and may your stay be short.

In the rooms we find..... Taffy Rabbido with her favorite visitor at visiting hours. Helen Munson waiting for a moose steak. Henry Saccheus swinging his arm, not at people, but exercising it. Mary Hertsuga and Alice Juneby, happy with their promotion, nevertheless, still wishing to go back to ward two. Mr. Lindstrom, Joy Wemark and Anne Kimok-took are looking forward to the next visit with their spouses.

Out in the ward now..... Here's the "pinochle gang" which includes Tanna Christenson, Freida Reft and Marva Trainer. All three have had visits from members of their families. Evelyn Mullaly moved into the cubicle vacated by Dorothy Neal. Lucky Dorothy went home. Lucy Sokpealuk is now roommate to Donia Young. Gran'ma Carlson is knitting and turning out things right and left, (mittens, of course.) Anna Pete is looking cuter every

Day with her first permanent. Dora Cleveland at last got some flower seeds to grow. Hannah Hand always with a neat hair do, does a little visiting with son, Bobbie. Lena Willis, the gal with a hearty laugh, must read a lot since the book rack is so near her. "Bobbie" Edwards and Mary Moses so quiet even as they tease and joke. Lassie Dunder will soon be going home. With Carrie Voss and Doras Tobuk, first it was bird watching, now it's star gazing. Doras gazing in the sky while Carrie watches stars in her eye balls!

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#### WARD FOUR NEWS

by Gust Bzann

Well, another month has gone by and so we'll have to write up the news again for our little SAN CHAT. The first in the news is that about the poll that was taken on the radio program. We had our choice of FBKS station or our local station. I hope everyone voted as I did. A big "NO" to that outside station. I don't believe the outside station could be maintained properly. There would have been too much interference and fading of radio signals. Anyway, by this time you have had your say in the matter.

8/3 We have a new platter pusher for KSAN. He is none other than our beloved musician and pianist John Fawcett. John is a good piano player, and also a good platter pusher. He also adjusts the radio so that there is not too much whenever our program is on the air--KSAN that is. So, boys and girls, keep your requests coming to John. He will do his best to fill your requests. Keep up the good work, John.

8/5 Yesterday the following fellows who went for a broncoscopy are as follows: Antonis Dominique, Henry Captain, and Mr. Roehel. These fellows came back none the worse for their experience. They are smiling and evidently feeling good.

8/9 Thanks to the expert care given here at the San, Art Deering left a well and happy man. We will miss Art's cheerful banter, but nevertheless, we are happy that he is well and back in circulation again. We wish him the best of luck and God bless him.

8/11 Mr. Simpson left this hospital today a well man. The fellows wish him the best of luck.

8/12 Johnny Fawcett, our beloved musician, left for his home in Hoonah, Alaska. We hope that he stays well and that he never has to come to another hospital. Johnny spent three years here at this San. All during that time he was a good patient. Good luck to you, Johnny.

8/14 Bob Thron came in last night, and is the latest patient admitted. Bob is from Anchorage and has lived there for the last ten years. Bob is a plumber by trade. Best of luck to you, Bob, and may your stay be short and pleasant.

8/17 The following patients who came here yesterday from the ANS hospital in Anchorage are as follows: Gust Agick, Ervin Nicholas, and Elvin Brown. We hope your stay will be pleasant and short.

8/17 Today marks the end of all our radios, for Mr. Paul Nelson and Miss Ada Stuart came to this ward to pick up the radios and record players. This cuts down the noise to a minimum. However, the San does operate three stations that the patients are able to hook up to... they are stations KFQD, KIBH, and KENI.

## Ward Four News Cont'd

8/17 Ralph Woolard is our new stampman; he got the job after Art left. Ralph is also the radio man and is responsible for maintaining good programs for the patients here.

8723 Henry Peter Marks, who is a patient here, was born at Tanna, Alaska. He is five feet five in his stocking feet and weighs 130 pounds. Pete went to school at Eklutna for three years. He there after joined the Armed Forces. After his discharge from the Army, he entered the ANS Hospital in Anchorage for five months. He was later transferred to this hospital. He has been here for the last 19 months. For a pastime he likes to write all kinds of crazy things. However, the main thing with him is to get well and go home. Pete loves to play the guitar, and he can sing too. He even composes words and music for his own ballads.

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## WARD FIVE NEWS

by Rhea Sam

Hi Everyone! Here we are again--wonderful summer, huh? Soon the snow flies again. Sure am glad one of our ex-ward fivers, who moved to three then two, and now (goody, goody) to six. Yep, that's Arga. Good luck, Agraphens. Hope it's soon home for you. Of course, you too, Julia.

No new kids since last month's news. Lots of new school kids when it starts September 7th. That's Delores Albert, Wanda Loescher, Fanny Black and Johnson Tuckfield--all six years old now.

Genevieve Tukrook came from Point Lay in July, so did Johnson Tuckfield, Van Luckhurst, pinky's cousin, come from Dillingham. So did Maximo Lopez. He is Matthews roommate. Genny is mine. Good bye for now.

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## WARD SIX NEWS

by Dorothy Neal

Oh, how the time goes by! But it makes us feel good to know that it means one step closer to home. Yes, you guessed it. This is another new news reporter. So put on your glasses and jump on board.

First I will try to bring you up on what took place here since last month. Our last month's reporter, who was Alice Brown, left for home. Also, others that have gone home this month are as follows: Frances Stettinger, Shirley Alander, Marilyn Sundberg, and Myra Robinson. Our best wishes go out to them.

Now for the girls who are waiting for the lovely words of "you may go home now". We have with us the "Bubble Gum Gang". Olga Sheppard, Julie Lopez, our "Little Lulu", Agraphena and Leah. So, if you want to join the gang, be sure to bring your gum along. The gang has your reporter trying to blow bubbles. Next, we have Daisy Nicholas. Daisy is a very busy gal these days, for she takes care of the postal work in ward two. Daisy's one desire is to go home to her lovely family. Now comes the old ladies of the ward. They are Mary Ann Robinson, Emily Jimmie Joe. Every time I look over their way, before nine, they are rubbing each other's back. This seems to be doing them some good for they are up bright and early to study a course in General Business. So, if you want some money orders and checks made out that you don't dare try to cash, see them! Best of luck, gals.

Now we have dear Lucille Madison (lucy). Lucy is making lovely Alaskan dolls--sure would like to take one home with me. "How about ie, Lucy?" Leah Apayouk is our library girl. Lucy also helps with the books. I think they do a wonderful job in keepiag us in reading material. Next, we have Adeline (Addie) Woods. Addie runs the movies, which everyone enjoys, in our ward. Lilly Henry is the quiet gal these days and is making socks for herself, I think.

Little Agraphena Nicholai will write a few lines for this ward too. This reporter, I'm happy to learn, will not be with you next month. So, at this time, I wish all of you patients a speedy recovery and a world full of happiness.

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WARD NEWS  
by Agraphena Nicholai

Hi Everyone! Yep! It's me again with some of this nice ward news. First I'll start with my roommate, Irene Solomon. She is the happy-go-lucky gal of the ward. She packed up and moved out to the porch (my pal, she walked out on me!). I joke, Irene. The night of the day she moved, I sang "Good Night, Irene". Pretty Katie Walunga moved out to the porch, too.

Next comes the ward news: Dora Williams is knitting a pair of gloves. Boy, you should see them, for they are really pretty. Here are some of the lucky girls who moved to ward six. They are as follows: Emily Jimmie Joe; Marilyn Sundberg, who went home recently; Shirley Alander, who also went home; Mary Ann Robinson (my best friend); and Lucille Madison. Lucy is very pretty and kind. By the way, we have a cute little girl named Helen and she really is pretty, too. Oh, she's only eight years old, too.

Alice Brown (the lucky gal) went home recently. Irene Solomon, Olga Sheppard and Katherine Walunga--these cuties are singing "Woo, Woo". You should hear them. They have nice voices. Katie is doing embroidery work and is doing a nice job, too. Olga and Lilly are moving to ward six soon. They are the lucky gals this month. Those that are left behind, don't worry, we'll be there soon, (I hope).

Tiny Everett is making a sweater for her boy. And boy, and can she make them--keep it up! Taffy Rabbido, Mary H., Irene S., and I received a promotion recently. Dora Williams is always reading, writing, knitting and sleeping. Julie Nelson and her roommate, Maud Watkins, are busy making doilies. Rosa Mitchell's favorite pastime is reading and writing, and she is our mail girl. Nena (Rusty) Russell was in her glory yesterday 'cause her husband came to see her. Nena and Sara Dunn are really good friends--mine, too. Sara is a favorite girl here, and she is real nice and pretty. The gals sure miss their radios. Mrs. Graham is going to take good care of them for us. We like to listen to KIBH and KSAN request hour. Also, we like to listen to "Cornpicking Zeb Coty". Spphie James and Mary Morgan are making socks--they are real pretty, too.

For musical entertainment, the ward six girls are tops. Shirley, Frances and Marilyn are the trio that were heard over KSAN recently. Boy, can these girls ever sing. Frances is the Jo Stafford of the trio; Marilyn is the Patti Page. Someone told me that there is room for improvement--could be! Well, I'll just end this right here, OK? May God bless you nice guys and gals.

# IT STINKS!

by Alex Coluigan

Patient: "Is there anymore chicken left?"  
Aide: "Yes, there are some pieces left."  
Patient: "Okay, I'll take a piece."  
Aide: "Do you want a neck?"  
Patient: "What did you say?"  
Aide: "I asked if you want neck?"  
Patient: "Oh, that's what I thought you said!"

Laugh Book Magazine

Eddie (to his girlfriend, sitting on back porch):  
"Honey, I've got an important question to ask you."  
Girlfriend: "Yes, Eddie, what is it?"  
Eddie: "Would you move over? I'm sitting on a nail."

Laugh Book Magazine

During a lecture on Science, the instructor asked one student:  
"This gas contains poison. What steps would you take if it escaped?"  
"Long ones!" came the reply.

Laugh Book Magazine

A Scotchman, who was critically ill in an American hospital, made an urgent request that he might hear bagpipes once more before he died. The pipers were brought in, and they played several tunes. The Scotchman recovered. All the other patients passed away.

Laugh Book Magazine

One of the contestants on Groucho Marx's Quiz Show was a young man named Lee.  
"One of the Virginia Lees?" asked Groucho.  
"No, I'm from England," said the contestant.  
"Oh," said Groucho, "one of the lend Lees."

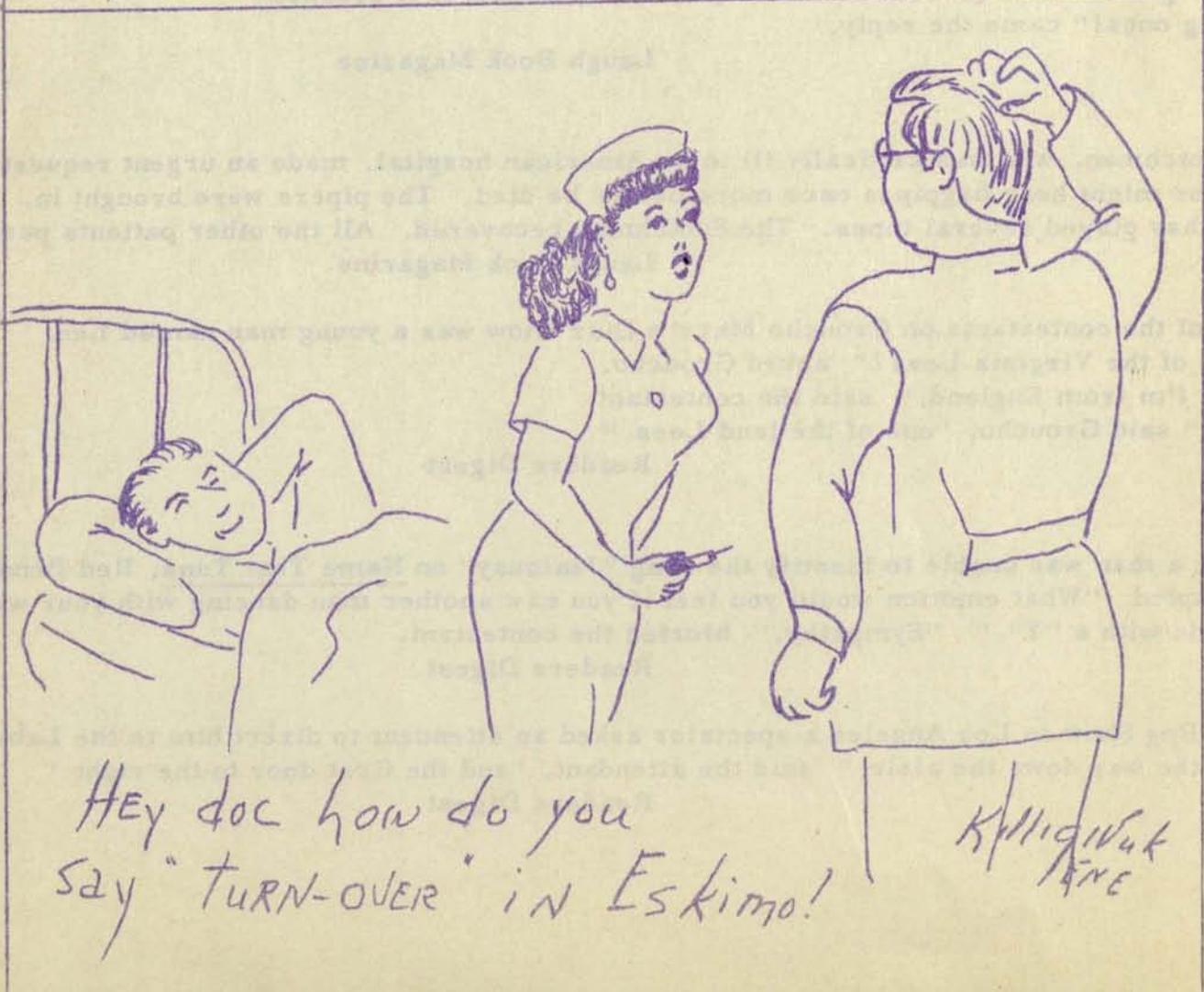
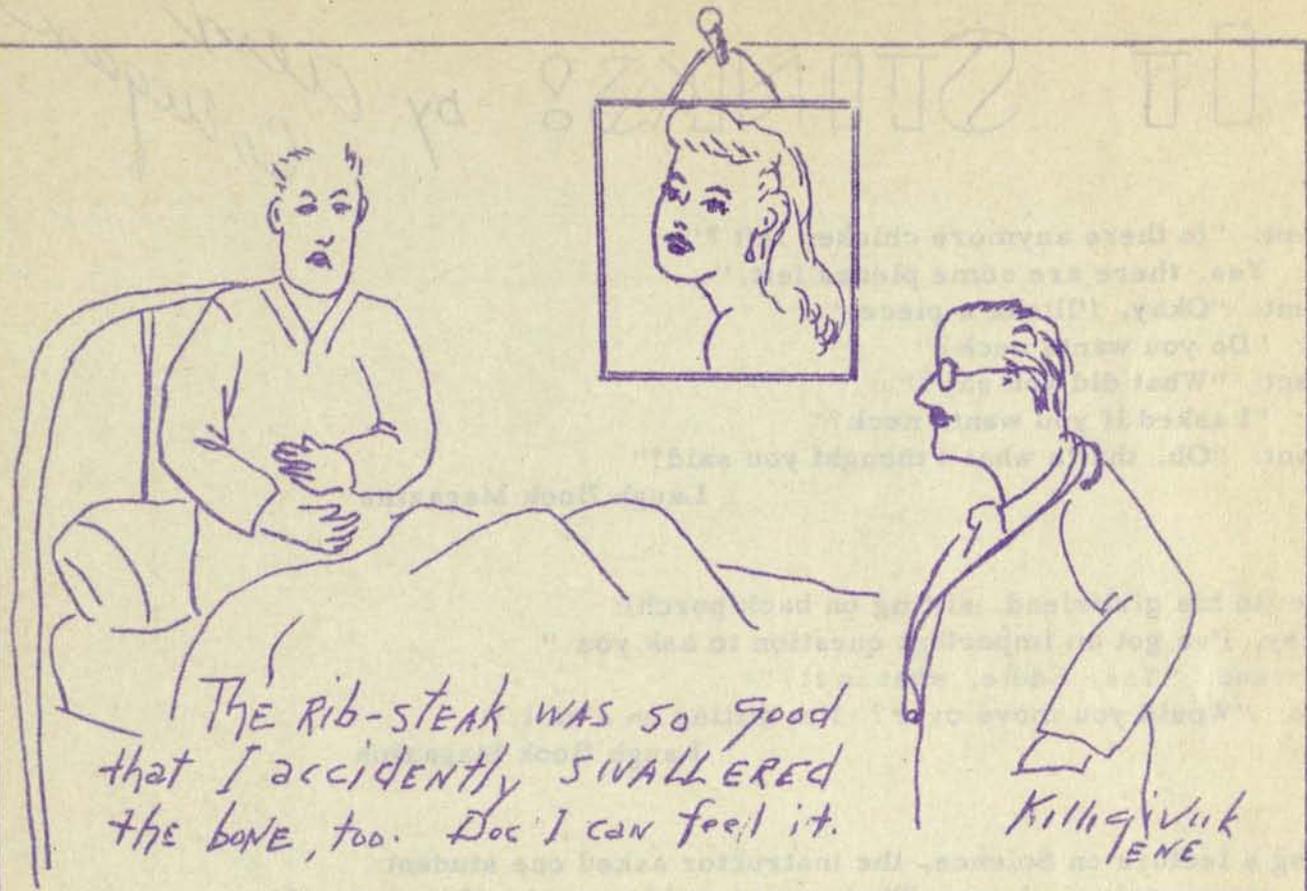
Readers Digest

When a man was unable to identify the song "Jealousy" on Name That Tune, Red Benson prompted: "What emotion would you feel if you saw another man dancing with your wife? It ends with a 'Y'." "Sympathy," blurted the contestant.

Readers Digest

At a Dog Show in Los Angeles a spectator asked an attendant to direct him to the Labradors.  
"All the way down the aisle," said the attendant, "and the first door to the right."

Readers Digest





**BARTLETT**, Sept. 1--Last month for baseball season and it will be interesting to all baseball fans. Three teams in both leagues are in contention. Up to date, the Cleveland Indians and the New York Giants are on top, but how much longer they will stay there is anybody's guess. The tough luck team is the White Sox--they lost too many one run games.

In the National League, a play off can be expected. I, for one, would like to hear the New York Giants vs the Milwaukee Braves. And Bobby Thompson would be playing against his former team mates--the New York Giants. Remember, he was the hero of that famous home run against the Brooklyn Bums in the crucial play off, winning the pennant for the Giants in 1951.

The top performer, in my opinion, for the Most Valuable Player Awards are Orestes "Minnie" Minosos of the Chicago White Sox in the American League. For the National League, it's "Say Hey" Willie Mays of the New York Giants.

Briefly, and I do mean brief, in boxing--a heavyweight fight this month for Rocky Marciano vs Ezzard Charles--a cinch for Rocky. For that kind of money, I'd get my head bashed in, too. Or vice versa???

Ah Rhee! Tough-rah-talk! (in Eskimo--OUCH#!)

From the Editor---I enjoy reading Sports magazines and listening to major league baseball, but writing, UGH! Leave it to the great, GREAT writers or correspondents???

To mention a couple at random, Mighty Mo Iney and Red Nosed Paul Rudoph. These two are competition for KNIK's column. Spelled backward--KINK! Some sports report, eh?



THE END !!!

SPOTLIGHT  
by  
Alice Ashenfelter

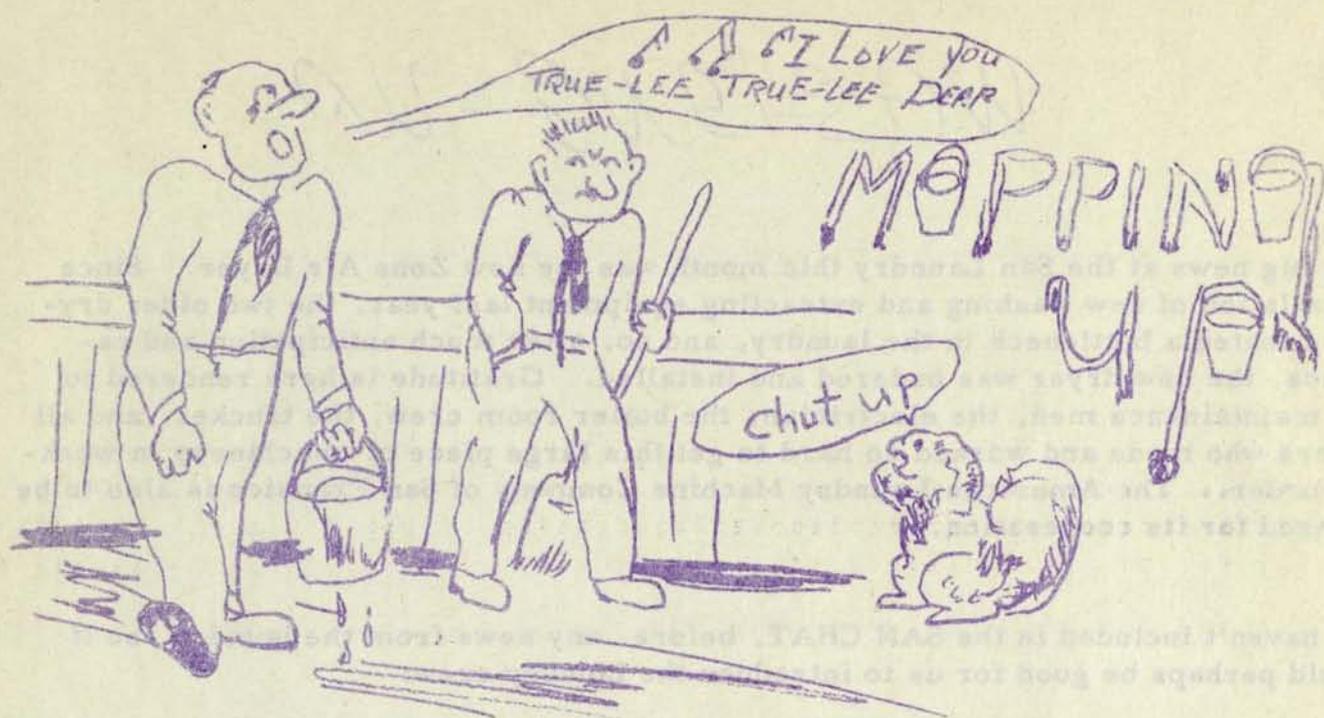
WARD TWO---We focus our spotlight on a very interesting person this month. Her name is SARA DUNN. Sara was born on November the 28th and in the year of nineteen hundred and ----oops! (Almost gave her age away.) Sara is five feet and one-half inches tall, has a lovely smile, dark brown eyes, black hair and has a wonderful personality. She is friendly and fun to be with, and also has a real sense of humor. She likes to tease and doesn't mind being teased back. Just like all young women, her favorite pastime is reading and dreaming of handsome young men. Sara loves to read the works of Grace Livingston. She enjoys editing Ward Two News. She is an avid fan of Eddie Fisher, Hank Snow, Patti Page, and last but not least, Roy Acuff. Roy's gee-tar and mournful, but romantic, voice sets her to day dreaming. Her favorite songs are "Dear John" and "Wanted". Her dislikes are few, in fact, only two--tuberculosis and streptomycin shots. She idolizes her son Billy, and has great ambitions for him. Her own ambition is to get well and to stay well. Her favorite town is called the Golden Heart of Alaska--Fairbanks. Her wish is to get back there and live happily ever after.

SPOTLIGHT  
by  
RUDY

WARD ONE---In this spotlight you will see a fellow whose adventures are as enlightening as those of Marco Polo. He covered many countries before he decided to visit Alaska a decade ago. His name is AL PHILLIPS. (No relation to Dr. F. J. Phillips.) Al was born fifty four years ago and is glad that he was, so he says. "If I wasn't born then," he says, "I wouldn't be here now to enjoy life!" The foregoing is not hard to understand if you don't try. Al's last job was with the Ward Cove Builders in Ketchikan, Alaska. By trade, Al is a heavy equipment operator. Here's good news for the gals who are interested in men of the world--Al is single, but admits that he is ready to settle down and raise chickens. That's his ambition. Al likes blonds, redheads and brunettes--women, that is, not chickens. Al's dislikes are few, in fact there are only three--1.) Staying in bed 2.) Spit baths 3.) Utility pan. Al is Irish and German. "I hope," says Al, "this combination is non-irresistible to the feminine population of Alaska." So you see, ladies, Al is good at double talk, too. Al's address is: Room Two, Ward One.

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BARTLETT, August 20-----Sirens screamed, mechanical brakes shrieked, a clamorous crowd shouted orders to firemen who were fighting a blazing building. Everyone nearby was wide awake, but the Masters. Not 200 feet away from the fire (which consumed the entire building), Mrs. Fred Masters, RN, and her hubby were sleeping peacefully in their home. From 4 A.M. until 5A.M., people shouted, dogs barked and soaring flames crackled, but all this failed to rouse the Masters. At six A.M. the morning was quiet, very quiet. Fred Masters woke up and looked out the window. "My gosh," he exclaimed to his wife, "the building is gone--burned up!" Mrs. Masters sleepily replied, "I was wondering why I slept so comfortably warm last night."



### "YOUR ALL WET"

Who won the San Ressurrection Bay swim? Can't you guess? Yes, Nell Graham, our star woman athlete, did it again! Her time out to the mouth of the bay and back was phenomenal. Doc Phillips, judging from his boat "The Blue Pacific", said Graham was doing thirty-seven knots when she rounded "Rugged Island" and headed back to Seward and that four seals dropped dead trying to keep up with her. Asked for a statement after the race, she replied, "The distance was too short, let's make it to Seattle next year!"

Mrs. Betty Nelson, right on Nell's heels up to the ten mile mark, suddenly became exhausted. "That woman," she exclaimed as she caught her breath aboard the rescue boat. Asked as to what happened, she stated that Graham, up to her old tricks again, had emptied a bottle of liquid soap into the water behind her, forcing her-Betty-to swim under water to keep out of the soap suds. "After all," Betty said, "I'm a swimmer, not a submarine!"

Our beloved Dick Briggs met catastrophe early in the race. Mistaking him for a floating telegraph pole, two woodpeckers attacked him off Fourth of July Creek. He was soon rescued and except for a couple rows of holes in his head, he was otherwise uninjured. "Lordy, take me back to dear old Texas!" Joe Cawthon was heard to scream as seagulls carried him away down the bay. Joe made the mistake of wearing silver colored swimming trunks. Naturally, the sea birds, thinking he was a hooligan, divebombed him the moment he hit the water. He won't say how he got back, but as we all know--Joe has a way with the gulls!! Art Crookes and the janitor's swim team were disqualified when they took off after a floating barrel marked "Olympia". We do not know the names of the girls who left the race to swim toward the east shore nor do we know the names of the hunters who whistled at them from that vicinity. It was a lovely day for the race--the water was just below freezing and the sunny beach was crowded with spectators.

## WASHING - UP

The big news at the San Laundry this month was the new Zone Air Dryer. Since installation of new washing and extracting equipment last year, the two older dryers created a bottleneck in the laundry, and so, after much anticipation and patience, the new dryer was ordered and installed. Gratitude is here rendered to the maintenance men, the electrician, the boiler room crew, the trucker, and all others who made and worked so hard to get this large piece of machinery in working order. The American Laundry Machine Company of San Francisco is also to be thanked for its cooperation.

We haven't included in the SAN CHAT, before, any news from the laundry, so it would perhaps be good for us to introduce the laundry crew:

Mr. C. C. (Jim) Harrow is the chief in this San department. Jim has been employed by the Sanatorium longer than any other person still employed here. He came to Seward from a San in the Black Hills of South Dakota in September 1946. The San opened its doors and got its first patients in June of that year. At first, and before the army equipment left here could be reactivated, Mr. Harrow managed the laundry at Seward General Hospital and did the washing for the San. It was in February of 1947 that he and his crew finally moved out here to work. He had been assisted most of this time by his wife, Edith, who does the sorting and knows more about whose linen tablecloth and whose grey work socks go in which box than a quartermaster clerk could know.

Mr. Bill Carmen has worked in the laundry for over two years. Bill operates the huge washers--one washer holds 300 pounds of clothes, the equivalent of 10 family size washes. Bobby Faulks and Paul Boskoffsky also work in this department which handles more than two tons of dry clothes in a week.

Mrs. Norma Burchard and Jerry Petri are responsible for the crisp, neat uniforms the nursing staff wear. Norma mans the presses and Jerry does the finish work for more than 100 uniforms every week. Gertrude Hemphill sorts the wet clothes either for the mangle or for the dryers, while Gloria Goldsberry and Dorothy Lewis do the mangeling. Virginia Heseltine is the seamstress for the San; besides mending mountains of sheets, towels and pajamas, Virginia makes most of the muslin wrappers etc. that are used in surgery.

And now that we have introduced the laundry workers, we hope to continue this column every month. SAN CHAT staff will be glad to have a few lines from the laundry crew every month.

# CHEECHAKO'S CORN

There is much vacation news this month:

Mrs. Randolph, R.N., is spending her vacation in Rapid City, South Dakota. She is in the midst of the beautiful Black Hills of Dakota visiting with her family and thinking about a side trip to Las Vegas. There is some contemplation about how she will return to Alaska-----there is an airline strike, the passenger boat service has been discontinued for the winter months, she doesn't have a car to drive up-----Nellie Graham has suggested that she get an early start back and come "a' horseback".

The Jim Harrows from the San Laundry are spending their vacation in Cordova with their daughter and her family. They flew over with Cordova Airlines-----must have had a regret or two that the proposed road linking the two towns is not completed so they could use their beautiful new Ford for transportation. Mike Rice has their Skyliner gleaming and the maintenance crew are redecorating their apartment while they are away. We will be glad to have them back the last of September and we hope they will be glad too.

Ethel Lindley, R.N., is "outside" for business and fun. She will spend some time at the Hunting Lodge which she owns near Uvalde Texas. Mrs. Brattain R.N., ward four nurse, is also vacationing.

Mable Kendall visited her daughter in Palmer. She reports that she has a good time although she spent most of her time canning vegetables from her daughter's garden. (It's nice to have a garden that good. Ed.)

Jerry Osburn and Mrs. Clarkson from the dietary department are both back from vacation and report having enjoyed a nice restful time.

Mrs. Chipman took a busman's holiday from her job on the children's ward and spent some time in Anchorage taking care of her daughter's children. Mrs. Kesselring, R.N., spent her vacation at her home in Seward.

The other day the office staff had afternoon coffee. The occasion being Mrs. Nelson's birthday. We all thought Betty was sixteen, but she said she was twenty-one,-----guess she must know! How about it, Betty?

Myrna Juttelstad, who had been the bookkeeper for the San for three years, left the first of the month for the great "outside" and sunny California. The entire staff shared the lovely Bon Voyage cake served in her honor, and wished Myrna every happiness and success in the future.

Mr. Wally Crane is the new bookkeeper, and a good one to respect since he is the one who passes out the paychecks. Wally has been in Alaska for almost a year. He worked as bookkeeper for a construction company on the Pribilof Islands. He says the Seward weather is like sunny California's compared to the "Mist Shrouded" Pribilofs. He insists that he worked there for five months without seeing the sun. Now-----Dan Malivinski and Alexay Mercurief might want to represent the Pribilof Chamber of Commerce in this matter.

Mrs. Georgia Walls is employed as a kitchen aide now. Her husband works on the docks in Seward and both the Walls get out to their Homestead at Anchor Point as often as they can. Mr. Walls' moose was the first reported this season.

Eloese Mesen is the new aide on 12 to 8. She comes from Muskegon, Michigan. She lives with her husband and two children in Seward.

The San patients and employees miss two faithful nurses. Mrs. Hanks and Miss Leone have gone to the States. Miss Leone is nursing in a hospital in San Diego, California.

Wedding Bells for Charlotte Murphy, R.N., and Gene Lanier, former mayor of Seward. Best wishes for many years of Happiness for both of you.

Which reminds me of the little bird who told us that Martine Burdick, R.N., and Al Clayton from Coopers Landing, Alaska, are planning Wedding Bells in October. Martine is in Pennsylvania now visiting her mother, and Al will go outside soon, now, for the wedding. The bird also told us that the newly-weds will return to Alaska. We'll surely have more to report then. --Sincere wishes for happiness to you both.

Evvie O'Brien in the SAN CHAT office is enjoying the new IBM electric typewriter which has been purchased. She says that it is so fast, and so automatic, that if she even thinks the wrong word it has it all typed before she can make a correction. We owe thanks to many, many W.S.C.S. groups--for their contributions to the Seward Sanatorium have made this possible. We hope the advantages of the new typewriter will be evidenced in this publication.

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TO THE NEW ANS PATIENTS:-----Did you see your picture in the Anchorage News? They printed two pictures of the "Patient Airlift" with the following stories:

SOME COULDN'T WALK--Airlift of 15 tuberculosis patients from Anchorage to the Seward Sanatorium became necessary recently when budget limitations prevented the continuance of their care at the ANS Hospital here. Above photot shows members of the Seward vblunteer ambulance corps carrying one of the eight litter cases to waiting ambulance. The Seward ambulance corps was called out in full force to assist with transfer of patients from the Reeve Aleutian DC-3 to Seward ambulances.

SOME COULD-----Members of the Seward volunteer ambulance corps are shown aiding a woman tuberculosis patient from the airplane upon her transfer to Seward from the Native Service Hospital in Anchorage. Seven of the patients could walk, the remaining eight were litter cases. The "TB Airlift" received the attention of Dr. Moles, medical director and thoracic surgeon, at the ANS Hospital here, and also by Dr. Bunch. Members of the Seward volunteer ambulance corps left their jobs to participate in assisting the patients.

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The persons responsible for the emergency Polio Fund Drive in Seward were pleased with the generous contributions from patients at the San. The Woman's Auxiliary of the American Legion have said "Thank you" by sending the patients of the San 500 post cards to be used for the request programs. Ask your ward postal clerk for a free post card when you want to sand a notice to the San Request Program.

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## "I GET MY MOOSE"

by Ranger Nelson

I was a bit late getting my annual moose this season--due to unforeseen delays during preparation for the hunt. Dad and Joe Cawthon had been begging me all summer to take them with me on my fall trip into the wilderness. I had reneged, knowing that the old men would never stand up under the rigors of a moose hunting expedition. Their insistence, however, overwhelmed me in the end and after promising me they would faithfully do roadwork and exercise for two weeks previous to the hunt, which they did, I relented and took them along.

We arrived at Skilak Lake, scene of the hunt, late in the afternoon. We immediately set up camp and after a good supper, we sat around the camp fire and talked. I explained certain details to them concerning the next day's foray. I posted them onto how to tell a moose from a mountain goat, how to find their way back to camp if lost, and other details one might need for an inexperienced hunter.

We crawled into our sleeping bags early that night and I was soon asleep. However, I did not slumber very long, as I was rudely awakened by Mr. Cawthon who was trembling with fright. "It's out there," he whispered, "out there." I listened and then I heard it. A loon crying out on the lake. I tried to explain to him what it was, but to no avail. It was not until I had gotten up and made him some hot milk, then sat beside him and held his trembling hand that he was able to quiet his fears and get some sleep myself. Dad who had pulled his sleeping bag clear up over his head was silent during the whole proceedings. Whether he was frightened or not, I do not know. It is possible that knowing I was there to protect him, his fear was not as pronounced as Mr. Cawthon's.

I awakened them early, and after a quick breakfast, we headed into the timber. It only took a mkle to prove their training had been to no avail. I was forced to stop, take over their rifles and packs, and then cut a couple of crutches for them. What with me carrying the heavy load and them hobbling behind me gasping for air, it was some time before we spotted the first moose. I immediately dropped my heavy load, aimed my rifle, and downed the large bull moose in his tracks. "There you are," I exclaimed turning to dad and Mr. Cawthon, but they were no where to be seen. Back tracking, I finally found them shaking under a clump of Devil's Club.

After much persuasion, I finally enticed them back to the dead moose, where I took their picture standing proudly with their rifles beside their kill. No doubt they will show them to their friends back home, and, of course, I will never let on what really happened as long as it makes the old fellows happy. The trip back to camp was a grueling one as I had to pack all the gear, as well as the moose besides supporting dad and Mr. Cawthon on their crutches. However, we finally arrived at our destination and after giving the two old boys a couple days rest, we headed back for civilization.

Yes, I shall be out on the trail again next year, but with my rugged partner, a famous Alaskan guide--Art Crookes. Dad and old Mr. Cawthon will have to stay home where they belong----in bed!

## THREE STRIKES YOU'RE OUT

Well, the baseball season ended with the San teams tied for first place and the play off at Bartlett Park Field, also ended the same way. Further games were cancelled due to bad weather. The line up's were as follows:

### THE DUST DIGGER'S

Nell Graham-Captain

1st base- Hoagland  
2nd base- Hessiltine  
3rd base- Harris  
rt. field- Kennedy  
cn. field- Eckfield  
lt. field- Elsbury  
s. s. - Tucker  
pitcher- Graham  
catcher- Crookes

### BED PAN BANGERS

Ada Stuart-Captain

1st base- Stuart  
2nd base- Hiler  
3rd base- Ostergaarde  
rt. field- Harp  
cn. field- Grey  
lt. field- Kendall  
s. s. - Cawthon  
pitcher- Randolph  
catcher- Nunes

Paul Nelson --UMPIRE'S--Doc Phillips

Highlights of the game were as follows:

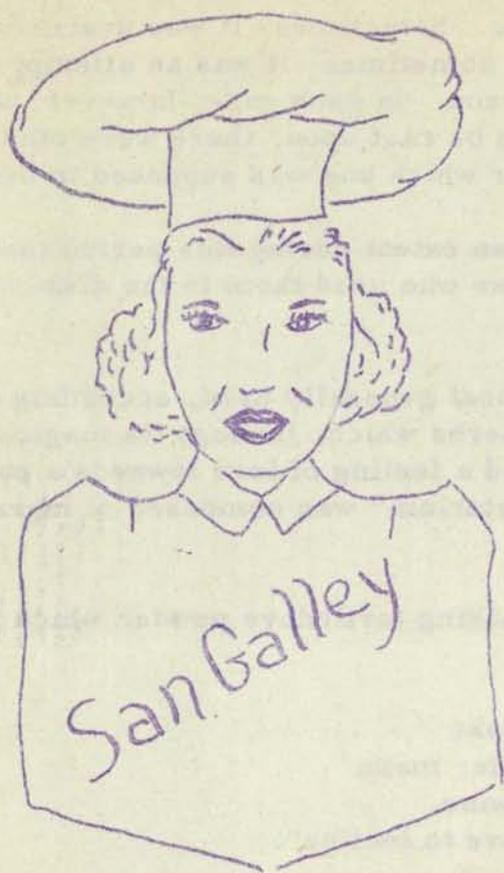
The first inning opened with Miss Stuart at bat facing "Speedball" Graham. The first pitch, a fast round house curve, nearly took Miss Stuart's left ear off. She protested to the umpire Paul Nelson and said she would knock Graham's brains out if she came that close again. Graham, also mad, now drove a fast straight ball right at Stuart's knee cap, but Stuart, jumping back, caught the ball on the end of the bat and drove it clear up on Mt. Alice for the first homerun of the day. "You're just lucky I hit your bat," Graham remarked to Stuart as the Bangers took the field. To which Stuart replied, "If I catch you in surgery, I'll cut your arm off!"

In the seventh inning, Art Crookes hit a terrific line drive to Banger's short stop Joe Cawthon. The ball was too hot to handle and it knocked him back into the alder bushes in left field. "Lordy me, I thought I grabbed hold of a Texas cactus!" he exclaimed as Doc Phillips bandaged his hands.

It was a superb pitching duel between Graham and Randolph--both allowing only 67 hits and 29 walks during the entire game.

Bob Faulks and Dick Briggs annoyed the spectators by walking around in the outfield with their golf clubs swinging at the mushrooms which dotted the diamond. They were told by the umpire to go to California if they wanted to play that old man's game.

Scouts from the New York Yankees interviewed both Graham and Stuart after the game. They both will probably make the big leagues, but for the sake of the game, we sincerely hope they never put them in the same game together.



# Food Facts and Fancies



Despite the great advances which civilization made during the time of Aristotle, education and knowledge was for the rich and favored few. The great masses of the people still remained ignorant and to a great extent superstitious. The greater the work of the really informed, the greater the magic in the eyes of the ignorant. When they were given an herb for treatment of some condition, they were kept uninformed as to what it was. When it accomplished its purpose it was still the result of the doctor's magic as far as the patient was concerned. This was a period then, during which civilization made its first great strides and during which many famous philosophers and early scientists sprang up. They added much to the world's knowledge by their discoveries, their formulae, but the average man still lived in a world venerated in the Magic of Herbs.

We have seen in previous chapters how all through the ages Magic was used for curing all sorts of bodily ills. The Magic was nothing more than ignorance of the actual facts. The well informed used herbs and roots and plants to accomplish a specific purpose but the uneducated masses actually thought that some magic rites were being performed to cure them of their malady.

Gradually it was reasoned, if the Witch Doctor could perform miracles to cure bodily ills, why not cure ills of the spirit and of the heart? Why could the Witch Doctor not foretell or inspire the affections between the sexes? Why not be able to bring back a wandering lover; why not arouse passion within the breast of one who was loved?

Perhaps in no period of history is this phase of Herb Magic become as dominant as in the Middle Ages. Not until at least the sixteenth century, a curious form of sympathetic magic was generally believed in and practiced. If we are to believe the records of the times, and they certainly are voluminous, many "successes" were achieved.

Often when love turned to hate, when a suitor or husband or wife was forsaken a Witch was employed "to cast a spell" over the chosen one. Sometimes, it was desired to prevent the consummation of a marriage with a rival; sometimes it was an attempt to compel the love and admiration of a particular person. In each case, however, whoever the subject or whatever the nature of the "spell" to be cast upon, there were other witches to cast spells to counter act the alleged spell under which one was supposed to be laboring.

Love philtres and aphrodisiacs were used to such an extent during this period that at times laws were passed imposing heavy penalties on those who used them to the disadvantage of the intended victim.

There were two kinds of concoctions which were most generally used, according to Hilda W. Leyel: "The love philtre was a concoction of herbs which, through its magical attributes or combined or combined with them, induced a feeling of love towards a particular person; whereas, an aphrodisiac or "poculum Amatorium" was composed of ingredients which condused to a state of amorousness."

In one of his plays, Rowlands gives a recipe for making turtledove powder which was said to stir the heart of her who drinks it.

"Take me a turtledove  
And in an oven let her lie and bake  
So dry that you may powder of her make  
Which, being put into a cup of wine,  
The wnech that drinks it will love to incline".

According to many Greek writers, including Pliny and Aristotle, the aphrodisiacs of the Greek and Roman courtesans were made of pepper, myrrh and equal quantities of two scents called Cyprus and Egyptian, and that the cups from which these two potions were drunk were made of scented earthenware.

Another Greek writer, Athenaeus, recorded that an Indian Prince presented Salencus with aphrodisiacs which were of such strength that they immediately increased one's ardour when applied to the soles of the feet.

Cleopatra was said to have used a "fatal fragrance" which made men powerless to combat her wiles. Such a formulae is the following:

Winter's Bark	16 ounces
Sandalwood	24 ounces
Orris Root	8 ounces
Patchouly Leaves	8 ounces
Myrrh	8 ounces
Olibanum Tears	8 ounces
Wood Base	8 ounces
Salt peter	2 ounces
Light Pink Coloring	2 ounces

The above herbs, leaves, bark and coloring are ground together into a powder and burned. Some people like to take a small piece of charcoal and light it and sprinkle the powder thereon.

(cont'd next month)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

August 11, 1954

Dear Paul:

Thank you for your letter of July 26, 1954. I forwarded your letter to the other entertainers and they enjoyed reading it. You know, Paul, it's funny, but you can't do something for someone else without helping yourself.

Each and every one of us enjoyed coming down to Seward and putting on our little show. You were all a wonderful audience. We hope to come down again real soon.

Thanks again for the letter and may God bless every one of you and help you to a speedy recovery.

Your friend,

T/Sgt. Frank M. Cohen

1200 L St., Apt, 303

Anchorage, Alaska

EDITOR'S NOTE.....

Dear Frank:

Thanks for the kind words. Give our best to Jerry Fiorucci, Bob Saxton, Sam Ritacco, and Charles Montgomery. We shall look forward to your return. ---Ed.

Dear Paul:

In Seattle on buying trip. Weather beautiful, food excellent (yum-yum), and women gorgeous. Visiting with the owner of the largest chop suey restaurant in Seattle. Am enjoying rides in a Lincoln owned by a friend. Have ordered one for myself, payable later. Wish you were well and here with me. Drinking rose jasmine tea instead of alcoholic beverages. My best wishes to all of my friends.

Sincerely yours,

Joe Oneha

EDITOR'S NOTE.....

Dear Joe,

We miss you, Joe, but are glad to know you are doing fine. --- Ed.

Dear Paul:

Received your letter. Sure was nice to hear from you. Am taking it easy and am doing fine. This afternoon I went to the hospital here in Nome to see the Public Health Nurse. She filled out the papers for me to have an X-ray, also three sputum tests. Say "Hello" to all the fellows and ward aides and charge nurses! Oh yes, Tell Mrs. Betty Nelson, Recreational Director; and Harold Ptarmigan "thanks a million for sending me the SAN CHAT."

Sincerely,

Joe Hanaka

Nome, Alaska

EDITOR'S NOTE.....

Dear Joe:

Glad to hear that you are doing fine. Take good care of yourself. Everyone here says "Hello" back to you. ---Ed.

Dear Editor:

All departments need the full cooperation of each and every employee to give the utmost in satisfaction and happiness. In the nursing department, each should cooperate with the doctors, director of nurses, charge nurses, other RN's, and above all, the aides should cooperate with each other completely. Absolute happiness in your work will be enjoyed if you remember the Golden Rule and strive for complete cooperation. Maybe one day you don't feel quite up to par, remember the others will carry the load and that another day it may fall upon you to share the heaviest burden. Do it with a smile--it's so much easier! In the ward I'm on, none of the aides wait for another to take the initiative. We all know what has to be done and we don't hesitate to get started and finish it. You never hear any griping, anyhow I don't. Our motto: Be pleasant--always wear a smile--and a deoderant!

An Aide

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### BED-RIDDEN TB PATIENTS IN SEWARD AIDING DIMES DRIVE

SEWARD (special) Sept. 1---from Anchorage Daily News  
Tuberculosis patients at the Seward Sanatorium have brightened up the golden rule by staging a miniature March of Dimes for their fellows in misfortune, polio victims.

The story began when John Stevens, an Eskimo from Bethel who has been suffering from TB for years, voluntarily started a little white envelope marked "March of Dimes" on its way around the men's ward.

The idea quickly spread. Freda Reft took the initiative in the women's wards. Those with no money found ways to make it: mittens and fancy work were quickly finished and turned into cash donations.

Shanghai, a full-blooded Eskimo from the Brooks range country, gave a highly-prized slab of jade ready to be cut and polished into as many as 30 stones suitable for jewelry.

Joe Devlin, an artist who makes a sanatorium bed his studio, contributed an etched tie clasp, which was used as a prize at a Seward legion auxiliary party and added \$29.75 to the fund.

Another girl patient at the Methodist sponsored sanatorium sacrificed her weekly allowance from home to boost the results of the patients March of Dimes.

-----P.S. The slab of jade netted the Polio Fund another \$38 collected at an Elks Club party.

Recommendations on Tuberculosis Problem  
Offered by Parran Health Survey Committee

Anchorage News--Juneau-special- Six recommendations were offered as leading to a solution of Alaska's tuberculosis problem by the Parran Health survey team at a meeting with the Alaska board of health prior to the recent departure of the team from the territory this summer. While tuberculosis now has dropped to third place as cause of death in Alaska, the health specialists pointed out, among native groups the tuberculosis death rate here is still 27 times that in the United States, and is the territory's most serious and expensive problem. Headed by Dr. Thomas Parran, dean of the University of Pittsburgh graduate school of public health, the team is completing a two year survey and study of health conditions and problems in Alaska. The survey was made at the request of Gov. B. Frank Heintzleman to the interior department to which a full report of the work will be made this winter, Dr. Parran said.

Alaska's tuberculosis death rate will be reduced to approximately that of the rest of the nation in 10 years or less, the survey team estimated, if a proper budget is provided to put into effect a total tuberculosis control program. The six specific recommendations made by the team are:

1. Improved nutrition and general living conditions of the native residents.
2. Administration of BCG, the anti-tuberculosis vaccine, to all negative tuberculin children. All children under the age of 6 years should be tuberculin tested and vaccinated if negative.
3. Administration of accepted anti-tuberculosis drugs on an out-patient basis--that is, to known tuberculosis cases awaiting hospitalization. A sum of \$100,000 of Alaska Native Service funds has been earmarked for costs involved in this program which includes the necessary drugs and personnel as well as the X-rays and tuberculin tests, Dr. Parran said.
4. All beds for tuberculosis in Alaska should be occupied promptly and funds made available for this purpose immediately. Contracts for additional tuberculosis bed space should be made in other areas where such space is available.
5. The X-ray survey units of the North Star (ANS vessel) and the Storis (U.S. Coast Guard) should continue to operate. The X-ray road unit (Alaska Department of Health) should continue to operate. Research to develop an effective air X-ray unit should begin at once and such a unit should be put into operation at the earliest possible moment.
6. A top notch tuberculosis specialist should be employed to direct the total tuberculosis control plan operations in Alaska.

The plan is that the anti-tuberculosis drug treatment project will be administered by the surgeon general of the U.S. public health service through the Arctic health research center in Anchorage, it was explained, with both the Alaska department of health and the Alaska native service cooperating in the work.

The total tuberculosis control program as it is being recommended by the Parran team gives us renewed assurance that this problem with which we have been faced these many years can be cut down to stateside levels within 10 years, Dr. C. Earl Albrecht, commissioner of health, commented. He said, "Alaska department of health and its staff will make every effort to carry out the recommendations. It is gratifying to all Alaskans that we can benefit from considered opinions of these authorities who have given our problems so much attention."

# SAN CHAT

Oct. 1954



Matthew Andrieff

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CHAT

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS  
 SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA  
 OCTOBER 1954

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- |                      |                 |
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| Paul Rudolph         | Editor          |
| Gene Killigivuk      | Staff Artist    |
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| Alex Calugan         | Humor Editor    |
| Nena Russell         | Earthquake News |

ATTENDING STAFF

Cover Picture Story

Original by Matthew Andreof

My name is Matthew Andreof. I am in third grade. I came from Holy Cross Mission. I am an Eskimo. I like to draw. I drew the cover for the SAN CHAT. The Eskimos are hunting polar bears in their kayaks. They drive dog teams. They left their dogs at home.

SEWARD SANATORIUM  
BARTLETT, TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are hospitalized on a contract basis. The Alaska Department of Health, Alaska Native Service, Veterans Administration and the United States Public Health Service hospitalize patients here at a standard per diem cost. The Women's Division of Christian Service makes a sizeable contribution annually in helping to bear the cost of operating the hospital.

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E. L. (Bob) Bartlett. . . . . Alaska Delegate to Congress  
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Helen D. Case. . . . . Teacher  
Myra McDonald. . . . . Teacher  
John Hardcastle. . . . . Teacher  
Sarah May Garrett. . . . . Supply Worker

# THE DOCTOR'S CORNER

As this issue of the San Chat goes in another milestone of progress for Seward and the Sanatorium goes into operation. A PHYSICAL THERAPY DEPARTMENT is now a reality. This has long been an ambition of the staff here. Not everything can be done at once. In fact it is often better that progress moves slowly. The vocational training department has had its ups and downs. These have been both internal and external. We have learned much from our mistakes. We have been strengthened and seasoned by the criticism and attacks on the rehabilitation department. Yet we have been able to go on and keep the general trend forward in its movement. Now comes PT. Will it meet with the same arduous travail and extramural criticism. Surely no one will have the selfishness to object to the physical rehabilitation of the polio cripples. Can anyone be so shortsighted as to object to helping even a few of the 30 million handicapped persons in the U. S. and its possessions.

We are again fortunate in having one of our own community citizens to be in charge of the physical therapy department. Mrs. Florence Ayles has helped us out many times with patients who needed physical therapy. She not only has her registration as a qualified nurse, but is also a registered physical therapist with experience in several polio epidemics. It is she who will direct the physical rehabilitation of our polio crippled people of Seward. We are starting with an exercise table and a garden pool of plastic material for limbering up those tense muscles. As time goes on, other equipment will be added. The polio stricken victims may look forward to having good physical rehabilitation right here at home.

When Dr. Phil Moore was here a few weeks ago for an evaluation clinic, he recommended that the community set up a place for Mrs. Ayles to do real physical therapy. The matter was discussed as to ways and means. First one place and then another was studied for suitability. The Sanatorium Rehabilitation Department was approached. All agreed that they should do it, but it was not easy to find a place where work could begin almost at once. Finally, it was Mr. Nelson who offered the basement of the firehall. This was ideal. There was constant steam heat there. There was steam available to heat the water for the warm relaxing baths. In fact it took only four or five days to rehabilitate what was once a disorganized junk room into a spic and span physical therapy room with a cozy professional atmosphere. In fact the place looks so nice that it may just be that some of us will simulate polio crippling just to get a chance to be a patient at PT.

Don't forget when you cast your ballot for representative to mark "X" in the square opposite Mr. Paul Nelson's name. It is only through his interest in the health of people and an unusual administrative ability that such things as a PHYSICAL THERAPY DEPARTMENT can become a reality here at Seward Sanatorium. If you like to have good things in health measures, then VOTE NELSON!

----Dr. Phillips

# CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

## THE DREAM

A man dreamed one time that he died and went to Heaven and there, in the golden city, he was led before the throne of God. The Lord motioned to a curtain drawn at the side, and the man watched. The curtain flew open and the new Heavenite gazed upon a man of magnificent stature. This was the most amazing portrait of a person he had ever seen. The man was very handsome with dignity and clean-cut features. He gave the instant appearance of pure and wholesome living. He was everything a person could expect to be, and the newcomer asked God who the man of the portrait was. God said that this was the man he could have become.

The kind of lives that we can lead far out-weigh the feeble attempts we are often satisfied in making. We can be strong and victorious in this life. Christ can live within us in such a way as to make our lives worthwhile to others around us. Jesus can take your hands and turn them from worthless jobs to an eternal task with infinite value. He can take your eyes and fasten them on goals worth achieving. You can be a good Christian if you seek your strength through Christ as Lord and Savior.

No illness is really a handicap for through the medium of sickness we have a glorious opportunity to serve God. You may have creative ability to write or paint or sketch. You may only be content with thinking up better ways of doing things. There are a million ways that you can be useful even while on a sick-bed. However, not many of us, in illness or in health, can do the things which are important to God without special spiritual guidance and strength from Jesus.

Philippians 4:13 states: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." If you believe that nothing is impossible with God, then you can have wonderful peace in placing your faith in him. You can get well, you can endure trials and hardships, and you can fulfill purpose with your lives when you sincerely seek to obey God's will and live conscious of a loving Savior.

Someday, we all will meet at Jesus feet. What will the record show? Will Christ be a stranger or a close friend because of our living on earth for him? Learn how to adapt to whatever the future holds, and remember that you should never be afraid "to entrust an unknown future to a known God". Believe, have faith and do the things that will be everlasting. Reveal love and mercy and let Christ be seen in your heart. You CAN if you WILL.

*Prayerfully yours,  
Oliver J. J. J.*

## A LETTER TO ALL THE PATIENTS IN THE SEWARD SANATORIUM.

Lets lay aside politics and Partylines for just a few minutes and talk about, Achievement! Noah Webster tells me that the word Achievement means Accomplishment through adverse conditions and therefore praiseworthy of the highest degree of the man or woman who performed such Achievement. We of the Seward Sanatorium are very fortunate in having such a man as our administrator Mr Paul W Nelson Because he has virtually made a mansion of an Army derelict (which this hospital was when Mr Nelson toke it over 4 or 5 years ago) this is now a first class Hospital with all modern equipment the best Doctors and Nurses in fact the best of everything instead of being an almost roofless and falling Building it is now a well cared for structure painted both inside and out truly a remarkable feat considering it has been filled with patients all through this change therefore I say to you all, Mr Paul W Nelson is the man we should back up in the coming Territorial Election because he is truly our own candidate and what he has been able to accomplish here at Bartlett should prove that he has the Patients welfare at heart and if elected to the legislature I am sure that Mr Nelson will do his best to get beneficial legislation passed cocerning this and other T. B. Hospitals. Lets all vote for Mr Paul W Nelson---- Our Friend.

-----Gust R. Brann

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## A LETTER FROM HENRY KAISER TO SCOTTY ARMOUR.....

Dear Scotty:

I remember when I left the San about a year ago I told you I would type a poem for you that you cut out of a newspaper. You asked me to do this and going through my wallet I find it still there. So here it is. I have been meaning to get around to this every time I noticed it in my wallet, but till now just haven't done it.

### A MONKEY'S VIEWPOINT

Three monkeys dining in a cocoanut tree  
Were discussing something they thought shouldn't be.  
Said one to the others, "Now, listen you two--  
Here, monkeys, is something that cannot be true:  
That humans descend from our noble race!  
Why it's shocking--a terrible disgrace:  
Who ever heard of a monkey deserting his wife?  
Leaving a baby to starve; May ruin its life?  
And have you ever known of a mother monk  
To leave her darling with strangers to bunk?  
And here is another thing a monkey won't do:  
Seek a cocktail parlor and get on a stew;  
Some humans think it fun--they fuss and they cuss--  
They're descended from something, but it can't be from US!

I have seen a few San Chat's since I left down yonder, but not many. I have seen fewer of the Ex patients, guess in my wanderings none have caught up with me. I made the trip and great adventure to the promised land of medical wonders: Mayo Clinic. They have 800 Doctors on their staff and about 2,400 R. N. 's, I'd guess. All those young nurses sure patched that broken heart of mine in short time. It was really quite an experience.

Tell Pop-Jim I said hello, also Gust Brann, I owe him a letter but will write it in the near future, right now I'm back at the University and getting started in school again.

(cont'd next page)

I was going to come down to visit you guys this summer, but with polio and all I just didn't get around to doing it. Well Scotty ole boy, keep the fires burning down that way, and all the boys cheerful with your tales of yesteryear, maybe I'll see you next year. And step on whatever your trouble is and get OUT of there.

As ever, your ole friend,  
Henry S. Kaiser

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A LETTER TO OUR READERS FROM SARAH MAY GARRETT.....

Greetings from the Supply Room! While those kind friends from the States, who send us Supplies for the Sanatorium, are getting organized after vacation, I would like to say we are busy laying plans for our fall and winter work, especially the holiday season when so much joy and eagerness is tucked into such a brief period of time. Long before it can be appropriately celebrated, much planning and selection of gifts must be done, so that there is not any rush or confusion the last few days. If you are planning to send any Christmas parcels for the Sanatorium, please get them in the mail by October 30th, for the delivery may be delayed due to the discontinuance of the Passenger boat service the first of October. Already I have been selecting gifts from my shelves, for it takes a lot of time to provide for over one hundred and fifty patients. What a joyous and happy holiday we have here in the Sanatorium! We are greatly indebted to our many friends in the States who make our happy celebration possible.

Write to the: Supply Office, % Sarah May Garrett, Seward San, Bartlett, Alaska, if you need suggestions.

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#### A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.....

Dear Paul:

Haven't been able to find many Juneau pictures here, but sure will when we get home. We had a nice trip to Kenai and Homer, and tomorrow we go to Palmer, and then Fairbanks. Tonight we are listening to the Charles-Marciano fight, and later we go to a Pioneers' meeting.

Best wishes to you.

Leddy and Earle Hunter

Editor's Note....

Dear Mr. and Mrs. E. Hunter:

"Thank you" for the post cards you both so thoughtfully sent to me. Best of luck to you, Earle, in this coming election.

\*\*\*\*\*

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

----Abraham Lincoln

# WARD NEWS

Ward One News

by

Paul Rudolph

This is a memorable month for Alaskans because on the 18th day of this month (1867), Alaska was transferred to the United States during a ceremony at Sitka, Alaska. Since that unforgettable day, the stars and stripes have been waving over Alaska with democratic pride. And under this colorful symbol of the United States, Seward San has been and is operating with Liberty and Justice for all. For this reason, every thoughtful patient is sincerely thankful. For those patients who have been here any length of time, Seward San will have found a favorable niche in their minds, which will be a memorable one, like the 18th of October.

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Like a contented kitten, Johnny Stevens is curled up in his bed with a book called, "Peace with God". We will all do well if we followed his example. Johnny is a likeable fellow and is doing fine physically. He admits that he loves flowers and good books, but was evasive when queried about women. Mike Golia, new patient admitted this month, says no man should be secretive about his likes and dislikes.

Young Robert Donohuk, recently admitted, says he doesn't mind the doctors exploring his lungs through his throat, but he wished he had not been given too much dope prior to his lung inspection. Says it's the dope that made him dream of humpback salmon and animals. (He didn't say what kind of animals.)

Francis Droana has discovered the gals in Ward Two are no different from the gals back home. He hoots and whistles at them now. And there are plenty of smiles for him, coming from Ward Two. Wonder if he knows that "peace of mind" is the secret to quick healing. (What man will admit peace when there's a woman around?) There's plenty of room for argument in the foregoing statement. The directions to the argument room in Ward One is: Just as you come through the front door of Ward One, count four doors to the left, then walk in without knocking. Seats are provided for this occasion.

Wasilly Petlo's jokes have his neighbors roaring with laughter, which is told in his native tongue--Eskimo. What intrigues the Caucasian race here is that Mr. Dan McDevitt, Scotchman, joins in on the laughter without hesitation and acts as if he knew what it was all about. May be what makes McDevitt laugh is that Al Phillips recently called Ed Kimoktoak "mukluk". Ed sure did get a "boot" out of it. And when these boys from the far-north laugh, McDevitt, too, gets a big boot out of it.

Handsome Gerald Hasson has two kinds of bugs--love and TB. Everyone here knows which will triumph over the other. Hasson's buddy, aging Bill Henchey is the ex-sailor in Ward One. On each streptomycin day, Bill would roar out, "Stand by, half mast, for a ram in the starboard side!" One day Bill complained to one of the ward aides, saying that he felt a little dizzy. The aide's quick reply, "You mean more than usual?"

One day, while lively music was coming over the PA system, young Alex Calugan asked one of the ward aides for a dance. Her answer was, "Ain't got the time!" Alex's buddy Harold Parmigan said to Alex, "You should have told her that you have some money." It is quite evident Harold was thinking of a song which the lovelies love to sing--"If You've Got The Money, Honey, I've Got The Time." Alex will be at the Rehab Center when this issue of the little SAN CHAT comes off the press. Harold, too, is close on his friend's heels.

Likeable George Dan is a square guy, not because he's a checker-board champ. George has two hours up-time now and it won't be long when he, too, will be getting that certain paper which spells out these words: Medical Discharge.

Everyday except Sunday, Howard Konakoh plays Santa Claus to cartoonist Eugene Killigivuk and Al Brown by bringing bags of mail to them. We don't mean the bags under Howard's eyes either.

Aging Oscar Johnson was asked to what he considered was detrimental to happiness. He named the Seven Deadly Sins: pride, covetousness, lust, gluttony, envy, wrath and sloth. Oscar proved these words didn't have a lasting effect when he was later asked about graft. "Oh," he said, "graft, we leave that to the tree surgeons."

Young Owen Barnes told about a young woman who had a boyfriend whose name was Rocky. Later she met another male friend whose nick-name was Rocks. Then Owen said to his listener, "You know what? The gal has now got Rocks in her head."

It was a joyous day when Jimmie Kilapsuk heard that a patient named Francis was to move into a bed next to his. He pictured a lovely Francis occupying the empty bed. However, the nurse quickly straightened his thinking out when she told him that Francis' name spells with an "i" instead of an "e". Dan Hunnicutt chimed in and said that the nurse must mean Francis is a boy. Henry Saccheus joined the conversation and said that this San should think about a precedence. "Let Francis occupy this empty bed," he said.

Young Glenn Tingook seems contented and detached from this world. (He's sleeping.) Looking at his friend Glenn, Sylvester Sevouhok says, "I wonder if he is cavorting with the Angels up-stairs?"

Tall Bill Lindstrom tells this one: A patient asked the nurse for a pill to ease the pain in his neck. When the nurse brought the pill, the patient asked what the pill was for. She thoughtfully replied "That's for a pain in the neck!" Bobby Mc Carr wonders what she meant by that.

Arthur Matthew is a brand-new patient who is taking life easy in room 27.

Bill Lindstrom comes up with this one: One fellow asked his buddy as to what he had for breakfast. The reply was that he had bacon, eggs and potatoes that was run over by a truck. "You mean," said one, "that the potatoes were bruised?" "Heck no!" was the reply, "they were mashed!"

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Ward Two News

by

Helen Langton

Ward Two News Cont'd

Hello everyone! Here we are again. Your reporter Sara Dunn is busy writing the Spotlight, so I'll try and help her out by writing the ward news. Yes, you've guessed it, this is another reporter. So put on your glasses, turn on your lights and start reading. I hope you won't be bored. Hey, how did you all like the entertainers? I like the guitar player, "woo woo". Riker, our aide, has a crush on the tall, dark and handsome dancer, "woo woo". Can he dance! Wish you all could have been here to see her. She wanted to get out there and join him dancing. After they left, she tried to do the last part. Hmmm! Think you can bend over that far? Riker's a good aide; she makes us do anything we don't want to do (almost). Every one's gained weight this month. A couple more pounds and Rusty, I and Ann will be triplets. I wonder if Rusty can do the last part of the dance, think so?

First off, let's go out on the porch and see what's happening. I'll start with Sophie James--she's busy knitting socks, someone's going to have warm feet this winter. Sophie can say a few more words in English, "ouch, my butt!" and "we want woo woo." I won't tell you anymore--she's a good kid. Next comes Eva Sears. Don't know what she's doing with her one hour up-time. Guess Eva does a lot of knitting and letter writing. She likes it real well out on the porch. Eva had a little visit with her baby yesterday. Next comes Katykins. Guess she's still in the Romance Department. She's always writing letters when she's not doing her school work. Freida Stearman spends a lot of time crocheting and writing letters. Freida is learning to play the guitar.

Julia Nelson had a nice visit with her husband the other day. The lucky gal. Julia now has one hour up-time. Let's see what she's doing with her time--she's crocheting. Maud W., Julia's room mate, also is promoted. Maud's another lady who is crocheting. They made some pretty doilies.

Ella took over the postal work after Rosa left. Ella's another lucky gal who was promoted to one hour. She spends part of her time crocheting. Gee, all you girls crocheting. Sara, let's you and I take up crocheting. Looks too complicated to me. I think I'll stick to my knitting. Don't know what Coaa Tiglook does with her time.

Nellie Hanuk's busy making pretty pinafores. Irene Solomon is looking pretty as ever, day dreaming and writing letters to ? "oh sigh". She's making pretty beaded slippers and busy with her school work. Smart! She's taking up guitar playing. Come over next year and she will play a tune for you.

Next comes Lucy S. --she's promoted too. She's busy making little Indians (out of beads, of course). Real pretty pinaforms. Makes a real nice Xmas gift. Dora's real happy with her one hour up-time. She's busy knitting.

Well, what do you know. Her's the gal who sleeps with a picture under her pillow. Hi, Alice! Hey, what happened to your camera? She started to take pictures of the entertainers twice, but her bulbs didn't go off. She made it on the third try though. Lena Miller spends a lot of time writing letters. Madeline's making everything; she's doing bead work and making Eskimo dolls, and crocheting. How about coming to my room and finish the booties I've been trying to knit this past couple of weeks? Don't know what Freida Sanford does with her time besides writing letters and reading Freida's--the gal who gets the most outside mail!

## Ward Two News Cont'd

Avis spends all her time listening to the radio. You pull for the wrong team, kids. Oh well, next year you'll know the Giants are a good team. Right across the room from me Avis is none other than the representative of Ward Two. Ladys and Gentlemen, Nena Russell. Ooops, got to keep on our lawyer's side. You will put in a good word for us, won't you? Nena is taking up history and she does a lot of bead work.

Mary Anthony's busy making her first bead bracelet. She's doing a fine job. Mary knits and etc. She writes a lot of letters lately to "oh sigh". Baa Baa Little Lamb said she's lonesome for BaaBaa Black Sheep. Catherine Peters does a lot of bead work also.

Sara Dunn said she is not interested in finding oop under her bed. Said she found something better, "woo woo". Little Lamb said that she would eat that crumb under her bed. "Sara oh sigh."

Eva Black is doing her best in learning to speak English. She can say, "Holy cow baby, me tea, me coffee, and what's a malla you", meaning what's the matter with you?

Mary Morgan is busy making slippers as something Catherine Peters told her what color maroon is. Florence is making a green sweater for one of her children. Her room mate is knitting socks. Esther Captain had a minor surgery on her feet so she says she thinks her feet are growing, anyway she can't put on her shoes. Molly John can say good nite honestly. Tiny Everett's minding her own business and trying to get well. Oh, and making Florence laugh. Don't know what she says in English.

Helen Sifsof is going to school every day. She's my room mate--8 years old and as cute as all get out. She had a visitor from her home town October 3rd. Helen's busy with her school work.

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## Ward Three News

by

Alice Juneby

For this ward it has been a wonderful month of promotions. Let me tell you about them.

Those with one hour up-time are Oxenia Carlson, Evelyn Mullaly, Anne Kimoktook, Lucy Sokpealuk, Hannah Hand, Mary Moses, Marva Trainer, and last but not least, Carrie Voss. Dora Cleveland has two hours up-time.

Class B promotions are given to "Bobbie" Edwards, and Donia Young. Tanna Christensen, Lena Willis and Doras Tobuk each get one free ride by wheel chair a day.

Katie Kawagley is back out on the ward again after a quick trip to the rooms for an appendectomy. Her room mate, Alice A., has gone to six.

Since Anna Pete's surprise move to six, Dora C. acquired a new neighbor. She is Elizabeth Kawagley. Lana Crane had one of those wonderful things--a visitor. I hear he was kind of special too.

Susie Koonalook's husband Hoover is in the rooms ready for surgery. Also in the rooms is a new patient John Pearson. Best wishes for health to you all.

Ward Four News

by

Scotty Armour

Our regular reporter has resigned, so I am substituting. So many of our boys are getting up-time, it looks like army days, especially at chow time.

Noah Phillips is learning the 3 R's; also Andy Stickman. They are also studying retail merchandising and will be moving to the Rehab Center very soon.

Our Star Boarder, Clinton O'Meara (Ivory Carver in Chief), an all round good guy, has been elected by an overwhelming majority to be our Delegate to the Patients' Council. Get in there, Clint, and do your stuff!

OUT OF THE NORTH..... Willie Fitka of Nome is greasing his snowshoes and getting ready for the trail again. Pete Marks is busy with his wood carving. Captain Julius Peterson is still breasting the waves. He does a fine job making his bunk and now is assisting Mrs. Sniker's with her duties in the Ward. "What's cooking, old sailor?"

'Hard-rock' Karl Karlson from Juneau is settled down now. He has his claim staked out 'till the clean up, he says. Ralph Woolard, our hard working Postmaster, is also our radio operator. You are doing a good job, Ralph.

Harold Hilton from Fairbanks and points north is studying the Classics when he's not chinning with his neighbor, Tony.

Ponto Backoff, from Kenai, is taking a big interest in the girls in the next ward these days. Ernest Sparks, the gent from Valdez, is up and around these days. Keep that chin up, young fellow.

Roy Roehl, the fat boy from Dillingham, is putting on the pounds these days. By the way, he is a cousin of our Eddie. He has a new partner now, Evan Nicholas who hails from around Bethel. Both boys are taking school courses.

Our overboy, is a busy young man these days. He has two hours up-time now, goes to school, and visits around. Look out for these girls in Ward Six, Morris.

WEDDING BELLS.....Our heartiest congratulations to Miss Bowen, now Mrs. Harris, and Miss Murphy, now Mrs. Lanier. Married life is the only way of living, girls. Take it from a thrice married old Scotchman.

Our master craftsman Joe Devlin is making up a fine display of beautiful jewelry for the Christmas trade. No trouble selling that good work, Joe.

Thelma O'Brien has now joined our regular staff on Ward Four. Hope you will like it, Thelma.

Bob Thorne, our plumber from Anchorage, is getting around to visit with the rest of the boys. Well, folks, I guess this is all our news from Ward Four.

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Ward Five News  
by  
Shirley Shaishnikoff

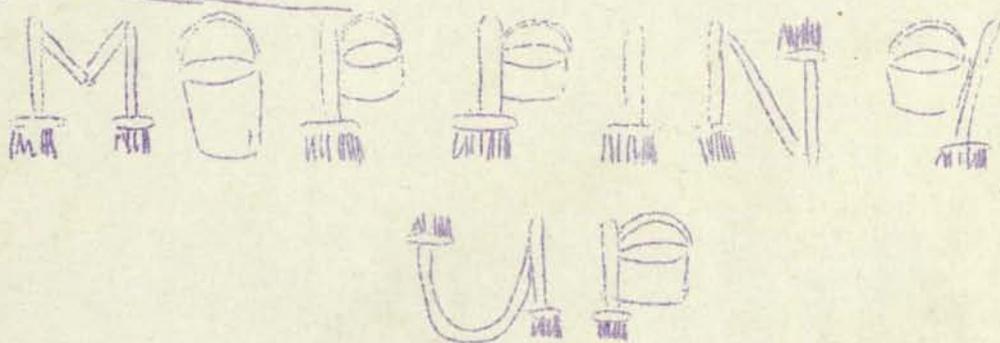
Hi guys and gals, Yes, another reporter. This time I am writing something for our SAN CAHT. First I'll tell you about myself and then about our ward. Well, I am from Unalaska. I've been living there since I was about six months old. I am nine now. I like it in Unalaska. It is an island. My home is in the Aleutian Islands. Well, I bet I am boring you all, so I'll switch to the ward news. Not much to tell. Hardly anything going on here in Ward Five. Seems everyday is the same as the day before. Well, yesterday Geneviere Tuckrook, Johnson Tuckfield and I went to the dentist. Little Bobby Hand goes walking a lot. Well, Halloween is almost here, The kids here are always talking about it. Some are even making masks--silly looking ones. Some think it's time to ready for Christmas three months away, Wow. School started the 7th of September. Fourteen of us go to school and ten of us have up-time. Fifteen sit around the table during school. Two go in the school room. Some of the little ones have up-time too. There are most of us like school here. Well, I'll say goodbye wishing you all a pleasant and short stay. Good-bye again.

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Spotlight  
by  
Sarah Dunn

In the Spotlight this month, we have HELEN SIFSOF. Helen, better known as "Toots" to her family, is a girl all of eight years old, and she hails from Dillingham, Alaska. Helen has brown eyes and hair. To pass the time, she does school work and she's really smart. Her neighbor, Helen Langton, plays the guitar once in a while and lets her sing. By the way, she sings just like Patti Page. No kidding! Her favorite song is "In A Little Gypsy Tea Room" and she can really sing it. Her likes are Ray Rogers, comic books and candy. How about that, eh? She dislikes this hospital life, rainy weather, and last but not least, TB. Her ambition is to get well and go home to her family and start living again. Here's wishing you'll soon be up and around, Helen. Best of luck to you.

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**GOOD BYE BOYS, I'M THRU-----**

Wotta Wedding! The September Nuptials of Bertha Snort and Arthur Snooks. Many guest attended the ceremony held on the mezzanine floor of the firehall. Miss Snort, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. HavaSnort of Bartlett Manor looked gorgeous in her wedding ensemble. She wore pink peddle psuhers (size 48) with large green polka-dots, and carried a large bouguet of Devils Club. Over one ear she had a beautiful Alaskan Rose and behind the others, a gob ob bubble gum.

Mrs. Nellie Mayham and Mrs. Mary Pandolph acted as bridesmaids during the wedding. Mrs. Pandolph held Miss Snorts bridal train and Mrs. Mahham held her false teeth. Rabbi Wiggs performed the ceremony, but delayed proceeding when he fell off the alter when his big feet got entangle in his flowing robes.

Mr. Joe Hawthon asked that the wedding be stopped claiming that the bride was from the deep south and had no right marrying a darn yankee. However, Rabbi Wiggs ignored his protest. Betty Belson-maid of honor-caught the bridal bouquet thrown by Miss Snort, but immediately threw it back again hitting Rabbi Wiggs in the whiskers.

The newly married couple received many fine præsents including a lovely plastic mop pail with double wringers from the housekeeping department and a gold plated bed pan from the surgical. Rice and confetti showered the couple as they entered the San Bus for their honeymoon in Seward. After October 1st; they will be at home to friends at their new pent-house apartment atop of ward 7.

1924



Mrs. Paul Nelson  
Seward Sanatorium  
Bartlett, Alaska

Dear Betty:

"Turnagain Topics" is a daily feature of the ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS, the fastest growing newspaper in Alaska! Old Knik, the master-mind of "Turnagain Topics", is a good friend of all the patients here at Seward San. Two of the patients (Paul Rudolph and Scotty Armour) here at Seward San write letters to Old Knik, and both of these patient's letters are featured in "Turnagain Topics" by Old Knik. Here's a part of a letter from Old Knik to Paul Rudolph. It speaks for itself:

"It pleases me to no end to know that I've got a reader (or possibly readers) down there amongst you folks that need cheering up now and then. You can spread the word around down there that Knik welcomes any contributions from patients--all notes and letters will be acknowledged either personally or in the column."

The following is what old Knik said about Scotty's letter:

"Knik has just received a letter from his good friend Scotty Armour of the Seward Sanatorium at Bartlett, which he will print below:

Dear Old Knik:

Greetings from the Old Scribe and all the folks here at Bartlett. It is getting along towards longdrawer time, and when we wish we could grow feathers.

Say, Old-Timer, what happened to the engine drivers on the railroad who used to get a moose a day. I think these diesels are too slow--we should get them old coal-burners back.

Well, Old-Timer, I hope you get a 600 pound moose up at Old Crow, smoke 'em good, and I will be up there and hole up for the winter. The mooseburgers down here are about as dry as a mother-in-law's kiss.

Adieu for the nounce.

SCOTTY ARMOUR, Seward San  
Bartlett, Alaska

Dear Scotty:

Either them diesels are too slow or them moose are too fast. Knik is told that not so many months back, near Wasilla, a moose came chargin' down the tracks at the oncomin' train like a bat out of--well, like a bat. That moose really met his match--it was the only time Knik ever heard of a mooseburger a mile long. Well, if you don't get it, don't try, it takes a little thinkin'. Anyhow, Scotty, give my regards to all the nice people down there and hope you'll keep writin' to Knik and will tell Paul Rudolph he better write, too.

OLD KNIK

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A LETTER FROM THE ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS.....

September 27, 1954

Mrs. Paul Nelson  
Seward Sanatorium  
Bartlett, Alaska

Dear Betty:

I am very sorry I will be unable to attend the wild game roundup campaign dinner, but want to express my appreciation for the complimentary tickets.

Please tell Paul I wish him success in the campaign, and hope he will let us know if there is any way the Daily News can help him out.

I certainly appreciate your help on the news stories and wish you would pass it along to contributors to San Chat that we feel honored to have the Daily News quoted in that very interesting little publication. My best to Paul Rudolph, Howie Rhude, Scotty Armour and all the rest.

Very sincerely yours,  
Clifford S. Cernick (Old Knik)  
Managing Editor

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EDUCATION DEPARTMENT.....

The Seward Sanatorium children started back to school September 7th. There were twenty school age children (six through sixteen) until Tony Mitchell went home. They range from the first through the sixth grades.

The two Territorial teachers, Miss Helen Case and Mrs. Myra McDonald, are back after a three months vacation. Mr. John Hardcastle has been added to the adult education staff. He had started an educational survey, which was completed the first week of school. Sixty-four of the adults expressed a desire to take school work. At present, we are teaching thirty-seven, ranging in age from seventeen to sixty-four, which means we could use two more teachers.

During the summer we received about thirty patients from the Alaska Native Service Hospital in Anchorage, several of whom cannot read and write, and some cannot speak English, only Eskimo, but they are eager to learn. Most of the adults are taking English and arithmetic, as these are basic to rehabilitation.

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It is no more necessary that a man should remember the different dinners and suppers which have made him healthy than the different books which have made him wise. Let us see the result of good food in a strong body, and the result of great reading in a full and powerful mind.

---Sidney Smith

OF REHABILITATION

Did you ever make an investment that paid you ten to one? Maybe you don't realize it, but you have made such an investment as a taxpayer.

Yes it is true... for every one of your tax dollars that Uncle Sam spends on Rehabilitation for the handicapped, ten more return to the Federal Treasury. Yes, ten dollars for one, to help pay for defense, roads, hospitals, and countless other vital public services. Dollars that you would be shelling out for taxes, if this investment in human welfare, Rehabilitation, didn't pay off.

You see, a man who is idle because of his disability, or handicap, can't pay his share of the tax load, in fact he will probably consume tax dollars in Public assistance.

But a rehabilitated man who is on the job is paying taxes instead of consuming them.

Rehabilitation helps all of us, so lets all help to further the Rehabilitation program. Lets see to it that these people get the chance to work.

From Department of Health, Education and Welfare  
Washington D. C.

REHABILITATION CENTER OCTOBER 6, 1954

George Kimpton ...manager of Rehabilitation, at the center keeps himself hopping.

We found him one morning working with Mac Wemark on the books. Later he was at his own desk making out purchase orders. About ten o'clock he strolled over to the service station to relieve Leo for coffee period. (He did a good job servicing a car while there too.)

Next we trailed him to the Photo Shop where he discussed a new idea in film processing with Don Krall our photo man.

From There he stopped to see May Titus our skin sewer, and modeled a leather jacket she was making for someone.

About eleven thirty found him in the Rehab kitchen, sampling (much to the cooks chagrin) the lunch menu.

Then old George picked up two companions and hied away to the San for lunch. (He says that a few of his workers eat at the San as a sort of Rehabilitation measure, to see if the San food measures up to Rehab standards)

Kimpton then raced back to the grocery store to relieve Ray for lunch, working there until about two p.m. Next we caught him in the shoe shop talking over some leather problems with Mr. Lambert, shoemaker.

About a quarter to three found him racing down the highway to the Seward Bank to get change for the store. After taking the loot back to the store he found a note on his desk. Mr. Nelson wants to see you. Down to the San goes George.

After a brief meeting there, found George at the Service Station showing the boys the strange technique of washing cars.

Here it is time for supper. Down to the San again. After supper the old boy finds himself back at Rehab to welcome a class of students in retail merchandising, which lasts till seven thirty.

Then George was seen visiting in a room or two talking of the problems of the day with his fine workers.

At eight thirty sees him at the service station again going over the tool rack with the night attendant.

Nine o'clock we last saw him wheeling up to his house, preparing to feed his faithful do, "Aviwinuk."

A fair day, we'd say.....



## Gloom Chasers!

A quintet of musicians from Elmendorf, headed by M/sgt. and MC Frank Cohen, visited Seward San on October 2nd.

Shortly after the patients' rest period, 2:45 PM, the visiting troupe were ushered into the main ward of Ward One, where MC Frank Cohen introduced accordionist Helen B. Campbell, imitator Ken Guthrie, tap-dancer Charles Montgomery and guitarist Bob Saxton.

The patients were pleasantly surprised and formed a semi-circle in front of the

visiting entertainers. For the patients, moral-boosting surprises are few and far between.

MC Cohen started his little show by having his musicians sing and play a lilting old melody called, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." While this old ditty moved and stirred memories in patients old enough to remember the old horse-and-buggy days, the younger generation looked at the entertainers with a special glow in their eyes which seemed to say, "Let me call you sweetheart!"

Immediately following this old melody, Helen B. Campbell did a solo on her accordion. She chose a lively tune for her solo--"Beer Barrel Polka." An old-timer who crossed the blue Atlantic to this country said, "While Helen was playing 'Beer Barrel Polka', I could mentally see the colorful skirts of the old country flying while the laughing Gay-blades twirled them with loving joy!"

When Bob Saxton swung into a peppy tune, tap-dancer Charles Montgomery piroquetted onto the center of the floor where he trip-hammered the floor with his toes and heels in rhythmic precision. Imitator Ken Guthrie stepped into the spotlight next, where he did "tough-guy imitations" of movie actors James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. Ken drew many laughs from the alert patients when he carried on a dual conversation in two different voices. Ken topped his little act of imitations with an imitation of Clyde McCoy's trumpet. The runs, thrills and variations of "Sugar Blues" coming from Ken's throat delighted the patients.

Bob Saxton, with his impressive style of guitar playing, climaxed the show with "Impersonation of World Travelers and Chinatown." After the quintet left Ward One, an old-timer said, "These nice people have chased the gloom of dull routine of this place away from my mind!" MC Cohen said he would return with his musicians in the near future.

## SPOTLIGHT

by  
Rudy

This month genial Daniel McDevitt has consented to bask under Ward One's Spotlight. Dan is fifty-nine years old and claims he doesn't feel as old as he did when he was fifty-eight. He was twenty-nine years of age when he decided to come to Alaska. Being from Ireland, he is well divided in years between his Old Country and young and rugged Alaska. And with the climate of both countries, he is also divided. Says it rains too much in Ireland and snows too much in Alaska. By trade, Dan is a hard-rack miner and has worked in several mines in Alaska. He says he has led a quiet life all these years and thoroughly enjoys it. His dislikes are too much noise and bedpans. He has also done some commercial fishing and firmly believes the territory should control the fisheries of Alaska. He is non-committal on the statehood question. Says that problem is really for the younger generation to solve. The young ones are the ones who should decide whether we should have statehood now or later, for they are the ones who will have to shoulder the tax burdens which will surely come with statehood, he says. Dan is evidently healing well, for he has been getting promotions along with the rest of the fellows. His favorite emblems are the shamrocks and the forget-me-nots.

## SPOTLIGHT

from  
Ward III

My name is Malina Crane--better known as Lana to my friends and           ? oh, well, we'll just skip that! I am from Sleetmute. I also am single and old enough to vote. My hobbies are numerous, but at the moment I am crocheting doilies (to fill my hopechest) and knitting giant size argyle socks. "Hey There" and "I'm A Fool To Care" are my two current favorite songs. Like most people under similar circumstances, my ambition is to get out of here a well person, natch! And either be a housewife or train to be a practical nurse--haven't quite made up my mind. I have covered quite a bit of Alaska in my travels and I find the southeastern part about the most to my liking--the "North" is too cold. That is all! Now, scram back to your bed, Carrie Voss, for that is all I will tell you. I have spoken!

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How much easier our work would be if we put forth as much effort trying to improve the quality of it as most of us do trying to find excuses for not properly attending to it.

----Ballinger



# SPORTS

## "GIANTS"



Al Brown  
Win

# World Series

Gene Killiginnik

The New York Giants have taken the measure of the Cleveland Indians in four straight in World Series Classic of 1954. The American League pennant winners with a record breaking 111 wins were beaten by the surprising bat of one Dusty Rhodes. Al Lopez, the Indians manager, once said he would never finish second to that New York Yankees, but he once again finished second to another New York team--led by the master-minding Leo Durocher.

The outstanding World Series Star is Jim "Dusty" Rhodes and his 34 ounce bat; other stars were Marv Grissom, Johnny Antonelli, Don Mueller, Willie Mays and Hank Thompson of the World Champion New York Giants. The American League pennant winners had two series stars in aging first baseman Victor Wertz, who had 8 hits for 16 at bats for a lusty .500 batting average. Bob Lemon's sensational pitching in the opening game was for a losing cause. The old saying is that "you've got to hit them where they ain't" to win games. The silent bats of the Indians were their downfall and undoing.

The Most Valuable Player Award may go to the National League's colorful and sensational center-fielder, Willie Mays of the New York Giants, for his ability to play so well and so inspire his once faltering team mates to a pennant and World Championship. Mr. Mays won the batting championship of the senior league with a hefty .345. My junior loop Most Valuable Player Award candidate is the Cuban flash, Bobby Avilla, who won the American League batting crown with a .341 average.

The victorious Giants performed on of the greatest upsets in sports. Very disappointing to Cleveland Indians fans and baseball enthusiasts to end the series in four games, but satisfactory to all New York Giants and yours truly, "Natch!" If the Indians had won one of the games, it's possible they could have won the series, but the underdog Giants have a way of winning the important games. The master-mind of Giant manager Leo "the lip" Durocher is not to be overlooked. Like a pro gambler (poker player), he came up with an Ace----an Ace in his dugout! The whole world heard his name and will remember Dusty Rhodes of Deatsville, Alabama, a pinch-hitter any big league manager would give anything to have on his team. And I may quote a saying, "He's what the doctor ordered!"

The hapless, helpless Indians used up their power during the regular season, after all they broke the American League record, setting a new record of 111 games. In conclusion, I want to remind you to wait 'till next year. Watch for the Chicago White Sox--they'll win the World Series!

It was only a few days ago that I heard a familiar voice coming over KSAN radio. The

voice rang out so enthusiastically saying, "Well, everybody, it's kick-off time!" Some people are sure in a big hurry to go, huh? This is your sports writer, old aches and pains back to the old grind. Our national spotlight has shifted to the bruising game of football. If the first two weeks are an indication to what the season has in store for the pig-skin fans--I'd say we'll have better and more exciting games.

The 1953 champions of the gridiron, Maryland, was beaten by the powerful UCLA, West Coast Champions of the Pacific Coast League in 1953. The October 3rd game was UCLA 12 and the Marylanders 6.

Notre Dame also fell before the power of the Purdue Boiler-makers by a convincing score of 28 to 14. This victory moved Purdue to number 3 position, while the Irish dropped to 8th place. Oklahoma is currently holding the Associated Press first place, while the Uclans are runner-up in second place. In a few weeks Army and Navy will square off, and I will favor the Navy eleven by 12 points over the Army Cadets of West Point.

In pro football the Los Angeles Rams and the San Francisco 49ers played to a thrill packed 24 to 24 tie before a near record crowd of 90,000 fans. I'll go out on a limb and pick the Rams as Western Champions and the Philadelphia Eagles for the Eastern title.

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#### Lauds Results Of Rehabilitation

From the Edmonton Journal----St. Andrews, N. B., (CP)----

A Vancouver rehabilitation centre has established that disability cases formerly regarded as hopeless can achieve "remarkable improvement" in almost every instance, Dr. G. F. Strong of Vancouver said Monday.

In the five years since it opened, the Western Society of Rehabilitation centre in the west coast province has restored 785 persons to the point where they are partially or entirely self-supporting, he told the New Brunswick Medical Society.

Dr. Strong, Canadian Medical Association president and clinical professor of medicine at the University of British Columbia, said the medical profession must lead the way in rehabilitation of the disabled. There must be a tremendous awakening across Canada to the need for rehabilitation services and the work should start when a patient is still in the hospital.

A welcome sight around the Sanatorium this week has been the line-up of wheel chairs outside the Dental Office. Many patients have waited a long time for their ride down there and for the dental care which they need. G. A. Reider, D.D.S. from the ANS Medical Center in Anchorage is to be at the San for two weeks to work as much as he can on the tremendous back-log of work which has accumulated during the time we have been without a dentist. Dr. Reider came from Milwaukee, Wisconsin to Alaska six months ago. We are always interested in Cheechako's impressions of Alaska, so we asked Dr. Reider for his. "I like Alaska very much, and intend to make this my permanent home," he said. That's the kind of impressions we love to hear, don't you?

The lovely Dentist Assistant who is helping in the office has a special introduction to the San, too. She is a neice of Bill Chichenoff who was a patient here not too long ago. Her name is Norma Lee Chichenoff and was born in Kodiak, Alaska. Norma graduated in May of this year from Dental Assistants course at Mt. Edgecumbe.



## THINGS HAPPENED DURING THE EARTHQUAKE

BY NENA RUSSELL

Well, boys and girls, as you all know it happened around 1:30 A.M. on the 3rd of October, and the quake was quite a shock. A few of our goodies fell out of the shelves, but as far as I know there was no real damage done. A few of us girls surely were frightened (that is, including myself-- got a small heart, I guess), but no one screamed except Lena Miller who was trying to reach for her shoes, but the shake had quieted down by then.

Avis Northway yelled when one of her school books fell down on her head--can't get your school work into your head that easily, Avis. Our friend Freeda Sanford thought her neighbor May Anthony was shaking her bed, so she started to scold her before she realized that it was the earthquake which had awakened her. (Shame on you, Freeda.)

Mary Morgan who is known as "Maroon" said that she was talking with the night owl when the earthquake interrupted her conversation. Helen Ligton, "Wow", since her dresser is above her bed and most of her jewelry and junk fell on her head, was ready to call for help--she was sure that it was robbery, I guess. Doesn't surprise me.

Well, what do you know? Lucy Strickland thought it was wonderful to have an earthquake, but I wonder why she told her roommate to turn the light on. Dora Williams is a brave girl--she didn't get scared or even seem concerned about it all. Keep that up, Dora. Mary Anthony said that one of her precious belongings fell and was broken and that she was disappointed to lose it. Cheer up, Mary, it won't happen again.

Poor Sarah Dunn--she was so frightened, she just sat up in bed and turned the light on. Now do try to be brave next time, Sarah. Alice Ashenfelter was scared, too, but she just laid there quietly and enjoyed the lullaby.

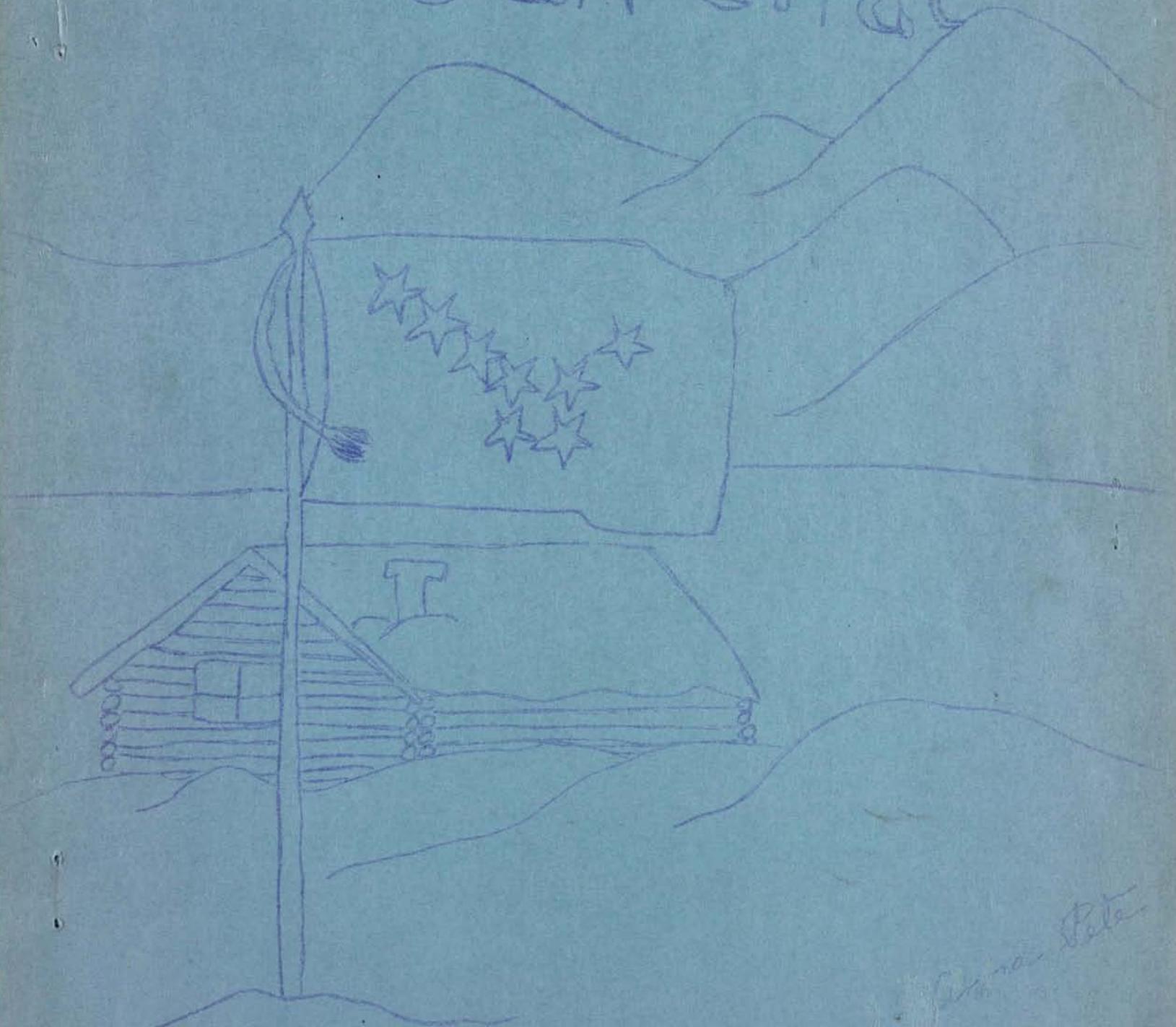
Well, boys and girls, this will be all for this time. May God bless each one of you and the most we can do is to hope that we don't have another "rocker" like that. Bye-Bye.

P.S. Well, the earthquake gave us another little tremble this morning at 10:15 Oct. 4th, and our aide Anne Miker, said she thought somebody was shaking her when she was drinking her coffee. Well, Ann doesn't really know that it take an earthquake, at least, to shake her. (ha, ha, Anne) Another Aide, Edith Bowers, said that it is fun to have an earthquake and wishes that we'd have another just anyday. I don't think there are any of us on Ward II who will agree with you, Edith.

November 1954

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# San Chat

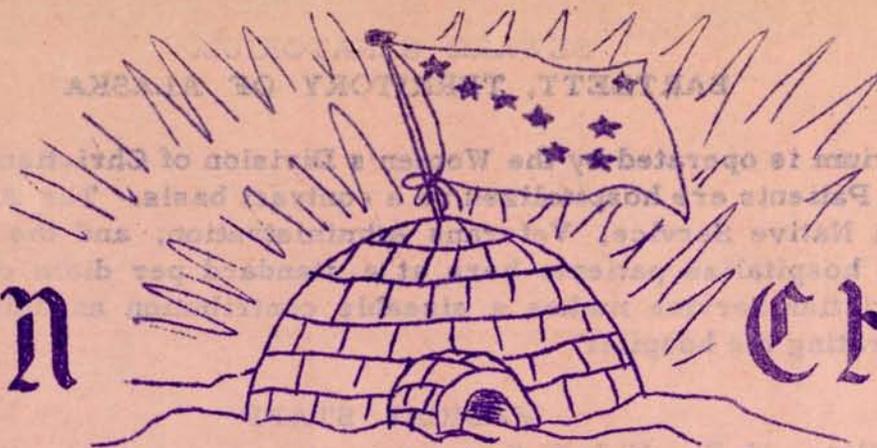


Alaska's Flag

*Alaska State*

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SAN



CHAT

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS  
SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA  
NOVEMBER 1954

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- Owen Barnes..... Ward One
- Helen Langton - Mary Anthony -  
Katherine Peters ..... Ward Two
- Eleana Willis.....Ward Three
- Roy Roehl .....Ward Four
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- Martha Wagner..... We Wonder
- Shirley Clendenen..... Cheechako's Corn
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COVER PICTURE STORY

Picture by Anna Pete ---- Story by Paul Rudolph

Just as each state is proud of its state flag and each nation is proud of its national flag, so is Alaska justly proud of its territorial flag-- the Big Dipper. To the marine and the aerial navigator, the Big Dipper, which points to the brilliant North Star, is their guide post. But to the majority of the people from all corners of the world, the wavy Big Dipper is the signpost to an abundance of material wealth in Alaska.

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SEWARD SANATORIUM  
BARTLETT, TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are hospitalized on a contract basis. The Alaska Department of Health, Alaska Native Service, Veterans Administration, and the United States Public Health Service hospitalize patients here at a standard per diem cost. The Woman's Division of Christian Service makes a sizeable contribution annually in helping to bear the cost of operating the hospital.

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# DOCTOR'S CORNER

## LOCAL TREATMENT GOOD SAYS DR. MOORE . . . . .

Dr. Phillip Moore was a Seward visitor this week conducting the second polio evaluation clinic here in a month.

The Doctor has high praise for the people of the community who had done so much to make it possible to set up a polio treatment and rehabilitation center in Seward. The treatment center is now functioning and will soon be fully equipped and able to give us complete treatment as is available any place, either in Alaska or in the States, the doctor said.

Dr. Moore told this reporter that the treatment for polio is standardized pretty much and included a few basic elements necessary to make it a success. As he outlined them, they were: community co-operation, co-operation of doctors, review by an orthopedist and the services of physical therapist and a brace maker. All these elements are available and functioning in Seward at the present time, Dr. Moore said.

Dr. Moore also told us that the question frequently arises, "should the patient go outside to one of the big hospitals or clinics?" His answer is, "No, there is nothing to be gained by going outside for treatment." He repeated his earlier statement of the standard treatment being available right here in Seward for the vast majority of cases. He qualified this somewhat by saying that in a few exceptional cases, 18 months to two years after the attack they will need to have an operation and in that case it may be necessary to travel to get the operation.

For the time being, Dr. Moore said that the best treatment is to follow your doctor's instructions faithfully. They, the local doctors, have become polio experts by reason of their close association with the disease in the past few months.

Dr. Moore has been with the Alaska Department of Health for the past eight years as an orthopedic surgeon with headquarters at the Mt. Edgecumbe Hospital.

From:

THE SEWARD SEAPORT RECORD

It is gratifying to us at the Seward Sanatorium and the Seward Rehabilitation Center that our program had progressed so that we were able to offer the Seward community the facilities of a Physical Therapy Treatment Center at a time when the Polio incidence in the area pointed out the need for such a facility.

We were especially fortunate to have on our staff a Physical Therapist, Mrs. Aylen, who could go ahead with the treatment program. It is an inspiration to those connected with the Rehabilitation Center to have a surgeon of Dr. Moore's understanding of the Physical Therapy aspects of Rehabilitation to speak enthusiastically about this department of the Center.

# CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

Rain, rain and more rain. When it clears for a little while, we see the snow on the mountain and wonder how far off is the time when the snow will be here in the valley. The processes of nature carry on.

The water gathers into small streams and then join the larger rivers. The rivers flow into the bay and the bay empties into the ocean. But the process is so necessary for every living thing. "Water," they cry, and so the sun begins the cycle by lifting the water from the sea to the heavens once more that it can rain all over again.

Just one month ago I completed a 4800 mile automobile trip and then another 2000 miles by airplane. Everywhere in the states it was the same cry-- Water. In New Jersey where the trucks line up for miles twenty-four hours round the clock to deliver the tomatoes to the Campbell soup factory, there were but a few all summer. Why? No rain. No tomatoes. King Cotton in the south was a mighty small king--no rain. Five years without rain of any amount has reduced the Texas panhandle to almost desert condition. On the West Coast I saw about a dozen forest fires, including one in Southern California that was enormous. Why? Too dry. The political campaigns in California, Colorado and Arizona are all based on the big question of water. Where there is no water, there is desert.

Man can irrigate, he can dig wells, he can pump water, but man made systems are so fragile compared to the natural process. And we complain because it rains so long.

It is interesting to me to read the illustrations of John in the book of Revelation where he sees a river of water springing out from the throne of God. Follow his thought as he sees the Church, the great channel for the living waters of life sending into the lives of the thirsty millions the love of God that they need never thirst again. Where there are personal deserts, it is because they lack the water of life given of God. Where there are persons that seem to bloom like the rose, it is because they have an adequate source of this life giving water. Like the rain, it flows to their heart and through their hearts to others and back to God in kind acts and prayerful living to return again as a great shower of blessing.

"Not by power nor by might but by my spirit says the Lord." Don't let your soul weather away for lack of water when Jesus says that He alone has the "Living Water" of life which He freely gives.



## THE ORIGIN OF THANKSGIVING DAY

Thanksgiving Day is a distinctly American celebration, although it is the outgrowth of two customs long practiced in England, namely: special days of fasting and prayer in times of peril, and harvest festivals of thanksgiving and feasting. Harvest festivals are as old, of course, as history.

The first American harvest festival took place in October 1621, when the families who came from England in the Mayflower celebrated their first harvest. An old account says: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent foure men on fowling, so that we might after a special manner rejoyce together after we had gathered the fruit of our labour. They foure in one day killed as much fowle as, with a little help beside, served the Company almost a weeke." Indians were invited as guests of honor. The tables were loaded with wild turkey, fish, wild fruits, vegetables raised in the gardens, and corn bread. The feasting lasted three days. It was a time of "rejoycing" but the record says nothing of giving thanks.

The next year was a disastorous one. A terrible drought withered the crops and browned the gardens. But in the fall came a refreshing rain that salvaged some of the crops, and a ship loaded with new colonists and food supplies appeared unexpectedly. With relief and gratitude the governor appointed a day for public thanksgiving. This time there was no feasting but only a long church service.

There are records of feasts and fasts and days of thanksgiving during the years that followed, but not until the fall of 1636 was there a celebration such as we keep today. In that year the inhabitants of Plymouth Colony gathered in the meeting house from 8:30 in the morning until noon, singing psalms, praying, and listening to a long sermon, after which they came "making merry to the creatures, the poor sort being invited of the richer."

During the Revolutionary War the Continental Congress appointed December 18, 1777, as a day of thanksgiving for the surrender of General Burgoyne. President Washington proclaimed November 26, 1789, a day for the nation to give thanks for its new government. For years thereafter Thanksgiving Day was celebrated, but almost exclusively in New England. Gradually the Western and Southern states adopted the custom, each state appointing its own day. In 1864, President Lincoln issued a proclamation setting aside the last Thursday in November as a day of national thanksgiving. Succeeding presidents following the president, and Thanksgiving Day has become as fixed as the Fourth of July and Christmas Day.

## NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

Your reporter has done some research into the finer art of astrology to discover what the Horoscope has to offer to distinguish those who have November birthdays. It was a very interesting project and your reporter has a new respect for about fifteen of our patients.

"SAGITTARIUS" with his bow and arrow rules from November to December. Born then, you are impulsive, honest, quick, confident, fond of sports--all qualities befitting the symbol of the archer. If you are a female you are a good housekeeper, fond of children and firm. Whether the firmness applies to the husband or children the astrologers forbear to say. (NTA Reporter)

Now would you like to know who these Novemberites are?

Anna Pete-----November 1  
Evan Nicholas----- November 5  
Clinton O'Meara----- November 6  
Catherine Walunga--- November 10  
Happy Wemark-----November 13  
Olga Sheppard----- November 17  
Mary Moses-----November 18  
John Steven-----November 21  
Helen Mosquito----- November 23  
Helen Langton----- November 27  
Elizabeth Edwards--- November 28  
Hannah Hand----- November 28  
Walter Weyapuk----- November 28  
Geneviere Tukrook--- November 30



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We welcome these new patients.

Art Jordan  
Martha Wagner  
Pete Silas  
Pete Zauker  
Marion Suomela  
Alwilda Pierce

Farewell and good luck to those who have been discharged.

Ed Kimoktook	Rueben Lincoln
Annie Kimoktook	Pete Zauker
Julius Petterson	Alex Calugan
Lilly Henry	Sarah Dunn
Freida Reft	Ponto Backoff
Herman Joseph	Wassily Petla

# WARD NEWS

## WARD ONE

by Owen Barnes

Hello, everybody: This is my first report for the SAN CHAT, so please excuse the mistakes I make. Another news report means another month. Your news reporter, Paul Rudolph, isn't feeling well. So I will try to write the news. So bear with me for a while. I might even give you a clue to a long lost friend you have been missing lately. My first report will start with my new roommate, Harold Ptarmigan, who has moved into the porch with me. Nice going, Harold. It won't be too long before you'll be on your way home.

Well, let's go on to the next bed. Here we come to Oscar Johnson who is doing fine and loves to read his morning newspapers. Well, I'll go on to the next bed where we find Dan Hunnicutt who's getting along fine and has been getting his three hours up-time. Nice going, Dan. Dan has that far-away look in his eyes and is singing a tune called, "I'm Walking The Floor Over You." Who is that cute gal, Dan?

Well, as we go on to the the next bed we come to our George Romondos who is looking fine and happy. And hopes to be up and around soon looking for his long lost Togiak Yale friend, but George said, "I still like my Anniz yet though!" Ha Ha!!

Next we come to Mike who has promoted from the private room and was moved out with the rest of the boys that are out on the ward. Mike said he likes to read love stories, so if any of you boys have any true love story books, pass them on to Mike. Mike says, "There's nothing like reading a true love story." Over in the next bed we come to Glenn Tingook. This boy is a nice patient. Seems to be he doesn't say much of anything, but likes to read and write to his girlfriends. Or is it your boyfriends?

Looking over to the next bed we find Sylvester Sevouhok is always working on some thing. Let's see what he's working on this time. He's making a belt. He's sure good at weaving, but makes sure he takes time off to write to his girlfriend. My next stop is to Al Brown. This boy seems to be happy over something. Al Also has been promoted to 3B. Al likes to read and write letters for his pastime. Al says, "It's fun to watch that squirrel running on the ramp every day." Al has a good background for his scenery because the ward two Girls are on his side of the background.

Next bed I come to Bobby McCarr who seems to be doing very well at bed rest. Bobby seems to be lonesome since his side-kick Wassily Petlo has been discharged recently, and has left for his home in Dillingham. As we go on to the next bed here is Dan McDevitt who is also taking his bed rest very nicely and has been promoted recently. Dan is reading his newspaper.

So we will go on to the next bed and see Mr. Paul Rudolph who seems to be feeling well and happy again. It's good to see you up and around again. Paul is scheduled for surgery soon. Best of luck to you, Paul, and a quick recovery. Now, as we move on to the next room, we find that Bill Lindstrom seems to be happy and taking his bed-rest and up-time very well. And this man is reading his newspaper too, so I guess he's happy for the day.

I'll be moving on to the next room to Mr. Anderson who is asleep right now. So we'll step on by his room till next time. My next stop is John Stevens who has a room full of flowers by his bedside. The flowers are beauties, for all the cute nurses and aides who come to visit him say so. As we move on to the next bed here is Francis Droane who is doing very well at bed rest and is doing his school work, too. So let's go on to the next bed and see who's here--Robert Donohuk is doing fine. This boy always has a nice smile for you whenever you walk by his bed. Robert is doing school work so we won't bother him, but will go on to the next bed.

Al Phillips has been doing well and also has been promoted to class 5. Nice going, Phillips. Won't be long before you'll be on your way out. That's spelled ---discharged. Well, as we go on here, we come to Jerry Hasson who seems to be getting along fine. This man is up to something--his trapline. As usual this man is always on his trapline. Have you seen any bad wolves on your trapline, Hasson?

Now we come on to Bill Henchey who is also doing well. Won't be long before he'll be on his way out of here. As we go on to the next stop, we come to Arthur Matthew who has been promoted recently to the ward with the fellows. Here's hoping you like your new roommates, Arthur!

My next move is to George Dan who has been promoted too. George took over the post office work, since Howard Konoakoh moved to the Rehab. George, too, is about ready to go home. Well, my next bed is Eugene's. Gene has been working hard these days on his drawings, but he takes time off to broadcast over KSAN for the San Request Program.

Henry Saccheus and Jimmie Kilapsuk, the lucky boys, have been promoted and moved to the Rehab. Hoping your stay there will be pleasant and that you will be home soon. Well, this ends the journey, so I'll say adios for now.

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## WARD TWO

by Helen Langton and Mary Anthony

Hi, everyone! Here we are again. Your regular reporter, Sara Dunn, has resigned, so I am taking her place for now. Hope you can stand my news. This month Mary will help me with the news. You know the old saying, "Two heads are better than one!" Mary, do you have two heads? Tee Hee!!

## Ward Two Cont'd

A lot happened in our ward since the last issue of the SAN CHAT. Most of the girls have one or two hours up-time which makes it nice and makes our aides very happy. I wonder why!! Here are the ones with two hours up-time: Dora Williams, Julia Nelson, Ella Eningowuk, Katherine Walunga. These girls are very happy and are wondering what to do with all this time. Ask Riker, she'll tell you. Better not ask. She might have you do some . . . . . (yeah) there are.

Here are the ones with one hour up-time: Sophie James, Freda Stearman, Maud Watkins, Avis Northway, Nena Russell, Florence Lindstrom, and yours truly Helen Langton. We're all happy with our up-time.

Here are the ones promoted to 3A and 3B: Little Heler Sifsof, Cora Tiglook, Mary George, Sassa Etuckmelria, Tiny Everett, Mary Morgan, Eva Black, Mary Anthony, Esther Captain, Katie Peters, Lena Miller, and Freida Sanford. I don't think the girls want me to tell you what they do with their up-time. Congratulations to all you girls.

Think I'll go out and nose around in Katherine Walunga's room. Gee! No wonder you're always in the Romance Department with your vi w. Who wouldn't be! Oh (sigh). Want to trade places with me? Katie's been crocheting. Getting your hope chest ready? Next is Freda Stearman. She's making a pair of pink socks for her little girl. Freda is doing real well. It won't be long before she will be going home.

Ella E. moved out to the porch the other day and is quite happy being out there. Don't know what she does besides sell stamps, crocheting, knitting, writing letters, that is. The lucky lady will be going home real soon. Next is my room. A certain aide has me counting stitches. She can't seem to make up her mind whether she wants to knit one, purl one, or knit two, purl two. I hope she makes up her mind soon. It takes a lot of time counting all the stitches to go around her waist. Ha, I kid.

Our two prettiest girls are Irene Solomon and Martha Wagner. Martha is a new patient from Kodiak, Alaska. Here's wishing you a speedy recovery, Martha. Irene is doing real well on her guitar. She still is doing a lot of letter writing. Irene's all puzzled (jig saw).

Lena Miller with the far-away look is thinking something over. Lena and Alice play snertz a lot. Every evening I hear "Snertz, snertz" from their direction. Alice is always writing letters and picking on her roommate. Got a picture under your pillow? Lucky Alice had a nice visit with her husband today.

Avis Northway is busy as a bee doing a crochet scarf. It's real pretty. Oh, getting ready for winter already. Do you think it will get that cold? She may have other intentions. Remember, December is coming around the corner! And I do like pretty scarfs (hint, hint). Avis catch? Tee Hee!! I kid.

Ward Two Cont'd

Nena Russell is busy making something with beads. Eva Black is knitting mittens. Getting too cold for you to hold hands out the window? I kid. I don't know if she learned any more words in English. Madeline Charles is a pretty busy girl. She's the one that gets a book every day from ??.

Mary Morgan, Florence Lindstrom, Sassa Etuckmelria are all busy knitting socks and mittens. Cora is learning to crochet.

LITTLE LAMB'S PART. . . . Starting off without her in a little place called the Romance Department. In this cozy corner is Sophie James. She seems to be quite busy knitting. That's the way, keep yourself busy, it's raining out anyway. Next is Eva Sears, oops! She isn't here. Oh! She moved up to Ward Three. Got tired of us and moved out, huh? We aren't that bad are we? Lots of luck to you, Eva.

Julie Nelson is crocheting. Haven't seen them, but am sure they're pretty. Maud is Julia's side kick. They're doing nicely. Maud's husband was here to see her. Lucky girl.

Howdy! Lucy Strickland--what are you doing holding a deck of cards in yer hands? Snertz---I bet! Never mind, she's a good player. She knits real pretty gloves, think she'd do better playing snertz. Dora W. is fixing puzzles for a change.

Freida Sanford made real pretty mittens. Why? You can't go out. Tee Hee!! She gets letters quite often from home. Katherine Peters is busy doing school work and knitting etc. Gets letters from her home. Recently she got a letter from her daughter in California. The young lady is eight years old.

Peek-A-Boo---Tiny Everett, how do you like your new room? You got a nice view, eh ha! Tiny's hobby is making flowers and knitting mittens. Don't forget to put in the thumbs. "Baby, it's cold outside!"

Hats off--Ladies and gents, here's a charming young lady. Helen Sifsof--yep, as cute as ever. She's studying real hard doing school work. Her dolly is helping her most of the time. Helen sings once in a while. She's learning "Kitty In The Basket." Don't worry, Toots! We'll get snow before Christmas. Keep your fingers crossed.

Esther Captain and Molly John are resting. Don't know what else they're doing. Be good, girls. And you'll be up and around in no time. HALLOWEEN!!!! "Ghosts" were here on a parade. We sure got friendly ones, Huh? They gave us candy. Did you ever see ghosts giggling? Our's did!! Anyway, you spooks were real nice, for on thing sure, please, don't haunt us. Here's hoping all of you ghosts are home for the next "haunting party."

Little Lamb: Helen, put 'er there! We're all through. It wasn't bad at all!  
huh? (We hope!)

Helen: If you can't make out what I wrote, don't ask questions.

Little Lamb: I won't. See you in the next issue. If not, then in the funny papers.

by Katherine Peters

Hi there, everyone! Hope you are all doing O.K. I thought I'd just put a few words in the SAN CHAT. Better than not to say anything. First, I want to say I'm very grateful, for all of our nurses and aides for their services toward us. I am thankful, too, for the doctors. May the Lord give them His Healing Hands. I really enjoyed knowing you all.

As we all want to get well, and in order to help ourselves, what we should do is to keep our chin up and our nose way up in the air and smile and leave our troubles behind. We'll get there yet, just like the ones that have already gone home. Well here's wishing everyone short and pleasant stays. May the good Lord bless and keep you all.

P.S. Russell, thanks for giving us the long ride down the hallway. May you live long and get to be 90. How'd you like that? I enjoyed Ann Riker doing the jitter bug down the hall. Keep it up, Ann. You're a lively gal. Come on, Edith. Shake a leg and join in.

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WARD THREE  
by Eleana Willis

Howdy, everyone! This is me, your Ward Three reporter, writing out the news of whats going on in this ward, matter of fact, I'm kind of nervous. Of course, this is my first time in writing the news. Well, where should I begin? Guess I'll start from down in the corner.

There's Tanna Christianson, the gal with the many get-well cards and birthday cards pinned up on the walls. Jitters, she sure must have acres and acres of friends. Is that right, Tanna? Next is Grandma Carlson, Tanna's roommate, I don't know what she's doing. Crocheting as usual.

In the next section is Donia Young, a gal with a sunny smile. She is making gloves for sale and they are beautiful, Donia. She knits quite a lot. Next is Lucy Sockpealuk who is doing embroidery work. I sure love that scarf she was making. What happened to it? Lucy. She has one hour up-time now.

Next comes Elizabeth Kawagly of Aldiak. She and her roommate, Dora C., play a lot of snertz when not reading or resting or writing letters. Dora is knitting a pair of gloves for someone handsome. Tell us who it is?

Bobbie Ann is resting. She crochets beautiful doilies, too, when not dreaming of Scott Brady. Mary Moses, her neighbor, is knitting a sweater. She knits so fast that I can't keep up with her without losing any stitches. When you have done that, work on mine too, yeah, Mary? And out on the porch is Carrie Voss. Last time I saw her she was knitting on a sweater. She came and borrowed her knitting needles back.

Doras Tobuk is a model patient. She reads and writes or chats with Carrie, Marva and Lana. . . . Had to stop and listen to the Lone Ranger. Oh! Just love to listen to him. I was supposed to be writing the news--where was I?

Marva does a lot of fancy work. Just where do you put all of your work, Marva? She is a clever woman. She can make the smallest to the biggest and fanciest articles. Lana showed me a picture of herself. It is enlarged and colored, and very nice. She wants to send it to her Prince Charming and I'm sure he'll love it.

Susie K., my pal, has O. T. time now. She is making gloves for her little girl right now. She's more ambitious these days. She is also very quiet girl, and sings duets with me once in a while--good voice, too.

In the next section is Hannah Hand all by her lonesome self. I'll be your sunshine when skies are blue, huh? Hannah? She gets to visit her little boy on Ward Five, lucky girl? Oh! I had better stop for the night and hit the sack.

October 23rd. . . . This is a cold morning, rainy, too, besides a few other things. It doesn't shine very much lately, but we do have more sunshine here in the San. Cheery smiles make life pleasant and sometimes there are troubles that burst like bubbles if you smile. Now let's finish the news.

Here's Taffy Rabbido, my fatstuff or should I say Her Royal Highness, who is making a pair of gloves for her Prince Charming, Dan. They're lovely, Your Highness. Katie K. is catching along to this San life. She is doing fine in her school work. Keep it up, Katie. But speak English and you'll learn a lot faster.

The last cubicle has Evelyn M. all by herself. I persuaded her to get another roommate, but she insisted that she wants to be alone. I don't you, Evie. At the present time she is doing bead work. I better not bother her now. And from the doorway I'll holler to Juneby. Wonder what she does in that room all by herself. Matter of fact if I dared walk down to her room, Mrs. Kesseling would march me back to my corner, so I had better stay at home.

As I write this Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Panches, Mrs. Ennis (junior grade) are picking up our trays. They'll soon be changing our linen on our beds as this is my linen change day. Oh gee! I'm about run out of paper, although I did drop a lot of the news, but I'm not going to turn back to pick them up. So bye for now. And do be good even if you can't quite succeed at it.

WARD FOUR  
by Roy Roehl

Well, hi-ya! Here it is a new month and here is the news as I see it. As you can tell, I am the new reporter. Ugh!

11/12/54 Pete Silas of Eagle is the latest in Ward Four. He is a real looker. He says he likes it, but it rains too much. Also, he says he is getting too fat. Hope that his stay is short and sweet.

11/12/54 Pete Zauker came in on the same day as Pete Silas, but he left the next day. The reason he was here was because they made a mistake. By the way, he is in Denver, Colorado at the Fitzsimons Army Hospital. His stay was short, but we hope pleasant.

11/12/54 Andy Stickman and Noah Phillips left for the Rehab to take up Store-keeping and they are going to school on the side. Smart boys, don't you think?

11/4/54 Arthur Jordan came to Ward Four. He's from Seward. Hope his stay is short and pleasant, also. There were quite a few promotions this month in Ward Four. The boys were sure glad to see that.

11/22/54 Ponto Backoff left Ward Four to go to his home in Kenai. He was here for six months. It was great to see him leave a well man once more.

11/25/54 Ralph Woolard left Ward Four to go to Ward Three to have surgery. We in Ward Four wish him the best of luck. He was our radio man and we sure miss him.

Julius Peterson left us. He worked part-time as a janitor in Ward Five. He is now at the Rehab Center. He was here for a little over three years. Good luck, Julius.

Willie Fitka and Clinton O'Meara are leaving us soon. They will be missed by all of us. They will be especially missed by yours truly for they are the fellows who get my eats.

Henry Scott moved out to the porch where he is the new post-master for Ward Four. Have to go now, see you next month.

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WARD SIX  
by Anna and Aggie

Greetings and salutations. Here goes a little news from Ward Six. There are only eight of us patients up here, and four lonely empty beds. I hope no spooks sleep in them at night. Oh dear! Would somebody please sleep near me.

Ward Six Cont'd

Here we have Alice Kaganuk who likes to sew from morning until night. This lady makes her own patterns like making dresses, aprons, skirts and booties. She also uses her own pattern in crocheting. She doesn't speak English, but she sure has learned many words.

Leah does her school work every day and loves to do it. She also pushes the cart of dishes to the dish washer. In the meantime, Leah is going to start working at the Rehab Center from 7:00 till 11:00 in the morning.

Our next girl is Rosa Mitchell. The gal always reads and writes to ??? and probably gets mail every day from ??? (ahem!), I'd better not mention him.

Now for Anna Pete--she's the gal that always gets mail, I mean mail, and always writes, reads and does postal work. Also Anna Pete just had a birthday yesterday. Boy, she had lots of cards from all her friends. Oh huh? Oh yeah, she had a cake too. Lasted almost two days--big cake!! Happy Birthday, Anna!!

Julie (Little Lulu) Lopez--wow, a long name! Now what does she do? Make noise, natch. Her pastime is laughing while being glued to her earphones.

Mostly everybody is watching their waistlines. Even Miss Norden, our nurse!! What waist lines?? I don't see any.

Julia, Leah and Aggie are always playing snertz. That seems to be their favorite pastime just before rest period.

Now for Emily Jimmie Joe. What does she do? She does! Oh! She announces over KSAW with Anna Pete. They also run the movies together. Jimmie Joe also does some pretty handiwork, with her bare hands.

Helen Munson is busy teaching every morning. All she can say now is, "I wish I could go home!" We don't blame you.

Here's some fun we had on Halloween. I guess everyone knows by now that those ghosts and ugly looking people were the girls from Ward Six, that went around to the wards. If you haven't found out yet, one of the ghosts was Mrs. Myra McDonald. Our Ward and the kiddies ward was all decorated. The girls here made their own decorations, and Russell helped put them up. We're very grateful to you, Rus. (Honestly!) When we went through the wards most of the patients knew us, and that made us feel sillier than we looked. Well, this ends the news for this month. Bye.

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# MEN WANTED!

WANTED: For permanent employment in positions with a future:-

(1) Men of sound, dependable body who keep themselves both clean and neat without being conscious about it.

(2) Men who have sufficient mental capacity and correct habits of alert thinking to be able to make original and worthwhile contributions to the conduct of our business; who try to see every problem as a whole not forgetting that it has a past and a future; who have habits of substantiating all conclusions before acting upon them; who realize that there is no such thing as mental labor--there is only the mental spirit; who do not belong to that army of small fry who try to guess what the big boss is going to want and who acts accordingly.

(3) Men who not only can work with others, but who actually make others want to work with them because of their good taste, integrity, emotional stability, self-restraint, sense of proportion, and especially because of their desire to develop "power with" the other men in our organization by the interweaving of the varying abilities, needs, and interests of all, instead of seeking that shallow "power over" others which is mere domination.

(4) Men who take for granted things like honesty, loyalty and reliability, instead of considering them as virtues worthy of a director's chair in our organization. We feel that a man could not be even a good garbage collector without these qualities, so please do not fool yourself or waste our time using such indispensable virtues as arguments for employment or for advancement. But if you lack them, develop them. Exercise individual initiative, no one wants a quitter.

(5) Men who have sufficient ambition to think out and to carry out a plan for worthwhile personal growth that has both distance and direction.

We sometimes employ other types of men, but not for longer than we possibly can help!

(World Wide Associates)  
from THE ALASKA SCOUT

## A DREAM REALIZED !

"Keep your nose to the grindstone and your fingers in the pie" is a hackneyed motto which has its reward according to Lillian Aldridge, a pastry cook at the Sanatorium.

Mrs. Aldridge has worked her regular shift in the San kitchen eight hours a day, five days a week for almost one hundred weeks. She has baked 400 pies, more than one thousand cakes and enough rolls to fill a box car, and now she she will take a Cook's holiday with a Cook's tour of the world. She will sample the delicacies aboard the M/S Wonosari and at such exotic places as Iloilo, Singapore, Lourenco Marques, Cebu and Port Elizabeth on the East African Coast, as her reward for two years of keeping her nose to the grindstone and her fingers in the pie.

Mrs. Aldridge will leave Seward via the Matanuska Bus Lines on November 2nd for Anchorage on the first leg of her journey which will circle the globe. She is due to sail on the M/S Wonsari of the Java Pacific Line from Seattle pier on November 7th. The entire trip will take her approximately four and one half months with a good deal of time spent in foreign ports while the Freighter discharges its cargo or loads cargo, as the case may be, and time for side trips to the Orient and in Africa.

Our traveling Cook will cross the equator twice with the major part of her time being spent in the southern hemisphere which will be enjoying its summer season while the northern hemisphere--and Alaska in particular--will be enjoying wintertime climate. Mrs. Aldridge told me of some advice which her travel agency had given her: "Take along summer clothes with a good raincoat and one warm wrap. Also, because there will be no doctor aboard, bring an extra pair of glasses if needed, and an extra set of teeth if needed. . . . And if a wooden leg happens to be your risk for needing a doctor, you had better not come!"

It has taken several months to make all of the arrangements for the trip. Getting a passport is something which takes some time with photographs to be autographed just so, character references to be investigated, birth certificate to have in order. Then there are visas to be obtained from the consulate of every country to be visited and immunization shots, reservations for accommodations at all points of entry where side trips are on the itinerary.

Mrs. Aldridge has enjoyed anticipating for months; she has practically memorized the world atlas, National Geographic magazines and whole files of travel folders.

Besides doing her job as pastry cook, she has figured how many tubes of tooth paste she will use in four and one half months, how many rolls of film, how many pair of hose, This is truly a long term dream come true!



We were thrilled to receive this letter from Nellie Graham, the "San's Star Woman Athlete", who recently left for a series of engagements in the states.

Dear Gang:

Wish to thank all of you for the grand send off you gave me at the airport. Hope everyone will be by their radios rooting for me as my various engagements take place, for I'll be doing my best for all of you. I arrived in Seattle October 16th, where I was met by my manager Mary Randolph, who had everything in order for me, and my

stateside appearances arranged. Mary is efficiency from her head to her toes and I'm sure glad to have her in my corner when I'm in a tough battle. I enclose my schedule of appearances, so wish me luck gang and I'll be thinking of you

"Nellie"

November 15th----SOLDIER'S FIELD--CHICAGO

Meet Mildred Burke here for women's Wrestling Championship of the World. She may be champion now, but she won't be after I get thru with her. I'm going to break Burke's back, kids, so be sure you're listening in when I throw her out of the ring.



November 20th----YANKEE STADIUM--NEW YORK

Have my tryout with Yankee's here on this date. Yogi Berra will catch for me, but I doubt that even he will be able to handle my dipsy-doodle speed ball. I wired the Yankee manager that he had better get his boys tennis racquets if he expects them to hit anything I throw at them.

November 30th----Catalina Island CALIFORNIA

If Florence Chadwick wants to beat me in this swimming race, she had

better get herself an out-board motor. I am going to pass "Floating Florence" on the way back and tell her to rig up a sail. Hope nobody tells her I've swum down here from Alaska three times already or she might back out of the race to Catalina.

This will fulfill all my athletic engagements for this year and after visiting a few relatives I will be back with you kids for Christmas. If I feel as good as I do now, I will probably save plane fare and run back to Bartlett via the Alcan Highway, just to keep in condition for the winter sports.

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#### AT THE SAN . . . . .

The Lucky Five uranium prospectors felt that luck was really theirs when they got out of the Shirley Lake area last Monday. Denny Thompson and Jay Carroll, the pilots of the Lucky Five were able to get Joe Cawthorn, Paul Nelson and Dick Briggs, all members of the Sanatorium Staff, into the site between snow and wind storms last week, and before the lake had frozen over, and out again under the same circumstances.

The men report that although weather conditions were anything but conducive to outside activity, and the day of the greatest wind storm spent most of their time in "the sack", they were able to stake five claims in area adjacent to these of "The United Six".

All activity ceased last Monday as the prospectors in the area took advantage of the break in weather before the lake freeze-up to fly out. Two men of the "United Six" stayed at Shirley Lake in the small emergency cabin, which they built, to work their claims.

FLASH ! ! ! ! ! Woman On First Street Invaded By Three San Bowlers Spurred On By Ada Stuart, R.N., Director Of Nurses. ----Surprised???. Who was surprised, the lady of the house or the bowlers? It seems, however, that Miss Stuart and her teammates finally arrives at the Poor House, (Billie and Peg's) to wish Bobbie (aide on Ward I) Happy Birthday and Welcome Home. We're all happy to have Bobbie back after her fast trip to Eugene, Oregon--where she convinced her folks that Alaska was the place for her. By the way, Bobbie, what's this we hear about your getting your fireman's badge while you were home? Are all the "nuts" in Oregon roasted now? Well, maybe she didn't get a badge, but her latest article of wearing apparell is reminiscent of that exciting night of fire fighting. If you don't believe us just ask Bobbie to model her birthday present.

Is Thelma O'Brien limping of a badly mangled toe? Seems it is due to the over anxious dancing contortions of \_\_\_\_\_

Hi, Mac! Now you can't say you never made the SAN CHAT.

## SCHOOL INSPECTOR VISITS . . . . .

Robert P. Isaac spent two days visiting Seward Sanatorium recently. He met patients on the wards and conferred with teachers and other staff members. He listened, looked, took notes, and made constructive suggestions. His evident sincerity and his interest in aiding the teaching program here, left students and staff greatly encouraged.

Mr. Isaac's concern for helping children and adults, who, through no fault of their own, have been cut off from basic learning skills, brought new hope. Some of these people come from regions where there has never been a school. Others must have additional study or they can not take the rehabilitation job training waiting for them here. Since one who has had T. B. is unable to go back to jobs of hard labor such as many of our patients formerly held, training at the San usually marks the difference between self supporting citizenship and a "case" on the welfare list. Indeed it often marks the difference between a desire to co-operate and get well, and an attitude expressed by the patient, who, before he became interested in preparatory study, said bitterly, "Why should I get out of here anyway? I'll never be good for anything. I couldn't even support myself." It is now a medically accepted fact, even if there is no other known reason why he shouldn't, is a T. B. patient doesn't want to get well, he doesn't get well.

There is a particularly trying period when the patient has progressed to a condition, when though he may be feeling very well, he still must conform to a difficult schedule of inactivity and rest. This is the time the bedside teacher steps in to help with whatever is most needed.

It may be that some one is given the first chance he ever had to learn to speak English, or to read and write. Another may become engrossed in work which will get him ready to take rehabilitation training, when he has leveled off into continued negative tests and can start activities to harden him and build him up to where he can step out into the world and earn his own way.

For bedside teaching, at present two territorial teachers are attempting to help seventy patients. While patients should be seen daily, this case load means many patients are only helped by the teacher for a few minutes once a week. Others are still on the waiting list.

Recently a teacher was stopped by a patient who remarked that a man on his ward who had school work was transferred. He asked if that wouldn't make it possible for the teacher to help him twice a week? Of course, she had already enrolled a waiting patient in the transferred man's place.

Things like this Mr. Isaacs saw, and we believe he is taking an honest picture of our needs back to the Juneau office of the Alaska Department of Education. We feel that we have an envoy who understands with his heart as well as his head the importance of helping these fine people at the San, especially in the field of adult education which up to now has not even been recognized. We are sure if it is humanly possible his visit will help add two more teachers to our Territorial Staff. That would indeed be a great day for students here, and resulting progress would be training of which we could be pardonably proud.

## WARD ONE SPOTLIGHT

by  
Rudy

This month we focus Ward One's spotlight on a young fellow from along the meandering Yukon. His eighty-year old Dad called him ARTHUR MATTHEW when he was born in Rampart, Alaska, thirty-four years ago. By trade, Art is a trapper, fisherman and a laborer. Art did a four-year hitch in the Army, during which time he served in three different branches--infantry, Port Company, and the QM Corp. He likes to play softball. His dislike is no different from any other bed-ridden patient. Art is well versed in the art of putting up salmon for the long winters in his part of the country. The weather there is from one extreme to another--hot and cold. In the summer, Art works for a trader, miner and cannery operator by the name of Ira Wiesner in Rampart. Art says that no one has yet come up with a logical reason as to why goats and sheep shun his country. Except for these mountain climbers, his country is otherwise teeming with wild game. The foregoing sounds strange, but what is stranger yet is that Art says that some fifty years ago a whale found its way up the Yukon. This goofy whale was sighted and killed at Tanana by two fellows, one of whom is Andy Cockrines. Andy and his partner charged fifty cents per person to see the beached whale. Another fellow, Art says, another whale found its way to Tanana. The whale isn't there any more, says Art, but you sure can still have a whale of a good time there!

## WARD TWO SPOTLIGHT

by  
Ashykins

This month our spotlight ray is rainbow colored, what with all the liquid sunshine we're getting, there's bound to be a rainbow some where. Since I don't see any from my window, I'm making my rainbow light. It isn't a pot of gold we've found at the end this time, it's no other than our lovely gal, LENA MILLER. Hails from Point Lay, Alaska, the land of the Midnight Sun. Lena stands 5' 1" tall, brown eyed with long black lovely hair. She is proud to be an Eskimo from way up North. Her favorite sports are hunting ducks, seals and was it polar bears, Lena? One of her hobbies is knitting little tiny Tom Thumb caps and mittens, namely lapel pins. Answers her mail right away. Is the snertziest snertz player in Ward Two. Claims I'm spoiling her, (I wonder.) When she gets the giggles, she blames me. (By the way, we're cubicle mates.) Likes to ask me sixty-four dollar questions, however, when I answer them, she is just speechless--thinking over my answers, I guess. Otherwise she is easy going and to get along with, cheerful, and full of fun. Her greatest ambition is to get well and take care of her two lovely little girls and her boy. Here's wishing you a great big get well wish from all your friends, Lena! And may your stay be short and sweet.



# Food Facts and Fancies



BRAZIL

Giant shrimp grilled with their jackets on. Palmitos, Mussels in vinaigrette sauce. Xarque, jerked beef. Caramel custard. Canja, the world's finest chicken soup. Tutu, yesterday's black beans mashed up and browned in the oven. Ropa velha, "old Clothes", a hash of meat left-overs browned with beans. Black beans and rice is the national dish. When a pig's ear, chicken and other meats are added, it becomes feijoada, or feihooda completa, complete with farofa, powdered mandioca root, sliced oranges and a stinger of cachacha, the native white rum. It's cooked in orange juice and because of the dominating black of the beans, looks like a cannibal stew, perhaps a black missionary hashed up and dusted with white flour.

Brazil goes for food in a big way--the oysters of Bahia are a foot long and explorers return from the Amazon reporting fromgs bigger than babies. Alligators and their eggs are esteemed delicacies. In the interior smoked monkeys hang from the rafter, handy for hacking off a tidbit. A jealous husband once killed his wife's lover, smoked him like monkey meat, and fed him to his wife until she died of indigestion.

The oranges of Bahia are great golden globes, the original navels of California, adopted but can never reproduce in the virgin splendor.

Two kinds of pineapples make Pernambuco popular with fruitarians and fruit monkeys, abaxaxi and the ananas, each just a trifle more bursting with nectar than the other. Avocados, xuxu, mangoes, melons, custard and custard apples; one of the

last is the paradisaical Fruta de Conde, Fruit of the Count (on the order of "Caviar for the General") and Fruta de Condessa, its Delicate mate. There's a tart fruit, too, the cashew, that bears our cashew nut like a funny nose on its end. It's made into a refreshing drink, along with canna, cane juice, caramboias (star apples) and every tropical fruit that grows. A fine cooler is provided by the water coconut; just nick off the top with a machette, pour in a jigger of white rum and you've got a natural effervescing swizzle. Brazilians kiss their finger tips to this, "Succa de Uva," which means grape-juice, but is applied to any food or drink that's perfect.

The jaca grows right in the tree trunks, weighs only one hundred pounds sometimes and one serves to feed one thousand on syrupy dripping sections. The pepsin-seeded namao, wife to the pawpaw, mixes up travelers, who call them "mamas and papas" indiscriminately.

Vatapa is a coastal dish of cornmeal mush, fish and pepper sauce. Cold cuts called fiambres, take the place of hors d' oeuvres. Ices are sold on the streets by perambulating peddlers who keep the night lively with their musical aries.

Coffee fanciers drink as many as twenty cups a day, black and syrupy, the small white cup is filled almost to the brim with damp raw sugar and the coffee poured in. Everywhere there are petite quieres shops with preserved fruti, bon bons, bonnes bouches, tutti fruitis, and honeylike cakes. Brazil, indeed, is one great hollow sweet tooth. Like Cuba, it has an amazing repertoire of bannas, running all the way from the tiny banana de oro, of gold, and the fig banana, not much bigger than a French fig, through the silver orange, apple orange, freckled, etc. to the huge red ones for baking and spooning from their skins with cinnamon and sugar.

#### BON VOYAGE

By the time the next SAN CHAT appears on the news stands, "Sangalley" will be on the high seas, aboard the Dutch freighter "Wonosari", on her way to Singapore. This will be the first leg of a journey around the southern hemisphere where she will visit many places, enjoy balmy nights and days filled with sunshine. Many experienced world-travelers will tell you they prefer to travel on foreign flag ships. They have some good reasons for doing so. The accommodations are, in many instances, better than are found on American vessels. Scandinavian and Holland flag vessels are noted around the world for the excellence of their tables. There are some people who have the feeling when they step aboard a foreign ship they are stepping into a foreign land, which is true in a sense. It also affords an excellent opportunity to practice the language during the voyage.

The strange lands across the Pacific have figured in the dreams of most everyone at some time or another. Surely most of us have decided that some day, somehow we would take this trip of a lifetime to the Far East, with all its exotic sights and sounds, and the endless mystery and fascination that is so much a part of the Orient.

We will try to keep in touch!

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# WE WONDER

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By Us Girls



If Eva Sears misses us as we miss her.

Why M. M. won't say, "six teeth."

What that big nurse was in Helen L's room on the night of October 24th after 9.

What the boys in Ward One think of Us girls. If a certain aide would like to be called "Roly Poly." Which picture Alice A. has under her pillow this month.

If Tiny E. has a piano hidden under her bed. How many girls have stars in their eyes. If Julia finished that pretty sweater for her hubby. How Cora enjoys her new room. Who stops to see "Little Helen" every now and then.

Who taught our aide Riker the Eskimo Tap Dance. How come Kathy W. always forgets her new mask. If Julia enjoys sitting on the end of her bed watching all of us girls.

Whose back Ella's navy blue sweater will keep warm this winter. Where Jeannie (our Pretty Girl) gets that cute laugh. If many of us girls recognized our side, Edith, in her lacy work gown. If Mary A. likes being called "Sleepy Head" for a change.

Why everyone thinks that we are the noisest ward in the San. Why all the aides are so-o-o-o-o happy that most of the girls have up-time now.

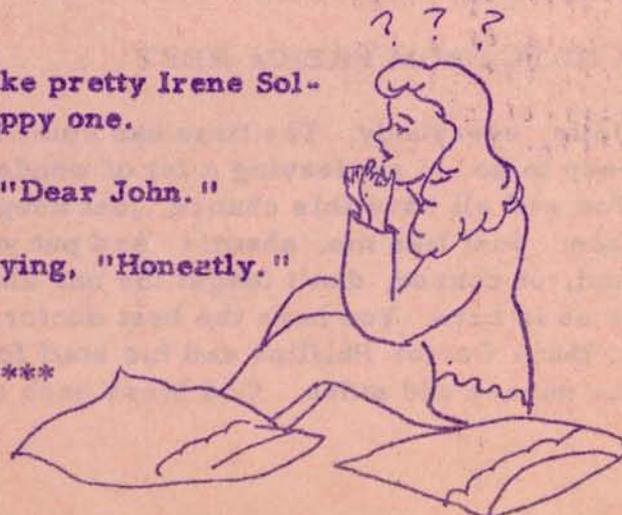
Who got promoted to the "Mad House." What Santa C'aus will bring us for Christmas.



If us girls helped make pretty Irene Solomon's birthday a happy one.

Who is waiting for a "Dear John."

Who started the saying, "Honestly."



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## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Mrs. A. T. Henrici, who is the Jurisdiction Secretary of Work in the Home Fields for the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church --the organization under which Seward Sanatorium operates-- writes to Dr. Phillips as follows:

Dear Dr. Phillips:

Since I used the San Chat material so freely, I thought it only fair to let you see what was going out! This included letter goes to all of the Executive Committees in the Jurisdiction (which includes Mrs. F. G. Brooks, president of the entire Woman's Division) and to the 17 Conference presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries of promotion, as well as those to whom it is addressed. I am eager for the women to feel the "pulse-beat" of Seward Sanatorium. Your magazine is excellent, and carries one right inside the walls.

Best wishes,

Mrs. A. T. Henrici

Now to quote from the letter which she had sent to more than one hundred women all over the United States and which will affect the opinions of thousands of women:

"The SAN CHAT with its varied and intimate articles, paints a vivid picture of life there. Ward News gives personal work of the patients, and these are really touching, the items being friendly, humorous, encouraging, and at times gently "ribbing". One feels acquainted with the patients, and watches each issue for news of them. Here are samples. . . . ."

Then Mrs. Henrici quotes at length from various pages of several issues of the SAN CHAT. It should give all of us who assist in any way with the writing, artwork, production or distribution of the SAN CHAT a boost in morale and an inspiration to continue our work to know that every effort we make is an effort toward a better understanding of the Seward Sanatorium and its aims and purposes of making available the best possible treatment program for the greatest number of Alaskans afflicted with T. B.

## A NOTE FROM FREIDA REFT

Hello, everybody: The time has come for me to say good-bye--it's not so easy to do. I am leaving a lot of wonderful friends I've made while here. You will all have this chance, just keep your chin up and a smile on your face. Just like me, ahem!! And put your faith in Dr. Phillips and his staff. And, of course, don't forget the one above us. Consider yourselves lucky to be in here. You have the best doctors and nurses in the country. I want to thank Doctor Phillips and his staff for what they've done for me. Also, the nurses and aides. God bless each one of you. Good-bye, all.

Freida Reft

# REHABILITATION!

A little about Rehabilitating the handicapped . . . by George Kimpton

Here at Seward Sanatorium and Rehabilitation Center we deal in the treatment and rehabilitation of tubercular patients. After a person has been discharged from the Sanatorium as "case arrested", he is given an opportunity to learn a new trade that will permit him to retain his health, and to find work, and have a chance to play his part in the drama of life.

Thence, a former tubercular patient naturally comes under the classification . . . Handicapped.

For many years this handicap has marked the end of the road . . . and the beginning of another, often a much rougher road.

It was found that these people must learn new skills, new jobs, to compete with their more fortunate fellow humans for work. Can they do it? The answer is definitely. . . YES.

Has anyone ever made any general surveys of how these handicapped people compare with workers who aren't handicapped? The answer to that is also yes. Studies have been made by the U. S. Department of Labor, Civil Service Commission, Veterans Administration, and many others. Let us point out that the findings have all been the same. These workers when properly placed are every bit as good workers as the normal worker.

Here is what the Labor Department survey shows:

**Efficiency:** Handicapped were more efficient on the job than a worker in perfect health.

**Injuries:** Handicapped are safer workers. Their rate of injuries was much lower than the able bodied.

**Absenteeism:** Handicapped were absent just about the same frequency as normal workers. . . despite the fact that they had to take time off for physical check-ups, and etc.

Well, now, don't you think that is convincing proof? What shall it be for Alaska? Charity of jobs for the handicapped?

The Seward Sanatorium is turning out arrested cases of former Tuberculosis patients in an ever increasing rate. Many of these persons realize that they cannot earn a living at what was once their trade. They have courage and ability. And Hope. For it is only their bodies that are crippled . . . not their minds. . . or their spirits. With the right training they can conquer this handicap. These people are learning that Rehabilitation can restore them to

## AT REHAB

Latest from the boys at the gas station, is that they have engaged a new assistant, Al Wilson from Seldovia. Al plans on staying a while and then possibly going to school at Mt. Edgecumbe. Al has a pleasing personality and gives service with a capital "S".

Dan Malavansky and Leo Kunnuk recently bid in on a construction project in Seward and are now busy handling that affair. The Kunnuk-Malavansky construction company, however, is reported to be closing operations until next spring due to bitter weather conditions in the Seward area.

The station also wishes to report that after several months of negotiations they are obtaining the Seward area dealership for the famous General Tire line. General Tires have long rated top spot in the consumers union research, as the finest tire in the country. See the boys for good tire protection.

Many new faces have appeared at the Rehab lately, as the population there continues to increase. Among the new arrivals are: Howard Konokah, Jimmy Kilapsuk, Noah Phillips, Andy Stickman, Henry Saccheus, and a new employee, Al Wilson. Oh yes, we forgot Yool-yuz Peterson, too.

The canine population has increased with the addition of "Princess", a female cast off of the latest Nelson litter, who is being trained by Dan Malavansky.

Tania Green has been preparing breakfasts for the happy Rehab workers and she finds her meals very popular with the workers.

Leo Kunnuk went to Jolly Holler (down towards Homer way) clam digging. Willie Chernoff was there too. Leo fell in a sand hole, and a little later Willie dug him up. He thought he had a big one. . . Guess we really clammed that one up, huh?

Irene Ponchene has her son, Billie, with her now. He is a cute little fellow, and is popular with everyone. Irene is popular, too, and her costumers are always praising her winning smile and efficient business-like manner.

At the grocery store the girls and boys are busy selling turkeys for the Thanksgiving feast. Ray says: "Come in and let us give you the bird!"

Mac Wemark is happy over his new electric adding machine.  
Sandra Wells, the fine cook, is happy with her new freezer.  
Leo Kunnuk is happy with his new Benny Goodman records.  
Dan Malavansky is happy with his new dog.  
Pop Jim Stephenson is happy with his new glasses.  
Al Wilson is happy with his new truck.  
Ray David is happy with his remodeled Ford.  
Everyone else is just happy because.

## AN EFFECTIVE REHABILITATION CENTER

by Ethel Lindley, R.N.

After leaving Washington D. C. where I attended the National American Legion Convention, I flew to Portland where I studied their rehabilitation program in detail. I have never worked with any group of Legionnaires that were so courteous and cooperative as that entire state department group. It was not only a pleasant piece of work, but one of the most instructive with the most good obtained in such a short time. I knew quite a bit about rehabilitation work, but I wanted the most constructive program that would fit in with our Alaskan program and give the best to all our people.

After studying the Oregon Department program, I discussed how I thought, with their help, we could expand our program to include the citizens as well as the veterans and have one of the best centers in the American Legion. I asked the service officer to mail me a copy of the policies that are used throughout the state of Oregon in governing the veteran supervision. With this as our guide, we can appoint a veteran and auxiliary committee to govern the policies of the G. I. Then, we can add to this committee enough citizens from different clubs to assist in making policies which will govern the citizens for which the Legislature of the Territory has appropriated training money.

One of the best and first things we must do is to give the public a good understanding of our purposes for training these people and what it will mean not only to the taxpayers but to the people as a whole. The Welfare workers over the Territory will be most interested in working with us. The Oregon Welfare worker said it was one of the best ways to get clients off their welfare rolls and to place them on their feet with a useful and self-supporting life. The Red Cross praised the work highly. With all whole-hearted Americans from every walk of life bringing their forces together to mold us into a self-respecting citizenry, we Alaskans can prove our ability even though the states say we are not capable of becoming a "state."

I have just received word that I have again been appointed to the Rehabilitation Advisory Committee of the National American Legion. I am asking each post rehabilitation chairman to join with me in getting his community acquainted with the Alaska Rehabilitation Center program. Let's keep plugging for the full backing of Clubs interested in such work and ask them to give us their support in seeing that the civilian gets full benefit of the program supplied by the Territorial government.

Will each rehabilitation chairman in the posts please give his support and keep in touch with me? I already know our American Legion Auxiliary will more than support our Alaskan veterans. Also, I feel sure the V. F. W. department group will heartily place its strength with us and make policies with the American Legion rehabilitation program for the work done with their members. I stand ready to give my best to any and all men and women who are in need of this program.

As our educational advantages in Alaska have been limited, we find many who need more education so they can qualify for good and suitable work. Our Department of Education is gladly giving us teachers for this work with adults. Also, the University of Alaska is sending out men and women for adult teaching and if all these forces band together, there is no end to what we can accomplish. I feel sorry for those few people who wish to further depress and keep down those men and women who are unfortunate enough to receive a handicap from war and disease. It is an important and selfish position to take. All I can say for them is, "May God Have Mercy Upon Them."

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#### THE STORY ABOUT A PICTURE THAT HANGS IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

Back in 1949 when Mrs. Nell Schnocker was teaching Sunday School in the Children's Ward, she was also corresponding with a neice, Mrs. Brockington in Norfolk, Virginia, about her work here in the San with the patients. Mrs. Brockington's daughter, Mary Jo, then just in high school and an art student, a very good one too, decided she wanted to do something for the children at the San. So she painted the picture, "Behold, I Stand At The Door And Knock."

When it came, in presenting it, Mrs. Schnocker chose as her Sunday School lesson the title of the picture. But the children insisted on learning the entire verse.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3:20

When Mary Jo finished school she decided to do more than paint a picture for the sick. She gave up her art work to enter The Sisters of Charity, DePaul Hospital School of Nursing, Norfolk, Virginia. She graduated this September eleventh with high honors and is now a surgery nurse at DePaul Hospital. She writes her aunt that she still expects to do more T.B. nursing for she likes it. And she has not forgotten that it was to the children here in the San whom she first wanted to help.

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#### Facts on Rehabilitation . . . .

If we could rehabilitate overnight the millions of Americans not now able to work due to a disability, we would add to our nation's productive forces the staggering sum of four billion man hours a year.

Here is what President Eisenhower has to say about Rehabilitation: "The new approach. . . is not to say what is wrong with someone, but what can you do, or what you can be trained to do, that are your capacities. Never mind the incapacities, because we all have them."

## "ALASKA TERROR" CONQUERED BY WOMAN; BUY SEALS SHE URGES

A woman who has been freed from the "Alaska Terror", tuberculosis, has sent a letter to Old Knik of the Daily News, urging the public to buy Christmas seals.

Mrs. Freida Reft, native of Kodiak Island, is going home to her family after seven months of treatment in Seward Sanatorium. She writes:

"That time is almost here again--to buy Christmas seals. I ask all you good people in Alaska--dig down deep--and as you do, picture all the patients as I see them lying here in Seward San waiting to be cured."

"Some are just babies, others have seen many summers, but all now have hopes of getting out--as I have done."

Mrs. Reft said she wrote to show how grateful she was to the Alaska Native Service, to the Seward Sanatorium Administrator, Paul Nelson, and his staff, nurses and aides, who gave her "courage and determination to get well."

"What lung specialists in Seattle couldn't solve for me, Dr. Phillips did." Dr. Francis J. Phillips is a well-known thoracic surgeon engaged by the Sanatorium.

She adds, "I want to mention, too, Mrs. Kitty King, our sympathetic social service worker, who does so much for the patients' morale."

Please remember that the money you spend for Christmas seals is used to buy medicine and supplies to help carry on this wonderful work, to help TB patients get well and go home to their loved ones," Mrs. Reft concluded.

from ANCHORAGE NEWS

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## A LETTER FROM AN EX-PATIENT . . . . .

Dear Mrs. King: . . . . .

I'm expecting to go to San Francisco any day now, since the polio quarantine is over. I don't remember if I ever told you, but there was a case of polio here for about two months. Wrangell Institute was restricted from some of its privileges. None of the children from other villages were allowed to come here, even the ministers couldn't come out to teach Sunday School. So you can see we've had it pretty hard for awhile. The quarantine is over now, so we're set free. We started having church this morning.

I am also sending you a copy of the paper, The Wrangell Eagle, I made a book review on. The drawings are done by some of the students that used to be here, and a few that are still here. I think the stories are written by a few Eskimo kids Mr. Minner used to know. I am sending you this

because I thought you might be interested in this sort of thing. If you'd like to you can let some of the patients like Doris Tobuk, Carrie Voss and Alice Ashenfelter read the newspaper and the booklet.

Our first report cards came out last week and I must admit I'm very well proud of mine, although I was pretty surprised about it, in other words, I didn't know I was doing so well in school. I hate to think of leaving and missing a full month's school. I wish I had my operation this summer, while there wasn't anything to do.

Sincerely, an old friend,  
Mary Jean Haaf

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### A Bit O' Philosophy

by Dick Briggs

The essence of life is an unending series of journeys toward the fulfillment of a dream or ideals, and rich is the man who seeks within his mind the pleasure and satisfaction of intellect.

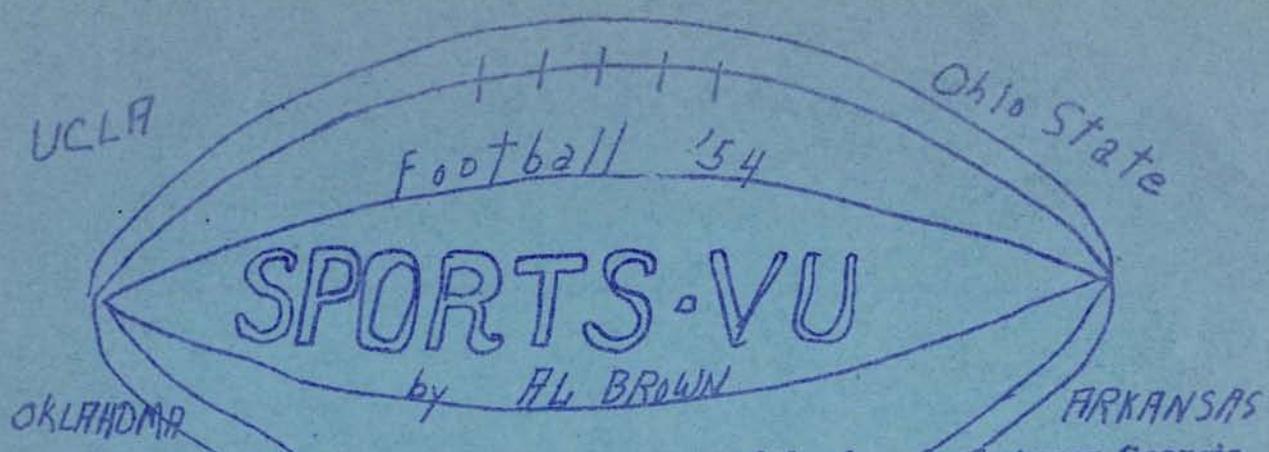
Those relegating their goals toward physical attainments bargain for the glamour and exhilaration of a moment's achievement, rewarding in the grasping struggle to the pinnacle of fortune, but void and disillusioning thereafter.

In time, the man who develops intellect magnifies his wisdom, attracts a sincere patronage, and embarks into an unlimited universe of profundity which is never-ending in personal reward, continually proceeding toward a climax without ever achieving one.

A man who searches "outward" for achievement lives within a world of closed doors, oblivious to the uncalculatable horizons of intellect for, truly, within one's mind there are universes to explore.

As he lives "outwardly" he must respond for effect, and in so doing is insincere to his fellows and himself, while he who lives "within" himself is the more honorable of the two for his reactions belie his desires to learn truth.

The two are diametrically opposed. Yet, one exists in a world of clay and statues, and the other lives among truth and living things.



October 30, 1954----The most exciting game of the day was between Georgia Tech and the Duke Blue Devils. The Blue Devils over-came a 20 to 0 deficit in the fourth quarter. Georgia Tech led Duke 20 to 14 with only 46 seconds remaining in the final quarter. Duke tied the score at 20-20 with a driving ground attack with only 26 seconds left. The conversion was good and this gave Duke a 21 to 20 win over Georgia Tech.

Highly regarded Notre Dame from South Bend, Indiana, edged out a hard-fighting Navy eleven 6 to 0. The Irish have beaten Navy 25 times with only one tie. Navy has won only four times.

The underdog Corn Huskers from Nebraska defeated Missouri 25 to 19, while Colgate fought Princeton to a 6 to 6 tie. Indiana upset favored Michigan 13 to 9. The highly ranked Army Cadets were extended by Virginia, and had to use every trick in football tactics to win 21 to 20.

1953 national champions Oklahoma Sooners came from behind to down Colorado. The Sooners have had to come from behind to win most of their games this year. Ohio State now ranked first nationally was hard pressed by North Western Wild Cats, but came on to win 14 to 7.

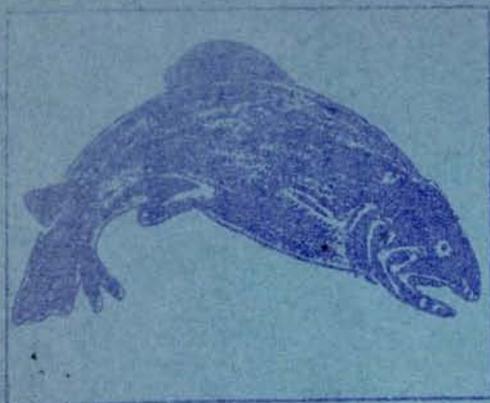
In several major games to come in November I am looking for Iowa to down Notre Dame by two touchdowns. Navy to down Army by one touchdown. This could very well be the game of the year. The Irish of Notre Dame will triumph over the Mustangs of Southern Methodist 27 to 25.

Notre Dame's last game of the year will be at South Bend with a tough USC Trojans team from Southern California. Score should be USC 27--Notre Dame 14.

**BOXING . . . . .**

Johnny Saxton who out-slugged the Kid from Cuba will have to fight Carman Basilio. The out-come of this fight is a cinch--Carmen Basilio will become the next welter-weight champion by a unanimous 15 round decision.

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HATCHED: November 9, 1954 10:15 P.M.

WEIGHT & LENGTH: 8 pounds; 19 1/2 inches

LOCATION: Seward, Alaska

NAMED: Catherine Anne

SPAWNED BY: Vi and John Fish

(former patients at the San)

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### HOW WE GOT OUR MOOSE by the REAL Ranger Nelson

Some time ago, you read a story of "How I Got My Moose." Well! Bill Crookes wrote that story. Now I'm about to tell you the real story of how we got our moose. By "we" I mean--Dad, Joe and myself.

The day before season opened we drove out to Skilak Lake. On the way we saw two bulls within easy reach of our camp at Skilak. We got up early in the morning and hunted between the lake and the road (not where we saw the moose). The next day we hunted where Dad and I got a moose two years ago. The third day we thought we would go to the far end of the lake. We got well on our way when the lake got rough and "chancy", so we found a sheltered cove along the rocky shore and pulled the boat up on shore and then hiked out to the road, about a seven hour hike. Then we hiked back to the car and headed home. On the way we decided to come back next week.

When we came back the next week, Beaver was with us. We went to get the boat and Dad and Joe "flubbed" up on guessing where the boat was, for we had a lot more walking than we should have had. We had to sleep on the hills that night with no food, except a half box of raisens for the 4 of us, and no covers except for three pack boards. Beaver had forgotten his--the thing a person wants most! The next day we hit the trail to the lake. We hunted and fished along the Kenai River and hiked back to two little lakes. I felt so weak the I laid down and took a nap in the sun. About three hours later Joe came up to where I was and about ten minutes later Dad joined us. They had both seen a moose, so we had some base and started to look for the one Dad had seen since he had seen his about fifteen minutes before.

We went to the place. They stationed me at a hill at the end of the lake while they both went around the lake in opposite directions. When they met, they decided to come back next week and hunt there. Then Dad saw the moose and said, "There he goes!" Then they got him out on a peninsula; his only chance was to swim and he did swim. (A beautiful sight!) When he was swimming, I opened fire. Most of my shots were low though. He swam to the peninsula on the other side. I thought he was still alive, but Dad and Joe had seen him fall and told me that we got him. I was the first one over there, so I finished him off. We packed out one load that night, and though I thought it not right, they said I could stay at camp and sleep while they packed out the rest. Dad and Joe are better hunters than I, for I still have a lot to learn.

P.S. Read it twice and you'll understand it better!!

# BARTLETT - KSAAN -

ON THE AIR

Announcer and pianist with grief stricken eyes who gives with the sad songs like, "I Knew When I Kissed You, You Were Dreaming Of Someone Else."



**THE QUESTION**----In Milwaukee, Lyle Gamroth, 22, punched his wife Janet in the nose and brandished a revolver at her, gave her wrist watch, engagement and wedding rings to his 17-year-old girl friend, just before getting a six-month jail sentence for assault and battery screamed at his wife: "I don't know why you want to send me to prison!"

**RELATIVE IMMUNITY**----In Honolulu, Joaquin A. Padayao complained that police were too harsh in charging him with first-degree murder, explained: "It should be second-degree. I only shot my wife."

Top Kick: "I feel as though I'm dancing on three feet!"

Hostess: "You are--one of them is mine!"

Blonde: "I think your mustache is cute."

Sarge: "Don't talk about something that may be used against you."

Looie: "Is there anything I can send you when I get back to camp?"

Lovely Girl: "Yes, a nice buck private."

Gob: "It's that bos'n's mate, and he wants to kiss you over the phone."

Gal: "Take the message, and I'll get it from you later."

Co. Baker: "I asked you to divide the dough for rolls and you've made hunks big enough for loaves of bread."

K.P.: "Ah comes from Texas, man!"

A woman went shopping with her little boy in a crowded department store. They pushed into a packed elevator when, suddenly, the blonde standing in front of the kid turned around and slapped a much surprised man standing next to her. They got off on the second floor. Mother: "I wonder why she slapped that man?"

Junior: "I don't know, but she stepped on my toe, and I pinched her!"

# MAINTENANCE NEWS

Some of us live to eat, while the rest of us eat to live. Very much in the latter category are most of the workers of the maintenance crew at the San.

Because of the war-time construction short cuts, much of the crew's work has been the replacement of the wear and tear of a decade; new sheet metal work replacing that which is fast rusting out, the building of two tall cement block stacks for oil burning furnaces, and the little "oh so important" odds and ends that crop up in any household--in the case of the San multiply by fifty!

With one of the crew having left for Kansas to live, the other five are busier than ever getting as many pre-freeze jobs out of the way as possible. Hundreds of screens and doors taken down, exposed pipes insulated, and the dozens of things that make life interesting for any householder. Or do they?

One job recently finished was the setting up and equipping of a therapy treatment center for polio patients. The housekeeping staff did the needle and thread work. A large pool for warm water treatment is part of the "course."

One of the things hoped for by the maintenance crew is new and larger quarters for its own use in order to give better and quicker service to all departments needing it.

O. N. Eofem

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## ARNOLD GRANVILLE CALLS

We are very happy to report an unexpected visit from Arnold Granville, School Inspector from the Juneau office. On October 31st Mr. Granville passed through on a scheduled inspection of peninsula schools. While Mr. Isaac's official visit had covered the Seward Sanatorium School, his report had interested Mr. Granville to the extent that he, on impulse, decided to take a few hours to visit personally. He had time to meet Dr. Phillips, to talk with the teachers, and to meet a few of the students on the wards. We feel we have another warm friend with first-hand knowledge of conditions here at Seward Sanatorium, and we shall be looking forward to another visit from Mr. Granville, when he can stay longer. He wants to see the Rehabilitation Center on his next visit.

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## EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

The first two correspondence courses have been approved by the Territorial Department of Education given by the University of Nebraska Extension Department. Roy Rosbl is taking Algebra and Albert Brown is taking English IV. If any others, who have started high school but have not completed it and desire to take work by correspondence, will let one of the teachers know, they will make the application.

# BIGGER AND BETTER!

In a few years I hope something like this will happen to me. I'll be in the club car of a train heading for Florida. A long, tall, bowlegged fellow will come in and sit down by me.

"Pardner," he'll say, "where you from?"

"Kentucky," I'll say.

"Well, I'm from Texas," he'll say. "Greatest state in the Union. You can put Kentucky and all of New England in just a little old corner of Texas, you know it. Land area of 263,644 sq. miles. Greatest state in the Union!"

Then a man sitting on the other side of me will pipe up. "Pardon me, Pardner," he'll say to the Texan. "I'm from little old Alaska. Youngest state in the Union, 588,400 sq. miles. One-fifth the size of the whole United States, twice the size of Texas. Greatest state in the Union!"

The Texan will blink at him and turn back to me. "As I was saying," he'll say, "you can't mention a thing that Texas ain't got. We got 400 miles of sea coast, you know it, and . . ."

"Pardon me, Pardner," Alaska will say, "we got 4,750 miles of coast line. Our shores are washed by two oceans, one sea, straits, gulfs and God knows how many bays. We got . . ."

"Now you take our mountains," Tex will say. "There's Capitan of the Guadelupes 9,020 feet high. That makes her about 5,000 feet higher than anything you got in Kentucky, and . . ."

"Why, son," Alaska will say, "that's just a little old hill. If you want a he-mount-ain, why don't you take old McKinley, 20,300 feet high. That makes her about 11,280 feet higher than anything you got in--what's the name of that state again?"

"And," Texas will say, "There's the old Rio Grande. What a river!"

"And," Alaska will say, "There's the old Yukon, 2,000 miles long, and you'll never see the day you can jump across it like you can some rivers I can mention but won't . . ."

By this time Texas will be foaming at the mouth and he'll turn his back on Alaska and say, "And we got oil and gas, and gold, and silver, and mercury, . . . and lead, and . . ."

"And ' Alaska will say, "we got oil, gold, silver copper lead tin platinum, pellacium, antimony, tungsten, coal, marble, glosum, sulphur, pitchblade, timber and fish and . . . ."

"And! Texas will say, "there ain't anything that we can't grow. You ever see a Texas waterrmelon? Biggest thing you ever saw."

'Yeah," Alaska will say "about half the size of a Matanuska Valley cabbage. Richest land in the world that Matanuska Valley land. It's . . . ."

'But we re really noted for," Texas will say, "is our men. Takes real men to live in Texas. You ever heard of them "bluc northers" that whip thru the panhandle?"

'Yeah," Alaska will butt in again. "They must be just a baby williwaws we send down for seasoning. When they get where they can break 100 miles an hour, they come back to Alaska to work out on some real men."

After that, Alaska will leave. Then Texas will turn to me and say: "Them Alaskans! If they ain't the biggest-mouthed, loudest bunch of braggarts I ever heard. Why we ever let them in the Union I don't know."

From the LOUISVILLE COURIER

Compliments of  
SEWARD SEAPORT RECORD  
Seward, Alaska

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#### WARD ONE MAIL

The following is a letter from a young woman who works hard to keep the boys happy and clean in Ward One. Her name is Roberta (Bobbie) Chase. Bobbie has taken ten days leave of absence to visit her friends and family in Eugene, Oregon. Here is her letter.

Hi:

Had beautiful weather all the way home. Arrived in Eugene about 10:30 Monday morning. It is raining today, but the weather is warm. Enjoying visiting with my friends again. We are in the middle of our walnut harvest, so have plenty to do.

Bye for now,  
Bobbie

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# CHEECHAKO'S CORN

by Shirley Clendenen

The two new nurses on the 12 to 8 shift are Jerry Romano, who comes from New York, and Helen Hatfield, who comes from Ohio. Neither of them are strangers to Alaska, for they have nursed in Kanakanak and Dillingham. We welcome you both and hope you will enjoy working at Seward San.

Two members of our office staff have started a business of their own in downtown Seward. The "Kenai Investment Corporation" is owned by Billee Lee Poor, Mr. Nelson's secretary, and Wally Crane, our bookkeeper. We wish you good luck in your new venture, Billee and Wally!

Mrs. Sarah Gaye, an aide on the 4 to 12 shift, is back from her vacation outside. She visited Alabama and the southern states where she saw her children. So glad you had a nice vacation, Gaye.

Bertha Tittle, an aide on Ward Two from 4 to 12, has had surgery while she was outside on vacation. She is now staying with her relatives while convalescing.

Nellie Graham, Head of the Housekeeping Department, has taken three months leave and plans to visit her children and their families in Oregon, California and Colorado.

Peggy Poor and yours truly had a few days off and went to Fairbanks. I had never been there and was so thrilled at the beautiful scenery. We had a lovely time, but sure were glad to arrive back in Seward.

Roberta Chase had a ten-day leave to visit her folks in Oregon. She returned to the San on October 28th. Glad to have you back with us, Bobbie!

The members of the San Bowling Team are as follows: Miss Ada Stuart, R.N.; Mrs. Lois Worden, R.N.; Mrs. Osta Ostergaard, R.N.; Mrs. Anne Riker, nurses aide; and Jerry Osborne, kitchen aide; and Miss Ruth Knight, R.N. We hope you can win the trophy this year, girls. Good luck!

Last month I told you of our plans to take the Paul Nelson Road Caravan to Homer. Well, we did! We paraded through Moose Pass, Cooper's Landing and Sterling. At Kenai we paraded through the streets and performed on the back of the truck. We paraded through Soldatna, Clam Gulch and Ninilchick. We performed at Keeler's in Anchorpoint where the community had a delicious pot-luck dinner for us. We finished our trip in Homer where we had such a wonderful time. The Can-Can girls returned to Anchor Point to dance at the

Community Dance there. I suppose you have seen in the Anchorage papers the pictures of the show. We certainly have some very talented employees who deserve a big hand of applause. Three of the Can-Can girls appeared on television over KTVA in Anchorage. We are all very proud of our Paul Nelson; he certainly put up a good fight, and we wish him the best of luck in the next election.

Mrs. Webb, our Post Mistress, is back at work after her vacation outside. We're glad you had such a nice time, but are very pleased to have you back at the San.

October 30th was the night of the San Halloween Party and Dance at the Jesse Lee Recreation Hall. A meeting was called on October 20th by Mrs. Nelson and Miss Stuart to organize Committees for the party. The Chairmen are as follows: General Chairman, Shirley Clendenen; Direction Chairman, Pearl Howard; Entertainment Chairman, Anne Riker; Publicity Chairman, Betty Ennis; Refreshment Chairman, Flora Panches. Each Chairman had several good helpers. At this time, I want to thank each and every one that helped make our Halloween Party a success.

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#### NEWS OF OUR DOCTOR. . . .

Friends of Dr. Tony Lalli, previously a staff physician at the Sanatorium, will be interested to know that the story of his six months tour of duty at the San has been published in THE METHODIST WOMAN. His impressions of life in Seward, and work at the Sanatorium make very interesting reading.

Dr. Lalli is taking his internship at Toronto General Hospital, Toronto, Canada and writes: "I am presently completing my month of pediatrics, and am very pleased with it. It has been the most enjoyable of the months thus far. I return to the Toronto General for a month of cardiac surgery and then shall return here for two months of pediatric surgery which will be mostly skin grafting, orthopedics and traumatic work. Those, I am sure, will also be good months. I have enjoyed this internship and am quite happy with my choice. I really do believe that I could not have chosen better. It is admirably suited to my needs and interests. The people have been friendly and have accepted this Yankee stranger in their midst, making me feel quite at home."

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#### A FEW WORDS WORTH REMEMBERING . . .

When your halo begins to fall, Beware!  
You may hang yourself!!

---by Russell Nunes, Orderly

## SANATORIUM CHATTER

The Commissioner of Health for the Territory of Alaska was at the Sanatorium in October. Dr. C. Earl Albrecht was interested in the program of treatment here with a special interest in the Rehabilitation aspect of the program. He advised the staff at their regular meeting Friday afternoon that he was pleased and impressed with what he found here.

Did you know that there are an average of 87 patients who receive treatment at the Physical Therapy Division of the Seward Rehabilitation Center every week? Polio really hit hard in the Seward vicinity, and we are fortunate to be able to provide the necessary facilities for this kind of treatment and also to have on our staff a Physical Therapist, Mrs. Florence Ayles, to expediate the program.

If you see new books on the library cart this week, you can thank the Seward Public Library Board who made arrangements to give our library a number of their duplicates. I noticed OLD MAN AND THE SEAS by Ernest Hemingway on the cart. That is one I have waited a long time to read.

Mrs. Randolph, R. N., returned to work November 3rd. Mrs. Randolph had visited with her sisters in South Dakota and had taken a trip with them to California when she was called back to Detroit where her daughter was taken to a hospital with polio. Her daughter is better now, and we're glad to have you back, Mrs. Randolph. When can we start some bridge games?

Suzanne Haywood, our popular dietitian, has returned from her vacation with a beautiful tan which she says comes from riding horses in New Mexico, and swimming in Florida. She visited with Grace (Ushler) Firth and her family in Florida and brought back greetings to all of the patients and employees from Mrs. Firth.

Miss Helen Johnson, PHN, visited at the Seward San since the publication of the last SAN CHAT. Miss Johnson is the TB nursing consultant for the Alaska Department of Health with offices in Juneau. Her job as liason between the hospitals who take care of the ADH beneficiaries and the Public Health Nurses in the field brought her to the San to become informed as to the procedures and progress here which she will be able to interpret to the nurses. Miss Johnson has recently attended the TB Evaluation Clinic where Xrays and patients are studied to determine priority for admissions.

We were also pleased to entertain Mr. Jack Hutchison whose name you will find on our consultant staff, is replacing Mr. Max Williamson as Director of the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation for the Territory. Mr. Hutchison met twice with the staff to discuss plans and procedures for the acceptance of referrals at the Seward Rehabilitation Center. He was accompanied by Miss Elaine Corke, Rehabilitation Officer, who will spend more time here reviewing cases and recommending referrals.

Dr. Wilkins, another new name on the Medical Consultant Staff, was at the San last week. Dr. Wilkins is associated with the Anchorage Medical and Surgical Clinic.

Other visitors this last month included Mr. and Mrs. P. Kelly, Owen Ferry from Anchorage, and Mike Casey from Toole, Ireland. Also Paul W. Woods from Rampart, Alaska, La Verne Griffin from Anchorage, Lei Jackson from Fairbanks and J. C. Wagner from Kodiak. A group of ladies from the Baptist Church in Anchorage stopped to visit Miss Lindley on October 18th and Miss Lindley entertained them at lunch. They were Mrs. F. W. Bowers, Mrs. R. L. Swank, Mrs. Viola Pettit, Betty M. Pettit and Valeria Sherard.

Mr. and Mrs. Arins who came to Alaska from Latvia about five years ago to work at the Seward Sanatorium were granted their citizenship papers last month. Congratulations to you both, and to your two fine sons, John and Waldimer. Also granted citizenship papers were Mrs. Asta Ostegaard, who came to Alaska from Canada; and Frank Walunga, who was born in Siberia of Alaska Eskimo parents.

Mr. and Mrs. William Panches celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary November 9th. Their children gave them a lovely set of sterling silver. Congratulations to you both and may you have many more happy years together.

John and Violet Fish, both former patients of Seward Sanatorium, are now the proud parents of a baby girl born November 9th at Seward General Hospital.

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LATE FLASH FROM WARD FIVE . . . . . by Shirley Shaishnikoff

Hi there, everybody: Well, here we are again. Helen Sifsof just moved down from Ward Two about the third of the month. Well, soon will be Thanksgiving. Delores Albert and Hank John went home last month. They went home both the same day. Just got a new aide. Her name is Mrs. Kelly. Last month was Halloween. Guess you all know the Ward Six girls dressed up and came into our ward. They passed some candy. Our ward made masks out of paper sacks. I think they looked pretty funny. Well there is snow on the ground. Sure makes everything look pretty. Almost all the kids have up-time. Just seven of the kids don't have up-time. Just five kids don't go to school. Well, we have to say good-bye for this month. So I'll close right now.

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#### SPOTLIGHT

by Happy Wemark

This month the spotlight is on ROY ROEHL, better known as "Hungrey" in Ward Four. He was born in Dillingham; is 5 feet 11 inches tall; and weighs 195 pounds, a gain of 20 pounds since he was admitted. Thus the nickname "Hungrey" speaks for itself. Hobby: collecting book matches covers and stamps; Favorite song: In The Mood; Favorite singer: Theresa Brewer. He is taking math now and plans to take up algebra. He hopes to study Deisel Motors and become a mechanic. Favorite subjects: food and girls.

# San Chat

December 1954



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# SAN CHAE

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS  
SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA  
DECEMBER 1954

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## COVER PICTURE STORY

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:8-14

SEWARD SANATORIUM  
BARTLETT, TERRITORY OF ALASKA

Seward Sanatorium is operated by the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. Patients are hospitalized on a contract basis. The Alaska Department of Health, Alaska Native Service, Veterans Administration, and the United States Public Health Service hospitalize patients here at a standard per diem cost. The Women's Division of Christian Service makes a sizeable contribution annually in helping to bear the cost of operating the hospital.

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Walter K. Buhler, M.D. . . . . Staff Physician  
Dr. Herbert Greenlee . . . . . Staff Physician

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Myra McDonald . . . . . Teacher  
Betty Nelson . . . . . Director of Recreation  
Ann Painter . . . . . Laboratory Technician

## DOCTOR'S CORNER

In a recent issue of the SAN CHAT this corner discussed the Parran Public Health Study Team. Mention was made that we were all thrilled at the very fact of these specialists visiting us, studying our problems and exchanging ideas with all of us. Hard in the last few weeks of their visits came the news that patients were to be sent to Washington State for treatment. Paradoxical though it may seem, along with this news came news that funds would be so short in Alaska that the new ANS Hospital at Anchorage would not be used to capacity. Much small talk and even some serious editorial writing about this obvious misuse of hospitalization facilities was indulged in by interested people. The Alaska Territorial Medical Association sent a resolution to the Secretary of the Interior opposing such uneconomical use of government funds in the cause of controlling Tuberculosis in Alaska. However, patients are steadily going to Washington State Sanatoria! Furthermore, no one seems to have seen the final report of the Parran Public Health Study Team who were sent by the Department of the Interior to study the health problems in Alaska. Could it be that this report is hidden in the files somewhere or that it is just not important?

The ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS mentioned something about sending surplus food to famine stricken areas in Alaska a week or so ago. That seems like a good idea. Especially, the angle of asking the citizens of the famine stricken areas to do some civic improvements as compensation for the surplus food. If intelligently explained this could look like just as good employment as "sliming" in a fish cannery. Especially, if the citizen were hungry!

The October Number of the BRITISH JOURNAL OF TUBERCULOSIS AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST on page 17 has a very interesting article titled "Social Aspects of Diseases of the Chest" by A. Leslie Banks. The article is especially interesting in that the author discusses a report of the Departmental Committee on Tuberculosis in 1912. This committee agreed, "That any scheme should be available to the community; that those means which experience had proved to be most effective should be adopted for the prevention of the disease; that a definite organization should exist for the detection of the disease at the earliest possible moment; that within practicable limits the best methods of treatment should be available for those suffering from the disease, and concurrently with these measures provision should be made for research." On the next page another point is made. "A large number of cases of pulmonary tuberculosis and some cases of other forms of tuberculosis, can be treated in the patient's own home. For many of these cases the tuberculosis dispensary will be the center of treatment."

This report was made when 10% of the deaths in England and Wales resulted from tuberculosis. That is quite a high percentage of deaths resulting from a preventable disease. No wonder the committee agrees on the points already quoted. That committee had made a careful study of the environmental conditions that contributed to the extensiveness of the disease. To quote further, "a healthy, sober, well-fed, well clothed community is far less liable to infection from tuberculosis than one in which disease and drinking habits are prevalent, whose members are inadequately fed and clothed and in which houses are crowded and unsanitary. It may broadly be said that an advance in material prosperity of the community as a whole will be reflected in a decreased incidence of tuberculosis."

This all boils down to a lot of common ordinary horse sense. It certainly makes this business of sending tuberculosis native citizens of Alaska hundreds of miles from their homes for a quick cure for their tuberculosis look ever less sensible. On the other hand it should give those who have long advocated outpatient treatment of tuberculosis in Alaska more courage. We know that the Parran Team were thinking about these very things when they were studying Alaska's Health Problems. We know that a program of outpatient treatment of tuberculosis in certain areas of Alaska is already starting. A plan for training village residents as sanitation aides to improve sanitation in their own communities has been started under sponsorship of ANS, ADH and the Arctic Health Research Center. Bethel has been chosen for the first village in which to establish the training plan. A detailed report of this project may be found in the December issue of ALASKA'S HEALTH. Did the Parran Team suggest this too?

So much for the Parran Team and the fact that we are now doing what the British Departmental Committee on Tuberculosis recommended in 1912.

It is Christmas time again. This is the last issue of the SAN CHAT you will see this year. In fact, some of the readers of the SAN CHAT throughout the world will not see this issue until next year. Anyway, the Seward Sanatorium is still running in a way. Our bed situation looks like this. We have 131 patients. We have 24 empty beds. Eight more empty beds and we will need to close one ward. We have not yet reduced our staff. We have not yet turned a boiler off in the heating plant. Therefore the cost of operation is unchanged. What does this mean? It simply means that it is costing the hospital management more than EIGHT THOUSAND dollars a month to let those beds be empty. This hospital is a year-round industry in this community. If we have to close a ward we will have to reduce the employee list. The community will have less income. The payroll from this hospital is more than a quarter of a million dollars a year. It may be less if the Sanatorium has to shut down because of lack of patients. It looks like a bleak Christmas.

Now the economic side of this is sad enough to look at. But think of the folks with tuberculosis who are still in need of hospitalization. There are still many who cannot be cured in their homes. There are still many who would like to come to the Seward Sanatorium instead of going to a sanatorium in Washington. But the native Citizen has little choice. If the patient census keeps falling we will have no choice but to start closing the wards.

This is another interesting study in Alaskan economy. We talk about progress in Alaska and we boast of an Alaska Development Board, yet we send our sick people and our money several thousand miles for a service that is offered here in Alaska. Are we interested in developing Alaska or are we just interested in talking about developing Alaska?

Anyway, MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

Dr. Phillips

December 9, 1954

Never before have I known a six-month period to go by so quickly. For the first time in my life I've had a chance to hunt, fish and really get out-of-doors. My home in northern Illinois seems now to be almost in another world. I will always remember the friends I have made up here and the things I've enjoyed doing with them -- hunting with Joe Cawthon, Mr. Nelson and Ranger (their hunting prowess has already been described in these pages); hiking to Lost Lake with Mrs. Ostergaard and her husband, Bernard, Miss Finch, Miss Haywood, Joe and Miss Stuart; going to Homer with the Nelson Campaign Tour; crawling through mud, slush and snow to get some shots at ducks with Joe; traveling up to Fairbanks, Buffalo Lodge, Chicken and almost to Eagle with Miss Stuart; and accompanying Dr. Phillips on his famous sea voyages which have taken us at times almost to Montaque Island. These are only some of the things that I've had an opportunity to do in my spare time.

I have enjoyed equally as much the opportunity of working with you as patients. In many ways, I have benefited more than you because of the things that you have taught me as opposed to the help that I may have given you by prescribing a certain medicine. Back at my school in Chicago, patients are only admitted to the hospital for a period of one or two weeks, so we as doctors really do not get to know them more than casually. Here, however, I have known many of you for the entire six months and feel that I can truthfully call you friends. When I see you in the halls, I do not feel that I'm saying "hello" to a patient in a tuberculosis sanatorium but to a friend like Joe, Mr. Nelson or Dr. Phillips.

Over the operating table, in the bronchoscopy room, in the dark room developing x-rays, at the bedside and in the treatment room changing bandages, I have had the opportunity to watch and listen to Dr. Phillips as he explained why certain procedures were done this or that way or why a certain operation would cure this particular patient of tuberculosis. As you may or may not know, Dr. Phillips was one of the teachers in the school I attended at the University of Chicago before he came to Alaska. The people of Alaska can rest assured that they are receiving care and treatment that is equivalent to that given outside.

It has been a pleasure also to work with Mrs. King as we have discussed the social problems that have come up and the best ways to solve them. Here again is another San employee who is really devoted to her task.

Now in about another week, I will be heading back to Chicago where the traffic is so thick that it takes an hour to go one mile, where people elbow and shove their way up to a counter so they can save 3¢ on some article. I will graduate in June and then I will serve an internship for one year. After that, who knows -- perhaps I will have to go into the Army, maybe I will take a residency or maybe I'll even come back to Alaska. Irregardless of what happens, I will remember my stay up here as something I wouldn't have exchanged for the world.

Dr. Herbert Greenlee

Dear friends:

In II Corinthians 4:6 we read: "The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

It is with these words that I greet you this Christmas-tide. The real experience of Christmas for anyone must be the turning on the light within, which comes from the spirit of the indwelling Christ. It is still His in-coming that makes the difference between a darkened inn and a glorified stable. Before we go on with our Christmas preparations, let us ask ourselves whether the REAL CHRISTMAS has come to us; whether what we are going through is just a form, a bartering of gifts, a forced holiday, or whether we have the real experience that makes CHRISTMAS a joy not a bore. Christ taken in and then given out, that makes a genuine CHRISTMAS for us and for others, for "GOD SHINED IN OUR HEARTS" that the light might be passed on. All about us are those who wait for our coming: lonely people, discouraged people, heart-sick people living starved lives, with so little love and joy. The love of Christ, God's only begotten Son, Who has forgiven us our sin and Who desires that we should love Him as our personal Savior from sin, death and the power of the devil, must shine within us before we can truly have a REAL CHRIST-MAS! Christmas opens our eyes and challenges us to let our light shine outside our own little circle and give cheer where it is needed most: to the cheerless, the lonely, and the destitute.

May the Lord Jesus whose Star shone in the East be your Lord and Savior and give you a blessed and joyous Christmas!

Yours in Christ,

Dwight J. Boe, Pastor  
Seward Lutheran Church

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#### SILENT NIGHT

Silent night, holy night, All is calm, all is bright;  
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child! Holy Infant, so tender and mild,  
Sleep in Heavenly peace, Sleep in Heavenly peace.

Silent night, holy night, Wondrous Star, lend thy light;  
With the angels let us sing, Alleluia to our King;  
Christ the Savior is born, Christ the Savior is born. A-men.

# CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

## THE GIFTS OF MAGI

The Hymn "We Three Kings of Orient Are" gives the details with which legend has adorned the well-loved story.

Gold brought by Caspar, can represent our gifts of substance. Livelihood usurps the place of life unless life is rigorously made dedicate to God revealed in Christ. How much of our strife is caused by the clutching at things! Abraham Lincoln once said of his two quarreling sons that they were a symbol of the whole world: "I have three English Walnuts and each boy wants two."

Melchoir brought frankincense which, because it is a fragrance, can represent our inner treasure of thought and influence. The wise men were the scientists of their time. Is science safe unless it becomes worship? The music that enthralls us is essentially religious, and our greatest architecture is a prayer in stone. So scientific knowledge must be dedicated. Our keenest thought, even that concerned only for the "truth" easily becomes a pride or threat; and influence, even that which for popularity is willing to be kind, easily becomes noxious rather than fragrant. Thought is worthy only when it is marked by reverence.

Balthazzer brought myrrh. We must be careful not to read our interpretation into the story for the original intends only that myrrh was precious, and therefore a gift fit for a king. But it is almost inevitable and fitting that myrrh, because of it's use in embalming should stand in this instance for our sorrow and suffering. This bitter gift is, however, strangely the hardest for us to give to Christ; we prefer to keep it for it's luxury of bitter protest. The reason why sorrow hardens one man and melts another is just that one man keeps his sorrow selfishly and the other offers it in oblation. Harriet Martineau tells of a joy which only the disappointed can know -- the joy of "agreeing with God silently when nobody knows what is in their hearts."

It is worth noting that all three kings brought their best. George Frederick Watts has inscribed on his seal, "The Utmost for the Highest." That could well be the motto of the Wise Men and I hope for each of you in this Christmas season and the New Year to come. May God Bless each of you richly.

Charles Malin -- Chaplain  
Memorial Methodist Church





My dear friends:

Try to picture in your minds the Christmas scene. The crib in the manger, the smiling Christ Child, the Mother, the old foster-father. It is the adult who really understands this picture. To the child it is pretty. The Christian home and family are a revolution made by the Child in the Manger. Think of it? Is there anything more God-like than the first child in a Christian family? There is the sanctity of marriage and its sacramental power on life, the consecration of man's service to the protection of woman and of childhood, the power of a child's presence.

The crib also speaks to us of sorrow and distress in the world. We find that God has penetrated our poverty and business of life in the gift of His Son by coming into it and choosing for the birthplace the busy inn.

The crib in the manger becomes an oasis in the busy life of the inn which is unheeding because unknowing. This is life as we know it. Our towns and cities busy with the process of living while here and there are nearly empty churches. It is the same evidence of indifference and misunderstanding. But the Christ Child smiles in His sleep for He is among His own. We too, if we are not too proud to bend in the knee, may rise with renewed fervor and carry Him in our hearts. St. John tells us "He came unto His own and His own received him not, But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God," even to them that believe on His name."

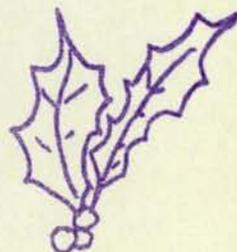
This is my Christmas wish for you.

Father Clapp  
St. Peter's Episcopal Church

Christmas message to the Sanatorium patients:

As I elevate the Host during my Three Masses on Christmas morning, I shall remember you and your loved ones and ask the Infant King to bring you peace and joy this day and every day of the New Year.

Father Arnold L. Custer, S. J.  
Sacred Heart Catholic Church



# WARD NEWS

WARD ONE  
by Paul Rudolph

To the patients here in Seward San, Christmas has a double meaning. First, the patients rejoice because it is the day Christ our Savior was born, and second, it is the day when the thought of the Christmas Seal was born in the mind of a Danish postal clerk. (See the "Christmas Seal Story.") Moreover, Christ gave His life to save His people, and the people buy Christmas Seals to save the lives of their suffering fellow men. From the sale of these Christmas Seals what is realized boosts not only education, rehabilitation and recreation for the patients here in Seward San, but also medical research and other various beneficial programs exclusively designed to aid persons ill with Tuberculosis. For this, every thoughtful patient is grateful. Upon each Christmas Seal these melodious words are printed: "Merry Christmas!" Each individual patient wishes you, the benevolent friend of the sick, a joyous "Merry Christmas!"

Young Johnny Stevens occupying room one is the head of the Ward One family. Someone said that in addition to all the potted flowers in his room, Johnny has added a cactus plant to his collection. The rumor is that "Texas" Joe Cawthorne has been there. (Who hasn't heard of the old saying: "Kilroy was here!") Johnny is winning the battle with the bugs in his lungs.

Greying George Pupprich, recently hospitalized here from Anchorage, is skipping his lunch to reduce, but the way he eyes the deliciously prepared lunch on the trays passing his room, the bet is that he will soon be coaxing one of the pretty aides to bring him a tray.

Young Francis Droane, from Dillingham, thinks that it would be a good idea if the fellows here formed a "Minute Pool" to see who will come closest to the time when George will succumb to an aromatic lunch. Some of the fellows think George will pare his weight down to normal before he calls for a tray; others think George will yield to temptation and a pretty smile before he gets his weight back to normal. Every day during lunch George is the object of furtive glances.

Peppy Robert Donegohuk is struggling with the three R's. He says that the three R's are easy to learn, but he can't understand why the ward aides and the nurses can't learn the Eskimo language that he is teaching them. Robert was told that one of the ward aides said that he was down-right polite about teaching the Eskimo language. "Are they saying," he asked, "that I grovel when I teach them the Eskimo language?" Robert's friend, Bobby McCarr, cut in on the conversation, "These pretty women should say 'UP-RIGHT polite'."

## Ward One Cont'd

Amiable Al Phillips is spreading the word around that his buddy is hard-bitten by the dove bug. He was asked to make clear that statement. "Well," he says, "I caught him putting salt in his coffee and then he sugared his meat." George Dan, who is heading home soon, is wondering if the bugs will show up on his smear test in the lab.

Likeable Bill Henchey says the trouble with this place is that there are too many dull needles and too many conversationally sharp nurses! Bill's buddy, Gerald (Jerry) Hasson, revealed the truth about the dull-needles and sharp-nurses business. Because Bill screams every time the nurse gives him a shot, Jerry watched him on hypo day. Jerry noted that Bill yelled as soon as the alcohol saturated cotton touched his warm skin, but not when the needle pierced it.

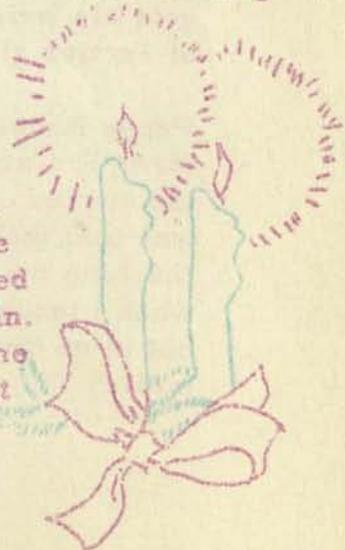
Tan, broad and handsome Art Matthews from way up Yukon way says the odd whistle that the fellows have been hearing is really for him. The boys know that the whistle comes from Ward Two, but are not sure which one of the pretty gals is capable of such a thrilling whistle. Art says the gal is really a Yukon canary.

Every sunshiny day one of the pretty dolls in Ward Two is always flashing signals to aging George Romondos. However, George denies knowing anyone in Ward Two. But one can never be sure about George because he had that "wouldn't-you-like-to-know" smile. One of the fellows suggested that George be investigated by the department of LOVE L'TD.

Cartoonist Gene Killigivuk got himself a new job -- KSAN radio announcer. One day the song "Eskimo Dance" was requested and when Gene spun the record, the primitive rhythm coming from the tom-toms caught Gene in its web. The following words that came booming over the mike are Gene's: "I'm in the mood!"

Sports writer Al Brown visits his buddy, Ralph, in room 27 every day. One day Al said to Ralph, "My girl had a double hang-over this morning." Suddenly alert, Ralph asked, "Too much drug, or is it whiskey?" "No, nothing like that," Al replied. "My Lamb was sitting on the bed this morning and her hang-over was her pretty ankles."

Mike Golia takes life easy in his bed; he looks around and about him like a lazy old man. One day he wanted to know what was the name of the stuff that the nurses shot into him on each hypo day. One of the fellows told him that the name of the stuff was "streptomycin." Several days later he asked one of his buddies to repeat the name of the liquid drug again. His buddy told him that if he'd just think for a while the name of the drug will come back to him. Mike was lost in thought for a moment, then he brightened up, "I remember," he said. "Strept-of-my-sin!"



Ward One Cont'd

Flighty Harold Ptarmigan says he thinks that he is blessed with the "double whammy". One day, he says, he looked at one of the gals on the sidewalk between Ward One and Ward Two; she took off like a chicken who had been given the double whammy by a rooster.

Dan (Honey-pot) Hunnicutt is proud of the fact that Ward One is the only ward that has a CAN-CAN dancer.

Grey haired Oscar Johnson thinks (this is a hint for the doctors!) that the five empty beds in Ward One should be filled with dolls this Christmas. Affable Owen Barnes, pinch-hitter for this column, wants to know if Oscar was talking about kewpie dolls or the ones in Ward Two.

One day attractive Suzanne Haywood, dietitian, was making her rounds in Ward One to see that everyone had enough to eat. When she passed Glenn Tingook's bed, Glenn whispered to his buddy, Sylvester Seyouhok, "Who is her?" Sylvester whispered back to Glenn, telling him that the pretty lady was the dietitian. Glenn nodded his head in acknowledgement, but later he said, "I wonder if she can cook?"

It is rumored that genial Dan McDevitt is ashamed of Ward One's cribbage champ, Goerge Dan. This is because George was beaten at his own game by ward aide Doris Doyle. This is supposed to be a secret! Bill Lindstrom says that it is no use to try to beat a curly-topped female.

A rumor is making the rounds that the gals in Ward Two are singing songs about the fellows in Ward One. One of the songs is "How Much Is That Wolf In The Window?"

Aging Ingvald Anderson wants to say: "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

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WARD FIVE

by Shirley Ann Shaishnikoff

Hi, everybody! Well, we had a nice Thanksgiving dinner down in here.

Our next holiday will be Christmas. Two girls will go home soon. Their names are Fannie Black and Genevriere Tukrook. Dick Briggs took Maxie Lopez and Helen Mosquito's picture for publicity. They had Christmas presents piled all around them. Mr. Oliver Amend sent us all ice cream for Thanksgiving. Wasn't that nice of him?

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WARD TWO by Helen Langton

Merry Christmas! May the loving spirit of Jesus fill your hearts this Christmas and always.

This is your Ward Two reporter, Helen Langton, with the ward news as I see it. A lot has happened since our last issue of the SAN CHAT. Katherine Waulunga, Ella Eningowuk and Dora Williams moved to Ward Six Friday the 26th. Good luck to all you girls. We sure miss you.

We have a new patient from Fairbanks, Mrs. Charlotte Hampton. I wish you the most speediest, most fastest, even faster, recovery, Charlotte.

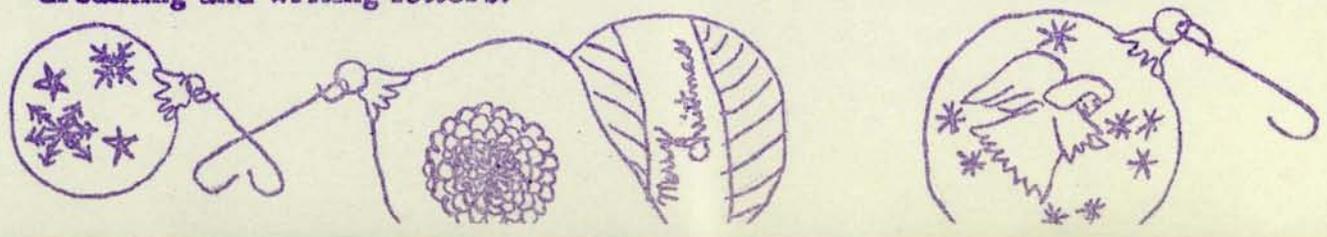
Nena Russell, Avis Northway and Florence Lindstrom moved out to the porch, so Sophie James has new roommates. Nice going, girls. All the girls in our ward are doing very well. They are all busy making Christmas gifts. I wonder who all the lucky people are who are going to get such nice gifts.

Lucy Strickland is busy making little booties for the little dolls she made last month. Let's see what Lena Miller and Alice are doing. Ashakins is making faces (not at her roommate, but Eskimo faces for lapel pins). Someone's going to be lucky to get such a cute face for Christmas. I just called over and asked Lena what she was doing and she said that she was making a pair of gloves and writing letters at the same time. Didn't know that can be done at the same time! "Oh well, she has two hands!"

Next we have our youngest and prettiest gal, Irene Solomon. She's busy with the Spotlight for this month's SAN CHAT. Irene can play a few songs on her guitar. Martha Wagner is always busy with a pencil. She's a very good artist. We Ward Two girls are very proud of our artist and her work, -- Don't you think the drawing on this page is lovely? Thanks, Martha.

Think I'll jump over to Mary Anthony and Katie Peter's room, and see what they are doing, besides writing letters. Katie's making a pair of very pretty slippers. Katie's a shoe maker. Mary's day dreaming and looking pretty as a bug's ear. Hey, has anyone ever seen a bug's ear? Just come over and see Mary.

Tiny Everett is resting nicely. She crochets beautiful doilies when not day dreaming and writing letters.



Ward Two Cont'd

Esther Captain is making the tiniest knitted sock of bootie lapel pins. We all miss our aide Nonie Porter who went outside last month. Good luck, Nonie!

Freida Sanford also is a shoe maker. She's making a pair of slippers. Madeline, are you still getting your daily book? She does a lot of crocheting.

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WARD THREE

BY Susie Koonalook - Dora Cleveland

What do you know - - - Hi, everybody! Here we are just being lazy and comfortable when we were asked to write the ward news, so -- here's us -- namely, Dora and Susie! Who and where are we going to start from, Dora? Instead of scratching our heads and wasting time, say on, Dora.

First, there's been a little changing around here. Let's congratulate Evelyn Mullaly and Marva Trainer on their big parading to Ward Six. Here's hoping that it won't be very long before you can go home.

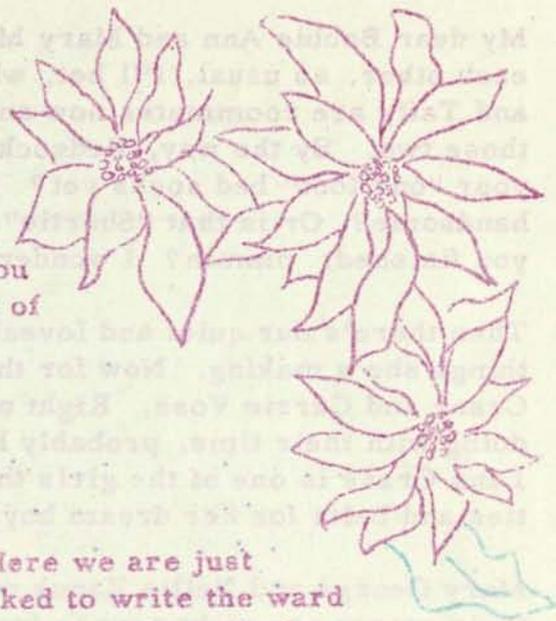
Next in the rooms, the occupants are Dan Hunnicutt, who had surgery on the 30th of November. He is doing fine. Hoover K, already had his tonsils taken out. Then there's John Pearson, also Ralph Woolard, both doing fine. Chin up, boys!

Next are the girls. Freida Stearman who's lucky to be going home on Wednesday. Then there's Da-de-da Alice Juneby doing very nicely.

Joybells, Christmas is coming. Happy? Here we are at last out on the ward. Wake up, Dora, you can do better than that. The lucky girls who were promoted to class three were Lana Crane, Katie Kawagley, Susie Koonalook and Doras Tobuk. Elizabeth Kawagley to 4A. The rest of the girls with two hours up-time are Dora Cleveland, Mary Moses, Oxenia "Granna" Carlson, Lucy Sockpealuk and Carrie Voss. Keep it up, gals. The luckiest girl is Hannah Hand with three hours. Keep yourselves happy girls. You'll win out yet.

What are they doing to pass the time? Of course, everyone is busy resting, listening to the radios, knitting and boy! Everytime I stick my neck out I can see pretty doilies, gloves and socks, and I wouldn't be too surprised if I saw a Christmas tree doily one of these days.

"Gramma" Carlson, across the ward from Dora's and My room, is jollier than ever entertaining her roommate, Tanna Christianson, who reads and does beautiful crocheting besides listening to her favorite radio programs.



My dear Bobbie Ann and Mary Moses. What are they doing? Joking with each other, as usual, I'll bet, while they're doing their needlework. Lena and Taffy are roommates now and I can hear them laughing. Happy gals, those two. By the way, Bedsocks, I mean Lena (tee hee), did you finish your "one foot" bed socks yet? I wonder if they're for that tall, dark and handsome? Or is that "Shortie" going to put both his feet on one side that you finished, hmmm? I wonder!

Then there's our quiet and loveable Donia Young occupied with the pretty things she's making. Now for the girls on the porch -- Doras Tobuk, Lana Crane and Carrie Voss. Right now, I'm too far away to see what they're doing with their time, probably having fun, as usual. Right, girls? Now Lana Crane is one of the girls that invents things like, say -- making neckties and belts for her dream boy. A big little inventor?

Mary George and Nellie Kanuk moved to the main ward not long ago, and their rooms are right across from each other. They do picture puzzles and knit. Both are doing fine.

Lucky girls are Lucy and Hannah who put on their clothes every day and stroll around out-doors and in-doors. And our Carrie sure is busy now-a-days. If she doesn't type this, it won't get in the paper, huh, Carrie?

As I'm writing this morning (December 1st) our tireless doctors, nurses and aides are busier than ever serving for one goal for each and every one of us. And it's our duty to co-operate in order to get well, so -- let's tip our heavy heads up and wish them and everyone a very happy Christmas season.

By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Don Ennis are going stateside to spend the holiday season with Betty's mother. The girls were overjoyed to have Mrs. Hanks, RN, return to work. Not only the patients BUT Mrs. Kesselring was too. A big welcome, Mrs. Hanks! We were sorry to see Mrs. Hiler leave, but hope she can return in a few months.

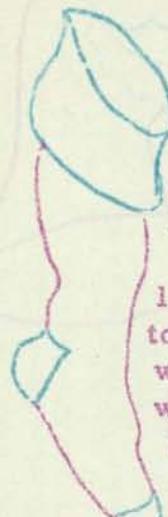


We miss the cheerful faces of Mrs. Clapp and Mrs. Hitt on the library days. Hope that we can soon see them again. The Ward Six girls have done a good job in their absence.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYONE!!

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WARD FOUR  
by Roy Roehl  
and Happy Wemark



Hello, friends. We bring you once again the monthly news of Ward Four. I'll begin out on the porch with a very nice fellow, Chris Kozloff. He has moved out to the porch in place of Willie Fitka.

11/9/54 Willie Fitka left Ward Four, a well man. We were glad to see him leave. He went to Anchorage where he met his wife who was discharged from the san at Mt. Edgcumbe. While they were in the hospital, their children were in Holy Cross. Willie is now at Marshall. We in Ward Four wish him the best of everything. We sure miss his friendly laughter.

Next is Clinton O'Meara. He is getting ready to leave at a minutes notice. Oh, by the way, he sure has made some real good pieces of jewelry from ivory.

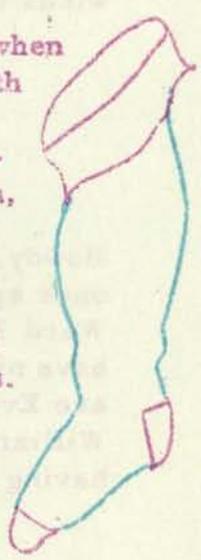
Now we come to Scotty Armour, an old timer here. He is our lamp maker, also he turns out a few good cabinets. We now move to Henry Scott. He also reads a lot when he isn't selling stamps or getting his tray.

We now tattle along out in the ward now. Evan Nicholas is all by his lonesome self now, for yours truly has moved. He is learning real fast in English. When he first came here he knew only one word, "Tundra." Now he can read and write real good. Keep that up! Before he knows it, Evan will be able to talk like everything.

Next to come up is Morris Walter, better known as "Mouse." He is all by himself now. He has two hours up-time, and also goes to school. From what I can pick up, he has a girlfriend in Ward Five. He is now learning to play the guitar and is doing a pretty good job at it to.

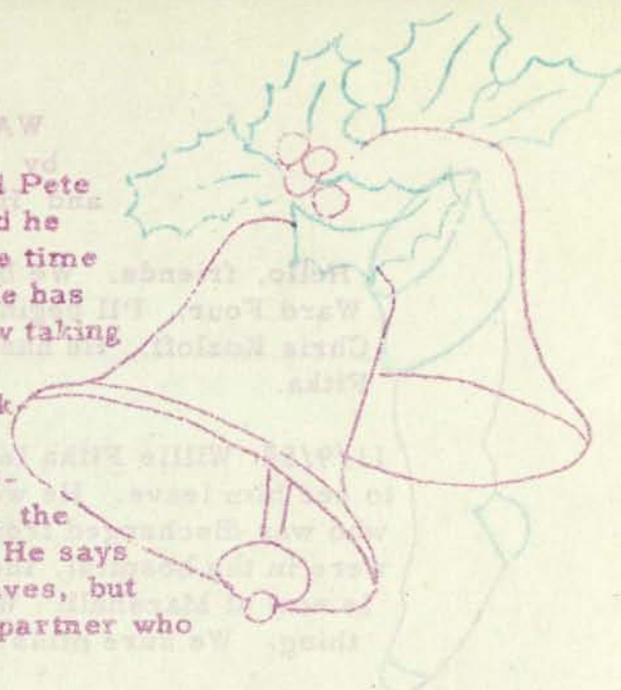
As we move along, we come to Carl Oman. He use to read a lot when he was by himself, but I don't know since yours truly moved in with him, Carl sits and shakes his head. I wonder what at! I have to back track, Here's Karl Karlson -- he reads and sleeps. He always looks forward for the next meal. And his partner, Al Brown, is taking up school.

Now we go back and start on the sunny side, where we have Gust Agick and Henry Captain. Gust is from Afognak, Alaska. He and Captain pass the time reading and just listening to their earphones. Captain gets to visit his wife twice weekly. She is in Ward Two.



## Ward Four Cont'd

Next we move on to Mark Napowhtuk and Pete Silas. Mark has two hours up-time, and he is taking up spelling, and the rest of the time he is out walking and taking pictures. He has quite a collection of pictures. He is now taking a gastric. Pete Silas hails from Eagle, Alaska. His pastime is reading and looking out the window, wondering what the squirrels are going to do next. But lately, since the weather has turned cooler, the squirrels haven't been coming around. He says he's gonna miss his partner when he leaves, but looks forward to getting a new one -- a partner who doesn't accumulate so much stuff.



We move along and we come to Pete Marks, my roommate. Pete has been doing ivory carving, making ear rings, and lately he has been doing some wood carving, such as camels and dogs. When he's not doing any carving, he takes down his guitar and plays and sings a few tunes.

And now we move out to the hallways and rooms. The first one we come to is Bob Thorne and across from him is Henry "Shanghai" Sheldon, an old timer. Then we have Joe Devlin, another old timer here, who makes sure that our ear phones are working and that the reception comes in like it is supposed to. But every once in a while when he isn't looking, the stations all pile up and make like a "Dagwood Sandwich."

Then there's Al Nicholai, A. C. Jordan, Gust Brann, a former SAN CHAT reporter, Harold Hilton and Tony Dominques.

One of the patients left on November 23rd. He was Ernest J. Sparks of Valdez. His stay was short. He was here about five months. That about winds it up for this month. See you all in the next issue!

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## WARD SIX by Aggie Nicholai

Howdy, you all! Thought I'd add a little to the SAN CHAT. So here I am once again with the Ward Six news. We have 5 new girls. Two from Ward Three and three from Ward Two. They sure are happy. We, at last, have nine girls, since Jimmy Joe went home. The girls from Ward Three are Evelyn Mullaly and Marva Trainer, and from Ward Two are Dora Williams, Ella Eningowuk and Katherine Walunga. We really appreciate having them with us.

## Ward Six Cont'd

Now we switch back to Marva Trainer. "Wow" can she make lots of nice things. Also, Evie makes lots of things too. Now for Katy Kins--she's always in bed reading or writing or teasing. "Wow", but can she tease!

Also her roommate Ella teases too. Ella talks a lot about "Ahem!" Don't know who that is though. Leah still goes to Rehab Center from 7:30 to 11. Hmmmm! I wonder what keeps her so long, eh Leah? (I kid!)

Now for Julia Lopez. All she does is listen to her ear phones all day. When I look at her, she's got her ear phones on. She's doing her embroidery. She and I started our work last month (tee hee hee). Just lazy (I think!). I'm almost through anyway.

Anna Pete and Helen Munson left us last month. "Lucky gals." I think it was last month I heard from Lucy Madison, also Rosa Mitchell and Helen Munson. They seem to be getting along fine, also they said "Hi" to you all.

Well, Christmas is three more weeks away. So have a Merry Christmas you all!

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## SPOTLIGHT

by Irene Solomon

This month the Ward Two Spotlight is on MARTHA WAGNER. They sometimes call her Marty. She was born in Kodiak, Alaska. She stands five feet and an inch tall. Her favorite pastime is day dreaming, reading letters and drawing for Ward Two. Favorite singers: Eddie Fisher, Tony Bennett, Dean Martin and Doris Day. Favorite song: "Little Things Mean A Lot." Her ambition is to get well and be with her sweet little girl "Margaret." Subject: is life. She likes to be plain and understanding. Her dislike is none other than Tuberculosis. You should see her smile when I say, "Oh no, not again!" If anyone wants to see that pretty smile, come and see her. She gives me that smile every day, as I'm her roommate.

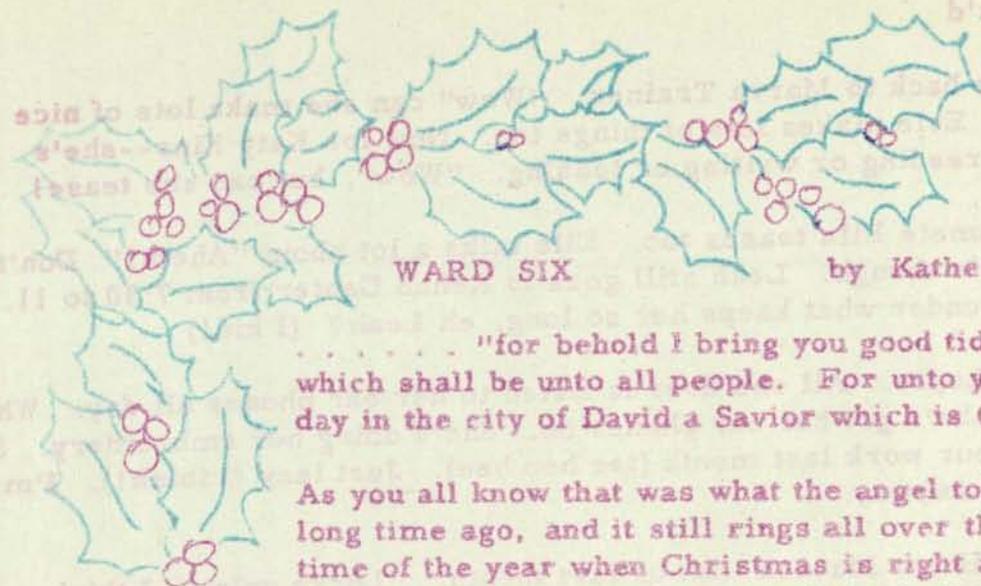
Merry Christmas!!

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Men show their characters in nothing more clearly than in what they think laughable.

---Goethe





## WARD SIX

by Katherine Walunga

"for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

As you all know that was what the angel told the shepherds a long time ago, and it still rings all over the world about this time of the year when Christmas is right around the corner or when we hear of how Jesus was born as a babe in the manger, or when we hear the Christmas carols over the radios, or when the decorations are up and when people give gifts to make someone happy.

And just recently five of us girls were moved here to Ward Six -- Marva Trainer and Evelyn Mullaly from Ward Three, and Ella Eningowuk, Dora Williams and Myself from Ward Two. And it's like a gift to us -- to know that we're well enough to lie here in six. And our thanks to all the staff here in Seward Sanatorium.

They keep us busy here, and I believe Marva is the busiest woman. Besides her fancy work, she's with the children in the school room about a half hour each school day, and was given a nickname: "Store Lady", by our janitor Tony. She also runs the show now with my help.

Ella works in the library and Evelyn goes to the post office for this ward, while I do the same for Ward Two.

We all like it here and hope that lots of the patients will be going home or will be home by next Christmas. We all want to wish you all a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR!

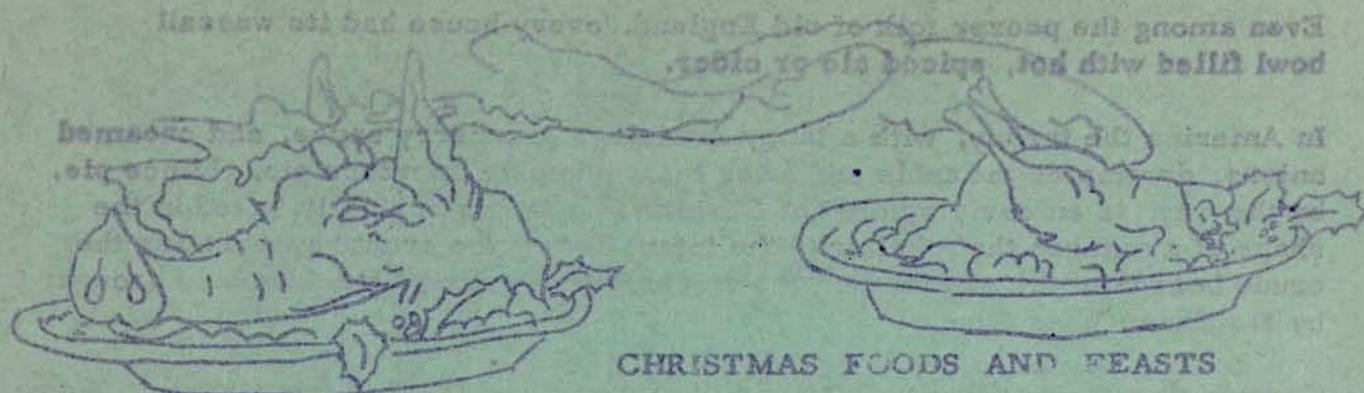
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## SPOTLIGHT

by Hap

Our Ward Four Spotlight this month is on CHRISTOPHER KOZLOFF of St. Paul Island on the Bering Sea. His hobby is stamp collecting, and he has a large collection of them now. When he isn't working on his stamp album, he is either reading or writing letters. And when he feels lucky, he comes around and challenges me to a game of cribbage or two. Once in a while, he gets real lucky and wins a game!

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## CHRISTMAS FOODS AND FEASTS

Delectable foods of all kinds are an important part of the Christmas celebration. We who daily enjoy foods and dainties from all parts of the world, in and out of season, can scarcely appreciate the zest with which people of past generations anticipated the feasting of Christmas. Their daily diet was, for the most part, coarse, dull, and monotonous, if not actually scarce, particularly in mid-winter. But Christmas, the most joyous day of the year, brought to the table of the affluent and the humble rare treats of exotic and unusual foods and drinks. So it is that in all Western lands there are still traditional Christmas customs, many of which have a special meaning forgotten by most of us.

The Christmas dinner of English-speaking people has been immortalized by Charles Dickens' mouth-watering description of the Cratchit family feast. In all Christendom there never was such a goose! -- roasted to a golden brown, oozing stuffing and gravy and driving all frantic with its delicious aroma. Oh-oh! -- that steaming plum pudding, garnished with sprigs of holly and exuding the most tantalizing effluvia of the culinary art! No wonder Tiny Tim clapped his thin hands and cried: "God bless us; everyone!"

Many Englishmen ask for nothing better for Christmas dinner than a fine joint of roast beef as the centerpiece, supported by lusty vegetables and potatoes, and topped off with the pudding doused in brandy flaming with a blue glow just before serving. In earlier days bringing in the boar's head was a gay and noisy Christmas ceremony. This custom goes back to the days when northern Europeans believed that the "corn-spirit" which made the grain grow was embodied in the hog. Therefore at Yule time (before it became a Christian feast) a boar was sacrificed and eaten to bring good crops.

Early on Christmas morning all good Englishmen attended church services and by eleven o'clock, hosts and guests were assembled in the great baronial hall for dinner. Presently there was a trumpet blast and the music of minstrels. The food bearers entered with solemn pomp. The head serving man, accompanied by torch bearers, held aloft a large silver platter on which lay a roasted boar's head garnished with rosemary and bay, his jaws pried open by an apple, causing him to grin as if enjoying the feast which he himself was providing. Then all joined in the procession, led by nobles, knights and ladies, chanting meanwhile a tribute to the boar's head. The dish was set before the lord of the manor. Then a fair lady approached bearing another platter containing a roasted peacock, skinned and stuffed with spices and sweet herbs. All took their places, the wassail bowl was brought to the lord's table, mugs were filled and the hilarious feast begun, ending perhaps at midnight.

Even among the poorer folk of old England, every house had its wassail bowl filled with hot, spiced ale or cider.

In America the turkey, with a tangy dressing, cranberry sauce, and creamed onions, dominates the table and after that, pumpkin or mince pie. Mince pie, by the way, is an early symbol of Christmas. It was originally baked in the shape of a manger that sheltered the infant Jesus; the crust representing the crude boards of the stable, and the spices the murrh and frankincense brought by the Three Wise Men.

German people are famous for their Christmas cookies and sweetmeats. There are Spekulatius, Spitzkuchen, and other spicy sookies, and all are baked by the good German Hausfrau long in advance.

In Holland the Hutzelbrot is a round, dark loaf of dates, figs, pears, prunes, dried fruits, almonds, hazelnuts, walnuts, raisens, spices, and flour. (It seems to be a characteristic of Christmas delicacies that they are over-rich, in a kind of wanton manner, in a variety of flavorful foods that are rarely used the rest of the year because of their scarcity.)

Cookies in the shape of cats, bears, birds, and other animals, made of ginger batter are Swedish favorites. They also enjoy klenneter cookies, which are miniature crullers fried in deep fat.

All middle Europeans know and savor marzipan, made of sugar and almond paste, delicately flavored with rose water, and generally molded in shapes of fruit, vegetables and flowers. There are marzipan strawberries, peaches, lemons and other fruits, all lusciously colored, as pretty as they are delicious.

In Hungary, fondants of various shapes and cunningly wrapped in colored paper and tin foil dazzle grown-ups as well as children.

In Italy, a fast is kept until Christmas Eve, when a booming cannon announces the beginning of the holy festival. Then, after prayers, families break their fast with a feast of eels, macaroni, probably a capon stuffed with chestnuts, and sweets. There is also turrone, camellini, and various kinds of fruit rings made of cookie batters and covered with figs, apple butter, citron, oranges and nuts.

The giving spirit extending beyond one's own, so characteristic of Christmas is charmingly reflected in the customs of some countries. In the Balkan countries an empty chair is left at the table for the Christ Child. In Scandinavian countries even the animals are given a treat -- the cattle find special feed in their stalls, and sheaves of grain are fastened to poles and placed outdoors for hungry birds. In this country some families hang bits of suet on trees for the birds.

In our country the Christmas celebration is a delightful blend of customs of many lands. Our Christmas is primarily a day of family celebrations, and especially for the children -- which means that good things to eat are a necessary part of the feast.

from The N T A Reporter

# WE WONDER

By MARTHA

How many girls have "Stars" in their eyes this month?  
How Eva Sears is coming along? (Anyone hear from her?)  
If little Lamb will smile for Santa Claus?

(We are with you, Mary.)

How Julia likes gorking in the library?

Who B-bar-b is -- also Pluto and Elephant?

If Florence Lindstrom likes it out on the porch?

Why Helen has been getting someone's tray? (On a diet?)

How Kathy W., Ella E. and Dora W. like it in Ward Six?

(We in Ward Two wonder if you gals miss us -- we miss you!)

Why Irene Solomon doesn't wonder?

If Nena and Avis like the view from their new home?

Whose head Baby Irene would like to BANG her guitar on?

(Wonder if Miss Martha's?)

Why Avis Northway wonders if we will have snow for Christmas?

Why Lena Miller wonders why she doesn't get more mail?

Why Kathy Peters is always holding the dictionary?

(Wonder if it's better to read it, don't you, Kathy?)

Why two certain girls had to use the "Ger-shok" on Nov. 28?

How Sophie J. Likes her new roommates -- all three of 'em?

Why aide Edith doesn't know why she can't think of what to tell "We Wonder."

(We'll get it down when she thinks of something.)

How Nonie Porter is coming along? (We all miss her!)

What Alice A. did with her picture she had under her pillow last month?

(Oh yes, Edith just now thought of what she was going to say.)

She is changing shifts -- 4 p. m. to 12 midnight.

(Wonder if she will like it as well as the day shift?)

If Charlotte Hampton, our new patient from Fairbanks, likes Seward San?

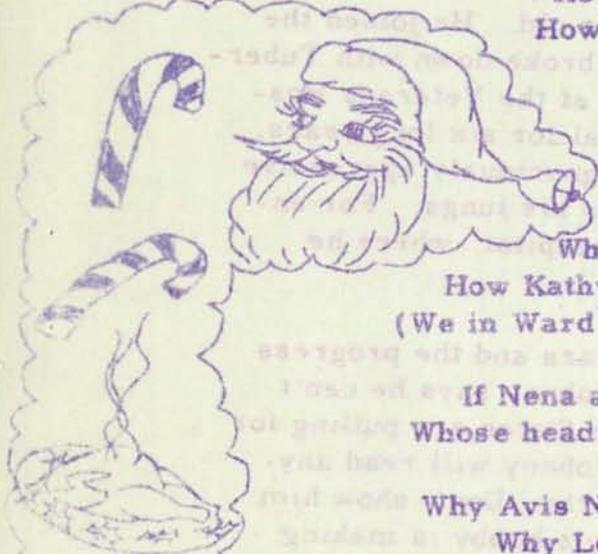
(A quick recovery to you, Charlotte!)

How those pictures will turn out that Madeline W. took of us?

If Tiny E. still has that piano hidden under her bed?

(Sure can hear it!)

If Mrs. Spain, Ward Two charge nurse, sometimes feels like the old woman who lived in the shoe and had so many children she didn't know what to do?



## SPOTLIGHT

by  
Rudy

Under the Ward One Spotlight for this month we have likeable JOHNNY STEVENS from down along the lower Kuskokwin. Johnny spent most of his boyhood in Bethel, Alaska. Last November, Johnny turned 35 and he expects to be up and around before he turns 36 years old. He joined the Infantry in 1941 and he served for a year before he broke down with Tuberculosis. He was hospitalized in Denver, Colorado at the Veterans Hospital. He fought the bugs in his lungs in this hospital for six long years. Johnny says that he would rather have fought the pugnaciously aggressive enemy on the battle fields in Europe than the bugs in his lungs. For environment reasons Johnny was transferred to this hospital, where he could be near his people.

Johnny has been in this hospital for the last four years and the progress he has made in this hospital is near miraculous. Johnny says he can't lose because God and all his friends here and in the States are pulling for him. His dislike is the same as any TB patient. Johnny will read anything that he can get his hands on (warning to the girls: Don't show him the palm of your hands, he might read it!). Johnny's hobby is making friends, and he has many scattered all over Alaska and the States. He says he likes to hunt, and while looking out the window towards Ward Two, he said, "Wait 'til I get well, then I'll do a lot of trapping!" Some of the boys are wondering what he meant by that. "Oh well," the boys say, "whatever he hunts, we wish him the best of luck."

Folks at the San have received the following announcement from "Marty", popular R. N. and nurses aide instructor, who worked at the San for three years.

Mrs. Robert F. Burdick  
announces the marriage  
of her daughter  
Shirley Martine

to  
Mr. Alfred J. Clayton  
on Saturday, the thirtieth of October  
Nineteen hundred and fifty-four  
Binghamton, New York

They will live in Spenard, Alaska.

Ohio State

# SPORTS VU

USC

ROSE BOWL  
Ohio S vs USC

by Al Brown  
New Year's Day 1955

SUGAR BOWL  
Navy vs Mississippi

On January 1st Ohio State and USC will clash head on, and first-ranked Ohio should win by two touchdowns -- 34 to 20 -- over 17th-ranked Southern Cal. The high flying Navy eleven, who ran over the great Army team 27 to 20 on November 27th, should win over old Mississippi in the Sugar Bowl on January 1st.

In the Cotton Bowl Georgia Tech, with a record of 7 wins and 3 losses, should take the measure of a great Arkansas team that has won 8 games while losing 2. The score should be close -- 27 for Georgia, 19 for Arkansas. Auburn should win over the hard-fighting Baylor Bears by a score of 21 to 13 in the Gator Bowl classic. This game will be played on December 31st.

In the Orange Bowl I'll go along with Duke to triumph over the Corn Huskers from Nebraska -- 28 to 20. The annual East - West game will be played soon, and I'll go along with the boys from the West to take the measure of the all-stars from the East. This is due to the fact that the West will have George Shaw from Oregon and Don Larson from UCLA, both nationally recognized as leading passers.

The National Mythical Football Championship of the 1954 season is the Ohio State eleven, with UCLA taking 2nd place.

IN PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL . . . . . The Detroit Lions will again win the Western Division, while the Cleveland Browns will take the Eastern title. All this will be a repeat performance for the 3rd year, and once again -- the Detroit Lions should be World Champions with a win over the Browns in the play-off.

IN SEWARD SAN . . . . . Here in Ward One, our Cribbage Champ is our lovely aide Doris Doyle. I'm sure this statement will be confirmed by a certain George Dan who lost the title. They should have given me (the Sports Editor) the honor, but "Champ Abner" said: "You cheat too much!"

Here's wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, especially to "Little Lamb." See you all next month in the SAN CHAT. In the meantime -- "Be a good sport!"

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UCLA

NAVY

Greetings and best wishes for an early recovery!  
 Lena Greatreads  
 George Hupprich  
 Charlotte Hampton  
 Anne Pauline Moore

Farewell and stay well!

Delores Albert	Eva Sears
Gerald John	Anna Pete
Rosa Mitchell	Emily Jimmy Joe
Willie Fitka	Jimmy Kilapsuk
Alwilda Pierce	Geneviere Tukrook
Marion Suomella	Fannie Black
Helen Munson	Helen Langton

NEW BOOKS ON THE LIBRARY CART

Lord Vanity	Samuel Shellafarger	novel
Penny Nichols	Joan Clark	mystery
In His Steps	Charles M. Sheldon	religious
Captain of the Medici	John J. Pugh	history
Tomorrow is Forever	Bristow	war-time story
Reader's Digest		
Condensed Books	1952	
The Song of the Cardinal	Gene Sbiolla Porter	fiction
At the Foot of the Rainbow	Gene Sbiolla Porter	fiction
Time to Remember	Lloyd C. Douglas	novel
Smiling Charlie	Max Brand	fiction
Overcoat Meeting	George Agnew Chamberlain	romance
The Lure of India	Elva B. Gardner	adventure
North with the Spring	Edwin Way Teale	nature
Songbirds in Your Garden	John Terres	nature
How to Believe	Ralph W. Sockma	religion
Indigo Bend	Alice Graham	fiction

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A GOOD BOOK

Public morality often has its reflection in literary moralizing. For the guidance of its readers in the Gay '90's, THE LADIE HOME JOURNAL published this definition of "a good book":

"A good book is one in which the bright side rather than the dark side of life is shone. One that makes you see how mean are the small vices of life and how despicable are the great sins. One that glorifies virtue in women and honor in men. One in which the good are rewarded and the wicked are made to suffer. . . . One which convinces you that the world is filled with good men and women. One that makes you feel you are meeting real people, people who elevate your thoughts as you associate with them."

NEWSWEEK  
 Nov. 22, 1954

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A LETTER FROM ANNE PURDY . . . . .

Nov. 20 ----22 above zero

Dear friends at Seward San:

Since 1949 I have made 8 visits to the San to visit our daughter, Doras Tobuk. It is good to know you folks. How I wish time permitted so I could know everyone of you personally. I am deeply interested in all the patients' welfare. You are often in my tho'ts and prayers (I believe in God and prayer). It makes me happy to know you are well cared for. When you get tired of the San, try counting your blessings. You'll be surprised at how many you have. Perhaps I know a little how you feel for once I had T. B.

We live in the Bush Country about two hundred air miles from Fairbanks, forty miles from the Canadian border. Our weather has been mild all fall. Once it dropped to 20 below zero. About ten people here: three women including myself. Over the local telephone I hear them ring each other. I'm often tempted to listen in. One day I heard their entire conversation very plainly and the receiver was still on the hook. Don't ask me how it happened.

My husband has a big supply of nice black wood on hand. Usually we have to cut wood when the mercury hits 70<sup>o</sup> below zero. Our house consists of my husband, Fred, Lynn, seven, and Mitzy, our house dog, age fifteen years. We look like refugees from the Siberian coal mine, from the black woods. Hunting season opened yesterday. Such a lot of hunters! One man shot twenty shots today. Must have been an awfully big caribou! I don't see any women, just men, old sourdoughs, but good ones! They tell me their troubles, how to cook and raise kids.

I'm trying to diet. I lose a pound, then I sneak something and gain two pounds. My husband is boiling skis. Perhaps we'll have them for breakfast. I've eaten a lot of stuff in my time, but never boiled skis.

My Fred has developed a yen for making violin tops. Why, I don't know! He has several dry logs in the living room now. He carves, saws and swears as he makes these beautiful tops. Then he steams off four good tops of violins and puts on the tops he has made. Later, far into the night, he plays four violins (not all at once) and the squeaks that emerge are delightful. He assures me that they have a marvelous tone and I agree.

Mitzy and my husband snore in perfect harmony the blessed night through. The other night I was awakened by Mitzy barking furiously. He didn't like the moon shining on his bed. Lynn goes to bed at seven much against her judgement. She looks out the window, and this floats down stairs and becomes mixed in with the radio blasting away, "I want a drink," "How long is it till Christmas?" "Is today tomorrow?" "Will Mitzy have pups?" all in one breath. (Mitzy is a gentleman, not a lady.)

Several big herds of caribou have migrated through here with the pack of wolves hot on their trails. At night the wolves come in close and howl for us. We had caribou braised and cooked with vegetables tonight. Jack Brooks, hugging ninety, came up. "Better stay to dinner," I said. "No, no, not a mite hungry." As he talked, he pulled up a chair to the table and fell to eating with gusto. When he really is hungry and has dinner with us, I hope there will be a big pot full.

Thanksgiving we'll have the four of the sourdoughs; that's all that's left. We'll have chicken, cabbage salad, hot rolls, cranberry jelly and strawberry ice cream with white cake. I wish you all could come. We'll gold mine all through dinner and far into the night. Most of the time we have a steady stream of customers, I mean company. We seldom eat alone. We enjoy all who come our way. Lynn was crying the other day, "We never have any company," she sobbed. "Nobody asks us to dinner."

I can see you all in the wards. All the girls and ladies are so well groomed and pretty. Such handsome men. I love to go into their wards, makes my heart skip a beat. It's splendid to see everybody so cheerful and getting better. Remember, despite pain and set backs, keep praying, eating, smiling and hang on. You'll win! You just can't help but win!

A Happy Thanksgiving To You All! We are coming down to Seward in the near future. God bless you, everyone!

Sincerely,  
Your friend,  
Anne Purdy

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A NOTE FROM LUCILLE JONES -- FORMER WARD FIVE AIDE . . .

November 21, 1954

Hello Jan and family:

Just a few lines to say "Hello" and ask how you are getting along up in Alaska? Is there lots of snow there now? We certainly miss the relaxed living up there. Here in the states everyone is in such a hurry all the time. Clark and I are both working at Boeing Aircraft Co. and Cheryl is in school. We have been having nice weather here. No cold weather yet, but should be due for some in the next few weeks with all the holidays coming up.

How's everything at the San? Please let us know all the news and if your over near Ward V, tell all the kids "Hello" for me. Did Polly and Bob leave for California?

All for now. Drop a line when you have time, Jan, or if there is something you would like from the states, I would be glad to send it to you. Bye now.

As always,  
Lucille

# KITCHEN NEWS

Greetings from all of us in the kitchen. We are all busy getting ready for Christmas as is everyone else.

Our big news from this department is of Jerry Osburne. You all know Jerry who has been with us over a year now. She has terminated her duties here to become a fulltime homemaker for that lucky man down in Haines. Before her departure, she was surprised with two very nice showers. It was quite a flurry, that last week for her. We will miss her, but are very happy about her new adventure.

We have all received exciting letters from Lillian Aldridge, our first cook, whom we miss but are enjoying her trip as much as she. At this time, she should be in Manila -- her first stop.

Letters from Misses Helen Priebe and Diana MacKay tell of a pleasant trip outside over the Alaskan Highway and way down south to Texas. They plan to be back in Canada for Christmas.

You men on Ward Four, remember Fannie Kocher who used to be your ward kitchen girl. Word was received of her baby girl born last month. She and Don have made their home in New Jersey.

We're all very proud of our new pot and pan sink, all stainless steel, in our main kitchen. Mona is now trying to talk Vilis Arins out of his job. But Vilis was so proud he spent his whole day off supervising the installation.

Bernice proudly told of her eldest son, Donald, joining the marines. He is in Kodiak now but will take his basic training in San Diego. Florence's son, Johnny, was just ahead of Donald in the same thing.

Mrs. Gardner was very busy last month giving her room a face lifting. It looks mighty nice, too. Now Mrs. Clarkson has the bug. Mac is a busy man.

The dining room is a lively place about midnight. Leave it to the night crew. They have a ping-pong tournament started. And now they don't even have time to eat. Champion? Don't know.

The girls all had such fun working on the Thanksgiving trays. Jane and Susan Phillips helped with those little turkeys, too. In fact Jane thought the turkeys were underfed so brought over a jar of corn. We'll feed it to the Christmas turkeys. Do you know how many turkeys we cooked? Twelve 22 pounders!

Frank Burns and his partners at the San Juan Cold Storage plant in Seward gave a unique gift for Christmas to the Sanatorium. We had ordered five reindeer carcasses which were delivered here via the MS North Star. The men down at the cold storage plant cut up and packaged all of the reindeer meat without charge, as a Christmas contribution. We think that's mighty swell of them.

Ollie Amend has been delivering milk at the San Kitchen for many years and every day he drives by Ward Five just to wave a cheery greeting to the children. Kids on Ward Five watch for his truck every day and a "Here's Ollie!" goes all around the ward as soon as one of them spies the truck. He left ice cream for their special Thanksgiving treat. I wonder if some of the children think Santa Claus drives a Milk Delivery Truck!

Suzanne Haywood -- Dietitian

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MAINTENANCE NEWS . . . . The Golden Rule  
by  
Howie Rhude

The best illustration of the Golden Rule is the following story:

A young father, putting out some garden plants in the back yard plot which he had spaded raked to a mellow condition ready for the plants, was being helped by his daughter of four. Together they punched holes, put in plants with water poured in the holes, and packed dirt around them firmly. When they had finished and put away the tools, he took his daughter into the kitchen where he cleansed her hands of the mud. Then he turned to wash his own hands, when, LO and BEHOLD, they were as clean as those of his little girl. So, as we do unto others, are we repaid in equal measures.

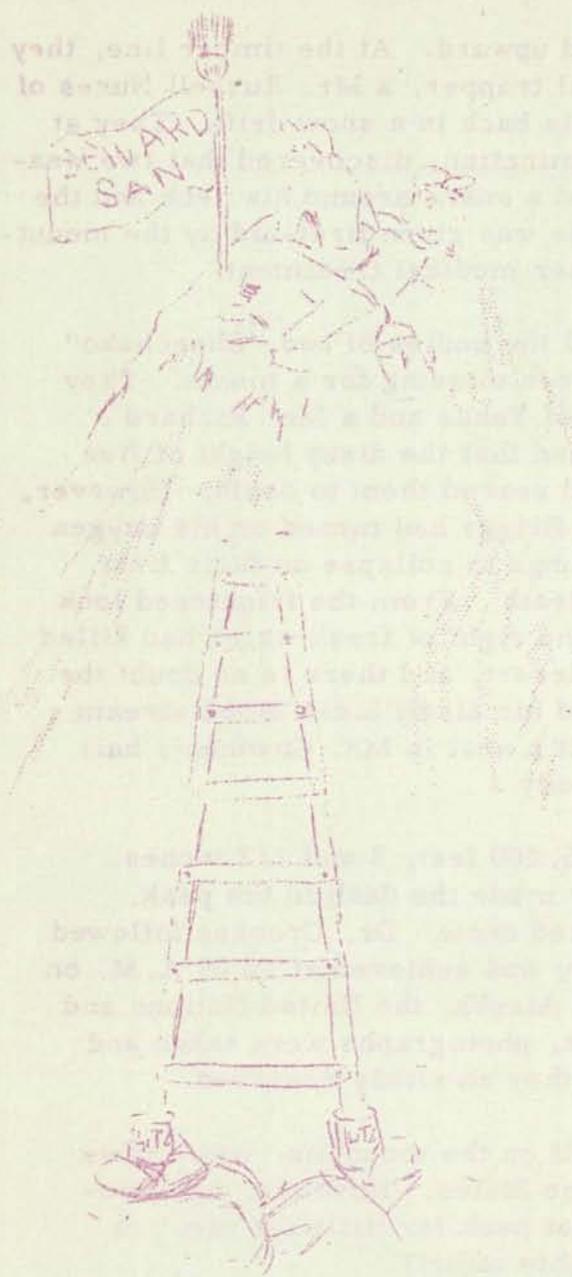
Editor's Note: Howie Rhude is one of the maintenance crew working for this San; he is also a daily contributor to "Old Kink's" column in the ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS, Anchorage, Alaska.

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And I'm not hinting -- though I'm the type who accepts any given thing any day of the year! If any one of you neighbors seriously contemplates a gift for me, just take the \$5 down to the Salvation Army headquarters instead. Take it, not send it. The Wise Men didn't send their gifts. Note, again, what kind of men they were.

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# MOUNTAIN



## THE WILL TO CONQUER

"A job well done -- Congratulations," read the telegram from President Eisenhower when he received word the "San Mountaineers" had reached the top of Mt. Alice, giant peak on the Kenai.

Final assault was started at dawn on December 10th by the intrepid "San Mountain Team" composed of Professor Robert Tucker (Ward Four), Meteorologist; Professor Harry Harris (Ward Three), Metallurgist; Professor Elmer Olestad (Ward Two), Seismologist; Professor Thomas Elsbury (Ward Five), Mineralogist; and Dr. Crookes (Ward Seven), Cosmic Ray Analyst.

Mt. Alice, reaching 79,449 feet, 3 and 3/4 inches into the stratosphere, has ever defied man in his efforts to scale its thunderous heights and all the honor received by this gallant band

of men can never repay them for the hardships suffered in conquering this mighty giant. Situated at the end of the "Kenai Peninsula" this Monarch of the Ranges overlooks the sleepy little "Swiss Cheese Town of Bartlett," which served as the main base of operations. The inhabitants turned out en-masse to see the men off. Waving flags and bedpans they cheered until the party disappeared into the heavy timber at the base of the mountain.

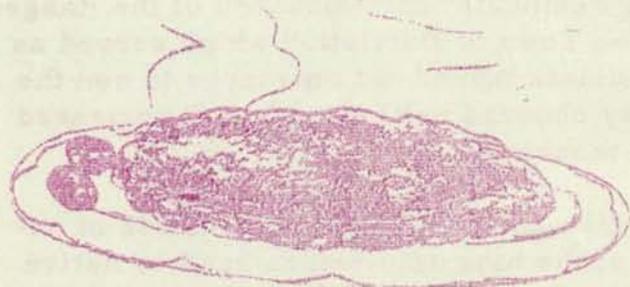
The most modern mountain climbing equipment was used and hundreds of oxygen bottles had been taken to the base of the mountain before hand by native porters. It was well they did, for as Dr. Crookes explained after the descent, "From the time we struck the rarified air until we reached the peak, the men continually called for another bottle!"

Tragic moments occurred as the party pushed upward. At the timber line, they came across the body of a well-known weasel trapper, a Mr. Russell Nunes of Seward Sanatorium, who they found flat on his back in a snow drift. They at first thought he was dead, but on closer examination, discovered that two weasels were holding him down. One weasel had a snare around his neck and the other was giving him a blood transfusion. He was given first-aid by the mountain party and sent to the base camp for further medical treatment.

Further on at the foot of a beautiful waterfall the bodies of two "Cheechako" mountaineers were found. These men had been missing for a month. They were identified as being a Mr. Joe Cawthon of Texas and a Mr. Richard Briggs of California. It was at first concluded that the dizzy height of five hundred feet up, where they were found, had scared them to death. However, on closer examination it was found that Mr. Briggs had turned on his oxygen bottle causing his "California Smog" filled lungs to collapse on their first contact with fresh air, thereby causing his death. From the frightened look on Mr. Cawthon's face, it was evident that the sight of fresh water had killed him. He had lived all his life in the Texas desert, and there is no doubt the phenomena of seeing fresh water had affected his alkali laden blood stream causing immediate shock. An eagle had built a nest in Mr. Cawthon's hair and the six eggs were taken below with the body.

The final push came from camp #10 at the 75,000 feet, 8 and 1/2 inches level. Tucker, Harris, Oiestad and Elsbury made the dash to the peak, their crampon's ringing sharply on the crusted snow. Dr. Crookes followed in the rear with the reserve bottles. Victory was achieved at 10:09 A. M. on December 10th. After fastening the flags of Alaska, the United Nations and Seward San in a rock cairn on top of the peak, photographs were taken and the men returned to the tumultuous welcome they so richly deserved.

Mrs. Nellie Graham, who planned the assault on the mountain, was unable to accompany them due to commitments in the States. However, her telegram reading thus, "My Boys -- Conquer that peak for little ole me," is thought to have spurred them on in their mighty effort!



LOST: In Mess Hall, one  
HAMBURGER. If  
found and not moldy,  
let Russell Nunes,  
Ward Four Orderly,  
know.

Thank you

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A LETTER FROM PONTO BACKOFF . . . . .

Dear Friend: (Mabel Kindell)

Dropping you a few lines to say I'm feeling good and hope you are the same. Sure is good to be home again, but I can't rest so good like I'm supposed to. How is everybody in Ward Four? I sure miss the back rub, ha ha! Now I'm home but I'm lonesome for Bartlett and the boys. I don't go anywhere. I'm staying home all the time, bad weather here, cloudy and rainy. I'm afraid to catch cold.

Kenai changed a lot since I left. Lots of new buildings and more people now. I wish I will see you again sometime. I think I will in December, if you'll be in town. Maybe I'll go there for an x-ray six weeks from now. Hello to all the boys and everybody in Ward Four, and Shirley, too, if you see her. Good night!

From,

Ponto Backoff

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Gust Brann received a letter from Henry Bowen, a former patient at Seward Sanatorium. Gust very graciously sent the letter to the SAN CHAT office, so Henry's many friends here could also hear from him.

"Dear Pal:

Hello, Gust, received your letter just the other day. It's been laying in Seldovia for a few days. I had my check-up here in Mount Edgecumbe hospital, had it last month and all is O.K. Gust, I'm sure happy, too.

I am going to Vocational School here, but I'm going outside in January if I'm still able to work. Doing mighty nice so far, feel good. I stay in Alice Island bunk house. Nice rooms here, only seven dollars for two weeks, fourteen a month. And the board is cheap, too, only fifty dollars a month. Not bad, huh?

I go outside the VA pays my way. Pretty lucky boy, huh? Sure hope I can stay well, so I can go through with it. Gee, Gust, thanks a lot for the SAN CHAT. Sure lots of news in it. Sure likes that piece Kaiser put in it. The snow is coming down on the hills. I see in the SAN CHAT where a few went home from Ward Four. Say hello to Mrs. Schaecker for me. Tell her I am fine and doing O.K., will you, please? She's a nice Gramme. I don't forget them kind of people. And if Mrs. Brattain is there say hello to her too. Also Mrs. King.

I see Edgar Mongnob, also Evelyn Conley. She is married to a nice fellow. Oh, Ricky is also married and has a baby girl. He is working at the ANS Hoapital now. Had a good summer home, Gust. Fix my house up for the wife. Will close with best wishes for you and your wife.

Your friend,

Henry Bowen

A LETTER FROM RACHEAL ROEHL

Thelma O'Brien, ward four aide, received a letter from Racheal Roehl this week. Rae was flown to ANS Hospital in Anchorage sometime ago by the tenth Rescue Squadron with polio. Many of you will remember Mrs. Roehl as the former Racheal Edwards when she was a patient at the San...

"Dear Mrs. Oops, (Thelma O'Brien)

Howdy, just a few lines before I exercise my legs. I feel a whole lot better now, the lightness is gone so I may still get to go home this week, I hope. They have been giving me hot packs. And it sure helps.

I received your most welcome letter some times last week and hearing from you strengthened my courage to get well that much faster and thank you for thinking of me.

I wrote Hubby a few minutes ago, I sure miss him, we still act like we just got married. Tee Hee

I hope everything is fine your way. I hope you can read my chicken scratch, I lived with the chickens too long, ha ha. There is a chicken yard right below where we stay about 30 of them counting the roosters. So we have fresh eggs every morning.

I must close now and get settled for the night.

Love, Rae

P.S. If you write again, use this address: P.O. Box 28 Homer, Alaska Nite, Mrs. Oops!!

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Answers to the crossword puzzle.

ACROSS

- 1 & 7 Christmas
- 10 en
- 11 oar
- 12 babe
- 13 saint
- 16 teal
- 18 LS
- 19 tinsel
- 21 lure
- 22 old
- 23 manger
- 26 pie
- 27 per
- 28 entrances
- 33 res
- 34 roar
- 35 SE
- 36 nose
- 38 erect
- 39 GP
- 41 old
- 42 coy
- 44 ode
- 46 NE
- 47 Prancer
- 48 toys
- DOWN
- 2. Reindeers
- 3. Inns
- 4. to
- 5. mat
- 6. are
- 7. DA
- 8. able
- 9. yes
- 12. blur
- 13. stockings
- 14. ail
- 15. tempis
- 17. ale
- 20. lair
- 24. rear
- 25. tree
- 27. PS
- 29. see
- 30. Noel
- 31. cards
- 32. ere
- 35. stony
- 37. OP
- 40. pen
- 43. yes
- 44. or
- 45. DA

# CHEECHAKO'S CORN

Did you see a white cloud with silver ribbons on it float by you? Then you probably saw one pink foot belonging to Jerry Osborne hanging over one side. The reason being, Jerry is going to become Mrs. Wally Clayton during the Christmas holidays. Some people are really lucky! She was honored by two surprise showers. The first, a linen shower, was given by Firechief (Bobbie) Chase. No Jerry, crepe paper umbrellas are not practical -- but we thought it was beautiful, too. Very lovely. The second, a personal shower, was given by the "Poors." An almost exact replica of a wedding cake was a feature attraction at this shower. Jerry received many lovely gifts. We wish you all the happiness possible, Jerry! Thanks to those who helped with the showers.



Welcome Home! Agnes Harp is home at the San from the hospital. She was trapped by the horrible spy-Mr. Polio- and spent six weeks in Seward General. She is still smiling though and we are hoping to see her back at work in the pharmacy real soon.

Our former Nurse's Aide teacher Martine Burdick, R.N., became the wife of Alfred Clayton. They will make their home in Spenard and we hope will find time to visit us now and then. Best wishes for a happy life together, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton.

Seems like everyone is deserting us! Helen Ennis and her daughter-in-law Betty are leaving December 10th for outside. They will return February 15th. Betty will be able to spend Christmas with her mother. What will you talk about, Betty?

Geneva Nichols is off to Oklahoma with her husband. Have a nice time on your trip and look out for the "Okies!"

Have you ever seen a proud father? If you've seen Goldie Bolles lately you'll see proud fathers "ain't nuthin'" compared to proud grandmothers. The reason for the lack of buttons on her uniform is her daughter's new baby girl. See you when you come down, Goldie! Wilma Jo is a cute name.



Mrs. Gordon Black, a former employee in the San Laundry, is back with us again. She and her husband own the Dreamland Bowling Alley. Welcome Back!

We are happy to say that our list of Polio victims has diminished and most of our employees are well enough to enjoy the Christmas season.

Could it be that the Bowling Team is commencing to win games because of the change in shirts. The new red and white ones are Real George!

Congratulations to Bea Troian and her husband. He is now a citizen of the United States.

# CHEERHAWKS' CORN

Did you see a white cloud with silver ribbons on it float by you? Then you probably saw one pink foot belonging to Jerry Osborne hanging over one side. The reason being Jerry is going to become Mrs. Wally Clayton during the Christmas holidays. Some people are really lucky! She was honored by

Helen Miller is on leave stateside for Physical Therapy treatment. Hope to see her back soon.

Did Billee have a black eye, hangover or was she going in-cognito? Why the dark glasses, Billee? Just blind and stepped on her glasses. Got up on the wrong side of the bed that time, didn't you, Billee?

Suzanne Haywood and Mary Randolph are back to work. My what a beautiful tan you have, Suzanne. Florida is good for that I hear! I also hear Mary enjoyed her visit with her grandchildren.

"Success" Thanks to the Nurses' Aides we had a real nice Halloween Party. 1st Prize for beauty was given to Mr. Nelson and Mrs. Doyle. Mr. Nelson really is beautiful! 1st Prize for the funniest costume was awarded to Ruth Knight and Irene Huth who came as Jack Spratt and his wife. Georgia Wall and her husband won 1st Prize in the Original Division as black crows.

Can we see your pictures? We are making a collection of Kodachrome slides and also black and white prints for a publicity kit. If you have pictures of interest for this purpose, please contact Mr. Nelson and he will have duplicates made.

Helen Jackson is the new aide on Ward II, taking Edith Bower's place on the 8 to 4 shift. Mrs. Jackson is a local resident of Seward and we hope she will enjoy working at the San as much as the rest of us do.

My, my, what an exciting time some people have just from Seward to Anchorage. Busses, Busses, Busses they can be exasperating! Can't they, Mrs. McDonald. But then who would mind being "put out" if they had the opportunity to spend a whole night sleeping behind a bar. Mrs. McDonald, can we hire chaperons next time???

Shirley Clendener is leaving on vacation December 22nd. Sure hope you have a nice time! But please don't forget us.

Welcome Home to Reba Mahurin! Reba is glad to be back to Alaska.

OUT OF DARKNESS SHALL COME DAWN,  
OUT OF WINTER SHALL COME SPRING,  
OUT OF STRIVING SHALL COME PEACE,  
NOT BY OUR POWER BUT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

May the Blessing of the Christ Child brighten your Christmas and your life through the coming year, and may the meaning of Christmas be deeper and its hopes brighter as it comes to you this year.



A LETTER FROM HEINIE SNIDER

Paul Nelson, Administrator of the San, recently received a letter from his friend and co-defeated candidate for the legislature Heinie Snider, who had some kind things to say about the SAN CHAT, and since every compliment is an inspiration, we quote in part:

"Just about a month ago we received the SAN CHAT. Mrs. Snider and I have read and enjoyed the SAN CHAT greatly. We think it is just wonderful for native children to draw and write so nicely, and no doubt you and the better half of the Nelson family are responsible. You are doing a good job -- you and your helpers! That is really much better than being a politician. Of course, I know you would have worked in Juneau just as hard for the Sanatorium as you do now.

Please tell the children for me that we like the SAN CHAT very much. Everyone has done a splendid job. The Cover Picture by Matthew Andreoff is indeed very artistic. Am inclosing a dollar in this letter for Matthew, hoping he will keep up his work.

Thanks again for sending us the SAN CHAT, and best wishes to you and your fine family. And the teachers and nurses.

I am sincerely your friend, Heinie"

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A LETTER FROM Mrs. ESTHER LOESCHER

Mrs. King has this message from Wanda Loescher's mother. It is good to know that the SAN CHAT is a medium for loved ones to hear news from patients at the San. The purpose of the SAN CHAT is not only to provide occupational therapy for those who worked on it, and those who read it, but to interpret the workings for the San to those outside the walls.

"It has been quite awhile since I've written you. It seems so much has been coming up lately.

Have you seen our Wanda lately? I hear she has two hours up-time now. Needless to say, the news really made us very happy. We still miss her as much as ever, and hope it won't be too long before she comes home.

Miss Case has been wonderful about writing us about Wanda. Believe me, it's kept me from being under a strain waiting for a letter, and it helps bring her closer to us.

I really do enjoy reading the SAN CHAT. After we finish with it, I take it down to the Health Center here. Thank you ever so much.

Hoping this finds you well.

Sincerely, Mrs. Esther Loescher

## A LETTER FROM ELSIE JUSTIN

Patients at Seward Sanatorium will be happy to know that Elsie Justin who was a patient here for more than four years is getting along fine. Elsie writes Mrs. King:

Dear Mrs. King:

Just thought of writing to you since I never write for so long. Well, how's everything there in the San? Well, to tell you about myself, anyway, I am now up here in Fairbanks. I come up here in September 18th. I work for while and I made little money and I come up with money I made and soon as I come, I start to look for house. It took me two weeks before I found this house. It's really nice house with oil range and running water, also have nice sink and shower and toilet. Oh, it's really nice! It has two rooms. Miss Elsie May Smith sure helped me a lot. She got almost everything I need. Mrs. Davis helped me out, too. They got everything that I needed. Mrs. Davis give me pots and lots of other things. Miss Smith got set of dishes and bed sheets and towels and, oh dear, I'll just say everything I needed for the house. All I did was move into the house. They even was going to get radio for me, but I have one so they just get me some other things.

I got all the kids with me now. Only Bobby still in Palmer. He will be there for while. Guess you know he was sick for two months this summer. He just got out of bed when I left Palmer. I heard he's doing fine now. So guess it won't be long before I will have him, too. I sure missed him.

Both of my girls are going to school. I got little Diana back soon as I has moved into this house. They had her in Fairbanks Children's Home. Oh yes, guess what? When I first saw her I didn't know who she was. She was sitting right by me for one hour before doctor call for me and he shows me my x-rays. And he asked my how many kids I had and I told him and he asked me what their names and I told him. And he said little Diana is here and I said, "Oh!" So one lady brought Diana into where I was and she brought the same little girl I was sitting by for one hour. She looks so different. Oh, it was so surprise to me! They had it in Fairbanks Newspaper on front page that I was sitting by my daughter who I never seen for five years that I didn't know who she was. Ha Ha!! It seems silly yet! I was so surprised that I almost even cry and you know what? Everybody that I know, they don't know who I am. They all say I don't look like that Elsie they use to know. They all say I look much younger. Some say I look like a teen-age girl. Ha Ha!! They don't know how Doctor Phillips save my life and made me to a new girl. He sure did a lot for me.

Oh yes, they give me \$30.00 from The Church of God. I mean the people from there. I think it was very nice of them. Well, dear, I'll have to close for now. Oh yes, my sister is working now, so just me and my kids here now. Here is my best to you and may God bless you. Tell everybody I said, "Hello!"

All my love to you, dear!

Love, Elsie

Taffy Rabbits

John Pearson

Lanna Christensen

Dora Jakob

Dan Humnicutt

Bobbi Ann Edwards  
Mary George

Joy Wemark

Carrie Ross

Elizabeth Hayward

Hattie Hayward

Dora

Lucy

Punches

Luna

Alice Juney

Ralph W. Hamrick



Opelia Carlson

Freda Stearns

Edith St. Louis

Doria Young  
H.B. etc

Nellie Lambert

Lois Warden

Clara Warner

Luey Sackpeduk  
Mary Moses

- by Elena Zhillia -  
Hoover Koonalook

1904  
Elena Zhillia  
(Susie K.K.)

Happy Christmas

Miss Mervin

Miss Mervin

JORDEN

WARD

WARD

WARD

WARD

WARD

WARD

W. G. Mervin



A MERRY

CHRISTMAS



Roberta Chase

Doc Killiginnick  
 & Family  
 & Friends  
 John Stearns

Al Brown

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p> <del>Augustus Leacock</del><br/>           Mike Colias<br/>           George Ramon dos<br/>           Oscar Johnson<br/>           Harold Blumgren<br/>           Guy Brown<br/>           George Alan<br/>           Art Matthew<br/>           W. H. Hatcher<br/>           Gerald Hanson         </p> | <p>           Al Phillips<br/>           Paul Rudolph<br/>           Helen Sanidattick<br/>           Lois A. Kaye, Aida<br/>           Daniel McEwen<br/>           Bobby McCare<br/>           Robert Donohue<br/>           Francis Broome<br/>           Glenn Jorgock         </p> |
|--|---|

**O**ppropry **C**hristmas  
 and **H**appy  
 From **N**ew  
**V**aled **I**ll **H**ere

WDI  
 CHG. R.N. Margaret Spina  
 (AIDES) Edith Bowers, Cornet  
 Irene Solomon (PATIENTS)  
 Helen Langton  
 Lucy Strickland  
 Lena Miller  
 Alice Ashcroft  
 Avis Northway  
 Mrs. Russell  
 Eva Black  
 Mary Morgan  
 Coe Tiglock  
 Florence Lindstrom  
 Sassa Etuckmelra  
 Molly John

(P.M.) Lillie Kurris  
 Peter Goldie Bolles  
 Esther Captain  
 Julia Nelson  
 Charlotte Hampton  
 Idana Everett  
 Katherine Peters  
 Mary Anthony  
 Frieda Sanford  
 Madeline Charles  
 Maud Watkins  
 Sophie James  
 Martha Hegner

Christmas greetings  
from us all

Ward 111

Ward 2

Mrs. Sam  
 George - Wingo  
 Paul  
 Mrs. W. J.  
 Dr. S. + R. Lind  
 Wanda Foster  
 Helen Wingo  
 Billy Havel  
 The Guild  
 Dan F. Havel  
 Gerald P. Havel  
 Walter H. Havel  
 Jimmie Havel  
 Fanny Havel  
 Fannie Havel

Julia Lopez  
 Cogie Makela  
 Para Williams  
 Evelyn M. Williams  
 M. Williams  
 Alice Williams  
 Jack Williams  
 Ella Williams  
 William Williams

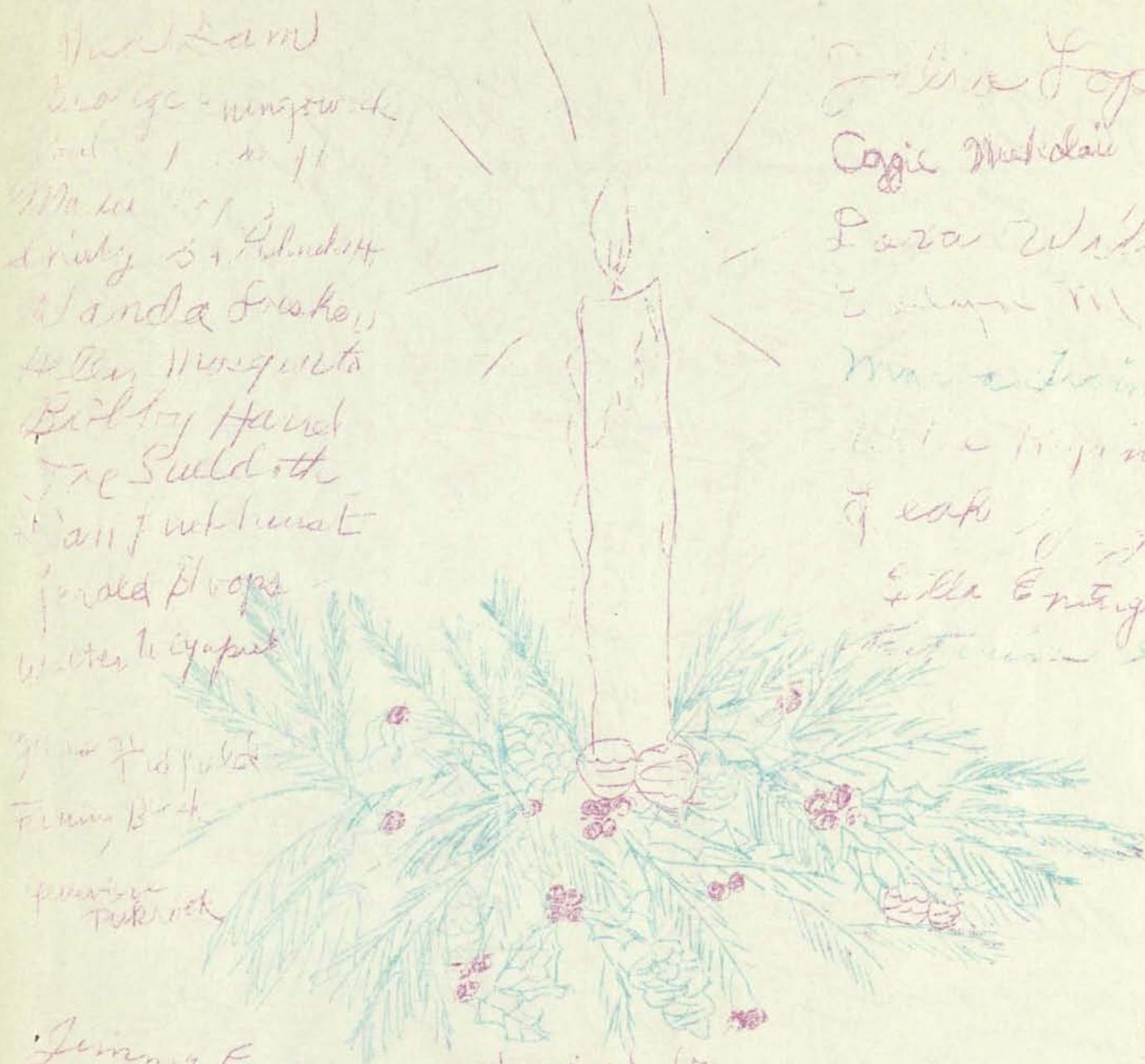
Jimmie Easton

designed by

Matthew Ostroff  
Xmas 1954

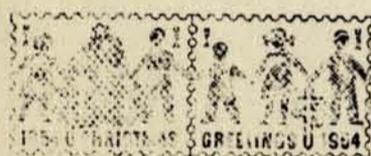
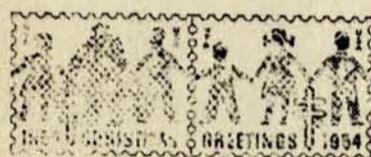
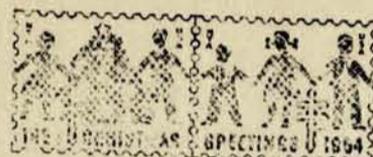
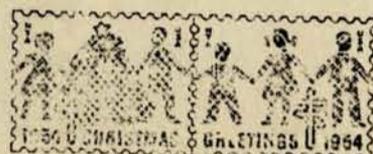
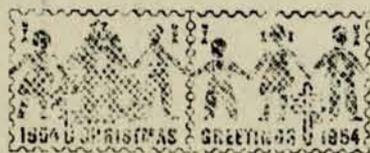
Mar. Green  
 Lucie McBride Kelly

Elsa Herman RN





## CHRISTMAS SEALS



Christmas 1904 -- This significant date marks the beginning of the strangest war mankind has ever fought -- a war in which human lives have been saved, not sacrificed; one in which there can be no armistice, no peace treaty until there is a final victory over the ancient enemy which for centuries has been the cause of more deaths than any conflict or pestilence in history. It is even more strange that the secret weapon for the combat of the "Great White Plague," as Oliver Wendell Holmes once called it, should prove to be a tiny square of gummed paper! In the span of little more than forty years, the Tuberculosis Christmas Seal has become the most militant means for enlisting millions of men, women and children in the mighty crusade to conquer mankind's most insidious sickness.

The truly inspired idea of the seal came about one afternoon during the busy holiday season of 1903 while Einar Holboll, a Danish postal clerk, was hurriedly cancelling Christmas letters, packages and cards. To this kindly person, whose leisure time was given to much good work, came the thought -- Why not a special seal to be placed on Christmas mail as the symbol of a gift to some philanthropic agency, such as a hospital for children sick with Tuberculosis? He passed on his idea to other citizens who became actively interested and joined him in making practical plans. And so in 1904, the first Christmas Seals for the prevention of Tuberculosis were sold in Denmark. At the special request of the reigning King Christian IX, this first issue honored the late Queen Louise by bearing her portrait. The seals were immediately popular and enough revenue was collected to purchase a sanatorium site the same year.

Little could the so-called "Father of the Christmas Seal" have anticipated the tremendous growth his small but very fertile seed would achieve in his generation. Sweden and Norway immediately adopted the idea, and three years later, in the winter of 1907, the movement began in the United States. Each year the sale of

the penny seals goes on in every town and country, reaching everyone from the millionaire to the lowest paid worker, and with enormous results. The millions of dollars collected finance a program of education, treatment, and scientific discovery which not only has steadily diminished the spread and fatality of Tuberculosis, but has begun that final chapter in the history of this great crusade in which the inevitable happy ending will have to say the dread enemy was vanquished by the simple, but meaningful, greeting: "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Christmas Yuletide -- 1949



# GRIN

9  
Dec.  
24

NEWS FROM CHIL...  
Mrs. [unclear] recently [unclear] from [unclear] Park...



K.M. [unclear]

## NEWS FROM CHRYSTINE ROUSE

Mrs. King recently had a letter from Chrystine Rouse whom many of you will remember as the popular Director of Recreation at the Sanatorium. Miss Rouse is teaching school at Curry, Alaska, this year and writes an interesting and amusing letter to Mrs. King about the children she teaches.

Chrys says she has used innumerable methods -- even bribes -- to interest her pupils in school work. To one little boy who is susceptible to this method, she offered a real live turtle if he learned every word in his reading lesson for two weeks. "He hasn't missed one since," she reports and now comes the problem of getting the turtle from Anchorage, point of procurement, to Curry, point of acceptance.

Miss Rouse describes her trials and tribulations with James thus:

"The littlest and badest is James -- he is six years old, but no bigger than a normal four old. He will not speak English in the classroom. He says something which sounds like "Isue-Ising" which means "me, too" in his brand of Indian. He calls me something which sounds like "Burrh-Dhee" which his mother says may be translated to mean "Grandmother," "The old one," or "She must be obeyed," or just "boss" or "Master". He likes to poke the other children with a sharp pencil or a long pin just to see them jump. I had to move him out where I can see him every minute to keep him from hurting one of the other little ones and one day I turned my back for a minutes and when I looked he was gone -- couldn't see him anywhere -- then I heard paper rattle and sure enough there he was in the big waste paper basket covered with paper -- and then when I am threatening my beginners with dire punishment of some sort if they don't get quiet, he pipes up in English to be sure he will be understood, "Not me," meaning he does not want the punishment. As you have probably guessed by now he is spoiled rotten, and all the other children pet him, too, including the little ones. He is so darned cute I can't punish him, and so I guess he is my "problem." It will be a miracle if he learns anything excepting more "monkey business."

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A mother is a mighty nice thing to have around the house at Christmas. Because, if there wasn't a mother, there wouldn't be any father, or any kids. And remember, a mother can be present in spirit if not in flesh. Christmas is a season to meditate some on what might be called spiritual presences. The Holy Babe's included.

There's nothing wrong with Christmas that a little spirit won't correct. About all we need to do is tie our gifts with heartstrings.

\*\*\*\*\*

# WORD PUZZLE



## ACROSS

- 1 & 7 Celebrated Dec. 25th
- 10 Some (French)
- 11 Paddle
- 12 Very small child
- 13 Godly person
- 16 A wild duck
- 18 Lucky Strike (Abr.)
- 19 Xmas decorations
- 21 Entice
- 22 Aged
- 23 Was used for a crib by Mary
- 26 Dessert
- 27 By
- 28 Delights
- 33 Rescue (Abr.)
- 34 Loud noise
- 35 South East (Abr.)
- 36 Part of the face
- 38 Build
- 39 Gregory Peck (Abr.)
- 41 Same as 22 across
- 42 Shy
- 44 Lyric poem
- 46 North East (Abr.)
- 47 One of Santa's reindeer
- 48 Playthings

## DOWN

- 2 They pull Santa's sleigh
- 3 Hotels
- 4 Preposition
- 5 Small rug
- 6 Existing
- 7 District Attorney (Abr.)
- 8 Capable

- 9 Affirmative
- 12 To dim
- 13 Hung up at Christmas
- 14 To be ill
- 15 Tenses
- 17 Beverage
- 20 Den
- 24 Close
- 25 Woody plant
- 27 Post script (Abr.)
- 29 Neg
- 30 Carol
- 31 Received at Christmas
- 32 Before
- 35 Rocky
- 37 Operation (Abr.)
- 40 Writing implement
- 43 Opposite to "No"
- 44 Correlative to either
- 45 Same as 7 down

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