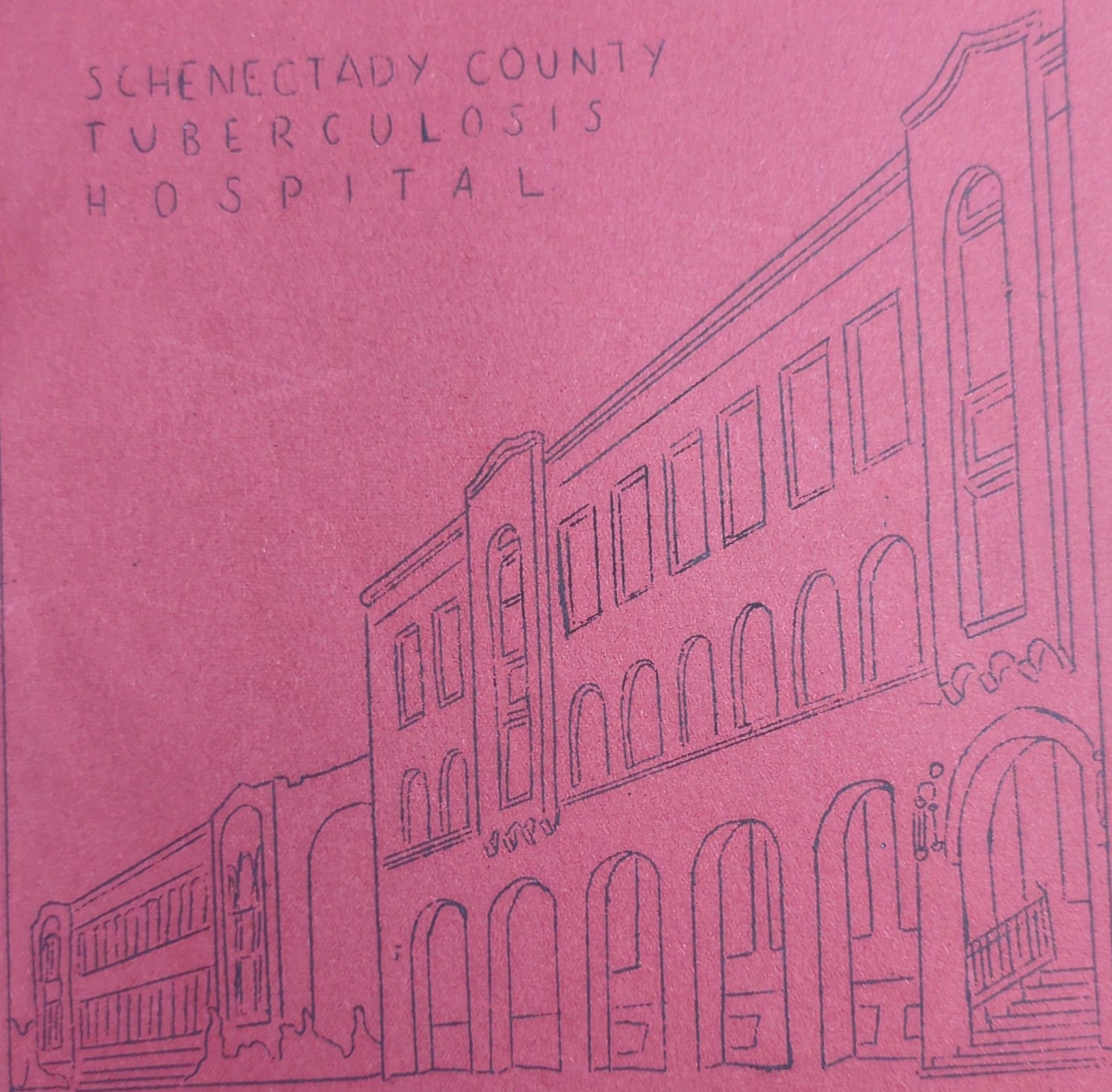


THE GLEN SAN

SCHENECTADY COUNTY
TUBERCULOSIS
HOSPITAL



SCHENECTADY • NEW YORK

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HEAD UP DOGGIE! AND
DONT FORGET THAT
YOUR A BLUEBLOOD!

SNIFF
SNIFF

STATE ST

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E/15

FRIEND SERTLE LOBBYS
FOR HIS HOBBY

THE GLEN-SAN

Published by the Patients of the
Schenectady County Tuberculosis Hospital

THE GIFT EVERYBODY WANTS

What is it that everybody wants, It is, of course, good health. My health is a priceless possession. Here is a gift that is always in season; a gift that suits every age; a gift that fits every personality; a gift that never loses its value or changes its appeal. It beautifies infancy and glorifies age. It makes the burdens of maturity bearable and doubles the joy of living. It adds zest to the choicest and flavors even the least desirable experiences of life. Health is priceless.

There are heroic souls who ignore the handicap of sickness, who use as veritable stepping stones the disabilities that befall them. We honor them and thank them for their noble examples. But even they seek this gift and we join with them in any quest that makes possible good health for everybody.

Anything that impairs or threatens good health calls forth our resistance. Society becomes a unit to fight any menace to this priceless possession. When we meet our friends, or even when we meet those with whom we have but casual acquaintance, our customary greeting is "How are you?" Who does not say, many times in the course of a day, when greeting friends, "How's your good health?" It is a sincere expression of our interest based upon acknowledged appreciation of the value of health. In society we have a Public Health Department, diligent in helping us maintain a high standard of good health. It guards us and helps us to guard ourselves and assists us in throwing a protection of guardianship around the health of society.

Tuberculosis is a foe of good health. Restricted to no country or race, it is a common enemy of good health everywhere. It reaches out its menacing hand to take the flower of our youth and is active at every age, though its greatest toll is exacted in those critical and most blessed years between 15 and 45, when most of us are carrying our heaviest economic, domestic and social responsibilities. Tuberculosis may reach any of us, may touch any family. A common foe calls for a united front to oppose, to combat.

Since tuberculosis is one of the great destroyers of that priceless gift, good health, it is clearly my individual responsibility and my social opportunity to combat it persistently and ceaselessly. But How? What can I do? Do I need special skill, and specialized knowledge, Happily the forces of humanity around the world join hands. The physician and the layman, the scientist and the operative, men and women in every walk of life, children too, may join the ever increasing company of those pledged to safeguard that priceless possession---health. And we cannot cease our effort until this gift that everybody wants, health, is made available to anyone anywhere.

Science, with calm courage, has turned the light of investigation upon tuberculosis. We do not know "all", but we know much. The patient findings of men and women in our own and other countries have been pooled, for there is a find fraternity in every work of healing and we share each other's successes no less than each other's woes. Great names that have become household knowledge and hundreds who remain anonymous are on the roster of those who have enlarged and are increasing our knowledge of this malady, a disability that may strike any of us or a dear one. And every person, adult or child, who uses a Christmas Seal, is helping the cause of good health, is helping to stamp out tuberculosis.

However, tuberculosis recognizes no holiday season. There is no calendar control for this enemy of good health, and that is why our effort should be continuous and our quest for conquest know no let-up. What, then, can I do? In what direction can I turn to be of help? Where shall I go to find help?

Fortunately there is much that all of us can do. There are resources that are available to all. I can know the simple facts and can apply them to profound and far reaching ends. Tuberculosis is developed as a result of contact with tuberculous persons in home and daily life. Its presence may not be at all apparent and yet that "tired feeling", that cough that does not respond readily and quickly to home treatment, may be a sign. It may mean nothing, and yet it may mean much. So let me quit worrying; let me not harbor any fears born of imagination; let me not try to treat myself; let me seek the services of a physician. He is my friend. With a slight test, easily and quickly made, the early presence of tuberculosis may be discovered. And that is a victory right at the start, for the early discovery means early recovery. The X-ray picture should next be used, if advised, to discover the presence of any active trouble. The concerted judgment of the finest skill converges to make my individual recovery as speedy as possible, and to assist in protecting those about me.

This is a message of hope. There is nothing forlorn or dismal about the quest for good health. Even those who have already suffered some modification of health may take courage. The gospel of good health is possible to those who are to follow us because of our care today. We may set in motion forces that will establish even higher standards of happy, healthy living. And a point that is well worth our knowledge is this--that even when tuberculosis has been discovered in an individual, the road back to recovery can begin at once, and can begin from the point where the person is. It is delay that is dangerous. Take the first step and keep right on, never allowing tuberculosis to take another step ahead of you.

The body has marvelous recuperative power if given a rightful chance. Dr. Richard C. Cabot speaks of "the wisdom of the human body". God has so intended it. Let us add to it the accumulated wisdom and research of science and society. It is our privilege to spread the cause of good health. It is our responsibility to conserve what we have, to recover what may have been lost, and to insure by wise and careful living the future for ourselves and for others.

(Continued on Page 12)

On Sleeping (?) On a Sanatorium Porch In Winter

There are two schools of thought on the subject of sleeping in winter in a sanatorium. Those of the weak-kneed, baby-faced, toasty-woasty group prefer sleeping in their rooms with outside door open. For the strong, (?) virile, robust, deep-breathing gathering, the wide-open spaces of the porch (with every other window tightly closed) has infinite appeal. Because of numerous playful breezes which delight in stiffening neck and shoulder muscles, sub-zero temperature and drifting snow and rains, one automatically builds up a defense against the elements.

The so-called Indian, wigwam or cocoon type; is deeply beloved in the hearts of our country-women, and may I add, men. To achieve the desired results, pink and red blankets, two big pillows (as a preference, three) and one baby pillow. With vim and vigor, our participant, "Little Princess Hope To Be Warm", stands at the head of the bed and on the sound of "umph" (as follows "Yo heave ho,!") pulls with right good will at the blankets. The blankets display a hitherto unsuspected tenacity, but succumb eventually, netting an increase of approximately one inch in length. Not to be deterred by this, she gracefully trots counter clock-wise about the bed, playfully tucking in any loose ends of blankets she observes. Getting in the spirit of the thing, she next leans one big pillow against the back of ye bedde. Sizing it up with a quick glance, and drawing an imaginary perpendicular line, she uses it as a top for a triangle, placing the other two pillows at equal angles. As an after thought, she throws the baby pillow in the junction to sleep (?) on. With a deep sigh, almost of content; she finishes by patting the blankets softly and lovingly in, under, and about the pillows. C'est fine! A masterpiece awaits her. The one disadvantage to this type (nothing in life is perfect, scoffer!) is the insinuating of one's self between the folds. Experienced members bound to the top of the bed with one great effort and proceed to wriggle in, simulating an eel for the moment. At the end of a period of time, depending on the proficiency at the art, one finds one's self puffing and panting under the covers. The fly in the ointment is the thought that thirst will not be appeased tonight as the water carafe in on the stand inside.

For the more athletic, acrobatic, or contortionistic type, going to bed is more simple. Ignoring the cold, they blithely get in bed wearing one frail sweater. Trusting the nurses's judgement as to the where and how of the blankets, they reach down and pull them up to their incongruous length. Lying quietly for a time, they prepare to execute their maneuvers. Silently and quietly, their legs creep upward until their knees touch their chin, or reasonable facsimile of same. Scrupulously avoiding tangling the legs about the neck or shoulder, one arm creeps vice-like about them, grasps and holds them at that angle. The other arm is left free for ease of emergency. In the morning one is apt to resemble an extinct, petrified member of some ancient tribe unearthed after centuries beneath the soil; but no matter, at night one slept(?)

Another distinct and ingenious group combine the best features of the "wigwam" type with the heating device. This involves merrily tucking in the blankets at foot and sides of the bed but leaving the head free. The heating pad is the favorite but, if it is scratched due to lack of funds, is frequently substituted for by numerous hot water bottles. A working knowledge of football is a big aid in using a heating pad. To start with we have it at the foot, and, as a cold spot develops, "shift-one-two-pass!", and the heating pad laterals up, back or sideways as directed. Moving the heating pad at various times in the night involves sleeping in cat-naps but, when one awakes, she snaps into action like an all-star end. With hot water bottles one is warm for three or four hours and then quivers and quakes for the remainder of the night; or, if one has the adventurous spirit, she treks to the utility room and refills the bottles.

These are but a few of the better known, discussed methods. Some of our members awake in the morning declaring they are warm as home-made toast, but decline to reveal their secret. Science will not be thwarted! Sleeping on a sanatorium porch involves the unknown quantity---heat.

Research will go on!!!

OUT OF THE SUNSET

By

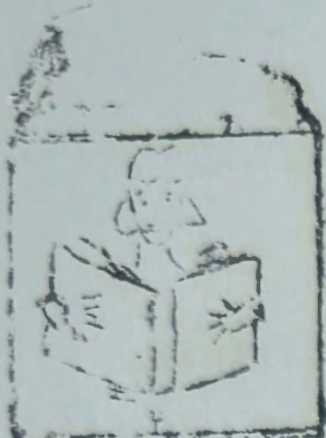
Grace Noll Crowell

Out of the sunset come the birds,
Out of the West,
Seeking this darkened reed-fringed shore,
Seeking their rest
After the high wild wind on their wings,
After their flight
Through the blue dazzling day.
Now the night
Cups the land, and the dark birds,
Craws full of seeds,
Drop like pellets of lead
Into the reeds;
Tilting the slender tips, they dip,
Then lift and sway
As if music were being played,
Rhythmic and gay.
For a settling moment their cries
Are raucous and shrill,
Then suddenly the whole wide world
Is dark and still.

BIOGRAPHY

Roger Frey

(Biography of Dr. Blake--Con't)



This he carried into practice at Watertown, where he was engaged as physician in the Jefferson County Sanatorium. Here he was associated with Dr. James Walsh (later superintendent of our sanatorium) who was an indirect influence for his coming to Glenridge.

Dr. Blake first took up his work at Glenridge in 1934 as assistant superintendent and later became superintendent. While serving in this capacity, Dr. Blake has succeeded in making Glenridge Sanatorium one of the outstanding sanatoriums in the country. He is known and admired in the tuberculosis world as a man who gets results. The rating of Glenridge on the basis of admittance and cures is comparable to other leading sanatoriums.

At one time the people of the county feared and looked upon the sanatorium as one would a pest house. Dr. Blake has succeeded in expunging the fear of the people by his personal lectures and the distribution of tuberculosis literature in the county which has taught individual prevention of the disease. The people now have the same faith in Glenridge as they have in their family doctor. They know that the best treatment and cure of the disease is obtainable at Glenridge. By educating the people in the prevention and symptoms of the disease Dr. Blake has done much to lower the case and mortality rate of tuberculosis in the county.

He is active in many local and national clubs--among them the Rotary Club, Chamber of Commerce, New York State Medical Association, National Tuberculosis Association, Schenectady County Medical Association, American Sanatoria Association, and serves on the Advisory Committee of the Schenectady School Board. His favorite hobby is amateur photography for which he finds very little time. Practical reading, technical information take up his time insofar as reading matter is concerned. Sports in general, and the lighter form of music, are among his favorite amusements. Bob Burns, Paul Whitman, Hal Kemp, and Horace Heidt rate high in his regard. On being asked if he favored President Roosevelt's running for a third term he articulates an emphatic and decisive, "No!" The rest cure he regards as being the most practical at the present but predicts that a much quicker and easier cure will be found in the future.

LITERARY CORNER

THUMBING THROUGH THE PAGE

"Here with a Loaf of Bread, beneath the bough
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse--and thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness--
Ah, Wilderness is Paradise enow."

--Omar Khayyam

This favourite passage of our interviewer, a mutual friend, is a good explanation for his choice of books as a hobby.

Due to a mental breakdown caused by a sudden financial setback, he found it necessary to seek an outlet for his troubled mind. He discovered books and music, the direct passage to a more beautiful world.

"Through the new companions, I was able to become acquainted with all the world's beauties which were being denied me," commented our friend.

It was during this period that he, through his contact with an ardent book lover, discovered the fascination that books could hold for him.

"Books have brought me a comfort of mind, which was essential to me during the convalescence. Books have also enabled me to solve the numerous problems that arise in everyday life. This hobby, last of all, has taught me a new philosophy of life," he meditatively claimed.

Earlier experiences in the study of Indian lore incited him to read Henry W. Longfellow's "Song of Hiawatha". In his opinion, this is the greatest literary piece ever written.

"Though I have no definite goal concerning my hobby," stated the business man, "I contemplate a very large library for my own personal use in the future. This library, which I wish to complete, will not be elaborate; but it will consist of material most appealing to me."

In advising others about this hobby, my host warned newcomers to take their hobbies seriously in order to gain the greatest profit it.

Thus, with this good advice, I parted company with my interviewer in his secluded den, where we had this enjoyable and interesting chat.

MARRIAGE VS. CAREER--NURSE GIVES INTELLIGENT ANSWER TO IMPORTANT QUESTION

"I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there is any good I can do or any kindness I can show to a fellow being, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again."

It was this philosophy which led one nurse to take up nursing as a career. No, those are not her words, but they convey the thought that she expressed in answer to a question as to what influenced her to enter the nursing profession.

The question was asked in the course of an interview in the nurse's office last Sunday morning. The nurse acquired her training at a general hospital and is now a member of the staff of a sanatorium.

"Specialization leads to higher wages and more pleasant working conditions." That is the reason she gave for entering the tuberculosis field. She expressed confidence in the present tuberculosis cure, but she emphasized the responsibility of the patient in achieving a successful cure.

"Should a nurse give up her career when she marries," was the next question I asked.

"Not necessarily. However, it is essential that she should not let either interfere with the other. When on duty, a nurse should forget everything but her professional activities; when at home, she should forget her professional life. That is why I believe that a married nurse should use her maiden name in her professional life. She should have two different worlds in which to live. There is absolutely no reason why a successful nurse should not also be a successful home maker."

Somewhere down the hall a buzzer rang and the interviewer asked to be excused. After I had thanked her for the interview, she left to answer the call. Glancing down at my notes, I saw that there was one question that I hadn't had time to ask. On the page were the words, "If you had your choice of careers to make over again, would you still choose nursing?" I put my notebook into my pocket somewhat disappointed, and prepared to leave.

As I left the office, I saw her cheerfully enter a room down the hall. I smiled. Somehow, I felt that I knew the answer to that last question.

AN INTERESTING PERSON OF GLENRIDGE SANATORIUM

Although this is my first attempt in the role of an interviewer, one will see that I have obtained an interesting subject, and have received, in return, information concerning a person who is a friend to all of us here at the sanatorium.

I called on Mrs. Grace B. Deal at the Occupational Therapy Shop Friday afternoon at 4:00 P.M., as we had agreed on the previous Wednesday that this would be most convenient for her. She was working dexterously on a keytainer when I entered the "O. T. shop," as the patients call it.

She looked up, grinned, and said, "Oh dear, Margaret, do I have to now?"

I assured her that I wouldn't ask anything personal, such as her age or salary and she laughed. I laughed, too, and we got started on the interview.

Mrs. Deal became interested in Occupational Therapy during her stay in South Carolina, when she visited the hospital for the rehabilitation of soldiers. She had studied art and craft prior to her marriage. Because of her continuous interest in crafts and liking to work with people, Mrs. Deal entered the Boston School of Occupational Therapy, various schools of arts and crafts, and the New York School of Applied Design.

Mrs. Deal was employed as Occupational Therapist at Broad Acres Tuberculosis Sanatorium, Utica, New York before she came to Glenridge. The work, which she loves immensely, consists of teaching the patients art, leather and needle work, crocheting and knitting, basketry, and making jewelry, metal and woodwork. An interesting incident that occurred during Mrs. Deal's employment was brought about when one of the patients at Broad Acres suggested turning the O.T. Shop into a night club. A few patients acted as waiters and others as guests. Reservations were made. A floor show was put on and a buffet luncheon was served. Everyone enjoyed this unusual procedure. Our teacher is also quite a stamp collector and added that she is also interested in archery and enjoys good music.

Margaret Paparella

ON SUBSIDIZATION OF COLLEGE FOOTBALL PLAYERS

A few years ago an investigation of college football was made by the Carnegie Institute. When the results of this investigation were made public, people were shocked to learn that some colleges were paying their football players. Since that time there has been a change in the attitude of many people toward this question. The colleges, themselves, have entered the discussion.

Francis Wallace, eminent football authority and author of many articles on the subject, divides them into five groups. The following list is a brief resume of his classifications:

1. Legal scholarship--a frank offer to exchange a college education for athletic ability. The college pays the bills out of its athletic receipts.
2. Alumni scholarship--an open grant from funds solicited from alumni. Although the college may provide jobs, it furnished no money.
3. Tacit consenters--the great majority who secretly follow one of the first two plans.
4. Reformers--followers of other new plans.
5. The "cuties"--who still try to have their cake and eat it. The hypocrites and those struggling with academic conscience.

For years colleges in all these groups have been giving scholarships to young people of high scholastic ability. The recipients of these scholarships are deserving people, who have undoubtedly earned them. Throughout the country there are many other people of somewhat lower scholastic rating, who are just as deserving. Many of these have high athletic ability, and there is no reason why they should not also be aided. In industry both mental and physical ability are rewarded. Why should this not be true also of education?

Fortunately, hypocrisy is on the way out of football and sanity is coming in.

-2-

The Southwest Conference and the Southern Conference are trending toward the alumni scholarship. This indicates that the entire South will soon be using the legal scholarship.

Two years ago St. John's college of Annapolis tried to start a movement against subsidization. The program went so far as to abolish gate receipts by giving free admission to games. This year the team has lost all its games and has not scored a point. The college athletic department recently issued a statement announcing that after this year they will withdraw from the intercollegiate football picture.

This situation is certainly no argument in favour of "de-emphasis" in college football. Of course, this is only one incident, but St. John's is the only college that has gone so far against subsidization.

Carnegie Tech now has a form of athletic scholarship. Doctor Doherty, president of this college, says, "Some, I realize, will hold that in our permitting scholarships from alumni and friends, we are subsidizing and thus violating amateurism. I have yet to hear a convincing reason why such help, properly controlled, involves either moral turpitude or unfairness, and accordingly have no desire to change the concept of amateurism to this apparently unwarranted and impracticable limit." Carnegie Tech is at present sitting up near the top of the football world. The publicity given its football team is the best sort of publicity. It will probably influence some young people in their selection of a college. Contrast this with the situation at St. John's.

One menace not yet mentioned is the "angel." This is the person who aids a player independently of the college. This subsidization for which the college is blamed. In cases like this, people feel that the college is trying to put something over on them. This is one menace that the legal scholarship might not be able to abolish.

Let me again quote Francis Wallace, who says, "I am an alumnus. I have put boys in position to get into my school and other schools. But I do not put out any of my own money. I feel that the colleges make enough out of these boys to see that all their financial problems are solved. I have a boy of my own who will need help one of these days. I believe that other alumni feel pretty much the same."

-3-

The use of the legal scholarship will eliminate all suspicion and ill-feeling among colleges. Too often a person will excuse a defeat of his Alma Mater by saying, "Well, what do you expect? After all, they pay their players."

If the colleges confine themselves to honest athletic scholarships, the only abuse left will be the "angel". There are not many of them. I think there is no serious objection to legal athletic scholarships and that the colleges, as a whole, will come to this conclusion eventually.

---Jack O'Neill

ADVICE TO AMATEUR STAMP COLLECTORS

"A beginner should not try to specialize in any special kind of stamp at first. Instead, he should collect all stamps which come his way, and gradually develop the interest which leads to specialization." These were the words of Jack O'Neill, who has collected stamps for the last nine or ten years. He also warned the beginner to beware of worthless counterfeits, for he claims that at present there are many of these on the market.

Jack first became interested in stamps when he was about eight years old. He visited a friend who was interested in stamps, and, when he left, the friend presented him with a few duplicate stamps from his collection. Around these few stamps, Jack built the interesting collection he now owns, which amounts to almost two thousand stamps. The most valuable stamp he owns is a two cent stamp of early United States origin, which he claims to be worth almost forty-five dollars.

The collection of stamps, according to Jack, is one of the most interesting and educational of hobbies. He claims that he has learned much that has been of value to him since he began to collect stamps. He has learned something of the history of many countries, their types of government, and even something about the famous people connected with the country.

Jack closed the interview by saying that at present he was almost two years behind in his collection. He said this was of the great number of stamps issued of late by the British Empire and United States.

---Henry P. Matheson

THE CITADEL

A. J. Cronin, M.D.

Have you read "The Citadel?" The book is a stirring novel about a physician, Andrew Mason, and it depicts his career through the vicissitudes of success, failure, happiness and sorrow.

Dr. Cronin also portrays a valiant, understanding and helpful wife who continues to struggle at her husband's side so that he might be a successful doctor.

If you are interested in the honest study of a young doctor, you will want to read "The Citadel," which is very skillfully written.

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● OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY

Occupational therapy has been defined as any activity, mental or physical, definitely prescribed and guided for the distinct purpose of contributing to and hastening recovery from disease or injury.

For many years now Occupational Therapy has become an established and important part in hospital routine. Although curative occupations were prescribed particularly in hospitals caring for mental patients before the war, the rehabilitation of wounded soldiers by means of occupational treatment brought about a keen interest in the development of occupational therapy in hospitals caring for all types of cases.

Almost any type of disease or injury may be benefited by occupational therapy.

As applied to the treatment of Tuberculosis, the gradation of activity must be limited to the judgement of the physician, as to the types of bedside work, which involves the use of the arms, giving exercise to the muscles when indicated. This work should start slowly with gradual increase as indicated in the individual case.

Occupational Therapy is not merely applied as a diversion but a treatment prescribed for definite results. Its aim is to help to bring about mental relaxation, arouse interest, courage and confidence to exercise mind and body in healthy activities.

The crafts are used as this means, in as much as a patient employed at some useful and interesting task, creating something with his hands tends to bring about relaxation, he forgets to worry about his condition for a time at least, his mind comes to rest, thus making himself more amenable to hospital treatment.

Recreational activities are prescribed to help the patient to a brighter outlook, help them to forget themselves and bring about contentment in their surroundings.

(cont from page 2)

There are things that no one can do for us. Those we must do for ourselves. We must start with ourselves, and we can, if we will. But there are also things others can do for us, because we can put ourselves in that happy position where the findings of others may come to our support, and recovery, and there are things that we can do with others by cooperating with one another.

All of this greatly applies to our good health. This is a concerted gift that everybody wants. Tuberculosis is a foe that bars the way to some and has wrested the gift of health from others, but the victory is not with the germ. The disease is preventable, and, we believe will at last disappear from the list of ills until mankind everywhere is freed from its danger.

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---Margaret Paparella

THE REPORT



The personnel of Men's First has changed considerably since the last issue of the Glen San. The following have been transferred to Children's and we wish them a speedy discharge.

Babe Pollock

Bob Ellis

John Maloney

Mike Augustina

Sam Nicaastro

Mike Guely

Mc Williams

Julius Young has been admitted this week and we all hope to see him up and around very soon.

Frank Avery has been transferred to M. I from MII and Tony Villanova has joined the gang on CI.

Since Joe Holody has moved inside, the debates on the upper end of the porch have become less frequent.

George Stone is another new patient but, as he's up and around already and has made so many friends, he's really considered an old timer. George is known as the Fibber McGee of Men's First.

Walt and Teddy are considering joining the Army when they get discharged from here.

Norman Righthand has been moved on the porch and likes it very much, even though it means he has to listen to "Fibber" who is next to him.

John Fox is becoming quite a wood carver. He made several fine trays which he sold for Christmas.

George Stone got a new pair of slippers for Xmas, and Frank Avery thinks that he got "gipped" because he didn't get any motors with them.

Frank Verra is on a diet but don't show him any pie or cake because he will forget all about it.

Joe Holody is Frank's room-mate and since Frank has been on the diet, Joe has gained 20 pounds.

Abe Marshal had a day off recently and he said that he'd had a good time.

THE SNOOPER

Pat DiBlasio



I am a drummer boy drumming up some news, so I'll try to get in the groove and beat it out with...

Greetings Gates! Let's Delineate!

First of all, let's welcome some new members to our floor. Mr. Pusch, Humphries, Morris, Johnson, Clinton, Menia, and Mr. Bachrack. We sincerely hope your stay here is most pleasant and good health comes your way soon.

A LITTLE BIRDIE TOLD ME THAT:

Eddie Wells' recent operation at the Ellis was a huge success. Nice goin', Eddie.

Art DeCerbo and Tony Matuck are exchanging cross words. Don't get excited, folks, they only work on cross word puzzles and try to help each other out.

Red Golden is the star football picker. How do you do it, Red? By the way, how is that \$60 fountain pen coming along?

John Brown has been putting on so much weight that he has been named "Teddy Bear". We hope to have you up and around before long, John, so don't get too heavy or you'll look the way Millham used to. No offense please to either of you boys.

Mr. Fitzpatrick is enjoying his new home out on the porch. Keep the covers up tight, Fitz.

Charlie Borghetti is training to become a policeman. He can be found pacing the corridor daily.

Frank Rybak is looking forward to the mail everyday. He received a letter stating that he was to expect a new set of muscles from Charles Atlas, the muscle builder.

Newt Roberts is a perfect gentleman. (Just like his room-mate).

Our hats are off to Tommy Dougher for being the best story teller on Men's 2nd. No matter what kind of a story is told we can always depend on Tom to give us one just a little bit better. You can't beat the Irish for wit and humor.

Pete Millham's new fur-lined slippers look comfortable. You should take them off before getting in bed, though, Pete.

Until the next issue, this your informer,

Pat DiBlasio

ON THE BEAT

Marie Altieri



Welcome to our finishing school--Mrs. Villanova, Margaret Sary, and Mrs. Jones. We all hope you will graduate soon.

Farewell and loads of good health to Mrs. Fleming!

Mrs. Jack is getting her lungs kinda wooly this winter by inhaling angora as she knits. Beautiful knitter at that!

Elena Coppola and Steppin' Fetchit ought to become acquainted. They both have something in common. How about it, Elena?

Perhaps Mrs. Jack can put one over on Dr. Blake when she goes under the fluoroscope, especially when he tries to see through the coat of angora!

Madjelon Olin, with her charm, "brings them back alive."

Carrie Schrom, our Mother's little helper, can be found whenever there is a good deed to be done.

Ruth Carl's hope chest is veing filled copiously with sheets, pillow-slips, embroidered doilies, and baby clothes. You all know the reason for it, I am sure.

We must praise Babbie Herron, our little cartoonist, on her artistic talent. Her greater ability, though, is storing chocolates in her tummy.

Peggy Geary, our little jitterbug and songstress, has become attached to her bed. We hope it won't be long before she will be up and around again.

Congratulations, Rosemary, on your new achievement.

MaryLou and Ginny Stark would like you to save your funny sheets and bring them to Children's 2nd.

Mac McQueeney has certainly done wonders for herself. We hope she will continue doing so. Let's give her three cheers! Rah, Rah, Rah!

Margaret, we wonder who your loyal admirer is, Three guesses, the last one doesn't count.

Popular Songs Dedicated to:

Have You Forgotten So Soon,--Dr. Blake
 Hurry Home--Dr. Suss
 Between A Kiss And a Sigh--Mrs. Schrom
 After Looking At you--Dom Pileggi
 I Must See Annie Tonight--Roger P. Frey
 My Reverie--Tersa DeMeo
 Please Come Out of your Dream--Elena Coppola
 Love, I'd Give My Life For You--Madjelón Olin
 I've Got My Love To Keep Me Warm--Mary Jack
 Summer Souvenirs--Billie Smith
 Serenade In the Night--Mrs. Villanova (snoring)
 ZaZa--Wanda Tyminski
 Lovely Debutante--Rosemary Alderdice
 I Long To Belong To You--Alpha McAtee
 Umbrella Man--Margaret Sarry
 June in January--Mrs. Jones
 I'll Never Fail You--Bed Rest
 Sweet Lorraine--Lorraine Gorden
 Lovely To Look At--Cod Liver oil
 You Can't Kiss A Frigidaire--Ginny Stark
 Everybody Loves My Baby--Ruth Carl
 Without My Walking Stick--Ray Balty
 This Can't Be Love--Stanley Mortka
 My Own--Margaret Paparella
 I Won't Tell A Soul--Evelyn Endries
 Show Me The Way To Go Home--Pat De Blasio

VISITING HOURS

(Come One--Come All!)

Tuesday Afternoon--3:30 to 4:30 P.M.
 Wednesday Night --7:30 to 8:30 P. M.
 Saturday Night --7:30 to 8:30 P. M.
 Sunday Afternoon --8:30 to 4:30 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Protestant

Every Friday 10:30 A.M.
 Communion every third month
 or on special request.

Catholic

Every Monday P.M. Confession
 Mass and Holy Communion
 Every Tuesday, 8 A.M.

PARADISE

Jack O'Neill



When your reporter started writing for our beloved magazine a little over four years ago he didn't think whether he or the magazine would be here this long. However, that's the way things go. All the amateur reporters have gone home but the good one is still here. But now that Bob Ellis has joined our ranks maybe my resignation which was tendered about three years ago will be accepted.

First, a report on a vote: Russell Drago is the best looking fellow in Glenridge,--followed by Roger Frey. We didn't pick the best looking girl but we know she, too, will be followed by Roger Frey.

Also we tried to pick out the person whose initials best fitted his or her personality. As mentioning the names of persons on other floors is against the rules, I will just say that the initials, when spoken rapidly, produce the word "tedium" and that certainly fits.

The patients on our floor are so constantly coming and being discharged that it is useless to attempt to record the changes in the space allotted me. The best way to let the readers know about the patients is to name them all at least once in the report, so here goes.

Here's the CI baseball team which will shortly go into training. (The remarks are for help to opponents.)
 Stanley Mortka--goes for anything that's fast.
 Roger Frey--has a liking for anything underhand.
 Bob Ellis--his one weakness doesn't come under baseball.
 Carl Sertl--watch Pop fly off the handle.
 John Moloney--one weakness is high balls.
 (The other four players aren't yet decided upon.)

The Music Lover's Club consists of Dom Peleggi, Ray Balty, Sam Nicastro (on Tuesdays especially), and Eddie Claysmith.

Sam Nicastro and the other Jack Armstrong fans wish to express their thanks to the two who so kindly see to it that they hear the especially interesting program at 5:30 each Tuesday evening.

Walt Fialkowski and Jesse DeVoo, our orderly, picked John Henry Lewis and we haven't heard much from them since the fight.

Mr. McWilliams, and Mr. Pollock are rather quiet and there's nothing to say about them. The only thing we know about Mike Augustine is that he's lonesome.

(Continued on page 18)

INFO-COLLUM



A new year, with new news. Or weren't you aware that the noise of the night of December 31st was the ringing out of 1938? At least Mrs. Barby was of the opinion that wild and wooly Lena Bettina was on the loose.

Aren't we all?---Dreamers. But Mrs. Lippert takes the cake. One morning she awoke suddenly to prepare to go downstairs for fluoroscope examination. The ward maid had opened her door and told her to get ready. Mrs. Lippert waited until she finally called the head nurse. Surprise! None of the doctors know anything about it. Our "Josie" had been dreaming.

Mrs. Johnston has been playing tricks on the nurses again! Guess how she got her temperature to register 104 degrees?

Much has been said about the "Forgotten Man", but have you heard about our "Forgotten Woman"? She's none other than our Wanda. Rumor has it that she slipped into the little room next door to avoid embarrassment, but she was so quiet that her friends forgot she was there and never bothered to tell her when the coast was clear.

We wonder when Angie Scalomicro is going to wear that beautiful angora sweater Santa brought her. Speaking of clothes, have you heard about Margaret Sary's new clothes-press? One night she hung her dress (on metal hanger) on an electrical socket which had a poor connection. Was she frightened when the sparks began to fly!

Hail and farewell! We welcome you, Mrs. O'Connor, to Women's 11 and, although you are not a new comer, we are glad to see your happy face again. May you soon feel at home, Anne. We miss you, Mrs. Villanova, but we can still hear all, about you so you'd better behave. Perhaps no, though, your letters and packages won't be mixed up with Mrs. Villano's. Nothing like eating each other's peanuts!

The weight chart must show a gain for someone. They say Mrs. Verra had to stretch her skirt three times before she could wear it a short time ago. It used to fit her, too.

Most of us have been puzzled lately. We wonder about Carol Francisco. Can it be love? For a long time after she saw "Snow White" we could hear her singing to herself, "Some day my prince will come". Recently she has changed her tune. Ever since a certain person has appeared on the scene, we've heard those familiar words "You must have been a beautiful baby!" She's different, too. What would you say it was?

We've heard about you, too, Mrs. Greene. So you're turning botanist on us. One day Marion asked Johnny, "Have you ever seen trembling plants?" and Johnny replied, "Sure. Haven't you ever seen mine when I come back from an examination downstairs?" In amazement, Mrs. Greene

explained, "I said plants, not pants!"

Someone has taken pity on Rachel. She now has a stool to help her get into bed. But we wonder, is it any incentive for going to bed?

It's about time our twins got together on this movie-going game. First it's Mary, and then it's Kathryn. When will you both go?

Anne Aalto, Camille Bursey and Bettye Blackfan are so quiet these days we suspect they're in cahoots and up to some kind of mischief. Perhaps by the time the next Glen-San comes out, something will be stewing.

* * * * *

(Continued from Page 17)

Bobbie Beuhler and Bruno Pizzano are being purposely left out of this report.

The other morning Ronnie Menia woke up singing a song about swimming. This isn't funny, but it would be if the rest of the circumstances were known.

Almost forgot Chet Gorski, so have decided to let him join me in saying, "That's all for now."

* * * * *

(Copied from The Reader's Digest)

ACCIDENTAL MUSIC

During a recent coast-to-coast broadcast of Navy Day, complete with pick-ups from the fleet off California and from the airship Macon, it was announced that Raymond Paige and his orchestra would play an appropriate Navy Day salute to Uncle Sam's sea force. Whereupon the boys crashed into "But Honey, are You Makin' Any Money?"

Sir Harry Preston gave a dinner in honor of Gene Tunney, during the latter's stay in England, and the first toast proposed was, as usual, "The King". The guests all stood while the band played, "God Save the King". Then the host gave the toast, "The President of the United States"; but the band, unfortunately, had not been instructed on this point of international courtesy, and were completely taken by surprise. Pulling themselves together, they struck up "Ol' Man River". The guests proved equal to the occasion---not a man smiled!

Soon after America's entrance into the World War, the senior officer of the English training camp at Salisbury Plains prepared to receive the first American regiment, and as a hospitable gesture he and the band leader selected a rousing American march for the band to learn. The day the Americans arrived, everyone was drawn up in full array. The visitors swung into the parade grounds, the band blared forth the carefully rehearsed air---and there was a near-riot. The British had innocently greeted the Georgia Regulars with "Marching Through Georgia".

THRU-THE-KEYHOLE



The new year has done things up here on the third floor. I guess everyone made a resolution to be very quiet and do nothing that would break the cure. Therefore, it is almost impossible for us to write anything about anyone. But we'll do our best this month. Come on girls! Give us a break.

Congratulations to Alpha. She has graduated from the wheel chair and we sincerely hope it will be the last time. On movie night her theme song used to be "Old Wheel Chair's Got Me". But now she can easily change it to "There's a Long Long Trail A-winding".

I certainly believe in optical illusions, but the other night Evelyn was closely observing a certain star and exclaimed, "Oh, it's red, it's blue, now it's yellow!" This has been going on since Christmas and I don't know what to make of it.

We welcome two new patients this month----Philomena Barone and Mrs. Leona Pusch. We wish to express our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Upon starting her new diary, Wanda stated the fact that it would be ridiculous to keep it locked while being here. I didn't think anything of it until visiting night when her father reached for it and Wanda, in a very undignified manner, snatched it right from under his nose and said, "Hey, you can't do that! That's my diary." Now she hides it and I think I'll have to do some pecking.

And Open Letter to Ruth:

I have been studying your case. You say your hair fell out on the top front of your head and now it has grown in a little but you don't know what to do with it---that it is stubborn and sticks up in the air. After much consideration of the matter, I have come to the conclusion as to what you should do. First, shave the hair off about four inches back. Next, borrow Alpha's white skull cap and place it on top of the shaved spot. Leave it there for a few months. When you remove the cap you will find your hair has all grown in the same length. A little vaseline massaged into the shaved spot will tend to hasten the growth.

We have a great detective in our midst but unfortunately she hasn't a case to solve at present so she's solving jig-saw puzzles instead. Guess who?

At last our brains are at rest. We have figured out how Mrs. Cooper keeps such a pleasing disposition. Her favorite pastries are chocolate eclairs and cream puffs.

What has--rather, what did---happen to Mary Caprula's bed on the night of January 15? I wonder who was to blame?

Wanted on Will:

Step-ladder for all short patients whose beds are raised.

Favorite Pastimes of the New Year

- Edna----acquiring new roommates.
- Evelyn----trying to sell all occasion cards.
- Anne----Embroidering.
- Mrs. Cooper----being Prof. Quiz.
- Mrs. Ketterson----snickering about something.
- Billie----creating new hair styles.
- Julia----waiting for a mysterious letter.
- Jeep----wise-cracks.
- Dr. Suss----moonlight skating at Central Park

* * * * *

MODERN GRANDPARENTS

by

Wanda Turbak

Grandma's finger sure does wag
 When she starts to do the "shag".
 Grandpa does the Suzy-Q
 "Trucks" as hot as me and you.
 Youngsters sit along the side
 While the oldsters swing and "jive".
 Grandma shakes a wicked hip.
 Woo! Woo! Grandpa does the flip.
 Lights are out but they don't tire.
 They're out to put the town on fire!

DOUBLECHECK (Copied from "Fun In Bed")

Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, the famous lung specialist, used to tell about the most sceptical patient he ever knew.
 The man came into his office with the left side of his chest painted with iodine.

After examining him for T.B., Trudeau was puzzled.

"What's all that iodine on your left side for? Your right seems to have all the trouble. You have rales all over the right side and ought to have pleurisy pains there too. You haven't a thing wrong with your left lung."

The patient grinned. "I just wanted to see if that lavelliere really worked," he explained, pointing to the stethoscope.

STAFF NEWS



Miss Kulow is enjoying a visit at her home in Youngstown, Ohio, minus her appendix which someone took from her at Ellis a few days ago.

The staff gave a surprise shower in January for Miss Richardson who was recently married to Edward Clifford of Albany. She was the recipient of a breakfast set and a lovely Kenmore blanket.

Did you hear about the grand time Mrs. Deal and a couple of nurses had preparing for the Valentine party. If not, just ask Stanley or Karl. They might tell you.

The doctors are all moving into their new homes. A little bird tells us that maybe in a couple of months the nurses will be in theirs. Don't you believe it!

We are glad to see Miss MacGregor back with us and also to welcome Miss Reid (Alice in Wonderland) to the fold.

Flynn, the Jinx, is back in bed again. And it isn't Venetian blinds this time either.

Dr. Blake recently suffered with some ailment to his left arm. No fracture and it is apparently all right now.

What's this we hear about that funny little thing that Mary Eccles calls a car passing everyone else on a slippery morning. You must have something there after all, Mary! :

Who wants to play a game of chinese checkers or pinochle? That's a familiar question heard around the nurses home these days.

Jane Clover is snuggled down in bed with a cold in her head. Tough world, Janie!

Mrs. Deal recently enjoyed a week-end visit at her home in Worcester, Mass.

We hear that Miss Brennan is not as good a nurse as she's cracked up to be. At least the guinea pigs all died. Then again maybe we shouldn't blame it on her. After all, what's a baby without a mother?

We were wondering why Dr. Suss and Dr. Schwartz didn't build a swimming pool out back while the water was so high. It might compensate for the loss of the skating rink.

BUREAU OF HEARTS AND FLOWERS

Miss Lovey May

WORRIED ONES-----

Are you unhappy?
 Have you been disillusioned?
 Do you need advice?

Come to me with your problems and I will help you!
 Your letters will be answered regularly in the Glen-San.
 Address your letters to

Miss Lovey May
 Bureau of Hearts and Flowers

c/o O.T.Shop

"YOUTH AND A ROSE"

Glints of moonlight on a vase--
 A small but graceful rose
 Lifts its shy and sweet young face
 For what, no human knows.
 Like a soldier, little rose,
 You stand erect and straight,
 Ready now to meet all foes
 Now waiting, but for fate.
 Courage on your petal glimmers,
 Star-dust on your stem,
 Moonlight in your red heart shimmers,
 Stars gleam on your hem.
 Waiting, rose, with velvet shield,
 For what, and how, and why?
 Longing for life's battlefield
 And yearning?.....So am I!

---Madjelon L. Olin

January 17, 1939

SAN SPICE

Greetings, Gates and all M-ployees who have recently joined the Glen-ridge check-of-the-month club.

Quiz:---

What's become of the recently organized---or should I say disorganized---Glenridge Fillie's Basketball Team? Snowed in maybe? Huh???

Quiz:---

After February 1 will our dizzy blonde come out of her "Reverie" and change her tune from "You Got Me!" to "Have You Forgotten So Soon?" "They Say" it won't---it can't--last. Who knows???

Quiz again:---

How's the situation, you three???

And speaking of situations, the ice is recuperating from figure 8's cut in it by our own Sonia Gilda Marie Garafola Moran. Both the ice and Gil will improve with age-----we hope!

And also, sincere congratulations to Gil and Eddie on their first anniversary. May they have many more. She's sporting on her uniform one of a dozen Talisman roses she received from friend husband on the occasion.

And---

Almost forgot to say Margaret, N. A. on M 1, surely cuts a neat figure. She's an accomplished enthusiast (skating).

Said---

Very ultra, ultra is that new skin you're wearing, plutocrat Hamil.

What have you, Jenny, that you rate two male escorts while another (at Glenridge) no longer rates with even one of those two?

From this day forward love begins with a capital "Howard" for our own snake-hips. Yes, I do mean you!

"Glamour Girl has gone right to town with the "pay when you catch me" account. What a difference clothes make---or do they???

The blow that killed my mother, father and all my relatives---I don't have to work till 7 andy more.

(Note) At the time of writing, the Man of the Hour was most decidedly our own Don Holloway, so it's only fittin' and proper that we give that gentleman his share of glory by mentioning him in "San Spice". You see, Don enjoyed (?) the unique position of having "crashed" No

Mar's Land even tho it took a bout with pneumonia to turn the trick. Ype, he was the Maidens Delight for nineteen---or was it twenty---whole days. Anyway, it was a long, long time (according to Don). The girls are more than a little hurt, too, about his statement that the time just "dragged by". After, all, didn't they do their best to keep him contented? Why, before he left it had even developed into a relay race with each fair damsel having her own special time set aside each day to devote herself exclusively to just making him happy. No sooner would one relinquish her post than another would "carry on---chin up---be brave---and love each other (?????)". It was truly beautiful to behold.

All of a sudden the girls were as busy as the proverbial bee. Never were so many excuses thought up to necessitate trips up and down the hall;----never was so much laundry done that necessitated immediate ironing (and just because the ironing room happened to be located next to Don's---well, that had nothing to do with the case of course);----never were so many drinks taken at the fountain----so many wastebaskets emptied in the utility room (incidentally, two doors, this time, from his room)----such interest evinced previously in the kiddies (and if Don happened to be in a position where he could gaze upon that touching scene from his room directly opposite, that, too, was purely incidental, I'm sure)----why, we even noticed some pretty classy jobs of make up so-o-o-o-o early in the morning. He had pretty flowers donated to cheer his room up---magazines and books donated to cheer him up---sympathy donated to---well, after all, a girl has to have some excuse for talking to a strange man hasn't she? and even the strongest of the "stranger" sex is a push-over for that "Awwww you poor, poor boy" attitude. Honest to goodness, there were enough "lines" in evidence those three weeks to match the Atlantic Cable! In fact, the whole thing took on the faint aspect of a veritable Hit Parade with each fair maiden vieing for the envious position of being "Number One". But it was all conducted in the spirit of fair play. While one of the girls was having her inning, the rest were content to just sit back----and if they did a little talking at that exact moment, why it didn't mean a thing naturally. Of course not! They undoubtedly were just saying "Let's try to give the little girl a great big hand". That would account for them suiting their action to words, too. Bu that I mean that they usually picked that psychological moment to move in en masse and join the party. Wasn't that nice of them, no? Well, that's what I said,---No! It was just one big happy family and the girls can rightly take their share of the credit for Don's amazing recovery. They're sincerely happy that he's well again, and if they now "Coooh" and "Ahhhh" with a little more feeling when one of his gastronomical treats greets their delighted eyes, it's just because the probable thought in their minds is "Isn't that wonderful?---but then look who made it!" And who's to blame 'em, says I?

P.S. Dear Donald, you asked for it!

Izzy Inquisitor

Greetings members of the fair sex---

I have heard the call (three raps and not too loud as the sound carries). The urge to take pen in hand (as a substitute for too numerous necks to mention) has arrived and found me simply dying to let you in on a few items. The thought arises that I probably will die after a few people read this--but no matter--qu-ote "I would rather die living than live dying."--unqu-ote.

To ape the style of "what" Hollywood writer---

"What" female patient in "which" sanatorium went to "what" city that starts with the initials Oneonta to have "what" done and "who" missed her very much? Which three people were much amazed to learn that they weren't the only ones who knew about "where and why"? We do hope she liked her publicity campaign. (???)

Speaking of theme songs, have you heard the one "Everyone Calls Him the Old---"? The blank is easily filled with the object of that typical Jack Benny--Mary Livingston gag "My---has no nose." "Oh, poor--How does he smell?" "Terrible!" ha, ha, and also galed of laughter.

And speaking of the dining room, which we weren't, the most popular person in it is---guess? With Roger gone, ah Roger, how we miss thee (???), "Pop" has come to the fore. S'help me, he even gulps down that final bite in order to say "Morning Sister" and "Guten morgen zie Sie, Pop!

For the annals for posterity, we preserve the following by recording in the pages of the "Glen-San"--"Is that anyone you know?" This was on perceiving a picture on one of the girls stands. Of course total strangers are at times much more interesting to look at than relatives, but who gets a kick out of saying "And this is somebody's cute little something, I think."?

What cute little redhead almost broke up the movies by muttering, first inaudibly and then louder and louder, "Simple thoro compo" "thorax comple simplex." It was finally explained that this was her own version of inferioroty complex. Novel, isn't it?

Slips that pass in the night---or rather should have. It seems that one, or is it two, or possibly three of the so-called office girls has a disgusting habit of disconnecting lines when they are busy. Ah, sound proof walls, what a blessing they be.

Your little (that subtle touch) correspondent has a rival! Of course there is a slight difference. Mine is written and may be stale when you get it, but she guarantees hers "Hot off the lips!" In fact, her whispering campaign sometimes begins before it happens. Who could ask for more promptness?

Have you noticed those new streamlines on a male member of our group? He has that sleek, slim, sylphlike figure I'd give a lot to have. Besides that, he's a gentleman! He held a door open for me once and as I tripped through (that's what I get for trying to make an impression) I marked down a mental chalk mark. I think this is the second time in umpteen (check one.....years) (check one.....months) that has happened. When I write my memoirs of Glenridge I intend to include this rare experience.

Continued

At the risk of appearing de trop or de rigueur or something (these French idioms escape me but they look so well, and besides who remembers his idioms français after high school?) I must confess I overheard this. It appears that after getting a door gently (?) closed in her face she said "That's why I've been here four years--opening doors; and that's why she's been here three years,---racing through them before someone bats them go!" Ah, these appropriate bon mots. Wish I had one. Had one once. Now, where did I put that bon mots? And me without even a check for a short beer!

There's been a flare-up of an epidemic. It seems various members entitled to go to the O.T. Shop are complaining of seeing green in front of their eyes. Some blame it on making hats, and others just blame it on hats.

They say revenge is sweet. To show you the lengths to which one will go, our Sarcastic Scribe on Cl is awaiting his 21st birthday to sign out A.O.R.

As a closing touch, may I remind you that all similarity to characters and people as mentioned above is simply coincidental and not intended to be malicious. Believe me, and I do mean Me.

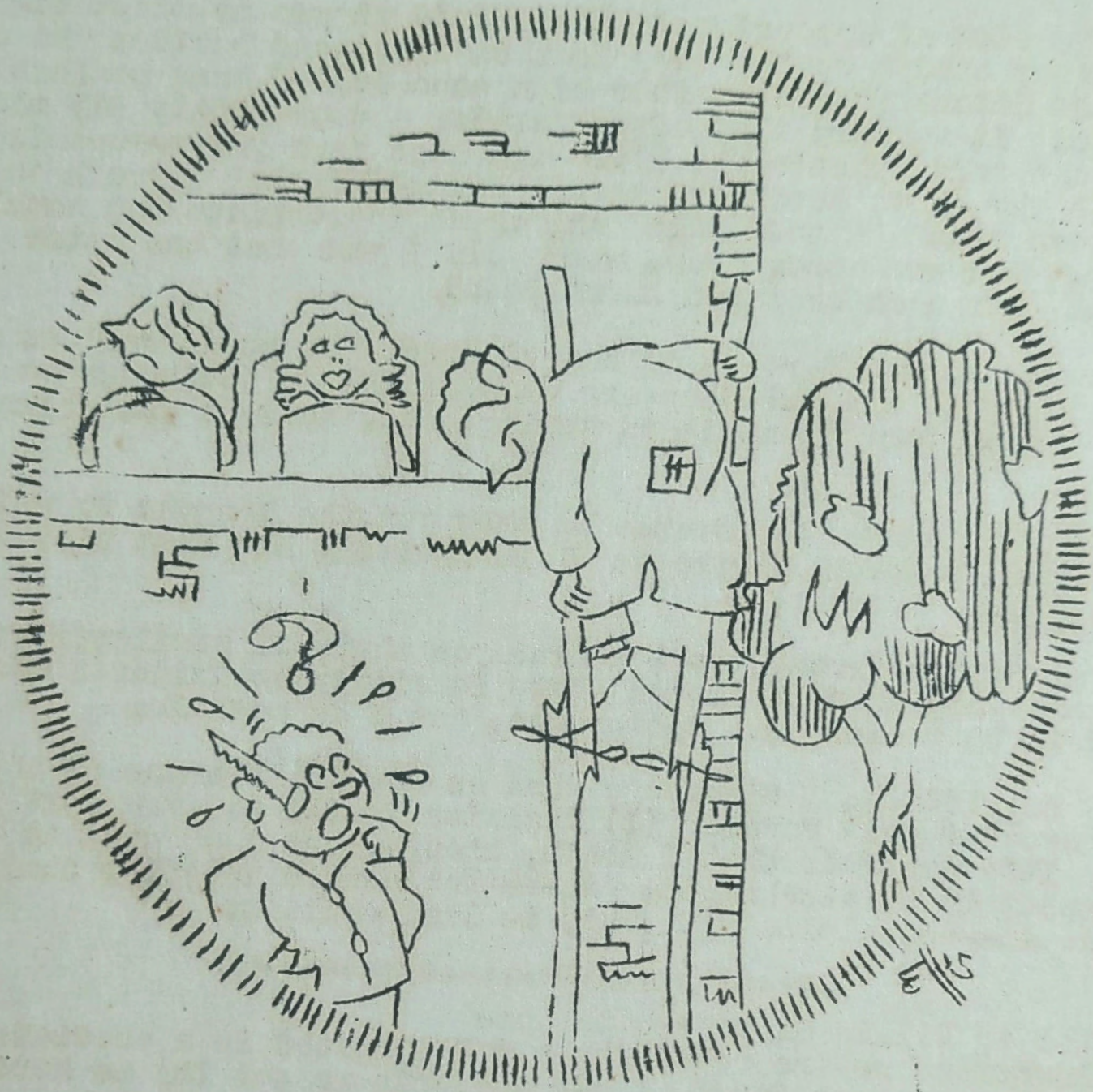
And so, kiddies, I bid you a fond au revoir. As one of the popular features of this Popular (!) magazine I will see you next issue--- I hope! It's possible that I won't, though, and I do want to say I don't expect to be discharged. Ah---that subtle touch! I shall stop to admire---no one else will. This is Izzy exiting.

(Dedicated to Billie Smith---with love)

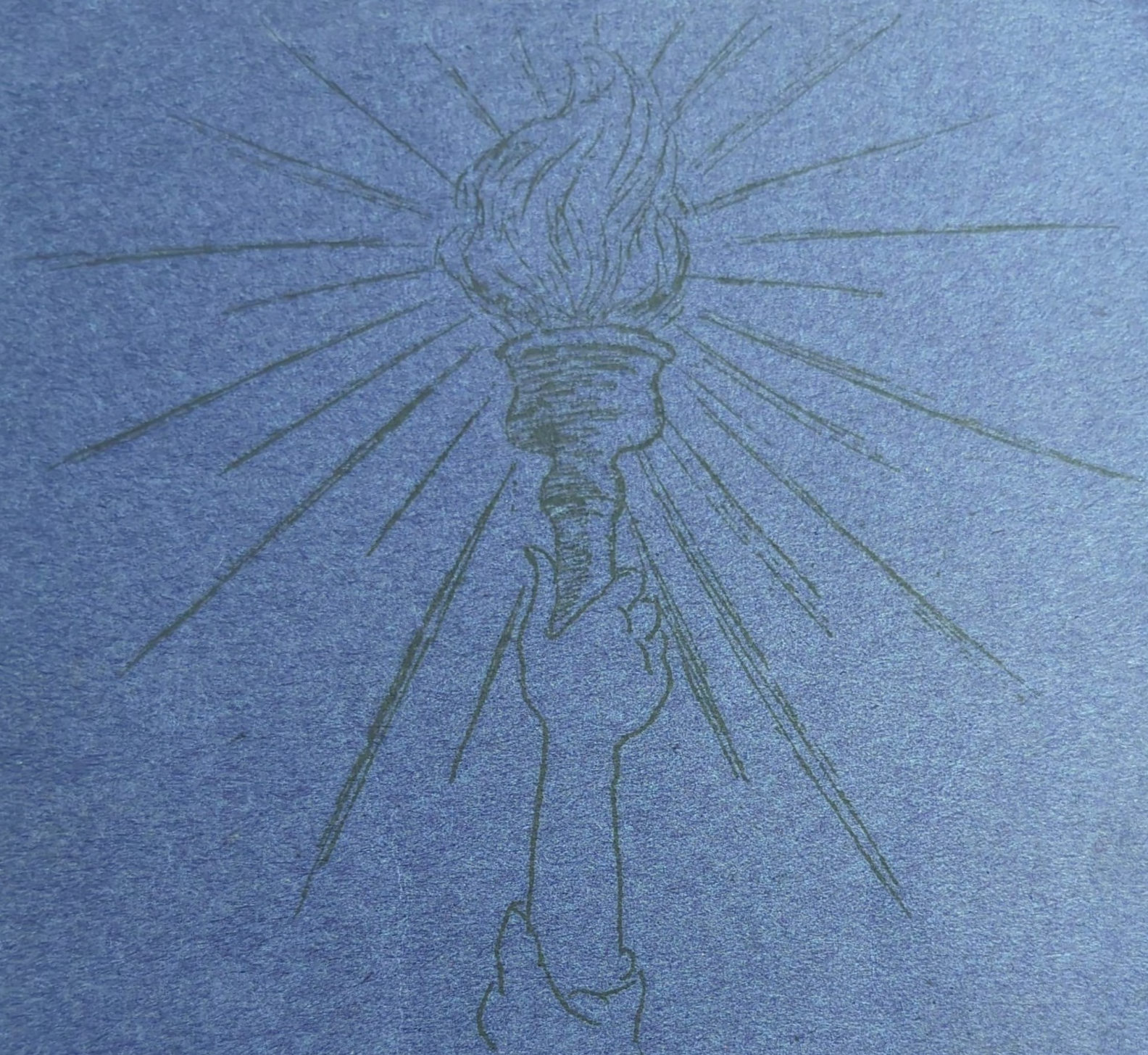
By popular demand we are repeating a joke printed in a previous issue. It was such a success (most of our subscribers got it) so here 'tis.

Who was that lady I seen you with? Ans. That was no lady, that was _____ (censored) (We have a lot more like it! ---in fact JUST like it)

THIS IS THE SPACE WHERE A FILLER WOULD BE
IF WE KNEW ONE



HI DOC! SEE WHAT I
MADE DOWN AT O.T.



Fight Tuberculosis
With
Modern Weapons