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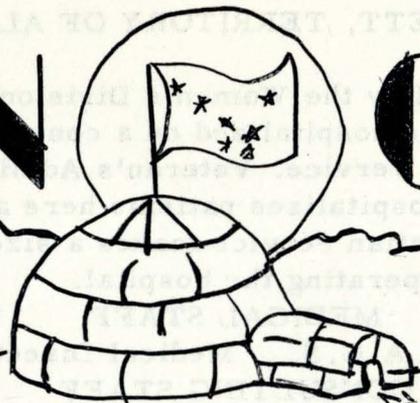
ALASKA HISTORICAL
COLLECTIONS

san chat

FEBRUARY 1957



SAN CHAT



MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS
SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA
FEBRUARY 1957

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Associate Editor	Doras Tobuk	Ward Five	Myrtle Lotz
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Ward Two	Caroline Collums	Howies Kolumna	Howie Rhude
Ward Three	T. Christiansen	Typist	Susie Koonaloak
Printer	George Pearson	Staff Advisor	Betty Nelson

(Editor's note.) Leo Kunnuk is our cover artist for this month. He is up on Ward Four busy fattening up and getting well, besides taking a book-keeping course on which he is doing very well. Leo comes from King Island. Every year the King Island people come to Anchorage for the Fur Rendezvous where they perform their native dances. Leo's Mother and Father are usually among the group. The King Islanders are also known for their lovely ivory carving. . . .

SAN CHAT reporters have had the special privilege of interviewing "The boss" this month. Two representatives of the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, the organization under whose auspices the Seward Sanatorium operates, visited here this week. WELCOME to Mrs. C.P. Hardin and Miss Emma Burris, THANKS for coming, and PLEASE do come again soon.

**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, Veteran's Administration, and the United States Public Health Service hospitalizes 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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Marie Green, B.A.	Teacher
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Charles Malin, B.D.	Chaplain
Myra McDonald	Teacher
Walter R. Shultz	Anesthetist
Ethel M. Shultz	Teacher
Betty Nelson	San Chat Advisor

DOCTORS CORNER

The Sanatorium is once again blessed with an anesthetist. It is a real boost to the surgical work to have a well trained anesthetist here who can take the responsibility of the patient's welfare and comfort during a major operation. Mr. Walter Shultz, R. N. is no novice at the job of taking care of the needs of the patient who is being operated on from the anesthetist's part of the work. We are fortunate to have him.

The surgical program of treatment has been kept up to a fairly good extent even though there has not been a regular anesthetist. Some of the operations can be done using local infiltration anesthesia. This was done regularly for thoracoplasties. Also, general surgery operations may be done using spinal or even local anesthesia. This was done. Of it all the following tabulation is of interest.

	1953	1954	1955	1956	TOTAL
Thoracoplasties	25	50	27	24	126
Resections	4	27	x 28	12	71
General Surgery	7	15	x 10	15	47
Deliveries	1	6	3	4	14
	<u>37</u>	<u>98</u>	<u>68</u>	<u>55</u>	<u>258</u>

From the above tabulation it is obvious that we were doing the most surgery when we had an anesthetist and things in general were going well. However, it will also be noted that the last year was not an idle one. Just now we have a great many patients needing surgery who have been waiting for the arrival of the anesthetist. We have already begun to get them done. There is no use of doing too many cases all at once if we do not have the necessary staff to take care of them. Major chest surgical operations such as removal of all or part of a lung require a good deal of post operative care. Therefore, we must limit ourselves to a few cases a week if we're not going to neglect them. Since neglect of this type of case is even more unfortunate than lesser surgical cases, it is imperative that no neglect be tolerated whether it is indifference or impossibility.

We are regularly getting new medicines for use in the treatment program. This helps us keep up with the rest of the world. We have new surgical dressings. We now have a dressing called "telfa" that will not stick to the wound at all yet it allows the seepage from the wound to pass thru it freely.

Many patients are improving on the new drugs to where they require less surgery. This is fortunate. It takes less work for the staff and less suffering and less risk for the patient. We never like to hurry a patient into surgical treatment if he has a chance of making it without surgery in a reasonable period of time. Thus the work at the Sanatorium has gone on even though there have been serious conflicts carried out with some people outside the Sanatorium and Rehabilitation Center.

Only this week Miss Burris and Mrs. Hardin of the Womans Division of Christain Service arrived to study the problems of the Sanatorium and the rehabilitation work shops. There is good hope that the Sanatorium will be needed longer than was expected two years ago. If we can only make the buildings hold up we can do the work.

Dr. Phillips.....

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

Dr. Pennell of the Northwest Frontier of India tells a story of one of his hospital beds that has cured more than any medicine that he has ever prescribed.

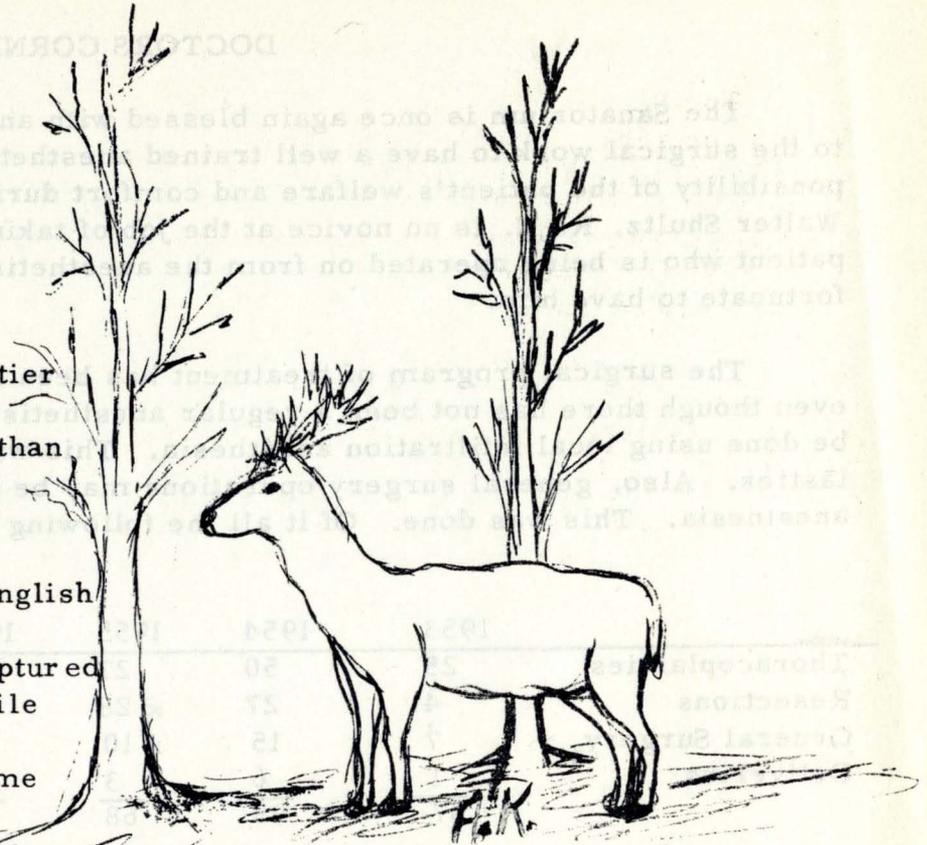
It seems that some years ago an English officer was sent on a diplomatic mission to Afghanistan. He was captured by the Amir, confined to a dark, vile prison for six months, and finally decapitated on his refusal to become a Moslem. His diary and account of his death came to his sister some years later. Her reaction was to endow a bed in Dr. Pennell's hospital on the Afghans frontier for the welfare of the people who had killed her brother. The Afghans are occupied in constant feuds and their ruling passion is for revenge. But when some sick or wounded Afghan is lying in this particular bed and is told the story of this sister's love he goes back home with a very different feeling towards the Christians and the word is spread.

Isn't that what Jesus means when he says if some one were to strike you on one cheek you should not hit back but turn the other one? Isn't that what the Bible means when it says, "Love Never Faileth?" Love is powerful. Love makes strong. If we could but practise it the way Jesus did when He even gave His life--in love--for those that were using Him dreadfully. Let us truly, "learn to Love one another.

Rev. Charles Malin

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You will find as you look back on your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love.



WARD ONE NEWS-by George Pearson

This month we wish to welcome Mr. Frank Myers of Fairbanks. Frank was transferred to us from Ward Four where he had been for the past four months.

David Jackson, George Billy and Tommie Moses went home the past month. These boys were sent to the Rehab Center for several months before going to their different homes.

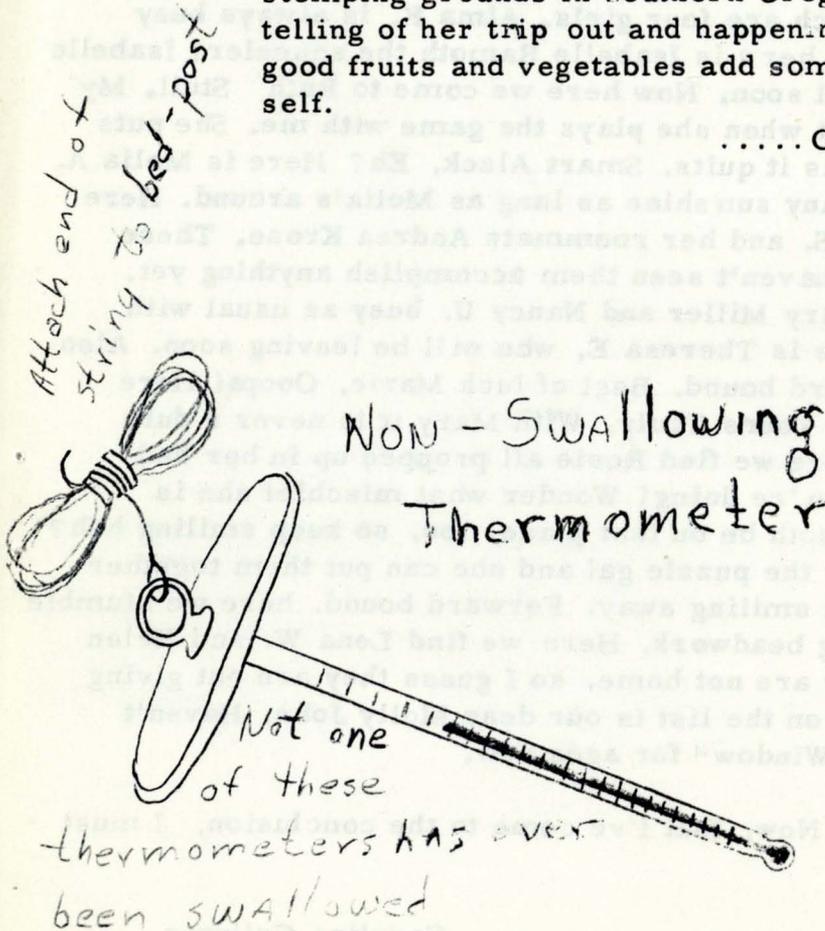
Rudy Sundberg is doing just great since his return from surgery. Rudy spent two weeks in Ward Three just before Christmas.

Several of the boys are to get glasses soon. Two of them Charlie George and Tony Cuerda are looking forward to the arrival of their pair. This is the first time either of them had specks.

We were sorry to have Big George and Michael Patrick leave us. Both of them return to Ward Four for a short spell. May be that they will be back soon.

All of the boys miss the joking and teasing of our nurse, Mary Beckon. Mrs. Beckon is spending a month at her childhood stomping grounds in Southern Oregon. She sent a letter to me telling of her trip out and happenings in home state. May the good fruits and vegetables add some weight to her little ol' self.

..... George.....

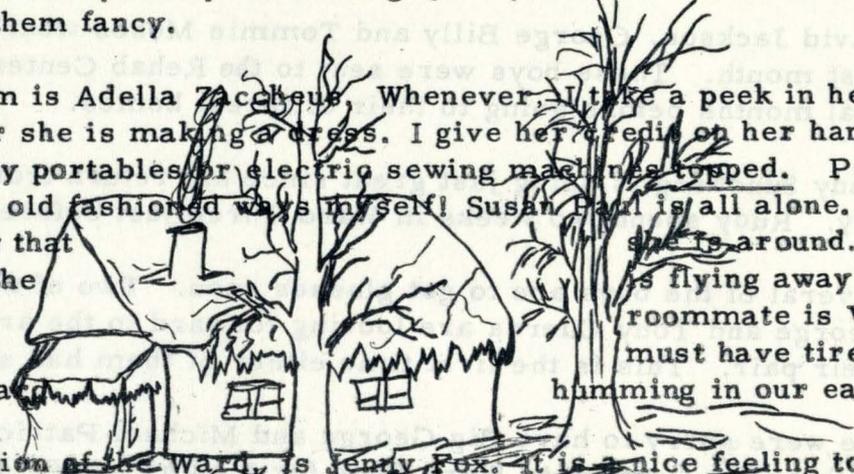


WARD TWO NEWS

HI YOU ALL!!!!

Well, it seems Rosie has twisted her own arm if she succeeded!! So not to mention the rest, somehow, I got twisted into writing, so, here I am. Here in the first room is Vera Giese. She is always busy crocheting pretty dresser scarfs or doilies. Wow! She can really make them fancy.

Here in the next room is Adella Zaccabus. Whenever I take a peek in her room, its a game of solitaire or she is making a dress. I give her credit on her hand stitching. She has all these fancy portables or electric sewing machines topped. Personally I prefer sticking to the old fashioned ways myself! Susan Paul is all alone. She is so quiet you hardly know that she is around. Now welcome to Mary Kameroff. She is flying away with her knitting needles. Her roommate is Virginia K. I guess her music box must have tired out. For a while that's all we heard humming in our ears.



Now, in the first section of the ward, is Jenny Fox. It is a nice feeling to see her up and smiling again. Her roommate includes Mary Angiak. She is another quiet one. Here, we run into Eliza O. and Alice Anvil. They are happy as ever. Well, lookie-here, if it ain't Maggie, 'Aggie' Tate. Her side kick is Mary George. So quiet lately, how come? Did you two actually sign the peace treaty? Here in the next cubicle lives Elizabeth Sharp and Lucy Hootch. Both are doing nicely! Pretty dragged out but making it to the sunny side of the street. Here on the porch are four girls. Alma K. is always busy writing or reading. The bed across from hers is Isabelle Ramoth the squeeler! Isabelle will be transferred to Anchorage Hospital soon. Now here we come to Ruth Stull. My rummy pardner! She doesn't have a heart when she plays the game with me. She puts me back in debt, then she laughs and calls it quits. Smart Aleck, Eh? Here is Molia A. the girl with the smile. Sure don't need any sunshine as long as Molia's around. Here we stop in and have a chat with Barbara S. and her roommate Andrea Krone. These little busy bees are always busy. But, I haven't seen them accomplish anything yet. Now to keep on hopping. Here we find Mary Miller and Nancy U. busy as usual with their knitting needles. In the next cubicle is Theresa E, who will be leaving soon. Also Marie Askoor. Lucky girls on a homeward bound. Best of luck Marie, Ooops! Here in this dizzy corner lives Mary Tom and Yours Truly. With Mary it is never a dull moment for me. Now to keep agoing. Here we find Rosie all propped up in her bed gazing out the window! So that's what you're doing! Wonder what mischief she is dreaming up now? Someday Rosie we'll both be on that plane, too, so keep smiling huh? Now we visit with Leah and Ora. Leah is the puzzle gal and she can put them together blind folded, as Ora sits on watching and smiling away. Forward bound, here we stumble into Mae Thomas' room and she is doing beadwork. Here we find Lena W. and Helen S., the crazy - eights!! Incidentally they are not home, so I guess they are out giving someone else a good time. AHM! Last on the list is our dear Molly John. Haven't heard her sing that song "Doggie in the Window" for ages now.

Whew! Thought I'd never get to the end. Now, that I've come to the conclusion, I must say good luck and God Bless you all.

..... Caroline Collums

WARD THREE NEWS - by T. Christensen

HI, EVERYONE! -Hello, to all of you, from all of us on Ward Three. It's that time again. I'll see what I can scare up in the way of news.

Let's start with Alice A. MAN! What an appetite that gal has (which is unusual for you, huh, Alice, what are they giving you? - I want some, too!) When she leaves this time, they're going to roll her out, ha!

Next we have Clara Huff, who is doing awfully well, keep up the good works, Clara, and we all hope your stay here will be short and sweet. Rhea Sam and Lilly Ramoth are both doing fine. Lilly now has an hour up-time. Congrats, Lil! Nellie K. and Julia M. always sound happy.

In the next cubicle we find Bobbie Ann and Lena H. They both look contented. Clotilda N. is out on the sunny porch next to Taffy (the knitter) R. Our Duckie and Madeline also reside out there. We have a couple of girls known as the "twins" Lucy S. and Margie A. The workers are always getting them mixed up. Lucy M. and Louisa K. are coming along nicely. They 're so cute when they try to speak in English. Olga K. is becoming quite a crocheter. (could be you huh, Olga?) Good past-time. My little giggler) Moses does a lot of painting. I'd like to see anyone who can "out-talk" our little Fannie, Wow! -im-possible!!

Auf Wiedersehn.

....Tanna.....



WARD FOUR NEWS

Jan. 14. . . In the past week, two of our friends had been moved back to Ward Four from Ward One. They are Mike Pat Ukuviar, and Big George. Hope you boys can return to Ward One soon.

Mr. John Kennedy has not been here too long, and seems to be doing very well. His favorite past-time is doing art work, coloring photos of dogs. Does very well too.

Our friend, John Moses, in room four is always so happy to see his two wonderful daughters, Julia and Fannie Moses. They are real nice and cute too. No wonder Bobbie McCarr has been interested in walking down the ward four hallway when it is visiting hour.

After rest hour today when I woke up I was hearing a lot of racket. It sounded as if the ward was under-going extensive repair work. It was only Joe X. cutting out the designs on a peice of wood. In the next bed, Leo Kunnuk was quietly concentrating on doing his BOOKKEEPING. We might add that he is doing very well too.

George Arnold is a model patient, he reads pocket books daily, and never get up until he has to; I do mean until it is necessary. He wakes up in the mornings about 8 a. m. runs to wash room and is back in bed just as the breakfast tray comes in for him.

Ward Four's favorite game is CRIBBAGE, and it takes a very good player to the best of all our boys, but the list is headed by Jimmie Kilapsuk. His opposition is usually Francis O'Neill or Elmer Hosler.

Joe Tabios is taking his school work very seriously and is doing very well. Others still doing a lot of work with our very nice teacher, Myra McDonald, are Jimmie Charley, Glenn Tingook, Joe X., and Bobbie McCarr.

If you find an old cigarette holder on the street, you might get rid of it by giving it to Walter Ecklund. His old one is about burned out.

Your Editor is still preparing to further his education with help from the Rehabilitation. This is something I would not want to miss. It is a chance of a life-time.

..... Al Brown

LOOKING For
Something?



WARD FIVE NEWS

EVON ANDREW HAS GONE HOME AND WE MISS THE HAPPY NATURED LITTLE FELLOW.

WILLIE NOSE, ANNIE WASSILLIE, FREDDIE FOX AND CHARLIE WHOLECHEESE CELEBRATED BIRTHDAYS WITH PRESENTS AND ICE CREAM FOR ALL.

MOST OF THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN GIVEN MORE UP TIME AND THEY ENJOY EVERY MINUTE OF IT. IT IS HARD ON THE HOUSESLIPPERS THOUGH, AND KEEPS JIMMIE KNOWLES BUSY WITH THE "SHOEING".

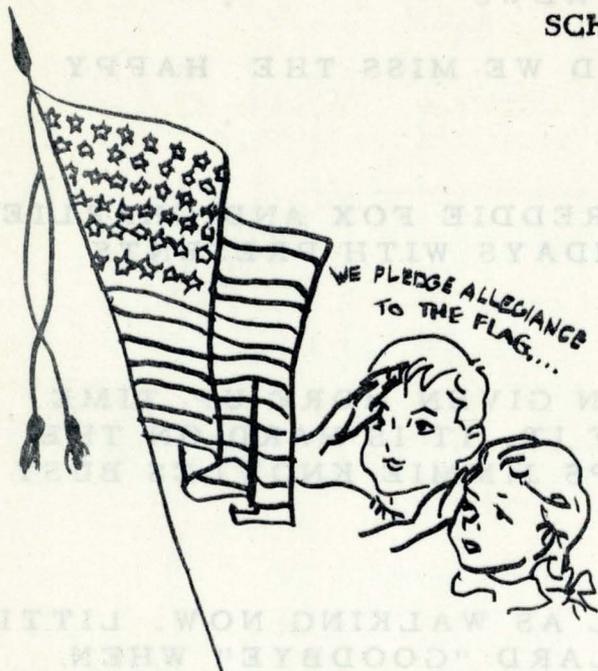
OUR BABIES ARE TALKING AS WELL AS WALKING NOW. LITTLE RICHARD JENNINGS TOLD MISS POLLARD "GOODBYE" WHEN HE SAW HER APPROACHING WITH THE SHOT TRAY THE OTHER DAY. AND FREDDIE FOX SAYS "I'M HUNGRY" AT MEAL TIME. AND THEY CAN ALL SAY "CANDY" VERY PLAINLY.

NOTHING MORE NEW SO BYE TILL NEXT ISSUE.

MYRTLE LOTZ



SCHOOL DAYS



After the first of the year, most of the stores take inventory. We are taking inventory of our school books and equipment. It is a good time to take inventory of our lives. Are we farther along physically, spiritually, and mentally than we were last year? How much have we grown?

Ruth Folger left this month to go to her new home in Tanana and Evon Andrew to the Children's Home at Kasilof.

We have one new pupil, Virginia Kailukiak, whose father is in Ward One.

The teachers have new blonde desks to match the pupils desks.

We have not received the official report of the results of the Science Research Association test, but according to the Jessen's Weekly, Alaskan pupils in Territorial and Federal schools rank higher than the average in the United States on the same tests.

----Helen D. Case

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REHAB NEWS

It is said "time and tide waits for no man." Perhaps that is the reason we are getting up on the last count with our Rehab News. However we are still here "By the side of the road" striving to fulfil our mission. The committee from New York were down to interview our folk yesterday. We believe our work here will show that we have an important piece of work to do for the Territory of Alaska and its younger generation, as well as those who have been so impaired by tuberculosis that they cannot do a full days work, straight through the clock, but with rest periods and a good balanced diet can support themselves and perhaps assist in the care of their families. At this point life grows much more secure and worthwhile and less frustrating.

As a house Mother I view my family with real pride and am happy to say a number are gainfully employed and on their own; independent, self supporting citizens and tax payers and a credit to any people. This is the birthright of any and all people and where through exploitation, lack of adequate education facilities or physical disability this has been denied them it is the responsibility and privilege of any group to assist them to avail themselves of this birthright.

Victor Kanralak has been home on a vacation and we are looking forward to his return shortly and trust the weather will not delay him or make the journey too hazardous.

We are rejoicing in the lengthening of the days and the coming of enough snow so that the younger folk may get some good use from the sleds and skates they got for Christmas.

Guess that is it for this time.

..... Sarah Mae Garrett

REGULAR SCHEDULES

CHURCH SERVICES

Protestant: Sunday 3:00 p.m. - Sunday School- Rev. Charles Malin
Sunday 6:00 p.m. - Message Broadcast over KSAN- Rev. Charles Malin.
Catholic: Around first of each month- Confessions-Communion-Father Arnold Custer

RADIO KSAN

Sunday-9:30-10:45 a.m.	Patients' Hymn Sing. Recorded religious and classical music.
10:45-11-15 a.m.	Bible Readings from New Testament on record
3:00-3:45 p.m.	Recorded religious and classical music.
Monday-9:30-11:05 a.m.	Patients Request Program
11:05-11:15 a.m.	Reading from Upper Room and Thought for Day.
3:00-3:45 p.m.	Patients Request Program
Tuesday-9:30-10:30 a.m.	Recorded Music.
10:30-10:45 a.m.	Children's Story Hour.
11:05-11:15 a.m.	Reading from Upper Room and Thought for Day.
3:00-3:45 p.m.	Recorded Music.
Wednesday-9:30-11:05 a.m.	Patients' Request Program
11:05-11:15 a.m.	Reading from Upper Room and Thought for Day.
3:00 - 3:05 p.m.	News from Mrs. King, ward news, etc.
3:05 - 3:45 p.m.	Patients' Request Program
Thursday-9:30-10:30 a.m.	Recorded Music.
10:30-11:00 a.m.	Variety Program. Recorded Commercial Radio Programs, etc.
11:05- 11:15 a.m.	Reading from Upper Room and Thought for Day.
3:00- 3:30 p.m.	Recorded Commercial Radio Programs
3:30-3:45 p.m.	Music for Listening Pleasure
Friday-9:30-11:05 a.m.	Patients' Request Program
11:05-11:15 a.m.	Reading from Upper Room and Thought for Day.
3:00 - 3:15 p.m.	Patients' Request Program
3:15- 3:45 p.m.	Bible Readings from New Testament on records
Saturday-9:30-11:05 a.m.	Recorded Music
11:05-11:15 a.m.	Reading from Upper Room and Thought for Day.
3:00 - 3:45 p.m.	Recorded Music.

ANNOUNCERS: George Pearson, Tony Cuerda, Ruth Stull, Madeline Charles,
Willie Bolton

LIBRARY CART SCHEDULE:

3:00-4:00 p.m.
Tuesday - Ward One
Wednesday - Ward Two
Thursday - Ward Three
Friday - Ward Four

MOVIE SCHEDULE:

5:30-8:00 p.m.
Monday - Ward Two
Tuesday - Ward One
Wednesday - Ward Four
Thursday - Ward Three
Saturday (Morning)-Ward Five (comedy only)
Sunday - Rehab, Barracks C, employees

PROJECTIONIST: Rudy Sundborg

**JIMMIE KNOWLES
SPECIAL SERVICES**

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I sure have to think fast, its a mile to put the pieces together. I must make the article short as I do not have many days left. I am to write about a famous patriot, Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln was a tender hearted man, who freed the Negro slaves and saved the Union. These were his greatest achievements. He believed in Democracy, thus he believed all men are created equal. In spite of his political enemies, who often made fun of him, he was always patient. He made no angry replies toward his fellow man. As he lived, he asked the nation to live, "with malice toward none, with charity, for all." He was a plain man and gave his strength to keep the country from harm.

The war began in 1861, when Lincoln was inaugurated as President. He addressed a plea for peace to the southern people. On March 4, 1861 he said, "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow country men, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without yourselves becoming the aggressors. . . . we are not enemies but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break the bonds of our affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriots---grove to every living heart and hearthstone all over this vroad land, will swell the chorus of the Union when touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our natures.

Two years later in November 1863, when the President was at Gettysburg, he paid the nations respect to the dead. The President stated:

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation. . . or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated. . . can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicated a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dea, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave their last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Before his death he had a dream that there were people standing solemnly in a room. Before them was a coffin in which lay Mr. President. There wasn't a dry eye among his friends. He asked them who it was. One of them answered it was Mr. President. He stirred from his dream. He felt uncomfortable that day and told his wife. On the evening of April 14, 1865, he went with his wife and a party of friends to Ford's Theatre. There the road ended in assassination committed by John Booth, an actor. The dream that had disturbed him came true.



-----Elena Willis

HOWIES KOLYUMN

Howie Rhude

With a new year ahead of us, we can, in the light of past accomplishments, look confidently forward to further progress; remembering, always, that one task is but a step to the next. The longest journey is just one step after another.

WE HOPE!

When bitter blows the winter blast
And naked branches shiver;
When zero cold invades the bones
And petrifies each river;
When fuel bills soar and gardens wear
Their white and sterile dress,
Oh, say can spring be far behind?
Yes.

..... R. H. Grenville

David Harum once said: "A certain amount of fleas are good for a dog, because it keeps him from broodin' on bein' a dog." So, let us say, a certain amount of problems are good for us; keeps us on our toes, looking for ways to surmount them, knowing that for everyone we conquer, others become easier.

Many tribes of uncivilized aborgines hold rites for their young people before admitting them to councils of the tribe and permitting them to participate in tribal affairs. Let us hope that Alaska's tribulations in becoming a state are but a form of initiation that will toughen an already hard core of determination to take her rightful place alongside her future sister states. With unprecedented industrial developements in the offing that will require many resources that Alaska can provide, it should not be too much to hope that Alaska will take her rightful place among the other states, many of whom had even less to offer when they were admitted.

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Ad in the Fredeick, Md., News: "NOTICE. Will the person or persons who stole my fishing equipment please return and get the minnow bucket which was overlooked at that time I will give them some lead which, when picked out of the body, can be used as sinkers. Dr. A. D. Flory, Thurmont, Md. "

SPORTS NEWS --- Al Brown

January 12... The Anchorage Eagles won their fifth straight Railbelt Conference basketball game by a score of 56 to 31 over the Seward Seahawks. The games were played at the Anchorage High School Gymnasium.

January 12... The Fairbanks Malemites also took the measure of the hapless Palmer Moose. Score was Malemites 50, and the Moose 39

The Anchorage Eagles will undoubtedly represent Western Alaska for the All-Alaskan High-school Championship when a Southeastern team comes up to have a three game play-off.

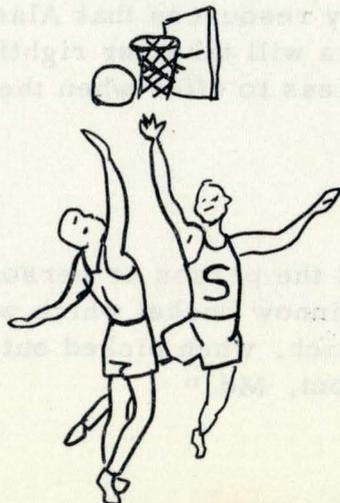
It still isn't known just which team will represent the Southeastern district, but it will most likely to be Juneau Hi, or the Mt. Edgecumbe Indians. Ketchikan's Kay Hi Kings can not be counted out as they are fast coming up, and is improving. They recently lost two games to Mt. Edgecumbe Indians, and one game was won by only a one point margin.

Unlike the Western TITLE which is surely going to be the Anchorage Eagles unless a MIRACLE can prevent them from doing so; the Southeastern representative will not be known until after they conclude their Southeastern Alaskan Tournament which will be held in Sitka, the most historic city in Alaska.

		Won & Lost	
Anchorage Eagles	1st	5	0
Seward Seahawks	2nd	3	3
Fairbanks Malemites	2nd	3	3
Palmer Moose	3rd	0	5

January 14... No. 1 Team of the Nation, Kansas Jay Hawks was beaten by un-ranked Iowa State College by a score of 33 to 31. It was a last second field goal that turned out to be the margin of victory.

All-American, Wilt (Th Stilt) Chamberlain was held to only 17 points. Five field goals, and seven free throws. It is going into the record books as the UPSET OF THE YEAR.



A CADILLAC CANOE

Although she had long since passed her twenty-first birthday, Princess Laughing Moose, had shown no inclination to marry or even keep company, with any of the young braves from the Bartlett Tribe. This worried her father, old, Chief Eagle Claw, no end, and he decided to do something about it at the first opportunity.

Came a night shortly after his decision when he noticed the princess, who now lingered out-side their tee-pee, gazing fondly up at the full moon. She looked particularly lonely this night and he heard her sigh.

This was a situation such as the old Chief had been looking for and he made the most of it, for to him it looked like a good time to broach the subject of marriage to her.

Stepping quietly to his daughters side he gently put his arm around her, and in a soft voice, whispered into her ear: "My daughter is lonely and getting old. Should take good Bartlett brave for husband and raise many grand-children for old father."

"No want Bartlett brave for husband," Laughing Moose replied, looking defiantly at her father. "Me want Seward brave who helps un-load big ships of white-man. Him, make plenty wam-pum--buy me Cadillac Canoe."

"No can marry Seward brave!" her now angry father roared at her. "My daughter must marry brave from own village--it is law of our people. Would my daughter disgrace her old Father?"

Laughing Moose did not answer for a moment and now stood with bowed head--tears filling her eyes. Finally she faced her father and in an obedient voice said: "I care not for Bartlett brave, but if it is my Fathers wish that I marry one of them I shall try to obey his command. What brave would make me good husband my Father? Which one will bring happiness to your daughter?"

Her un-expected reply surprised the old Chief and it was some time before he could bring to mind the names of the braves he favored as son-in-laws. But now, his wits collected, he smiled at her and said: "Like see um you marry Charlie Falling Hoe-him fine brave--work hard."

"No! No! No!" the princess now screamed, meanwhile covering her face with both hands as if in horror. "Falling Hoe act like sick turnip walking in sleep. Him, too tall--look like totem pole from Ketchikan."

"But he is good farmer--him grow much corn," her father now said, entreatingly.

"Falling Hoe can only grow corn on toe s not on field," replied his daughter, disgustingly.

Chief Eagle Claw, naturally, was angry and disappointed over his daughters refusal to marry Falling Hoe, but he held his peace. He knew there was no use pressing further, Falling Hoe's case, after hearing his daughter's remarks. Besides, he knew of other young braves that were equally acceptable as son-in-laws and presently he said cautiously to his daughter: "Maybe then my daughter likes Russell Running Horse--raiser of the fish?"

CADILLAC CANOE (cont.)

"Running Horse move like tub of bear-fat," Laughing Moose now yelled at her father. Him walk around village all day wrapped in white blanket. Pull him easy chair all around. Him look like Mahatma Gandhi leading goat to temple.

This second refusal by his daughter to marry a Bartlett brave of his choice, really aggravated the old Chief. He still had an ace in the hole however, so he kept his temper under control and presently said to her: "Then it is Joe- Son of Wolf my likes." He said this expectantly, as Son of Wolf, was the last of the Bartlett's braves he did favor. "Son of Wolf great hunter--make um fine husband," he further remarked.

"Son of Wolf only hunt squaw in village--afraid to hunt animal in forest," his daughter replied.

"But he has many bear skins to prove him best hunter in village," now said her father, desperately trying to persuade his daughter.

"Him buy bear skins from Kenai Tribe, tell his people he shoot um. Son of Wolf no hit mountain with shot-gun--how him hit bear with rifle?" she now replied in a caustic manner.

"Then who will my daughter marry!" Chief Eagle Claw roared at her--unable any longer to control his temper.

"Me still want Cadillac Canoe--so only want brave from Seward Nation who makes plenty wam-pum unloading big ships for white-man," she answered sulkily.

This was too much for the old Chief and he now blew his top all-together. "Go from my tee-pee!" he now screamed at her. "Go to Seward Nation and sit long with their council! Tell them your wishes! You are no longer my daughter for you would disgrace our tribe!" He gave her a ferocious look and strode angrily away.

That, my friends is the story of how the good Bartlett Chief Eagle Claw lost his beautiful daughter Laughing Moose. He was only to see her once again before he died of grief and this was the following summer. Wishing to fish for salmon and shark in the nearby bay, old Chief Eagle Claw had gone to the Seward Nation to ask permission from their council, to fish from their new dock. He was kept waiting for three weeks while the council squabbled among themselves over his request. It was finally granted however, and soon he was seated on the dock with his fish-line in the water.

The fish were not biting good this day and being very tired the old Chief soon started to doze. Suddenly, something whizzed by him awakening him with a start.

"Hi Pop! How are all um Bartlett braves," he heard someone yell.

Turning his head quickly, he was just in time to see his beautiful daughter, Laughing Moose and a handsome Seward brave, paddling swiftly down the bay, headed for Seattle. "Yes, in a magnificent Cadillac Canoe."

P. S. The names Charlie Falling Hoe, Russell Running Horse and Joe-Son of Wolf, are purely fictitious and are not to be associated with any characters living or dead--if you can refrain from doing so.

STORY OF THE IMMIGRANT

I don't remember when I first decided to migrate to the U. S. A. Perhaps it was while reading in our history book about the fabulous land of Leif Erickson-"Vinland" or was it because so many of my forbears had sailed across the Atlantic and brought back the story of America, the land where the poor could make good and a person was not judged by how rich his folks were, but what he himself could do.

It was on a sunny July morning 1924-my father carried our old borrowed suitcase to the steamer and bade me good bye and said, "Keep clean, you are on your own and remember to write home". For me it was the beginning of an adventure and still is. I was going to Leif Erickson's land. The land where the pilgrims had gone when the "Old World" had oppressed them and driven them from their homes. I tried to picture in my mind what it would be like; but no matter how I pictured it I had to wait until we landed before the picture could begin to take shape.

Our ship was "S. S. Stavangerfjord". It carried passengers from Sweden and a few from Finland; but most of us were Norwegians and a few who had been back "home" for a visit.

Our main topic was: Would we Pass at Ellis Island? Most of us were young people in our teens. Some were married and had children. All hopeful and brave. Why worry? Weren't we all going to America? It took us seven days from Bergen to New York, via Halifax, Nova Scotia, where the Canadian immigrants were to be set ashore.

We came to New York in the evening. The whole City was lit up. Millions of lights. I can't describe the feelings it gave us to see the "Statue of Liberty". As one little girl put it, "Pappa, Pappa: Se tanten med fackeln". (The aunt or lady with the torch.) It made a person feel like the light of welcome was meant just for me.

We stayed in "Quarantine" by the Lightship for 24 hours. Then the ship began to move in towards the docks. A ferry took us all to Ellis Island, a fortress-like place at the mouth of the Hudson River, where we were to be processed and sent to our various destinations.

Now we were not just Fins and Scandinavians, but Poles and southern Europeans had been added. I remember especially the women in their bright shawls with wooden oval-shaped, rose painted boxes.

Some of us laughed and joked about going to Ellis Island. A dark complexioned guard said, "Don't laugh, maybe you don't pass." On landing on the Island we were marched into a great big building with rows and rows of benches. Each country had its own section. Mine was "N" for Norway. I shall never forget the impression it made on me when I first saw the first negro. He looked so big and awfully strong. Now came the time we had talked so much about--would we pass? A lady doctor and her assistant examined us girls. The seams in our clothes were turned to see if we had any lice and our hair brushed with a tooth-brush and our backs and eye-lids were examined too. We were asked to stretch out our tongues and say: "Ah". Sure--we passed and were given a number. It was pinned on our coats and a card with lots of reading in English which I didn't understand. Across the card was written a big "W".

It was in August and for us who came from Northern Europe it seemed like a furnace. I had not drunk any water since early morning and now all of a sudden my mouth was so dry that it seemed like I couldn't swallow. Water I must find. As we were all standing in line waiting for our train-tickets, I thought it a good time to break away, and look for it. --But oh me! Behind me came the biggest police-man you ever saw and said: "Come back here." That much I understood, but how to make him understand me, was something else. I made the sign of drinking and said "Vatten, Vatten". I can still see his laughing blue eyes as he escorted me to a drinking fountain.

STORY OF THE IMMIGRANT

Now began the long train ride across the U.S. It seems like the greater part of us Scandinavians were going to the Mid-west. A whole coachful. With me was girl from Bergen who was going to somewhere in Ohio. We decided to buy some Soda Pop and coffee. The Negro porter came through the coach selling candy, coffee, pop., peanuts, and fruit. We bought Coffee and Pop.; but how were we to pay him? He did not understand us, nor we him. I remember dumping all my coins into his hand. He laughed and took out what he had coming and gave us the change back. I'm sure he never took more than what he had coming. We could not drink the coffee because it had sugar in it you see. In Norway we have sugar with the coffee--not in it. The pop had a flavor we were not used to, so we dumped it and the coffee too out the window and the train rode on.

In the evening a young fellow took out his violin and began to play. Mothers rocked their young ones to sleep. It all felt like a place back home except for the continual moving of the train.

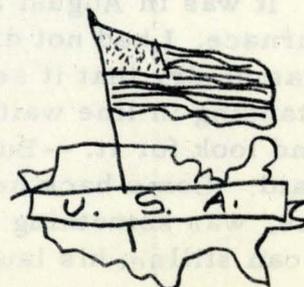
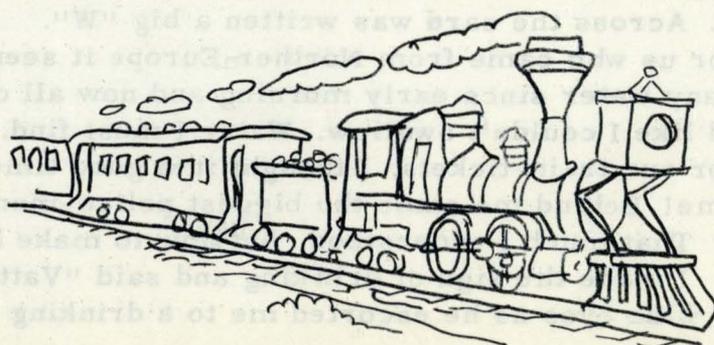
On coming into Minnesota, the conductor came over to me and talked a lot of English which I did not understand. He looked at my ticket and suit-case and went away. I began to feel uneasy and worried. Why all the fuss? I asked my fellow immigrant who was from Sweden. He answered: "Don't cry little girl, it will all be alright." He bought me a pound can of lemon drops and gave me. Pretty soon, here came the conductor again. Picked up my suit-case and took my coat and said, "Come on." Now, I had paid my fare from New York to Northfield, Minnesota and was determined to stay on until I got there. But, alas, the conductor thought otherwise. He came and took me by the hand and said: "Come on." So here I stood, somewhere on the prairie. All I could see was the departing train and the vast empty land. I was sure my end had come.

From nowhere, or so it seemed to me, came two ladies in dark coats and hats. One taller than the other. I must have been the very image of dejection for she looked at my suit-case and my tagged coat and said only two words, "Immigrant, --Scandinavian," --in Danish-- It was like an angel had been sent, and to this day I believe it was. She told me she'd fix me up, as a freight-train was going my way. We went over to a small Railroad shack where she did a lot of talking in English and translating to me in Danish. That if I took that freight I would be in Northfield at 6p. m. Of course you will have to transfer one more time--and so I did--riding in the caboose and doing a little crying by myself.

I made it in to Northfield at 6 p. m. There stood my uncle. As we were both Scandinavians and of the same family--and were not supposed to show our feelings-- we just shook hands and he said: "I see you made it."

-----by Ella J. Brown

(Editor's note. Mrs. Brown was a former patient, here at the San. Her husband, Oscar Brown, is employed here. We are looking forward to some more of Mrs. Brown's adventures, especially her trip to Alaska.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

American Medical Association
535 North Dearborn Street
Chicago 10, Illinois

Francis J. Phillips, M. D.
Seward Sanatorium
Bartlett, Alaska

Dear Doctor Phillips:

Doctor Lull has asked me to thank you for sending along copies of SAN CHAT. It is most interesting to us to see the editorial efforts of the staff and patients at the Seward Sanatorium.

Sincerely yours,

Stephen T. Donohue

STD/slk

**** * * * * *

Alaska Department of Health
Charles R. Hayman, M. D., M. P. H.
Acting Commissioner of Health
South Central Region
Anchorage, Alaska
December 28, 1956

Mrs. Keturah King
Social Worker
Seward Sanatorium
Bartlett, Alaska

Dear Mrs. King:

Please express my appreciation to those responsible for including me on the list for Christmas Greetings from the Seward San guest. Please congratulate those responsible for the cards and the cover drawings on "SAN CHAT". I am impressed with the latter and the messages in it.

Please tell Ruth Klipell, R. N. her little poem helped me too as one far away from loved ones begins to have butterfly feelings in the tummy around this season. Rev. Malin's message is also good for newcomers to Alaska. Thank him for me, his remarks are sure good reminders of a basic message.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Rose Galaida, Medical Social Consultant in TB

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR-cont'd.

Sitka, Alaska
Nov. 20, 1956

Dear Mrs King:

I arrived home safely and in time to enjoy our daughter's birthday party, at noon. She said I was the nicest present she had received. I was so afraid I wouldn't make it in time for her birthday, as the weather was bad in Juneau. But after two hours wait at the Air lines, we finally took off.

My niece met me at Anchorage and took me right out to her home. She made me rest, then we did some shopping. Must confess we stayed up until midnight looking at TV which I enjoyed very much, as that was the first time I saw it. I had to be at the Westward Hotel at six a. m. for the limousine to pick me up and take me to Airport. We left Anchorage at seven fifteen.

After arriving in Juneau, I called several friends but no one was home, so got a room in the Gastineau Hotel and was in bed by seven p. m. I did meet several Sitka people who were over there for the Elk's Convention and had a nice, but short talk with them. They all remarked at how well I looked. Also asked about my husband.

Kathleen has been very helpful since I have been home. She has gotten breakfast for me and waits on me no end. Also makes sure that I take my rest and my pills. Apparently she doesn't take my word about resting, as she checks with my mother and sister.

While we were tying up at the float Saturday, she danced a jig, then when I finally got out, she grabbed me and all she could say was, "Oh, mommy, mommy." She has grown so, I was surprised. The past two days, she has been calling me "lady bug", she said I was so little beside her.

I haven't received my check so far, but will check the post office later.

Thanking you and all the Staff at the Sanatorium for your kindness to me. Also a big "hello" to all the patients, I am

Most Sincerely,
Clara McGrath

**** * * * * *

Chignik, Alaska
October 30, 1956

Dear Mrs. King,

Received your letter and it was nice to hear from you. Yes, I keep taking my pills every day, and I am feeling fine.

I got three more sputum bottles from the Hygeine. I sent my last one to Anchorage on the mail plane.

My grandchildren are getting along just fine. And my two sons and daughter-in-law said to say "hello". Me and my son Eric stays home.

The weather here is getting cold but I guess it will warm up. I hope that I keep well right along and don't land back in the hospital. Tell Dr. Phillips that I send my regards and also the other people I know there.

I guess this will be the last mail plane for the winter because the weather is getting too nasty. I guess we'll have to start writing every month on the mail

LETTERS continued.....

boat until April. That's when the plane starts again.

We have a bad cold going around here. Everybody's got it.

Well, I must close now. God Bless You Always.

Oxzenia Carlson

**** * * * * *

November 16th, 1956

Hello Mrs. King;

I'll drop you few lines to let you know sure I'm coming along fine every day doing fine.

Sure we have cold weather every day when I go out doors. Almost freeze to dead. Sure its cold in Karluk. I never chop wood. But I sure sack coal. Sure it coal help me for nice house warmed. I'm staying up the hill my uncle home. But Herman Pikoon sure I'm packing the half a sack to the hill. Herman never help me. Anyway I never get tired at all. I don't like Karkuk, because Karkuk by the sea. Anyway I had x-ray when Hygiene come. I was first one for x-ray. 3th time, now. Hygiene went back to Larson Bay. It's getting rough. PLease give these dollar to Betty Nelson, for San Chat. Hello to all of you in Seward Sanatorium. Bye new, God Bless You.

Gust Agick

P. S. I never trouble with hearing aid. Order every month for battery.

**** * * * * *

Glenn Allen
January 9, 1957

Dear Mrs. Orman

How is every one. I am back home now do fine. Everyone name on the San Chat, May 1956. That how I find your name and I got the picture to. It is a good book.

I am glad that I go home.

Good-by , May God bless you,
Gus Nicolia

**** * * * * *

If you don't like Alaska, and if you don't like our style
Just bundle up your parcels and be gone with a smile.
There is a train that leaves for Seward, and be happy on your way,
There is no one here to hold you if you don't like to stay!!

(The above poem was written by Emil Gustafson, an old timer, and memorized and submitted by Olaf Holmberg on Ward Four.)

IS THE NEED GREAT?

by Myra McDonald

We have been assured by Commissioner of Education, Don Dafoe that the 20% cut in school maintenance funds if approved by the legislature will mean that some of Alaska's schools will have to be closed, and all schools will suffer cuts. It is natural that we ask just what cuts Seward San School would suffer.

Beside helping school age patients to be able to go on in their grades when they leave, Seward San teachers are doing an unorthodox work with adults. Due to Seward San's pioneering, the first provision for teaching elementary work to adults has been made. It is just the first step. After school-age children's needs have been met out of any available funds, teachers may be hired for adult elementary teaching in hospitals in Alaska.

Many people are unaware of how large a number of Americans stand outside a closed door because, where they grew up, no school was available.

Adults at Seward San taking elementary work are (1) learning to speak English, and to read, write, figure-just to be more employable, or for their own personal improvement or (2) taking pre-requisites for job training that they may take their places as independent citizens when discharged or (3) pursuing some interest they have never before had the opportunity to do, or (4) for the therapy of doing something constructive.

I should like to highlight the story of one boy.

At nineteen he was a clean, pleasant, well-mannered boy who spoke English but had never lived near a school and could not read or write. He was employed at the San and was an excellent worker who was liked by every one. His handicap and embarrassment over being illiterate is hard for us who take education for granted, to understand. I wish you could have seen his face one day when he came to report for his study hour. and said; "I had a letter from my sister. She needed money. I went to the bank and wrote a check and sent a money order. I did it all myself. Last year I couldn't even read her letters."

This boy had a quick eager mind that forged ahead like light. He was thrilled by each new thing. Often he would shake his head in wonder and say "I never thought I would get such a break." --Meaning his daily study hour. When he had a day off--he studied. He refused a wonderful camping trip because he would have to miss a few days of school. In the one year here, he reached third grade level in reading, language, spelling, etc. --and the sixth grade in arithmetic.

He is now twenty-two and back in school. He has had the courage to enter the eighth grade at Edgecumbe. Last summer he fished for a Bristol Bay Cannery and made a top rating. He has money to see him through a year at school and to help younger brothers and sisters. He is taking band. He is president of his class. He says he has learned just enough to know that going to school is the most important thing he can do.

Do you remember Paul Boskoffsky? They don't come any better. If you should happen to see this Paul--Congratulations. We're very proud of you.

SPCDJ

Man is a gregarious biped vertebrate--or at least most of them are in that category. However exceptions appear in all animals irregardless of scientists' classification of them. Man too has tended to live together and form communities and bonds of friendship one with another. In the early days of man's existence he banded together and formed a family group; these eventually enlarged into clans and thence into villages and finally after a period of years and many evolutions later into ethnic groups and nations. However, even within these groups man had special groups and they usually classified themselves as a society and tacked an impressive group of initials after their names.

The societies varied as did the men within them. Some prevented cruelty to animals (SPCA); some prevented cruelty to children (SPCC); there are sundry others that need not be touched upon at this time. What should be brought out is that these societies all served a purpose of protecting a common interest or promoting a common aim. Seward Sanatorium too is not without its societies. However a new one has or is in the process of being organized--the SPCDJ. I was fortunate in being able to obtain a personal interview with the president of this unique society, and at this writing the sole member of this organization. He (name is being withheld until the organization is fully accredited) confided that the potential strength of the organization is incalculable.

Follows are the type of men that will be allowed to join this organization:

1. Vertabrae not necessary or even desirable.
2. Those that are more comfortable reclining.
3. Gregariousness however is one of the qualifications retained as of old.
4. However a prime prerequisite is the ability to talk on any subject at any time from any position--usually reclining on ones back.

So you see that this society although not fulfilling all the requirements of old still maintains a basis for membership. Like wise as of old the president tells me that they will band together under the following tenets:

1. Defend the SPCDJ from all attacks of youth--especially lab technicians and surgical orderlies.
2. Agitate for longer nights in which to rest.
3. Demand more voice in table conversations.
4. Request that the respect of elders be strictly adhered to.

Well, as this San Chat goes to press we regret that is all the information we have on the SPCDJ at the present time. We may in the future hope to hear from the president himself.

For those not in the know of the meaning of the initials of this unique organization we give them here for your benefit:

Society Prevention Cruelty to Decrepit Janitors

SAN PHOTO CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE \$5.00

SECOND PRIZE \$2.50

TEN PRIZES OF ROLLS OF FILM

RULES

1. CONTEST OPEN TO PATIENTS, X-PATIENTS, EMPLOYEES OF AND VISITORS TO SEWARD SANATORIUM.
2. ONLY ORIGINAL ALASKAN PHOTOS ACCEPTED. WE WANT PIX OF LIFE IN THE SAN OR IN HOME VILLAGES, ESPECIALLY PEOPLE DOING THINGS.
3. CONTEST CLOSSES FEBRUARY 28th. HURRY!!!
4. LIMIT--5 pictures Black and White and/or 5 colored slides
5. Applications should be sent with pictures to: SAN CHAT OFFICE, BARTLETT, ALASKA
6. Contest winners will be announced April SAN CHAT.

GET YOUR PICTURES IN SOON

TO

SAN CHAT PHOTO CONTEST

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____

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Black and white 35 mm slides

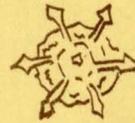
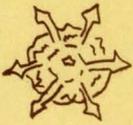
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SAN CHAT

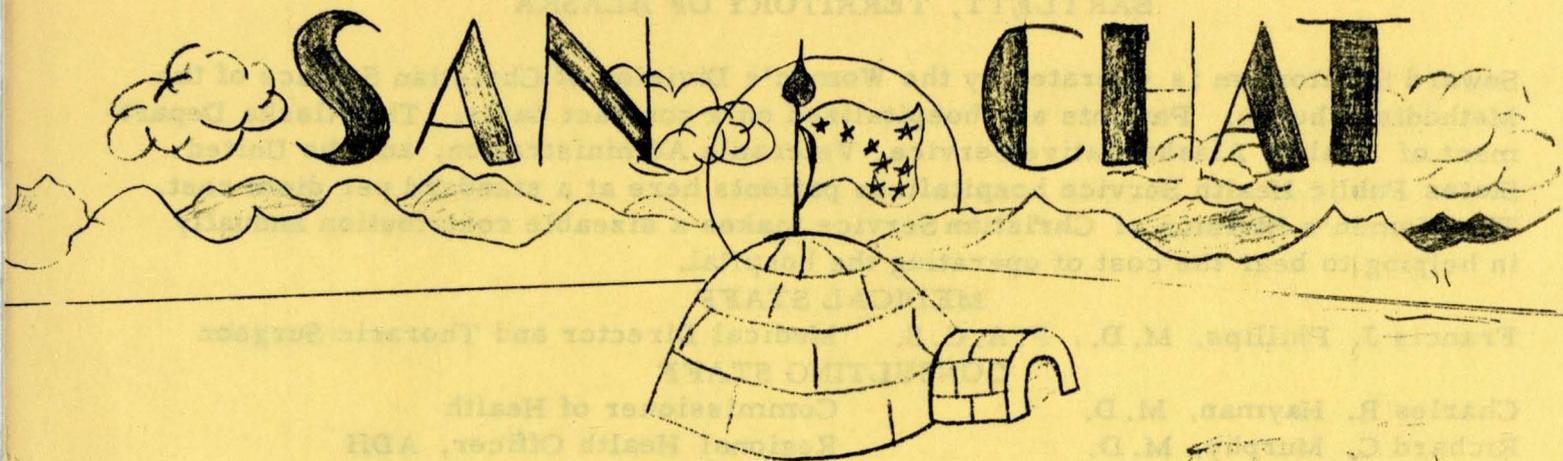
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MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION OF EDITORS OF TUBERCULOSIS PUBLICATIONS
SEWARD SANATORIUM, BARTLETT, ALASKA
MARCH, 1957

Published monthly by the patients of Seward Sanatorium. Single copy 10¢; subscription \$1.00 per year. All patients receive one free copy. Address subscriptions to the Editor.

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PICTURE COVER-caribou is drawn by Leo Kunnuk, on ward four. The caribou, known as "Attehk" to the Cree and Tantseeah of the Copper Indians, is the reindeer family's largest and stateliest member. Some bucks reach a height of four to four and a half feet weighing some four-hundred pounds.

The Alaskan Eskimo use the caribou flesh for food, it's bones for tools and sometimes weapons, the hide is used for clothing, thongs and fish nets. There are two main types of caribou on the North American Continent. The Woodland caribou ranges from Maine and Michigan through the Eastern Canadian forest regions.

The barren ground caribou ranges in the tundra areas of Alaska, North Western Canada and is smaller, has a lighter color, and has less points per rack or horns than the woodland variety.

The caribou is the only North American deer where the does as well as the bucks have horns. The Seasonal migrations of the caribou are well known by the Alaskan and is watched with great interest. In the fall the caribou lose the horns and depend on speed to carry them through till early spring.

The Enemies of the caribou are man, the wolf, and the batfly, which bores through the hide and poisons the animal.

**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, Veteran's Administration, and the United States Public Health Service hospitalizes 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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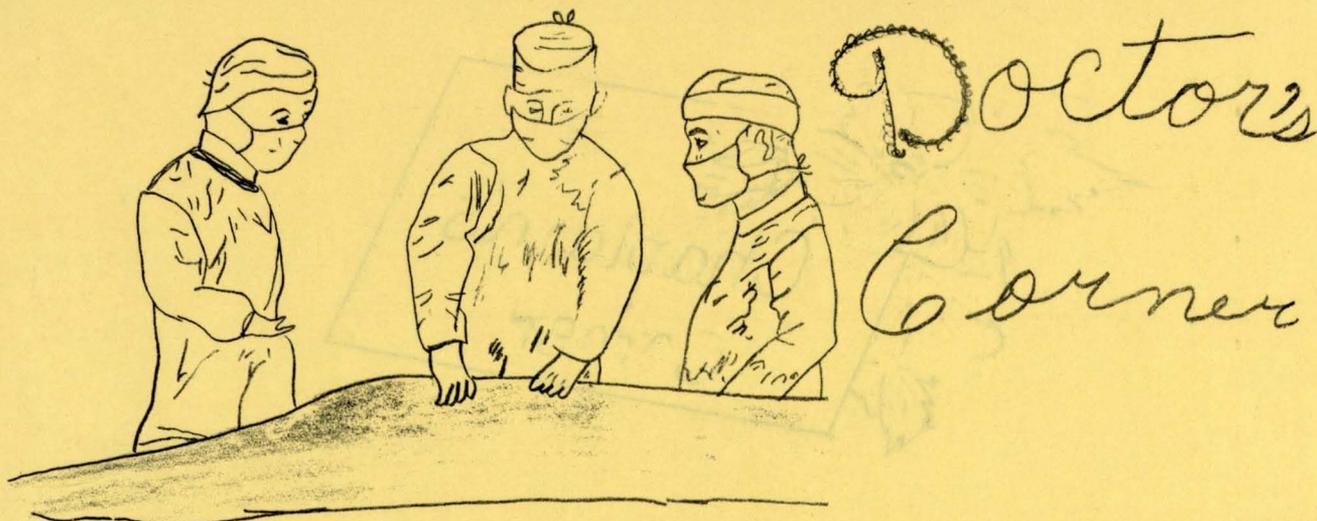
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Frances W. Clark, R. T. (ARXT)	X-Ray Technician
Marie Green, B. A.	Teacher
Charles King, M. T.	Medical Technologist
Sarah May Garrett	Housemother
Jimmie Knowles, B. A.	Special Services
John Hardcastle, B. S.	Director of Education
Charles Malin, B. D.	Chaplain
Myra McDonald	Teacher
Walter R. Shultz, R. N.	Anesthetist
Ethel M. Shultz	Teacher
Betty Nelson	San Chat Advisor
Marianna Hardcastle, B.A.	Teacher



These are exciting times in Alaska.

The Territorial Legislature is in session in Juneau. What they will decide is best for the people of Alaska depends on a few simple things. One is the integrity of the legislators. Another is the ambitions of the party in power. Another and a still more influential force is the will of the people—the people who elected them to the legislature. Now let us explore, briefly, the features of the "exciting times" that come to mind casually.

The tuberculosis problem in Alaska has not yet been solved. There is plenty of evidence of good progress in the treatment aspects of the disease; but, also, there is evidence of progress in the case finding efforts. Only last year more than 900 new cases were discovered in the x-ray surveys now being done more intensively in the villages. Thus there is still a real demand for the facilities of Tuberculosis Hospitals if we are to rid our Alaska Community of this dread scourge. Some may say that it is only a native problem. This is not true. There are still non-native folks getting TB. It makes no difference who gets it as long as it exists. The community must pay for the care of those afflicted. That cost is presently very high. This can be remedied by keeping the program going. It is not a matter of sending good money after badly spent money; it is a question of how much to spend to eradicate the disease from our midst. This is a weighty problem for the legislators to tangle with.

Last night's news mentioned that a senator from Fairbanks wants to put on an Alaskan Sales tax to help keep the public schools up to the better standards of good elementary education. Alaska, is growing in populace. We must improve our schools. We are faced, according to the commissioner of education after a careful survey of the school situation, with the possibility of having even fewer schools if some help is not given to the school budget. Another knotty problem for the legislators. Let them keep in mind that they may now hear from constituents about saving tax money, but if the same constituent has even one child without a school then the legislator will hear much more and it will not be complimentary.

Along with the school problem comes the vocational educational problem. This is an intricate one. Just now the Welfare folks say they are out of money to do what should be done for the indigent ill of Alaska. Hence, the welfare rolls are too large for the budget. Then there are two solutions. One is to increase the welfare budget. The other is to vocationally train the indigent ill. It remains a matter of inscrutable judgement for legislators to decide which way to spend the money. Shall they increase the welfare budget and make more people dependent on the GOVERNMENT for a living maintenance, or, shall they do a more laudatory thing and favor vocational training and help these same people learn to make a living for themselves even though sick (handicapped) and help strengthen the Alaskan community? Time will tell.

There are many more exciting things in Alaska that could be written about, but my job is to treat the sick at the Seward Sanatorium. I must get to work!

.....Dr. Phillips.....



One day a small boy was coming down the hill, at a Park back home, as fast as his little scooter would take him. Suddenly at the bottom of the hill he lost control and the scooter hit the curb throwing him head-long onto the grass. He wasn't hurt a bit but when he got up he was really angry. He rushed over and gave the curb a kick as hard as he could. Of course it didn't do a thing to the curb but it sure hurt his foot if you could judge by the cry he let out. Then he went hobbling home crying to mother.

Of course this story is about a small child and you could no doubt recall many such incidents. But isn't this action characteristic of many far older people as well. They resent injuries, especially injuries to their self esteem, even when they are due to their own blunders. Then they try to get even and you could tell in advance who was going to get hurt the most. The most childish actions that you can participate in is when you try to get even or hold personal grudges. Lets grow up and learn to forgive--it is far less painful in the end.

Then, too, if the amount of energy and mental power wasted on resentment of one sort or another were to be harnessed in the opposite direction there are many noble projects that could be carried out to really benefit the world. Let us determine to be more Christ like and put our efforts into that which will help our fellow-man rather than in temper and trying to get even.

Rev. Charles Malin

WARD ONE NEWS

BIG changes took place in Ward One this last month with five transfers, one discharge and the admittance of five new patients.

Tony Cuerda, Gary Hoffman, Hubert Payenna, and Ray Smith went at different times to ward three to receive surgery. Charlie George was moved to ward four-room five. We do hope Charlie can be back with us soon.

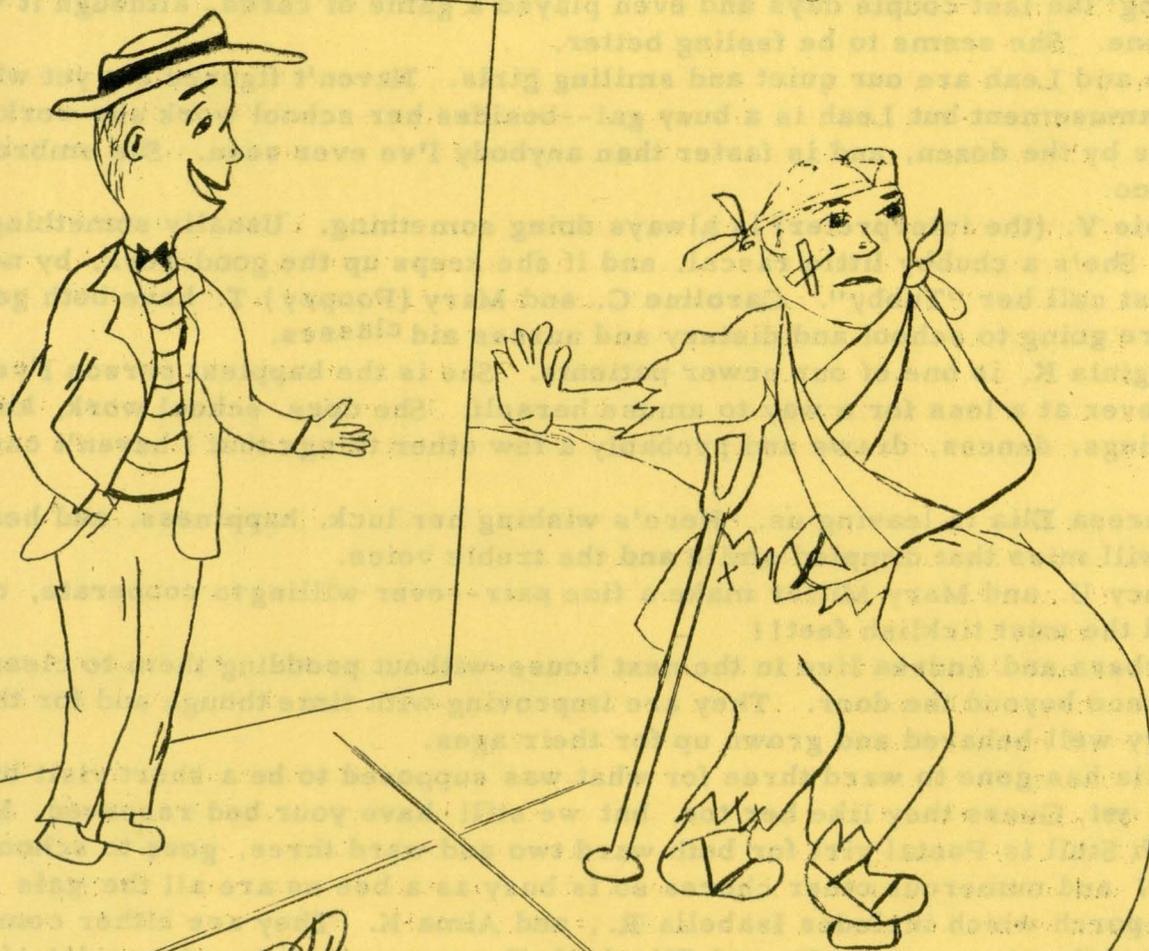
Nick Publica left after several delays to his present home in Fairbanks. He left before he could enjoy the fifty-five degrees above temperature that we enjoyed the first week of February. Oh----this cold Alaskan weather!!!

Louis James (scholar-painter), Joe Xavier (friendly, smiling with a "goat-tee"), and Shewmake (had a birthday February two, going as strong as ever), Big George (the father of Charlie, and the husband of Mary in ward two), and Joe Tabios (the brother-in-law of Tony Cuerda), were admitted to our ward to give us a total of twenty-five and the offset, the five transferees.

Mrs. Beckon is back with us after a months sun-bathing in Sunny Southern Oregon.

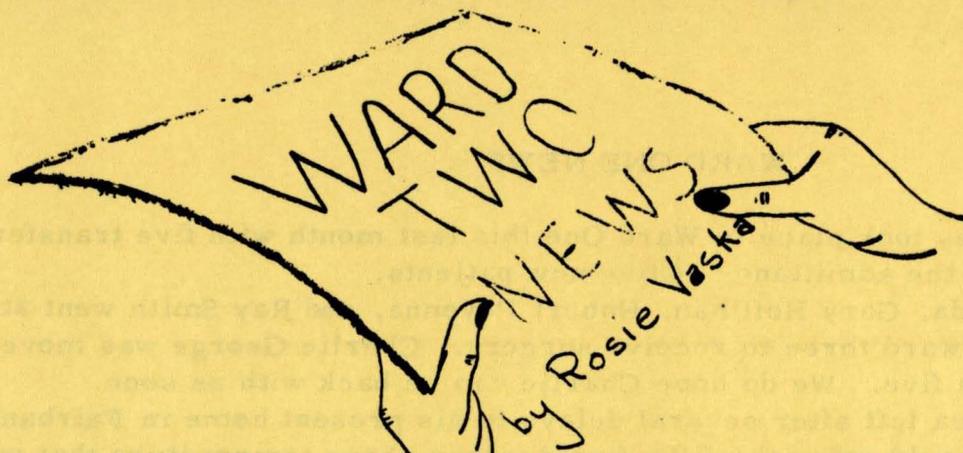
Our aides have left us. Doris Boney was transferred to ward two and Helen Germain took two months leave to be with her mother who is ill. Helen will travel to Kentucky.

..... George Pearson.....



GP

INTERESTED: Have an accident?
VICTIM: No, thanks, I had one!!



Rosie says, "It's time to make rounds again on ward two, so off we go to visit all our gals. Think we'll go backwards just for kicks and start with Molly-o. She's feeling real good and is such a tease. Getting a glamour girl figure too, that gal!"

And now for our-I'm at loss for a name for these two-or at least one that would look good in print. They are Lena Wholecheese and Helen Sheppard. It has been said these two either have or have had TB. But if they possessed anymore vim or vigor then they do now, us "old aides" and nurses would never be able to keep up with them. There is only one consolation--if you ever get one of them located you can almost bank on the other being there too, or close by. We shall hereby christen them "Double Trouble".

Mary George has been on the sick list but has managed a feeble smile and a 'good morning' the last couple days and even played a game of cards, although it was a very short one. She seems to be feeling better.

Ora and Leah are our quiet and smiling girls. Haven't figured out yet what Ora does for amusement but Leah is a busy gal--besides her school work she works jigsaw puzzles by the dozen, and is faster than anybody I've ever seen. She embroiders just as fast, too.

Rosie V. (the interpreter) is always doing something. Usually something she shouldn't do! She's a chubby little rascal, and if she keeps up the good work, by next issue we'll just call her "Tubby". Caroline C. and Mary (Poopsy) T. have both gotten up time and are going to school and dietary and nurses aid classes.

Virginia K. is one of our newer patients. She is the happiest person I've ever known and is never at a loss for a way to amuse herself. She does school work, knits beautifully, sings, dances, draws and probably a few other things that I haven't caught her at, yet.

Theresa Elia is leaving us. Here's wishing her luck, happiness, and health always. We will miss that dimpled smile and the treble voice.

Nancy U. and Mary Miller make a fine pair--ever willing to cooperate, cheerful smiles and the most ticklish feet!!

Barbara and Andrea live in the next house--without prodding them to clean it you don't advance beyond the door. They are improving with time though and for the most part, very well behaved and grown up for their ages.

Malia has gone to ward three for what was supposed to be a short visit but she isn't back yet. Guess they like her too, but we still have your bed reserved, Monkey!!

Ruth Stull is Postal girl for both ward two and ward three, goes to school, goes to KSAN and numerous other chores so is busy as a bee as are all the gals occupying the porch which includes Isabella R., and Alma K. They are either coming or going most of the time. Lucy H. and Elizabeth Sharp are also spending a lot of time going to school and classes.

Mae Thomas has moved out on the ward and has two hours up-time. She just got her clothes back from storage and enjoys her "outside-time". The weather has been nice, too, especially for her, I guess.

WARD TWO NEWS-cont'd

Maggie is an avid reader--mysteries and lots of love, she's also our sleepy-head-but is doing better, she was able to get her breakfast tray before lunch time. Hooray, for Maggie!!

Alice Anvil and Eliza seem to enjoy each other, they only have an hour up-time to spend their time visiting. Alice takes school work and reads a lot. Mary Angiak is another quiet one but usually has a ready smile, think she's recovered from some of her lonesomeness.

Jennie Fox is feeling better after a sick spell. She's been getting a lot of attention from her husband. He sent her and their son a tape recording that they got to hear recently. Also some lovely jewelry.

Mary Kameroff is always busy and always quiet, she's out of a room partner at present, since Virginia K. moved to the ward. She's waiting word that she's going home.

Susan Paul loves to laugh and chew her gum. Susan chews most of the time, but Mollie-O can pop hers the loudest.

Adella is the lone occupant of Room Two. She's our ward cutie, especially when she's feeling good. It's always possible to get a chuckle out of her, even when she's describing her ailments.

Now we've reached our last patient, Vera Giese. She's having trouble with her middle, think we'll have to stretch her up a little, she's no taller than when she came in, but---Bye -Bye and good luck to you.

.....Helen Jackson.....

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WARD THREE NEWS

by Tanna Christensen

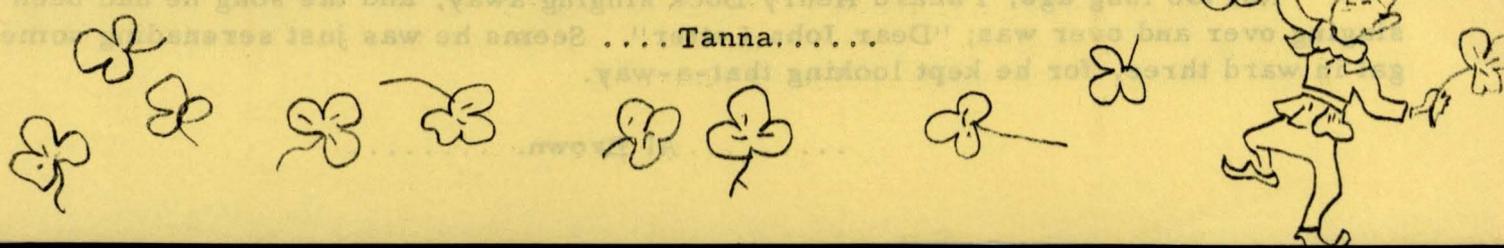
HI, EVERYONE!!-Say, where did that month of January go to? - MAN, it really went by fast.

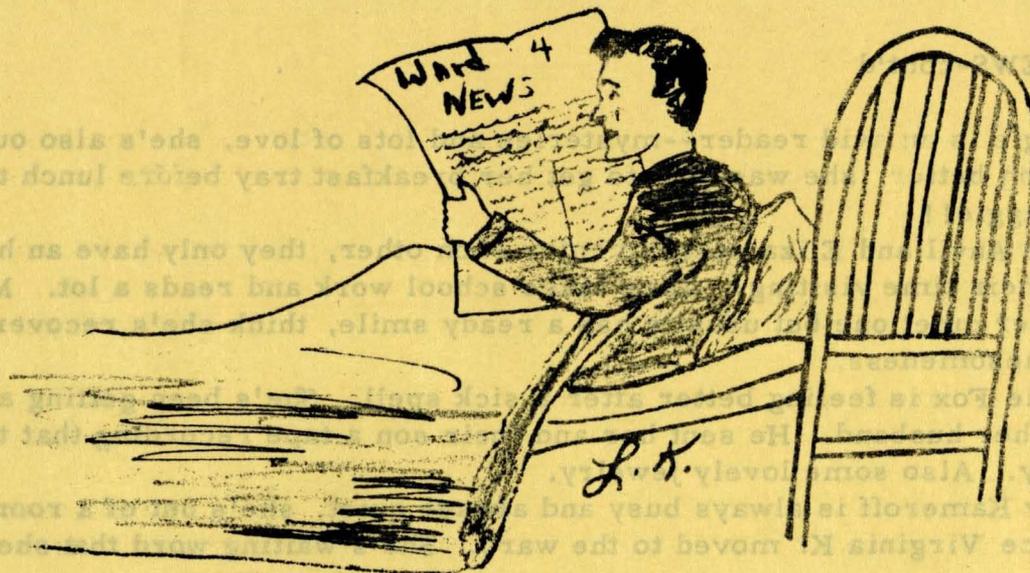
Everyone on our ward seems to be getting along nicely, Alice A couldn't be happier, she got the good news that she's negative and all that extra poundage makes everything real george, huh, Alice?

Clara H. is doing fine, putting on weight, too. Rhea S. is sorta taking it easy. Lily R. is really coming up fast, she attends classes, now. Nice to be out of bed, huh, Lily? Nellie K. is fine also Julia M. She's happy, now that she can see everything from a distance, Julia got her "glasses" Saturday.

Bobbie Ann is by her lonesome, her lucky partner Lena H. went home to rest. Taffy and Clotilda are always busy, knitting and sewing. Duckie and Madeline across the way seem to be happy. The twins, Margie A., and Lucy S., are still doing everything together. Louisa K. and Lucy M. are so quiet you'd never know they were there. Olga K. and Lena W. are both doing fine. Nice having Leo here, huh, Olga? Fannie M. is still talk, talk, talking. We have two little boys down here with us. Hubert P and Gary H think they like it down here with us girls. Hear Andy K. may be leaving us soon, we'll miss you, Andy. Hope Mr. R. S. and Mr. G. H. are feeling better after surgery. Bye, everyone!!- "Auf Wiedersehn"

....Tanna.....





NEWS FLASHES!!! If anyone in Los Angeles ever reads this please be kind enough to send us a picture of the snow you had down there not too long ago. We would like to see what snow looks like. It snowed one day and only less than two inches fell. That is all the snow we've had all winter. I haven't heard anyone complaining, yet.

Recently admitted to the San is Mr. Aleck Wilson, and is rooming in Ward four's room No. one. We're all hoping that your stay won't be too long, Mr. Wilson. Room No. 2 is the stomping ground for one gentleman by the name Paul Wesolik, and is from Anchorage, the fairest City of far North. Paul is original from Germany.

Mike P. Ukuviar in room one is busy showing his one reel of Tom Mix every night. His miniature movie set is built like a tv. By the way; he has no Cover Charges, what's more the movie is free. It is good to see John Moses feeling a bit better these days.

Two of our friends had moved out into the main ward, and glad to see them doing very well. They didn't have to spent much time in those private rooms. They are; John Kennedy, and Carl Williams. They both do a lot of reading. Our magazine shortage is being felt, and we are just hoping we can get more some-how.

Charlie George was moved to room five here in ward four, and it is hoped that he can return to ward one soon. Antone Zuanich is our only class four with a gleaming blue card, this is to indicate that he has two hours of walking time.

George Arnold is busy doing some sort of leather-craft work, that is making a bill-fold. We might add that he has something to put in it after it is completed. His neighbor is Dick Evon; like every good American boy, he is busy doing his school work faithfully every day.

This curtain for room eleven is always closed, so we don't know what goes on there. It must be some kind of work-shop, for Jimmie Kilapsak really does good work on some dog-sled carvings.

About January twenty-seventh an earth tremor was recorded down in California which was said to have occurred somewhere in the general direction of Alaska. They were so right; it was Louis Anderson who fell down in the shower-room, and caused the Tremor. Result; Louis said he was aching all over his one-hundred-ninety pound frame.

Not too long ago, I heard Henry Dock singing away, and the song he had been singing over and over was; "Dear John Letter". Seems he was just serenading some gal in ward three, for he kept looking that-a-way.

..... Al Brown.



WARD FIVE NEWS

SUSIE SAYS IT IS SAN CHAT TIME AGAIN--TIME SURE

FLIES - JANUARY HAS GONE BY, AND THE WEATHER MAN FOR
WARD FIVE PREDICTS AN EARLY SPRING.

THE SCHOOL BELL STARTED RINGING A GAIN THIS
WEEK FOR CARL FOX AND CHARLIE WHOLECHEESE. LITTLE
FANNIE JOHN CONTINUES TO MAKE PROGRESS, AND CAN GET
AROUND THE WARD IN HER ST ROLLER ALL BY HERSELF.
ANNIE WASSILLIE IS GROWING SO FAT AND CHUBBY THAT SHE
IS NEARLY AS WIDE AS SHE IS TALL. SHE IS A BOUNCING HAPPY
BABY!!

WE ARE ALL GLAD TO WELCOME BACK OUR NURSE, MRS.
GRACE MASNEY, AFTER NEARLY SIX MONTHS ABSENCE. SHE
IS SUCH A GOOD "GRANDMA" TO THE KIDS.

BETTY LEPORS IS MAKING A VALENTINE BOX FOR THE
WARD, AND I'LL BET THE CARDS THE CHILDREN ARE GOING
TO MANUFACTURE WILL BE UNIQUE!!

THAT'S ALL FOR THIS TIME-----

BY MYRTLE LOTZ.....



REHAB HIGHLIGHTS

Victor Kanrilak is back from a months visit at his home in Tununak, at Nelson Island. Vic had a rough trip home as he got stranded at Bethel for five days. The weather at his home has been very bad and the planes were not able to get into Tununak to land. They must be having winter in that part of Alaska, eh, Vic? I have tried to get some information out of Vic as to how his family is doing, but it's like trying to open a sardine can without an opener. (Ed's Note- What, no key?)

A few nights ago one of the members of the Rehab thought that the car he was driving was a weasel. This party was avoiding the icy paved roads for the lower gravel road near Gabe's old place. It seems there was some ice around there, too as John Hardcastle took his four wheel drive jeep down there to pull out the auto in the ditch. He couldn't hack it. Therefore, John recommended that the Seward Town Wrecker get the car out of the ditch. Poor Roy!!

Miss Garrett is now doing two jobs all at once. She has got the rooms ready for the Rehab gang to move back into. There has not been too much complaining from the boys either, in fact it looks as if they are glad to get back after having their little fling at this here cruel old world.

Paul Brink has left Rehab for his trip home after a slight delay due to the weather. Hope you have a nice trip home, Paul. He of course had the traditional going away cake baked for him by Dottie Clark, the Rehab Cook.

Ralph Woolard, is now in Anchorage getting more training in the art of Shoe Repair. Ladies, when he gets back he will be gone for about one month. Lots of luck, Ralph.

Joe Ramoth has purchased another Nash for spare parts so he can keep the old one running. With Joe it's either a new head gasket or water pump every other week or so. Joe must have so much power in that Nash of his that it keeps blowing it's gasket. How about that, Joe?

That about takes care of the Rehab News for this month, except we would appreciate any bits of humor that occurs during the month to be turned in at the Rehab Office for next months Edition of the San Chat.

..... REHAB REPORTER.....

" BARRACKS C NEWS "

by Julia Beans

HI EVERYONE!!!--I just wanted to thank all the doctors and nurses, including the nurses aides for making me well and helping me in every way. I really can't express my gratefulness in words, but I hope you'll understand how grateful I am to all the San Force who made it possible for me to be well again.

Room #50--occupied by Mrs. Germain, looks quite vacant, as she left us this morning to go to Kentucky. We miss you already and hope you'll be back with us real soon. Good luck to you and best of wishes.

Room #51--is empty, waiting for somebody to move in.

Room #52--is occupied by Margie Moses. HI, Marge, what's up?--We hardly see her sometimes as she works in the store.

Room #53 is where two Julias' stay. Julia Lopez sure likes to read books. Bet she knows just about everything, too, Eh, Julia? She's going home pretty soon. Best of luck Julia. Julia Beans turns her radio on real loud about five o'clock and listens to KENI. I hope I don't disturb your reading, Lulu. If it bothers you, just tell me to turn it down, eh?

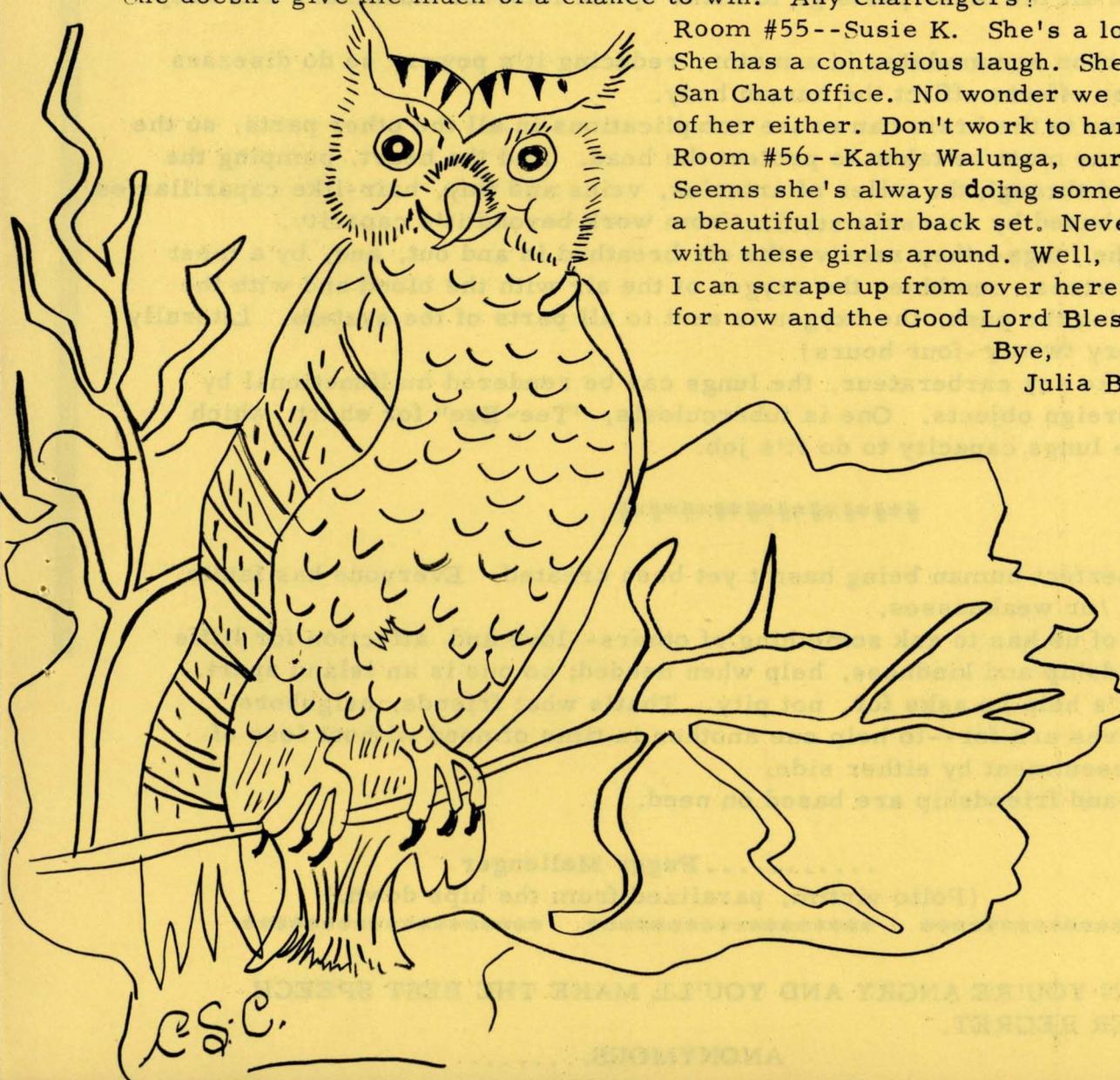
Room #54--Hi, Ruth!! Want to play "scrabble" tonight? She's a champ on it. She doesn't give me much of a chance to win. Any challengers?

Room #55--Susie K. She's a lot of fun to be with. She has a contagious laugh. She works at the San Chat office. No wonder we never see much of her either. Don't work too hard, Sue.

Room #56--Kathy Walunga, our busy girl. Seems she's always doing something. She made a beautiful chair back set. Never a dull moment with these girls around. Well, guess that's all I can scrape up from over here. So I'll close for now and the Good Lord Bless You All.

Bye,

Julia Beans



HOWIE'S KOLYMN

by Howie Rhude

One of the nice things about putting out a column is receiving mail from readers. Bouquets and brickbats, (or compliments and slams) they're all a part of the game--make things interesting!!

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There are in the United States about a hundred and twenty-five magazines written by, and for, patients, doctors, nurses and employees of hospitals, sanatoriums and institutions devoted to the care and treatment of sick people--sick in mind, body and life.

The human body, being a most marvelous conglomeration of parts having their counterparts in factories, industrial establishments, or an automobile, is, like them, apt to get out of whack, kilter or adjustment.

The doctor (mechanic) and his assisting nurses (helpers) try to find out what is wrong so that steps can be taken for recovery (repairs).

The brain is the battery, the lungs are the carburateur, the heart is the fuel pump and all the other parts go to make up the internal machinery that keep life going on.

As carbon accumulates in a motor, reducing it's power, so do diseases and their after effects afflict the human body.

Injuries to the brain can cause complications in all the other parts, so the greatest of care must be taken to protect the head. And the heart, pumping the vital life blood through the miles of arteries, veins and tiny, hair-like caparillaries, must not be abused by excessivestrains from work beyond it's capacity.

And the lungs--they receive the air breathed in and out, and, by a most marvelous process, combine the oxygen of the air with the blood and with the heart furnishing the push, the oxygen is sent to all parts of the system. Literally tons of it every twenty-four hours!

And like any carberateur, the lungs can be rendered malfunctional by disease or foreign objects. One is tuberculosis, "Tee-Bee" for short, which cuts down the lungs capacity to do it's job.

#####

The perfect human being hasn't yet been created. Everyone has faults, failings, and /or weaknesses.

Each of us has to ask something of others--love and affection for little babies, friendship and kindness, help when needed; no one is an island apart.

But it's help he asks for, not pity. That's what friends, neighbors, husbands, wives are for--to help one another in time of need without loss of respect or resentment by either side.

Love and friendship are based on need.

.....Peggy Mellenger
(Polio victim, paralyzed from the hips down.)

SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE ANGRY AND YOU'LL MAKE THE BEST SPEECH YOU'LL EVER REGRET.

ANONYMOUS.....

FROM WHERE WE SIT

Exciting things are happening around the San. . . . we have admitted new patients, hired new employees and welcomed numerous visitors. This column attempts to keep SAN CHAT readers up to date on current events at the San, but when things are happening so fast and news is in the making a mile a minute, "from where we sit" that's an ambitious attempt.

We mentioned in last month's issue about our important visitors from New York and Tennessee, Miss Emma Burris and Mrs. C. P. Hardin, officials from the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church. They were here for several days and left after February issue was in the mail. Since their safe return to the East we have heard from both ladies that their visit here was pleasant and that they felt proud of the work that is being done in Seward by their organization.

Another official visitor was Dr. Robert T. Gardner, Jr. Director, Division of Tuberculosis Control, Alaska Department of Health. Dr. Gardner, who is on Medical Consultants Staff for Seward Sanatorium, was here to study the situation with regard to the type of patient, i. e. surgical or convalescent, that will be sent to this Sanatorium. He expressed satisfaction with the care that patients are receiving, and with the amount of surgery that has been accomplished since the arrival of the anesthetist. Dr. Gardner noted the progress in the education and rehabilitation program and stated that he was cognizant of the experience of Seward Sanatorium Staff in this particular phase of treatment.

Dr. E. W. Gentles came this month from Grand Rapids, Michigan to be interviewed for the position of Medical Director of the San. For some time now the Hospital Board has been receiving applications for that position. For many months, Dr. Phillips has been carrying the triple load of Medical Director, Thoracic Surgeon and Clinician. It is hoped that Dr. Gentles will accept the position as Medical Director, and that a Clinician will be procured, thus leaving Dr. Phillips more time for thoracic surgery.

The beautifully designed door with the Cross, symbol of all Christendom, enlaid, opens to the recently completed Chapel built for the patients of Seward Sanatorium. There has been a need since the first patient was admitted, for a quiet place for personal meditation, as well as an appropriate sanctuary for the Chaplain and other ministers to hold services. Through the enthusiasm of the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Seward Memorial Methodist Church, and the efforts of the San maintenance crew, the building is now complete. The committee from the WSCS with Miss Jimmie Knowles, Supply Worker, are in the process of furnishing the interior.

SAN CHAT PHOTO CONTEST closes midnight February 28th. The contest sponsors are pleased with the large number of entrants and count themselves lucky that they are not to be judges. There are still ten days for YOU to get your pictures in, so HURRY!! The judges, a committee of three who are not connected with the Sanatorium, will make their decisions, and the contest winners will be announced in the next issue of SAN CHAT. We expect to display many of the pictures in the wards as well as publish copies of the black and white entrants in future copies of SAN CHAT. Send your choice pictures of Alaskan or Sanatorium life to PHOTO CONTEST, Bartlett, Alaska.

UP TO DATE INFORMATION PAGE

BIRTHDAYS

Bobby McCarr..... March 3

Joe Tabios..... March 7

Francis Penetac.....: March 9

Rosie Vaska..... March 10

Dan Krsul..... March 14

Carl Wassillie..... March 29

Nellie Kanuk..... March 30

Effie Rabbido..... March 30

ADMISSIONS

Thomas Strickland (Ward Three)-discharged 1/30/57

Carl E. Williams (Ward Four)

Alec Andrew Wilson (Ward Four)

DISCHARGES

Evon Andrew 1-8

Nick Pavlica 1-23

George Billy 1-7

Fred Wesely 1-25

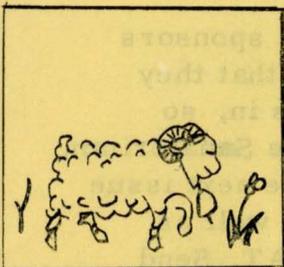
Tommy Moses 1-7

Tom Strickland 1-30

Ruth Folger 1-7

Lena Hoogendorn 1-31

Marie Askoor 1-22



MARCH named in honor of Mars, the god of war, was once the first month month of the year. It is a frustrating month because the vernal equinox comes on March 21st which splits the month into winter and spring; hence the legend about the lion and the lamb. But its zodiac sign is Aries, the Ram, which seems more appropriate. Aries presides from March 20th to April 20th and his devotees are noted for their push and energy. They are born leaders, stubborn and independent, in short they tend to butt.

Expect scattered snow flurries and plenty of slush, mud and rain, and skunk cabbages poking their buds out of the sodden ground. Polish up your top hat with the shamrock in it and send your green necktie to the cleaners in time for the big parade.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Jan. 31, 1957

Dear Friends:

Have been in school 3 weeks now and it gets more interesting as the days go by. We have lectures, movies, and tours. Tomorrow we go to hotel lobbys to walk around and sit down to observe. We are not to tell anyone we are from the hotel school.

The offer for the job at the Crippled Children's Hospital came the day after I left home for here. So it must be fate that got me out of the house.

Nellie Graham is having a wonderful time in sunny southern Spain. Living in a hotel with all of her meals furnished for \$2. 15 a day and that includes tips.

King Saud is here from Arabia but I haven't seen him yet. He bought 60 jewel trimmed cadillacs. He is on a salt free and fat free diet, lives on lamb, fruit juices and goats milk. They bring 40 quarts a day from Baltimore at 70¢. He is supposed to have camels milk but that was out of the question. With all of his 300 million dollars he is no better off than I am. I eat in restaurants all the time and enjoy it.

Let me hear from you,

Mrs. Aldridge

Pt. Hope, Alaska

January 23, 1957

Dear Mrs. King,

Here I am finally drop few lines to you, I'm fine so far. I'm sure glad to be home now at my loving parents. I wanted to drop you a few lines when I get to my home but I kept forgetting all the time.

Right now I want to thank you about helping me while I was at Seward Sanatorium and I want to thank Dr. Phillips and all the nurses and aides. I wish you would tell all the girls I know at the san that I say "hello" for me.

I guess this will be all for now. May God bless you always.

Sincerely,

Aileen Kinneveauk

Galena, Alaska

Jan. 11, 1957

Dear Friends:

How are you getting along. Good, I hope. Wife and I are doing fine. Esther had a baby boy last July. We lost Patrick last October 9. The dogs killed him. We really don't know how it happened. It's been pretty cold here lately. And no fur of any kind to speak of. And now we are having a snow storm. I haven't done any work all summer. Just laying around doing nothing. That is all for now. Hope to hear from you soon. Thanks.

From,

Henry Captain

5416 Woodlawn

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Friends at the San:

Once again Kerm and I want to thank you for all you did for us in Alaska and for the lovely ivory cake server which all our relatives have been admiring. You surely did make us feel at home at the San too so that we really enjoyed it. Most people here are surprised that we're back so soon--I guess they didn't really miss

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (cont.)

us!

It surely is good to be home. We could have done without the last car trip tho it worked out very nicely. Laurie Beth isn't flying in until Jan. 1 which is really better for all of us tho we were a little disappointed. I know it made our trip home a little easier. We were quite thrilled by the plane trip, had a nice visit in Seattle, then started out along the rocky, curvy, rainy coast. As soon as we hit California we had sunshine then and all the way home with clear roads and no snow.

We got to my Aunts in Burbank and then had some car trouble which was convenient as it was easy to fix. The car ran fine the rest of the way. We got home Christmas night at 6:00 p. m. It was good that we got here then because we found out that K's school starts Jan. 2---so he's already driven into Chicago and moved into our apartment which was ready for us---while I stayed home and fixed clothes. I imagine you've had snow by now. Hope you're all well and that everything is working out well at the hospital.

Sincerely,
the Ericssons

Kwethluk, Alaska
Jan., 1957

Dear Mrs. King:

Just a few words to you cause I like to write to you. Well everything is going alright same as before. We had a Good Christmas as you folks at the Seward San. I'm glad you sent Patsy Tersock with me. Maybe he would get stuck at Anchorage airfield. He is just like my child I sent wire to Native Hospital. I've left him at Bethel Hospital December 21 at 5 clock. He's very thank to me, very much. And I meet my brother Sam Jackson and he take me home with dogteam. I get home 8 clock at night. Boy it is cold that time, 40 below zero and windy. And when I get home my wife didn't know me I was come. Her eyes just open as can be she is just like she had a big present, very very glad I get home. And that little boy what we taken care he say papa come home. He says papa lots of time he thinks he is mine. He so glad. Well that check been come to and we buy cordwood. Mostly useful thing in cold winter. I'm fine so far and I had my rest in every day 12 to 2 clock sometime 1 to 3 and help my wife light things as you said. And used my pills 4 times a day as I used there. Well have to close with best of luck to everybody there also patients

from David Jackson

Pilot Station, Alaska
January 18, 1957

Dear Friends:

I'm very much sorry that I'm at least two or three months behind my time in drawing pictures. I've been taking care of the sick and caring for the people of twenty or twenty-five families or hundred and seventy-five people and children. Mostly sometimes even at night to give them a shot of penicillin, but now most of them are well, but at least I haven't lost a soul yet, after all these months, and I have laid my work of drawing aside for most of the time, only to help the sick. Never let me rest during the day, which the people are still after me for caring for their children, and also I have papers and skins here to draw on. I'm way behind, the only time I rest for a while is, when the supply of medicine gets low. So, right now, I'm starting from the top of the pile of skins and papers now and cards and everything. So please give me time to dig down to bottom of this pile. I've been nervous very nervous about

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (cont.)

this, although it's not a regular thing that people want, but you know how it is. I like the people to ask me for help, same way for this drawing work of mine. I like to see people interested in this work of pictures and I'm teaching classes at four o'clock every day, having fifteen boys and girls. It's a real fun for me, but I think I've got to go to Nome, yet soon. But I hope not, you know that these people got me to being their councilmen, but they voted for me got me on the job., but that also is holding me from everything.

Well, my son Patrick Minock was going into San Hospital but on his way out to Bethel Hospital he was examined and said he was cured already and was sent back home. And there was a man named Walter Kelly who leads us in dancing, he is out now to San Hospital at Mt. Edgumbe. I guess I'll be missing drawing dancing pictures. The people have been asking me for the copies of these San Chat covered news, but of course I have no way of getting more than one a month. The people around here are really going for these San Chat news because they are true stories of Seward Bartlett, so please drop me just a few lines, that is if you wish me to continue, but I cannot say when I will get down to your line, but sure hope real soon everything around is cooling off for a time, so thanking you very much again, but I still have some supplies from you here, just say the word.

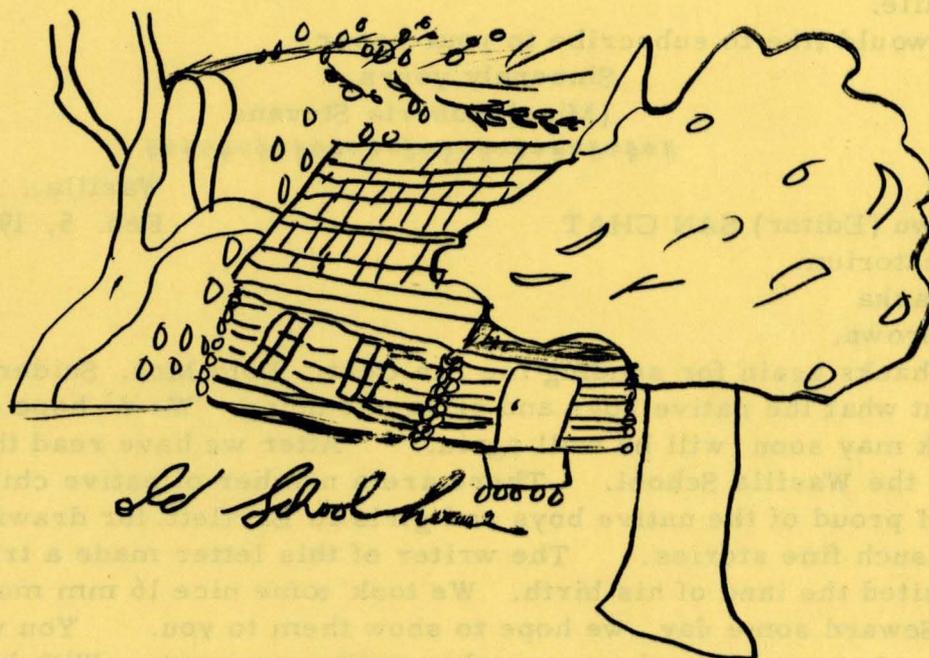
God bless you all,
Milo Minock

Dillingham, Alaska
January 14, 1957

Dear Friend:

I thought drop a line and say hi to everyone in Seward San. And that you all had a nice Christmas. I still remember you nice people out there Seward San. I'm feeling just fine I enjoy my school. I am drawing a picture from the book. Its the log school house as I have nothing else to do.

From a friend,
Maxie Lopez



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

5416 Woodlawn
Chicago 15, Illinois
Jan. 27, 1957

San Chat
Seward Sanatorium
Bartlett, Alaska

Dear Employees and Patients at Seward San,

We wish to thank all of you for the many kindnesses shown to us during our six months in Alaska. They are too many to enumerate, but a special thank you for the gifts and cards when we left and at Christmas. Our days in Alaska will always be remembered with much fondness. Someday we hope to return to Alaska for at least a long vacation and maybe we will be fortunate enough to see many of you again.

We hope 1957 will be a year in which each of patients gets much better and each of the rest of you has a prosperous year also.

Sincerely,

Eunice and Kermit Ericsson

P. S. We are looking forward to the San Chat coming to the above address.

February 5, 1957
Box 33
Haines, Alaska

Dear Mr. Brown

I thought I would write you and tell you how much I enjoyed your paper the "San Chat". It is very, very, interesting. The pieces in your paper that I especially enjoyed were; Sports News---by Al Brown, A Cadillac Canoe---by Bill Crookes, and the poem written by Emil Gustafson memorized by Olaf Holmberg. Another article especially liked was "Alaska Youth in Good Condition After Vital Heart Operation on Heart."

I am a former resident of Seward and I like to hear something from there once in a while.

I would like to subscribe to your paper.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Roberta Stevens

Wasilla . Alaska
Feb. 5, 1957

Mr. Al Brown (Editor) SAN CHAT
Seward, Sanatorium
Bartlett, Alaska
Dear Mr. Brown,

Thanks again for sending me San Chat. Both Mrs. Snider and yours truly love to read about what the native boys and girls are doing. We do hope and pray that those who are sick may soon will be well again. After we have read the San Chat we give the magazine to the Wasilla School. There are a number of native children in the school, and they feel proud of the native boys and girls in Bartlett. for drawing such nice pictures and writing such fine stories. The writer of this letter made a trip to Holland two years ago, and visited the land of his birth. We took some nice 16 mm moving pictures. And if we go to Seward some day, we hope to show them to you. You will please find enclosed \$2.00. Let me know when our subscription runs out. With kind regards and best wishes to Mr. & Mrs. Paul Nelson and to yourself and the fine boys and girls of Bartlett, Sanatorium. I remain, Sincerely yours,

Gerrit Heinie Snider

"THE FOUNTAIN"

(From yetales of old Bartlett)

In order to discuss the plans for erecting a novel fountain on the San's beautiful lawn this summer, a meeting was held recently in the dining room. The meeting was well attended, and many fine ideas and suggestions, were presented to the committee by various employees. In fact, some of the suggestions were both out-standing and amazing, to say the least, and the employees who submitted them are to be congratulated for their ingenuity.

Head nurse Newart's fountain idea, was the first one offered for consideration. Miss Newart presented a sketch showing the figure of an angel wearing a nurses cap. The angel, who stood on a revolving pedestal, was squirting water over the lawn from a monstrous hypodermic needle. An old "Latin" inscription on the base of the statue, said: "Come And Get It"--According to Miss Newart's translation. Miss Newart heard much favorable comment regarding her entry, and after the final vote, many were still of the opinion that it should have been declared the winner.

Next, was the very clever fountain plan submitted by our Dr. Cawcorn of Surgery Dept. The plan called for a large bronze Kenai bull moose, to be mounted on a native stone pedestal. Water would be piped thru the statue in such a way that it would eventually spray out of the tips on the moose's antlers.

After Dr. Cawcorn had finished describing his model fountain, Miss Newart, remarked sarcastically, to the good doctor: "Why not a Texas long horn steer, 'Bud', -- to keep you from getting home-sick." Dr. Cawcorn immediately returned the sarcasm by yelling at Miss Newart: "You!-and your hypo-needles!"

Always one for economy, Dr. Doons, our ward four specialist, argued that the construction of a fountain in any form would be too expensive. "For a small, extra, monthly fee, I'll climb the flag-pole every day and water the lawn with a fire hose!" he shouted.

He was immediately reprimanded by the committee chairman, who in replying to Dr. Doon's out-burst, shook his finger and said: "The Theory of Evolution shall not be openly demonstrated on our front lawn, Dr. Doons. If you have inherited any climbing instincts, kindly confine them to the trees' in back of the Sanatorium.

Prof. Chow Dow Kling, the San's renown chinese bacteriologist, although in favor of a fountain, said, he thought a "Wishing Well" would be more novel and appropriate. He went on to say, in his far-eastern dialect, that in the event the committee adopted his idea, he would furnish an old moss-covered bucket to hang in the well.

For the Life of us, we do not know, where in Alaska the Professor would acquire such a bucket. Could there have been a possibility he was contemplating cutting off his head?

On final vote, Dr. Cawcorn's fountain plan was declared the winner, and after hearing the result, Dr. Cawcorn immediately left for "Skilac Lake" to bag a bull moose. The moose, would be used as a model for the fountain by a local sculptor, who also attended the meeting.

After Dr. Cawcorn had left the meeting room, the committee advised the sculptor he had better work from a photograph, as it might take Dr. Cawcorn years to bring down a bull moose and get back to the San.

..... Bill Crookes.....

SOURDOUGH

Indians of the Kondike region called the prospectors in search of gold "Sourdoughs". They were impressed by the way in which the strange white man made his delicious bread and pancakes. Every provident prospector carried with him a little brown jug of sourdough. This was his yeast mixture. He carried also flour and all he needed to make fine bread was a little water and an open fire. Many a gold nugget was traded by the Indians for a generous helping of sourdough biscuits.

The prospector did not invent sourdough; he merely brought the idea with him from the American farm. Before the days of commercial baking soda each housewife kept on hand a crock of leavening substance. It was never completely emptied but was replenished each time she took out a portion to bake bread. The leavening supply was started by putting grated potatoes in a crock, adding a little sugar and then "infecting" it, like a culture tube, with a "starter" of yeast borrowed from a neighbor. Yeast is, of course, a living plant which, in growing, gives off carbon dioxide gas, which in turn raises the dough. The crock was stored away in a warm place. In four or five days the mixture would begin to bubble and in a month it really seethed like home brew. Once started the yeast perpetuated itself indefinitely, provided potatoes or other food substance was added, and provided it did not freeze. Just a little of it added to bread dough would cause it to rise, light and feathery. When a cold snap came on the thrifty housewife's first concern was to look after her crock of sourdough.

Tall tales about sourdough have come out of the Northwest. One fellow, boasting about his batch of sourdough said the bread baked from it was so light that it had to be anchored like a dirigible lest it be blown away by a slight gust of wind. Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court, an ardent Northwest camper, said that his biscuits were frequently carried off by mosquitos and gnats. To prevent this he often added blueberries or raisins to the dough, which made them just a bit too heavy to be carried off by insects.

The older sourdough gets, the better. An old timer in Alaska insists that his crock of sourdough dates back to the days of '98. When nights get cool he hugs his precious jug to his body and wraps himself and the jug snugly in blankets. His jug is never washed. That, he says, would be as wicked as scrubbing a whiskey keg with Hygiene be hanged!!!!

(from the NTA Reporter)



"COMING TO ALASKA"

The mist and fog hung low in the air and it was cold that **October morning** in 1936 when I first saw the Island that was to be our home for three years.

Diomedede or "Ingalit" as the Eskimos called it, lay right between Asia and Alaska like a place you either come from or go to. There was no visible land, just the snow-covered mountain peaks that seemed to rise right out of the sea.

I stood there as glued to the deck of the "North Star". This was the end of our journey. I had seen bleak and dismal looking places on the coast of Northern Norway, but nothing like the lonely Diomedes.

We were anchored right off the South end of the island, waiting for the sea to calm down so they could unload at the village.

My husband told me a skin boat was going to go ashore and would I be interested in going along? --- Well, a person could always try. One of the crew of the North Star slipped a rope over my shoulders and told me to hang onto it as it would be safer going down the rope ladder, with the "North Star" pitching and rolling.

Landing proved even harder than going down the rope ladder but with the help from Spike I made it.

Climbing the almost vertical mountain looked like an impossibility. Had gotten about a fourth of the way up when all of a sudden a rope came down over my shoulders. I looked up and saw a man way up on a bluff. He waved and began to pull me up to the top. That was my first meeting with Azekazik --- a most interesting and remarkable fellow. He also was the official interpreter of the Ancient Eskimo Religion.

It took my husband and me one hour to reach the village. Oscar suggested we go and see Mr. and Mrs. Ayahak first. They lived in the "Kahgri" --- now a Kahgri is the council house, a real large sized igloo. You enter it through a long narrow tunnel and put your head through a round opening in the floor.

Along the walls were a heavy shelf where various articles are kept and the shelf can be used for sleeping also.

We tried sleeping on it the first night and found it too narrow and ended up sleeping on the floor.

To me it was like I had been put in a "time-machine" and put back a thousand years.

The interior was most interesting. Only the Yukon Stove, the Coleman Gas lamp, and rifles reminded me of the twentieth Century.

We were royally received. Mrs. Ayahak made tea and suggested I had better dry my wet shoe-pacs before going out again and she recommended we should sleep in the Kahgri that night, as it would be too late and besides it was too stormy to get any supplies that day.

they got up so early in the morning just because we were late. Mrs. Ayahak made

COMING TO ALASKA-cont'd

Now the old-timers have a custom to get up at three a. m. I felt bad as I thought they got up so early in the morning just because we were there. Mrs. Ayahak made real good coffee and the old man showed us his finest carved ivory. She also sang for us the old and favorite hymn, "ilaura kakh-tut wagus Jesus-amykh". To me who had heard the grand old hymn in Norwegion and English only, it was like a benediction. How thrilling to hear it sung in Eskimo in this thousand year old setting.

When daylight come we went to inspect our mission and found it had leaked through the roof and frozen ice on the floors. The second night we tried to sleep there and run a fire; but it began to melt the ice and the more we fired, the more it dripped.

We moved our bed where we thought it would be dry, but No-came twelve o'clock midnight and no let-up of the dripping.

I remember putting my head down on the window-sill and cried a bit. --Afterwards I looked over towards Oscar who was valigntly fighting the melting ice and I felt ashamed and began to remember Mrs. Ayahak's hymn---"All our sins and griefts to bear".

The next day we had gotten the water swept into the cellar and the world looked much brighter.

The girls came in to visit and asked if they could sing, "Work for the night is coming" ---And that was what we had come to do. ----"To work the work of Him who had sent us".

Only in Eternity will we know the results.

-----Ella Brown-----

You earn your place in the world by the service you can give it . You owe homage to those who have preceeded you in keeping alive the flames of freedom, justice, right dealings with others, and the belief that your place in the sun depends upon your fellow man's place being of equal importance.

-----W. F. Thompson. (Scientist)

SAINT VALENTINES

VALENTINES DAY IS THE SAINTS DAY FOR SEVEN ST.
VALENTINES FROM ITALY, FRANCE, BELGIUM, AND AFRICA.
WE MADE VALENTINES OUT OF PAPER. MISS CASE GAVE US
EACH A BOX OF VALENTINES TO MAKE. THE CHILDREN IN
THE OTHER ROOM HAD A VALENTINE BOX, TOO. I HAD A
VALENTINE PARTY ON VALENTINES AFTERNOON.

-----BY ANDREA KRONE-----

HOSPITAL DISCIPLINE

"It is not allowed" frequently irks the patient in the hospital when he wishes to relieve monotonous routine by some unusual activity, or when he craves a special privilege. At home he might have his wish but in the hospital he is bound by certain restrictions which may seem to him arbitrary and unfair.

But rules and procedures are absolutely necessary in a hospital because it is an organization geared to meet the needs of not one, but many sick persons. This organization is made up of people, the personnel of the hospital, who depend one upon the other as the cogs of a machine mesh with each other. It is a complicated piece of mechanism with its many inter-acting parts working with precision. When one part of the organization fails, the whole is affected. Yet the service rendered by the hospital organization, unlike that of a machine in a factory, must never become mechanical. It is not turning out a product most efficiently and at lowest cost, but serving the human needs of patients. Everyone employed in the hospital is under discipline.

Now that word, discipline, has an unpleasant sound to many ears. Most of us resent interference with our liberties. True, discipline imposed on unwilling persons is slavery or, at best, a form of policing. But discipline voluntarily accepted by the individual is the essence of democratic self-government. It is based on respect for the rights of others. Hospital discipline may be regarded as standards and under the supervision of a directing head. Sometimes a particular rule may be irksome to a worker but, in a spirit of sportsmanship, he sets aside his irritation for the good of the whole.

Hospital discipline applies not only to the staff, but to the patients as well. A patient is not merely a "customer" (who is always right!) entitled to have his way, for when he enters the hospital he becomes part of the hospital organization. Unless the patient cooperates, the hospital staff cannot do much for him. This is particularly true of the patient in the tuberculosis hospital, whose recovery depends very much on the spirit in which the patient joins in the fight to drive out the disease that torments him. All the skill of the hospital staff can help the tuberculosis patient little if he does not play the game honestly and fairly.

Hospital discipline is humanized by what has long been known as medical ethics. There is no mystery about the code that has been respected by doctors since the days of Hippocrates. Properly interpreted we see that this code is simply a set of rules of conduct, all designed to protect the rights of the patient. A surgeon, instructing his medical students, said: "The code of medical ethics is an excellent guide, but you need not memorize it verbatim for it is but the application of the rule you will find in the Sermon on the Mount, namely "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do

HOSPITAL DISCIPLINE-cont'd

ye even so to them". You will never be guilty of violating medical ethics if you will follow that rule faithfully in medical practice.

It sounds simple but to "do unto others" in the complexities of our times calls for keen understanding of "others". Try out the rule. Cast yourself momentarily, in the role of the superintendent. Upon your shoulders now rests great responsibility; questions of finance and policy are determined by you, you select the personnel and direct them; you are answerable to the board and to the public for the hospital's reputation. Like the commander of a ship, you expect every staff member to be at his post, alert and responsive. And the patient who "puts one over" on you by violating discipline, is not playing the game.

Or put yourself in the doctor's shoes. Now you are, for the time, the absolute ruler of another person, for sick people surrender temporarily the conduct of their own lives. That is a grave responsibility and you must therefore have absolute control. You and you only, give the orders. They may seem over-strict, they may have to be changed suddenly their purpose may not be clear to the patient--no matter, your orders must be carried out to the letter. The confidences of the patient you are solemnly charged to protect; your lips are sealed. Traditionally and by right you are entitled to certain courtesies. You like to be addressed as "Doctor" and do not like to have the correctness of your diagnosis or the rightness of your treatment judged by any but your peers. Yet you will accept the critical comment of another doctor cheerfully. How would you like to be done by if you were the doctor?

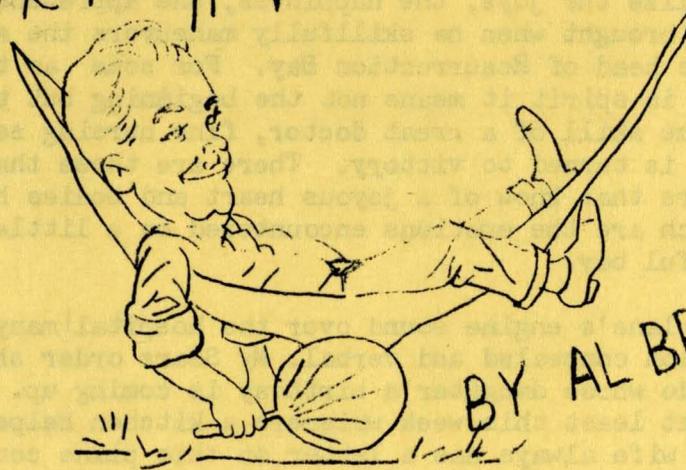
What would you expect of the patient if you were the nurse? As a nurse you are the executive arm of the doctor, responsible for carrying out his orders in letter and spirit. You do so in professional manner according to techniques you have learned at hard cost of labor and study and which are based on long experiences. You have a right to expect cheerful acceptance of your services. And being human you do love a pleasant greeting and an occasional word of appreciation.

There are others in the hospital with whom you come in contact; the social worker, the librarian, the chaplain, the rehabilitation worker, the maid, and all have their special duties to perform. That is easily forgotten in a large institution where efficiency is worked out to a fine point.

Discipline, then is not something to which we "bow", either stoically or in blind submission, but a group understanding as to what each is to do. We do it not by sacrificing our own personality, but rather by gearing our personality into the whole organization. The necessity of maintaining discipline in a hospital is not debatable. And happily discipline based on respect of the other person is lightly borne.

-----The NTA Reporter

SPORTS NEWS



BY AL BROWN

On January 25, the Fairbanks Malemites had the pleasure of romping over the Anchorage Eagles. The Malemites won 46 to 38 over those high-flying Eagles. It was a surprise to everyone who saw the game as the Eagles were expected to continue their winning streak. They were going for their 15th win, but it was never to be. The Malemites changed that script by playing ball-control a tact that was used against the Kansas Jayhawks by Iowa State not too long ago.

The great Bob Rhude of the Eagles was held to a mere 11 points, and it was far below the average of 20 points that Rhude usually compiles in every game. It seemed as if the bucket had a cover on it every time Rhude attempted a shot.

The out-come of the Southeastern Conference in basketball is more obvious now that the team to beat for the Southeastern Scholastic Championship will be the Mt. Edgecumbe Indians. In recent two games series, the Indians took two from Juneau Hi Crimson Bears by close scores. One with a one point margin in over time. The Indians had taken the measure of Ketchikan Kings in a previous two game series at the King's home court.

Turn-about is fair play; this time it was the Fairbanks Malemites that were upset by the last place Palmer Moose. This happened in the newly remodeled Gym at Palmer, on February 1st.

We are looking forward to the coming games between the Seahawks, and the Anchorage Eagles which will be played here at Seward. Good-luck to the Seahawks.

-----Al Brown-----

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DO YOU AGREE?

There's so much good in the worst of us.....
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it doesn't become any of us...
To talk about the rest of us.

THE PLANE

Little does one man realize the joys, the happiness, the apprehensions, and yes, even the tears that are brought when he skillfully maneuvers the airship onto the gravel runway at the head of Resurrection Bay. For some as they de-plane sick in body and broken in spirit it means not the beginning but the end. The end that is until through the skill of a great doctor, fine nursing service, and expert social work defeat is turned to victory. There are those that are emplaning with tears, but tears that know of a joyous heart and bodies healed and days of happiness ahead. Such are the emotions encountered on a little graveled strip at the head of a beautiful bay.

Back at the San as the plane's engine sound over the hospital many hear it with varying degrees of emotion concealed and verbal. My Sears order should be on that plane today pipes an aide whose daughter's birthday is coming up. A letter from my boy is due today or at least this week whispers a kitchen helper hopefully, almost prayerfully. My wife always has a letter on this plane comments a patient as he raises himself on one arm listening to the hum of the engines. Should land alright today, and he relaxes. "Yes," says the man sitting on the opposite bed watching the seagulls pass over, "the gulls aren't having any trouble." This is morning, by lunch-time those letters bearing postmarks of Egigik, Seattle, St. Joseph, Bemidgie, Lewiston, Salem, Lisbon, Barcelona, and of course those bearing the stamp of APO's and FPO's, will be in the pockets of the San personnel. By rest period or soon after the mail will be in the patient's hands. For some joy, for others only the social worker can help; others will wait for tomorrow.

The pilot a gentleman of the first class helps the last passenger down from the plane, eyes the calm bay, glances at the pass, nods to the cab driver, speaks a few words to the agent, smiles at the stewardess and ducks into the hold of the ship securing the door after him. The plane is eased down to the end of the runway. The engines gunned---and off.

by CDK

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"JUST A RUMOR"

IT HAS BEEN RUMORED THAT OUR ACTING DIETICIAN PAULINA NELSVIKEN HAS NOT BEEN PUTTING ENOUGH CALORIES IN THE APRICOTS.

"GET ON THE BALL, PAULINA!!!!!!!!!"

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I sneezed a sneeze into the air,
It fell to ground I know not where,
But hard and cold were the looks of those
Into whose vicinity I snoze.

....Danny Kaye

SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS

SPRING CAMP -by Alma Kaganak

In each spring we go to the spring camp in the Month of May. Before we go, we pack up the things that we going to take along. We get up early in the morning and start packing our things and ready to go by the dog team. We use two sleds because we can't go in one sled. Sometimes one of my family have to stay behind until next trip.

We have to leave early in the morning while the snow is still hard in the spring time, because when we leave late, the sun began to shine and melt the snow, and my brothers have hard time when the sled stuck in the lake where there is lots of snow and water.

Sometimes we stop on our way and have lunch. My brothers, they caught geese and ptarmigans by shooting on our way.

Let's see what's the next, Oh Yeah! We came to the place where we going to stay. My dad and brothers, they put the tent up. They put the things in the tent and some to the house. My brothers have to go back at night and get more of our things, food and clothing, something like that.

Now we settle down. My brothers start to hunt. Pretty soon they start getting muskrats and mink and others. I start to trap and hunt at night too, before dark. I never go far because I always be scared. Sometimes when I look over my traps, I found only muskrats little hand or legs. They struggle unless they free to go. I bet, before they leave the trap, they say, good-bye to their little hands or legs. Ha!-Some of the muskrats died right away when they stay in the water. I mostly use gun when I hunt rats. I didn't know before, how much fun it is to hunt rats. My brothers hunt unless the ice is breaking in the river.

Whew!-One time I fell in the water. I was real scared. Lucky the muskrat didn't bite me. Ha!

We start hunting some eggs too in the Month of June. One thing I don't like is, when the ptarmigan fly from her nest. They flew so hard that they make me so frightened, I thought the bear sprang from the bushes.

We start packing again and ready to go back where we belong. We have to go back when the ice is breaking in the river. But we have to be careful in the boat, so the ice won't bump the boat. When we came home my brothers have to go fishing or go to work at cannery.

Better close now before the nurse saw me writing at rest period hour.

Bye for now and God Bless you all.

..... Alma.....

FISH CAMP-by Lucy Hootch

Now, I'm going to tell a story of what I used to do at home. I mean about our fish camp. There I had a friend and she and I had fun when we go look for eggs. Sometimes when I go with my grandpa, when it's windy, I always get scared cause the waves might throw us. My friends family lived with us there and sometimes my grandpa get lots of fishes and my brothers were working in cannery, and I always stay with my parents at our fish camp. When they stop fishing we went back to our place and then we go fishing again where we used to stay. There we had smoke house. They put the fish inside and make them dry and then, when we finish fishing we go back to our own place. We start to go to school again in September and now I have nothing else to tell you. Hope you like my story, and God Bless You All.

..... Lucy.....

NURSING CLASS-by Isabelle Ramoth

On January 15th, we started our nursing class. Our teacher is Mrs. Marie Green. We learned many things, such as tubercle bacillus. We went down to see Charlie King, the lab. technician who showed us how the germs grow on foods, also how to make slides, and how he tests our blood. We looked at the germs through the microscope. We saw the germs has the colors such as red, purple, blue, orange, and white. He also showed us how he worked on the machine.

Let's go back to our nursing class. You'll see our pretty teacher Mrs. Green standing in front of us. And telling us how to make bed, how to put on gown, how to wash hands, and also read to us about "What we should do about tuberculosis". That's why we went down to see Charlie King. I learned all as much as I can. I was surprised to see germs growing on jelly like green and red. He said "germs grow by thousands every 24 hours." I heard myself grasp.

I try to talk about what we learned at the laboratory, but Alma doesn't seem to be interested. I think I talk too seriously. I can't seem to stop thinking about germs growing. I want to help, too, to stop it from spreading. Anyway we can stop it from spreading germs by following the Health Rules, that would make us get well too.

I learned some of the rules in the nursing class like, "Don't run, don't reach up, don't lift up heavy things, and don't get too tired." That's what my mother warn me when I was sick in bed. She can't let me out of bed. I stay in bed like a magnet attracts to a steel. She also keep the children out of my room, and clean my room daily spin and span. We also can get well by following doctor's and nurses rules.

Many, many thanks to Charlie King for showing us things we were waiting to learn. That's all I can think, also Thanks to Dr. Phillips and many nurses and other doctors who help us to get well.

I want to add more words, that I still want to peek in to see how Charlie is doing. I steal one last looked before we back to our bed. Hey, Charlie, what are ya going to do next? I wanna take one last looked before I leave this Sanatorium. God Bless You all.

.....Isabelle.....

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT-by Julia Lopez

My favorite author is Louisa May Alcott. She was born in 1832, in Germantown Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Her father, Amos Bronson Alcott, a man of great intelligence had educational ideas that were lofty to be workable. He was also a writer on philosophical subjects, not popular ones.

Louisa, the second of four sisters Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy learned from him to love reading and the writing of books. Her mother's patience and loyalty taught her much of the beauty of life. During the war between the States when she was a nurse, she wrote her first successful book, Hospital Sketches. She wrote down some of the experiences of her own girlhood in Little Women. I read Jack and Jill, Rose in Bloom, Little Men, written by her. I liked Little Women best, though.

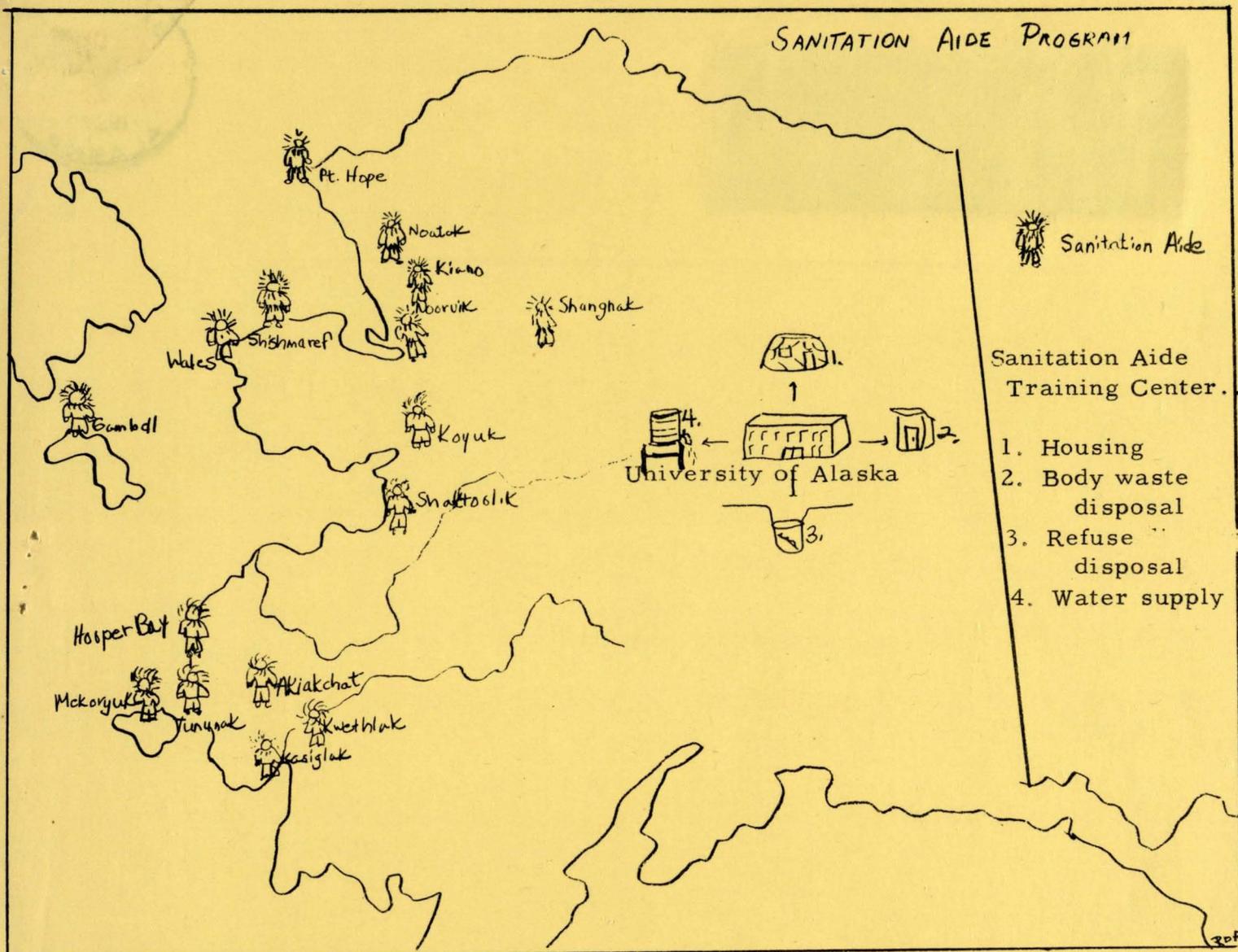
Her health broke down from overwork. She died in 1888, and was mourned by many people.

.....Julia.....

SAINT PATRICK- by Rhea Sam

St. Patrick was the son of a Christain deacon who lived possibly near the Severn River in England. When he was sixteen, a band of marauders carried him off to Ireland. He lived there as a shepherd. His Christain training helped him to bear the hardships of this life.

After six years of captivity he escaped to France, and lived in the monastery of St. Martin. He was consecrated Bishop to Ireland in the year of 432. Many miracles were performed by the Saint. The legend of St. Patrick driving the snakes out of Ireland is the best known story about him. He used the three leaved Shamrock to explain the Trinity. He was the first to spread the Roman Catholic Religion widely. March 17th the anniversary of his death is greatest Irish feast day in the world.Rhea.....



Eskimos trained in basic sanitation principles in courses given in the Health Department and Alaska Native Health Service cooperative program are now employed as sanitation aides in their villages shown above.

The interesting and informative map appearing above was taken from the January issue of ALASKA'S HEALTH, the Bi-monthly publication of Alaska Department of Health. This particular issue was given entirely to the NINTH BIENNIAL REPORT OF THE ALASKA DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, prepared under the supervision of Dr. Charles R. Hayman, Acting Commissioner of Health; Edna Foster, Editor and Nell R. Lomprey, Health Education division director.

Anyone interested in the significant health gains made and the health needs of Alaska un-met, or even interested in how a large portion of Alaska territorial budget is spent would profit by studying the report thoroughly. We were, of course, especially interested in the graphs relative to Tuberculosis. We noted the continued decline of the deaths attributed to TB and the slight decline in the number of new cases reported since 1954. Much constructive work has been done in the field of TB, but from this report we understand that there is still much to be done and there is a need for "Tuberculosis beds for Alaska patients need to be maintained at the current level while new cases are being found in such high numbers."