

Mark Caldwell "Rules, Rules, Rules"

2nd TB Reunion

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I get—whenever I come up here, extremely nervous because, in fact, everybody that's sitting here and certainly anybody who's cured in Saranac Lake or elsewhere knows more about what I'm about to talk to you about than I do. You went through it in Saranac Lake. In other parts of the country where there were large tuberculosis sanatoriums an amazing amount of this material is starting to disappear. It's starting to crumble. People are looking at it and saying, "What is it, what's this. Let's throw it out." So the very first thing I would like to ask you to do, since you went through it—if you have any sanatorium magazines at home, let me take a look at a couple of those. If you have your rule book, if you have one of those little charts that some of you keep those day by day where you recorded your temperature and weight—not all sanatoriums used those, but some did—those are valuable. I'm sure you know this. I'm telling you what you already know. They're valuable and you should keep them and I don't know what to do with them. I suppose if you don't want to keep them for your own memories and the memories of your children and grandchildren it might not at all be a bad idea ? Saranac Lake ? later on will help you.

So what I'm doing for this talk and I'll try to keep it fairly interesting because I mean it more to jog your memories and recollections of the cure than I do to inform you that I ? you already know. What I'm going to do is talk about what seems to be history from all of the reading I've done and talking to people that I know the highpoints ? when they went into the sanatorium to cure. What I want to do is recollect some of those things and go through the material. It varied greatly from sanatorium to sanatorium. It depended on where you were. If, for instance, you were at DeGo Sanatorium I think you had a fairly pleasant stay compared to what you might have expected if you went to a sanatorium like the New York City public sanatorium in Otisville in the Catskills if any of you had spent

time there. Depending on when you went to Otisville it was not all that far from being a penal institution at some time. But the rules, what the rules were like varied. But I think there were some common themes that I'd like to pick up and then touch on a few topics. My title is a little bit of a misnomer.

The first thing I want to talk about is the diagnosis—the moment when you were told for the first time that you had tuberculosis and I want to record two memories of that simply to start with ?—and then I want to talk a little bit about where the sanatorium cure came from—why it was ? attracted to tuberculosis any time between, let's say 1890 to 1900 and 1945 to 1950. The cure of choice was to go to a sanatorium, subject yourself to a regimen of daily life including diet, regulated exercise. So I want to talk a little bit about where that came from quickly. Then skip over to what happened to you when you actually went through the gates of the san and that the nurse for the first time handed you the rule book and says this tells you what your life is going to be like for the next three months, six months, two years, five years, eight years. Time counted heavily on your hands obviously when you were in a sanatorium. Generally what I want to talk about is, given the rules, a little bit about the routines. Some things were more important in a sanatorium than other things. Sitting still and resting were important, eating was important, for sure. Occupational therapy was important, for sure, of various lengths. That could cause a really elaborate point here in Saranac Lake. Of course every sanatorium had a magazine, a sanatorium magazine. I want to talk a little bit about all those.

So, to start out with, the diagnosis. Obviously I have never had tuberculosis that I know of. ? But of course that was a common experience among people in sanatoriums to discover within the course of the next couple of years that relatives, friends, strangers, people that ? were healthy had, in fact, tuberculosis. It was a disease that could attack anybody at any time in any walk of life at the most unexpected moments and one of great challenges was learning from doctors if you had a —well, the

most important diagnosis, I think, from one point of view is Dr. Trudeau's diagnosis. This is a quote from his autobiography. In 1872 he had been setting up as most of you know a medical practice in New York City and suddenly the lymph glands on one side of his neck swelled up. He started having persistent fevers. He went away for a vacation to try and cure it thinking that, well I've got malaria, everybody seems to have malaria. I don't know why ? that upset. But finally it didn't go away and he went to a famous physician named Dr. Janeway, in New York to have what he thought was a perfectly routine diagnosis, some kind of local infection or something and here's how he recalled and remember this is the founder of the Adirondack Cottage Sanatorium known as the Trudeau Sanatorium out here. This is a famous person that ? "Well Dr. Janeway", he said to his doctor. "You can't find anything the matter?" He looked grave and said, "Yes, the upper two thirds of the left lung is involved in an active tuberculosis process." I think, and this is Trudeau's recollection, I think I know something ? of the man at the bar who was told he's to be hanged on a given date. For in those days pulmonary consumption was considered as absolutely fatal. I pulled myself together, put as good a face on the matter as I could and escaped from the office after thanking the doctor for his examination. When I got outside I felt stunned. It seemed to me the world had grown suddenly darker. The sun was shining, it was true and the street was filled with the rush and noise of traffic, but to me the world had lost every vestige of brightness. I had consumption, that most fatal of diseases. Had I not seen it in all its horrors in my brother's case..." His brother had died a few years ago ? "It meant death and I had never thought of death before. Was I ready to die? How could I tell my wife whom I had just left in unconscious happiness with a little baby in our new home? In my rose colored vision achievements in professional success in New York were shattered now and in their place only exile and the inevitable end remained."

Well the rest is ? , the rest is history, the rest is Trudeau and his family after a couple of years emigrating up here to the Adirondacks, steadily improving and gradually establishing the

idea of the sanatorium where other people could, through a rest, cure and another regimen, that's a little more complicated obviously than I could go into now, hope to arrest the disease in its active state. That's Trudeau's memory.

When you read about what people write about their experiences with tuberculosis that being again and again the sheer awful shock of getting the disease and ? . This is death, a fatal disease. I'm going to die. That seems to be almost everybody's initial reaction along with the idea that it's a disease that you dare not tell anybody. It was something that had to be kept secret about....that there was something shameful about it. How measure of those two things was worth?

In my mind the best book about tuberculosis except for my own, of course, is one that is very hard to come by, Betty MacDonald's, The Plague and I. I don't know if any of you know about it. It's I think to my mind at least I read it as being the most realistic description of what it was like to get tuberculosis.

Betty MacDonald lived in Seattle and she came down with tuberculosis in the 30's and she went to a public sanatorium, a King county sanatorium, Fir lands, it was called. She calls it the Pines in the book and her diagnosis...remember it was in the 30's...where now 50 or 60 years after Trudeau got tuberculosis...in a world where even now the idea was that tuberculosis was if not an incurable disease, a controllable disease. That if you behaved right, if you took the cure you could expect to live out a normal, healthy life. Maybe even a life healthier than the average American lived because you didn't have to take care of yourself.

But it didn't matter. When Betty MacDonald went to the doctor, again, her experience was exactly like Trudeau's. She got colds. She felt terribly tired. She had indigestion all the time and went from doctor to doctor to doctor and said it was indigestion, it was a cold, drink lots of liquids...temperature...well, you have the flu. Rest for a few days and it will go away. And so finally she

goes to an intern who was a friend of the sister's husband and she spends all afternoon at the specialist's and this is the description: "I was at the chest specialist's all afternoon. He listened to my breathing and coughing, tested my sputum, examined my throat and fluoroscoped and ex-rayed my lungs. He was showing me the ex-rays when he gave me the diagnosis. He said, 'This shadow is the tubercular area in the left lung. You have pulmonary tuberculosis.' I didn't know that pulmonary tuberculosis meant tuberculosis of the lungs. I thought it some strange quick dying type. He concluded, 'You will have to go to a sanatorium.' Sanatorium...I knew what that meant. I had seen Margaret Sullivan in Three Comrades and I had read The Magic Mountain. Sanatoriums were places in the Swiss Alps where people went to die. Not only that but everyone I'd ever heard of who had tuberculosis had died. ? to realize I would be in excellent company but I didn't want to die. For one who had just pronounced a death sentence the chest specialist seemed singularly untouched. He was whistling at a small hotel and looking up the number in the telephone directory. He found his number and began to dial. I got up and went over to the window." Notice, she's in Seattle, it's 1931, but she might as well be now in New York in 1972. "I got up and went over to the window. It was nearly 5 o'clock on a September evening. Fog had begun to drift up from the waterfront. A car tooted its horn irritably in the street below. In the lighted windows of an office across the court I watched the girls jam things quickly in the drawers, slam files closed and hurry into their coats and hats. I said to the doctor, "What about my job?" He hung up the phone and he was leaning back in his chair. He was well tanned and very handsome. He said, "Miss MacDonald you won't be able to work for a long time. Complete bed rest is what you must have. You're contagious too," he added comfortingly. I began to cough and he automatically reached down into the drawer of his desk and handed me a Kleenex or whatever, those little paper napkins. I covered my mouth as he had told me to do and as I had not done for four or five months when I'd been coughing and felt very meek and very sad. I said, How much does a sanatorium cost? He said, \$35 to \$50 a week. My salary had just

been raised to \$115 a month. I said, How long will I have to be in a sanatorium? He said, At least a year, probably longer. I picked up my purse and gloves and said, Good night. As I went through the waiting room I could hear him whistling, There's a Small Hotel."

That was Betty MacDonald's introduction to tuberculosis. Well, like all of you here she, in fact wound up being lucky? although ? sanatorium the ? sanatorium was a pretty good sanatorium. And I'm skipping over what for many people was a very traumatic time in the disease. That time between the time when you know you have it and you figure out what your going to do about it. There's only a minority of people when you look at the whole issue of disease whoever were able to treat at a sanatorium. But the large number of people, particularly in large cities, had to treat at home.

But let's skip over the intervening because I don't want to make the talk too long and assume you've been admitted to a sanatorium which was often a difficult thing to achieve particularly a difficult thing to achieve admission to a sanatorium like the Trudeau which was world famous and which had a provably good record of releasing patients alive. That wasn't always the case with some of newer sanatoriums in the country.

Well, where did the sanatorium come from? This is something I want to wash over. Really, I suppose, the history of this is complicated but the idea that tuberculosis could be controlled by living in a particular sort of way really goes back to Germany in the 1850's and 1860's. And the first real sanatorium was established by a Prussian physician, Gustav ? Bremer in 1859 was when it opened. And it was based on an utterly wrong-headed theory. He noticed that people who lived in high altitudes didn't very often come down with tuberculosis. And so he scratched his head and thought, "Why?" And his idea was utterly wrong, I think, was that your heart has to work harder when you're at a higher altitude because the oxygen's thinner.

And if your heart works harder it pumps whatever is wrong in your lungs out of it.

So what he decided to do is establish a hospital in the mountains in Silesia which was now home, which was in Prussia at the time. He established a sanatorium in Silesia and he decided that what he should do for his patients was "A." to make them exercise, "B." give them stimulating shower baths ?? and also to give them immense tremendous meals to build up their strength. So if you went to Bremer Sanatorium, it's amazing that people survived it, but they did and they apparently came out better.

You might not agree with the exercise program. You had to walk a certain amount of distance every day and a little more the next day and a little more the next day and you had to eat five meals a day, enormous meals. Even bigger than the ones you were given in an American sanatorium in the 20's and 30's.

Well you'd think this might have put people off instantly but it didn't. In fact, his patients did very well and that spawned the idea that ran through the whole history of sanatoriums that the best thing about tuberculosis, maybe even for health in general, was regiments of routine where everything you did was planned, everything you do is planned to be healthy and everything you did was planned to be the best that could be done for your lungs. The rest was...everybody in the 1880's and 1890's who was trying to plan a sanatorium...a good cure involved rest and exercise. How much rest and how much exercise is a matter of debate. And that's the main matter of debate throughout the whole history of sanatoriums. Early on in the cure exercise was the big thing. The earliest patients who came up to the Trudeau in the 1880's exercised to a degree that I think any sanatorium based in the 1920's and 1930's would find astonishing. Sleigh rides, blackberry picking...all the early memories of the Little Red, the Little Green and the Little Blue, the first sanatorium cottages register that.

Well, rest and exercise were inevitably part of the cure. Diet was part of the cure, of course. Also optimism was part of the cure for state of mind was crucial to what became and what was thought by many people who were in sanatoriums. So every sanatorium paid attention to the way you were thinking day to day and what you were thinking.

There were other cures too. Pneumothorax, all the surgical cures, drugs were tried at various times, but the regimen....what do I mean by the regimen is the ritual of names in sanatoria...living the regulated life was the thing that was the be all and end all of sanatorium....the basis of....and it was pretty much constant from the time the first sanatoriums in the U.S. opened in the 1880's until they closed in the 1950's. The last one that I know of closed in the early 70's ? if you survived that you left. So that's...and there's some interesting history behind it but I don't think we need to talk about that now.

As soon as you arrived at a sanatorium you were usually given a bath and briefed by the nurse and told what the regimen of the sanatorium was. I think for this it's a good idea to go back to Betty MacDonald. This is her arrival at the Firline Sanatorium. She had at this point to wait a very long time for anybody to see her. She's waiting alone in her room and a nurse comes and brings her to the bathroom in her ward ????

"At the end of the hall we went through a pair of swinging doors marked Bathroom. Bathroom referred to three rooms. A square center room with a single hospital bed and it had a ? in each corner a casement, tall, dark casement window looking down on a black linoleum floor. And the nurse was busily filling the bathtub with boiling water. I explained to her that I had had a bath not three hours before but she didn't even look up. She said, 'Makes no difference. Rules of the sanatorium are that all incoming patients must have a bath. Get undressed.' As I undressed she opened my suitcase and took out soap, washcloth, pajamas, slippers and robe and a ?? with the rules. She acted as if she was reading these rules off the bottom of the

soap in my bathrobe ?? from the hem of the washcloth. 'Patients must not read. Patients must not write. Patients must not talk. Patients must not laugh. Patients must not sing. Patients must lie still. Patients must relax. Patients must...' I was ready for the bath so I interrupted to ask if I might put a little cold water in the steaming tub but there was a rule that all patients must be quiet. She gave me the full impact of her granite eyes and put a little cold water into the tub.

While I'm bathing, she unpacked my bags holding up everything in two disdainful fingers and saying, 'Why did you bring this?' I asked again..." I don't want to go on but this gives you a sense of what in a not particularly friendly sanatorium the rules could be like.

Well, again, those of you who were at the Trudeau probably got a slightly warmer reception than that and I think Betty MacDonald may be exaggerating a bit, but rules and routines were part of every sanatorium. I've seen the Trudeau rulebooks from the 1930's. The rules, considering what I've seen from some other sanatoriums seem very, very mild indeed and sensible in their expectations. Underneath all those rules are why are those rules obtained.

It wasn't always the case though. Let me talk to you a little bit about the Otisville Sanatorium. This is what.....the Otisville Sanatorium is in New York City Municipal Sanatorium...Catskill, excuse me if I make a little childish ? ? ? No, probably not.

Audience member: I've only visited.

But you visited. I don't know whether it was like this when you were there. These rules date back to 1915. There were only ten rules since they were very strict and some of them are interesting. The first rule was that you absolutely had to pay strict attention to the disposing of sputum. That was the first rule it was most important what you did with it. The second rule....and this is a digest of all sanatorium rules that you had to

remain in the open air at all times except at supper and bedtime. You had to be out all the time. This is a little...I'm going to give you a quote even though it's not what I meant to do from the director of the Otisville Sanatorium who was explaining in a letter to a visiting committee why there weren't any.....why there was no hot water and in fact no plumbing in the bathrooms in Otisville. And this is his reason. The living and the dressing rooms were heated but experience soon showed in the growing cold weather patients, unless watched frequently, lounged in the warm dressing room and so to insure their continued life in the open orders were issued that the windows and doors of the living and dressing rooms should be kept wide open throughout the day from about nine a.m. to five p.m.. With the intensely cold weather prevailing at Otisville in the winter, this regulation resulted in a freezing of the pipes. And this led to the abandonment of plumbing fixtures. So if you think the atmosphere was tough at Trudeau, I think you can thank your lucky stars you weren't at Otisville in 1950.

The third rule was that you had to brush your teeth before and after meals. You also....and the most important rule was that you had to in a sense, "do your own time" as prisoners call it. The patients at Otisville were exhorted to report anybody who didn't obey the rules. This is a quote from the Otisville rulebook. "Your chances of getting well depend on...depend largely upon the observance of these rules." Every sanatorium said that in some form or another. "It is therefore in your interest to obey them and to see that they are followed by the other patients. The individual who breaks these rules is your enemy and should be reported at once." That was the tough life at the Otisville sanatorium. That was unusually tough though. I think most of the rules simply were designed to ensure that you did rest, necessary rest.

Another thing about Otisville is the routine. Of course the rules were designed to make sure that everybody observed the routine. And the routine was what...I told you as you know it was. It involved rest, eating and whatever medical procedures

needed to be performed. This was the rule at Otisville. Although Otisville was tough I think this is fairly typical of most sanatorium routines. See if it wasn't so at Trudeau.

You arose to a bell at 6:30 in the morning. ??? So everybody rose at 6:30. You ate between...breakfast between 7:00 and 7:30 with the sexes strictly separated. That was another constant rule at every sanatorium. Betty MacDonald always talked about this. Men and women were supposed to stay away from each other. Romance complicated the cure. And of course a famous place Trudeau as the cousins know that rule was violated day and night...all the time but nonetheless every sanatorium had rules to try and prevent romance from happening because that got you excited and raised your temperature and did all sorts of other things that were thought to be bad for ? . So the sexes ate separately between 7:00 and 7:30. Around 8 o'clock there was a daily ritual at Otisville where you took yesterday's sputum cups and handed them in to prove that you'd been obeying the rule and were given a new one for the following day. Between nine and ten the medical staff made rounds. From ten to noon the morning rest period, nine ? whatever. Then the main meal of the day which was at noon time, dinner around noon time and then another rest period between 2 o'clock and 5 o'clock in the afternoon at Otisville.

Although, again, Otisville was a very tough institution and as you got better and better instead of simply taking exercise being allowed an hour up or a half an hour up or two hours up at Otisville you had to work. You had to work at a trade and so you got put to work, and not simply crafts work, but labor, industrial labor at Otisville. I don't know how many license plates were produced at Otisville. Then at supper you, again, with the sexes segregated, was eaten between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. And then you were more or less allowed a social hour. You could either rest or socialize with other patients until 9:15 at which time a warning bell sounded and then at 9:30 there was a second bell and all the lights went off, they were all turned off from the central office at Otisville.

But, again, tough though it is I'm drawing on Otisville because it's a kind of very clear, because it's so extreme, example of I think what went on at almost every institution. The main reason, I suppose, that these rules were in place was to make sure that you ate enough to give yourself a good ? and that you put on weight because the great terror, again as I read it from reading constantly about sanatoriums the worst feeling was to go in for a weekly weigh in and find that you had lost weight or to...some sanatoriums would not let you look at your temperature charts...to look at your temperature chart and see no improvements in the daily temperatures. That was a sort of terror. And the sanatoriums wanted to prevent that from happening and the rules were designed to prevent that from happening.

And now the MacGregor. Was anybody here there by any chance? That was the sanatorium down in northern Saratoga County ???? that now belongs to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and it was....during most of this history it was exclusively for people who were from Met Life who came down with TB.

And again, it was a pretty mild mannered institution unlike the Otisville. And they have at the beginning of their rules book a description of what it meant to rest. In every rulebook you're supposed to rest during rest hours. "Rest," the rulebook says, "means complete relaxation of body and mind." You were not relaxed if you lied with your arms behind your head. "Read or listen to the radio." In other words you had to be meek to relax means to ? slowly.

And also you're never supposed to discuss tuberculosis or its symptoms. To quote from the rulebook, "especially during meals. Digestion is aided by a pleasant atmosphere." Many sanatoriums had rules against talking about tuberculosis and talking about symptoms. The idea being that that gets everybody well on their clinical ?. And that brought about the state of pessimism and despair. And if you look at almost any sanatorium between 1900

and 1950 you'll find someone in that sanatorium saying the worst enemy of the patient at the sanatorium is pessimism leading then to despair. The name of the sanatorium magazine at Mt. MacGregor was "The Optimist" and that's not an unusual sort of title for a sanatorium.

I don't want to go on about rules too much but I want to...I simply describe the rules...up to this point. I want to actually read a few. This is from....I could go on all night with these. I'm laughing at these things and yet on the other hand there may be something insensitive about that. I had tried to put myself in the position of someone afflicted with a potentially life-threatening disease that has to make a complete break with his or her former life going to completely alien atmosphere, almost always in a place hundreds of miles from home and then instead of being greeted by asomeone that says, "We're here to help you." Its, "Here's the rules madam or sir. Please follow them." It's....it was a tough cure. On the other hand, here you are. So it apparently worked.

Another interesting fact, remember that the cure for bacillus was discovered in 1882 by Robert Pope. And when that happened Pope in his announcement of the discovery of the cause of tuberculosis optimistically said, "A great step has now been taken. We've found the cause. It's really only a minor matter at this point in time till the cure." Well, this optimism wasn't justified. It was nearly 80 years before knowing what caused the disease led to anything that effectively treated it quickly without any other kind of life. And in the meantime, between 1882 and I'll say 1952 or 1953 this was, at least in America and maybe Europe too, and the only way to cure this disease and I can't help but admire anybody who went through it and so if I'm laughing at it it's only to, kind of humor is always appropriate. It's not a laughing matter.

But here are the rules for the Massachusetts, again State sanatorium as well as ?????? Again, first rule is the classic rule that every sanatorium had: "Patients must spend as much time

as possible out of doors every day. They must be out of the ward before 9 a.m. Patients upon admission must not leave the building until they have received instructions from their physician regarding exercising. They are expected to follow the advice of the physician regarding rest, exercise and diet. As food forms an important part of the treatment, patients are urged to take as much nutrition as possible." This was around 1915. Later on the theory changed. The idea was that you could eat too much. And the emphasis changed not from eating like a horse to eating good, well balanced, nutritious meals, but not five of them a day and not ??...but we'll talk about that in a minute. "Patients must be ? . Eating between meals ?? is prohibited. Patients must be present at all meals and lunches, unless excused by the superintendent of ?. Patients must respond promptly to the first bell for meals. This allows time for a thorough cleansing of hands before the patient enters the dining room. This regulation is very important and must not be neglected. Stimulants are not allowed except under medical advice. Drinking of liquor, beer, ale, hard cider, sherry, etc. as well as the stronger alcoholic beverages on the sanatorium grounds, elsewhere or else they will be punished by the ? . Patients are required to use for expectoration at all times the cuspidors provided for that purpose. Under no circumstances should handkerchiefs be used. And spitting upon the grounds, floors, or in the basins, closets, or sinks is absolutely prohibited. For the health of all concerned this rule will be strictly enforced." And, of course, arguably one of the reasons why Saranac Lake throughout the history of the cure had a considerably lower incidence of tuberculosis...

(This concludes the first side of the tape.)

....are not allowed to get up after a half an hour before the rising bell rings without permission from the nurse lest they disturb others in the ward. Do not forget that others may need more sleep than you require. Association with men and women on or off the grounds is not allowed except by permission. Patients will be responsible for any damage done to the property and the

other rules I'm going to skip because they're peculiar to what was stated but again, here's a rule that was universal. The time between one and three p.m. daily must be reserved for quiet hour in the ward. At this time all talking, passing through the ward or any other disturbing noises must be avoided. Well, this rule—I don't mean to be boring but ?already 10% of the Revlen sanatorium rulebook. But those are the rules and the team—they were grouped in teams— they were part of was almost universal in sanatoriums. Where did that routine come from?

We're going to talk a little bit about the idea of the routine itself in Saranac Lake. I inquired about this when I was writing my book and I never actually got a satisfactory answer as to where the routine that was used in the Trudeau Sanatorium came from although more sources than not accorded it to Dr. Lawrason Brown who's someone you might have known. He's very often looked at as a formative influence in the way the Adirondack—first the Adirondack Cottage later the Trudeau Sanatorium operated during the 1920's and 1930's until it closed. And he certainly wrote an extremely influential book called, Rules for Recovery from Pulmonary Tuberculosis. And he, mainly in his book, not just for people who were in sanatoriums, but people who weren't so lucky, and who had to try and maintain a semblance of the cure at home—and he laid out for you a, the way that you should spend your whole day. This is Lawrason Brown's general set of rules for a day for a person ? 7:30, take temperature. Milk—hot as desired, if necessary. Warm water for washing, cold ? because, again, depending on the sanatorium the idea was, depending how lucky or unlucky you were, the idea was pretty widely circulated that cold baths would help you if you had tuberculosis. And as Adolpus Knopff, a major anti-tuberculosis crusader in the 1920's also thought that ice-cold baths were good for you. When you went into a sanatorium you should begin by having a warm bath and then day by day the temperature should be lowered until you were used to an ice-cold plunge. And he also believed that friction baths should be rubbed down ? . And I don't know how widely observed that advice was.

At 8 o'clock, according to Lawrason Brown's routine, you ate breakfast. Between 8:30 and 10:30 you rested, outdoors if possible, if it was summer, on a chair or in bed. At 10:30 you ate a lunch. Between 11:00 to 1:00 you either rested if you were in an early stage of the cure or if you were at the point where you were beginning to exercise, you exercised. Between 1:00 and 2:00 you ate dinner. Whether it was lunch or dinner within a couple of hours of each other. And you could stay indoors, according to Lawrason Brown, safely for an hour, but then no more than an hour. Then, from 2:00 to 4:00 in the afternoon, rest again in a reclining position reading but no talking about it.

Again, you see how in Saranac Lake things were always a little more humane. Betty MacDonald, in her Sanatorium in Seattle wasn't allowed to read for the first month of her cure—anything, not even the newspaper. The radio was turned on for an hour at night, but that was the only contact with the outside world the patients had when they were on absolute bed rest which they were at the beginning of the cure.

So you took your temperature after the rest hour at 4 o'clock. Then you had another lunch at 3:40, then from 4:00 to 6:00, even at a very early stage in the cure according to Lawrason Brown you did some exercise—even if it was very, very minor exercise. Then at 6 o'clock you had supper ? and then at 7 o'clock, Lawrason Brown's instructions ?? He wasn't one of those who insisted that a blizzard was no reason to go inside. And then at 8 o'clock you took your temperature, at 9 o'clock you got another lunch and went to bed.

And, again, food—most of you, of course, were taking the cure much later on and food got more and more deemphasized as time went on.

So that was part of it...but there's another part of the cure that I'm fortunate enough to have an audio-visual totally without realizing I would be here...an audio-visual display board.

Lawrason Brown, again, believed like most physicians in the 1920's and 1930's that if you control this disease everything the patient did had to be planned and thought out, even though he wasn't by any means a ? he wasn't a dictator, he nonetheless thought that planning was important. And if the time you cured in the cure chair was important and, of course the way you cured in the cure chair was important, there was likely a right way to lie in it and a wrong way to lie in it. And there was a right way to put the blanket on yourself and a wrong way to put the blanket on yourself or the "rug" as it was called in the 1920's and 1930's and also in the 40's. These are Lawrason Brown's instructions for how to lie down in the cure chair. I wonder if this is a ? . I don't know if this was still being done in the 40's.

Place the rug, which should be large in size, fully extended on the chair. After sitting down, grasp the part of the rug lying on the right of the chair, and with a quick motion throw it over the feet and knees and tuck it well under the legs. Then do the same with the part of the rug on the other side of the chair but leave the edge free. Now grasp the free edge of the rug lying on the right hand side and pull it up hand over hand until the end that was lying free and on the feet is reached. Then pull up the far end of the rug taking care to uncover as little as possible of the legs and tuck both sides under the knees. This will give....there's a reason for this...he explains it. This will give three or four layers of rug over most of the legs with only one over the feet. It forms, however, a bag out of the rug and no air can enter. A second rug, pulled and thrown over the first makes such a covering in the coldest weather can be divided. Well I don't know how exactly people followed those rules, but, in fact, Lawrason Brown said too it was the greatest good for the greatest number....long practiced in Saranac Lake. It's shown that this was a good way to wrap yourself up and make yourself proof against the Saranac winters and so he conveys it to everyone else. So much for....of course, we could go on forever with this and I don't want to bore you.

I want to briefly skip from these—the rules and routines—to a few other little highpoints in a sanatorium.

Food—that's something we've talked about before and always an important part of the cure. In almost all sanatoriums—and this is something the hospital could learn something from—prided themselves on the quality of the food. Even Betty McDonald's sanatorium, the public sanatorium, run by King County, the county Seattle was located had extremely good food. The idea was that you had to eat well to recover from the acute stages of the disease. And that's how energy was spent by most sanatoriums. You know, whatever the results were a lot of energy and effort was spent on the food.

Let me give you a typical diet recommended for consumptives by Dr. Charles Fox Gardner, and this is from 1900 so it's very early in the game and it's much more ? than you would ever be in 1940, but think about what you escaped if you were here in the 40's or 50's. This was the typical diet. When you woke up you were supposed to drink a half a pint of milk and eat a piece of toast. Then, that wasn't breakfast—breakfast was a half an hour later. And you should have eggs. They should be either poached, soft-boiled or raw. Mutton chops or broiled steak. Poultry—these were not all at the same time, this was a typical breakfast menu. Either poultry, sweetbread, scraped ? , sardines, if found digestible, Dr. Bowden....I can't imagine how any of that....bacon, mush at several times providing it's boiled at least four hours. Fruit, though for some reason it couldn't be pineapples, bananas, or any of those tropical fruits and bread...two day old bread. They weren't allowed to eat fresh bread. That was breakfast. And then also you had to eat the food slowly, you weren't allowed to eat it quickly. But then dinner, at noon, was just sort of like breakfast...roast beef, mutton, turkey, vegetables, baked potatoes, for instance, spinach, peas, corn, cauliflower, lettuce with lemon juice, beans such as boiled or roasted, partridge, squab, woodcock, snipes, prairie chicken or quail and as a vegetable substitute macaroni or spaghetti cooked with cheese. Some light pudding such as rice pudding or bread pudding. so

that means stewed fruits, ice cream, taken with caution. That was noon. Lunch which you ate at four in the afternoon to include milk, toast, ?straight, you need a cup of milk, bouillon, crackers ? , cocoa, beet juice, milk punch or eggnog, raw egg broth, a few raw oysters, constantly tea with a dash of rum, sandwiches made with jelly or dunking marmalade, English bevy of breakfast of biscuits and then supper, the last meal of the day should include herpon served over broth, herpon is a food supplement, cold meats or warm ?of steak, broiled fish or trout, no canned foods of any sort except sardines. That was Dr. Gardner's....and again, early in the period you were expected to eat well. Why more people didn't die is beyond me, but you were. So, food, an important part of the deal.

Also, an important part of it, and I'm sure everybody in Canada....this was....and maybe it's underestimated, it's the maintaining of good spirits and optimism. My indirect experience of people who are in sanatoriums is that some people reacted to that constant insistence that you be optimistic and keep your spirits up and not lower the morale of the community. Some people found that absolutely what they needed, other people preferred praises. Benny McGowan was one of the ones that wrote praises so she's very funny about what it was like to get with every meal a little proverb on your plate. The very first one she got at her first dinner at the time said, "If you must be blue be a bright blue." It went down from there.

But, institutions, sanatoriums, everything that could to make sure that people kept their spirits up and virtually every sanatorium had a magazine. Sometimes they didn't come out all that well. This is the one, I'll just show you a zerox of it, that is from the 1930's from Mt. McGregor, Mt. McGregor Optimist. And there were full of all kinds of little inspirational messages that were designed to, well, sometimes they look as if they were designed to make you sick, but they were actually designed to make you feel that in fact you were curing and the inevitable upsurge of the black mood that had to happen to everybody and

they were bound to happen to you in this situation and don't take them too far and to the dumps.

I just want to read you a quote from the article in the...this is the winter 1938 edition of the Mt. McGregor Optimist. I've listed this magazine so that three or four, three or four or five years ago ? and they all came from 1938 and 1939 and everything in them is written by a patient named Charles Forth. He apparently wrote all the articles, printed them up and distributed them. So everything was written by Charles Forth. He was one of those inspirational patients. And here is his advice about what to do when the blues took over. "Step over the rough spots or apparent difficult ?? The entire situation is summed up on how you respond or react to your own thoughts and desires. You can easily take one road to the depths of despair or just as easily another road to the height of ? Instructions in terms of thinking should take up so much of your leisure time that you have not a moment to spare for that dread disease, nostalgia." What he's writing about here is inevitable, you know, a moment around Christmas or Easter when you're thinking about home and family and here you are up in the mountains ? ? ? ? ?. "Nostalgia is a dread disease you are not allowed to get, you have to fight it off. For instance, the sweet strains of that famous melody, Home Sweet Home, played by a smooth orchestra is humming over the air on the radio. Immediately someone will frantically ring the buzzer. The nurse having only the thought of emergency on her mind responds rapidly to the call only to be informed, 'Please turn off the radio, I can't stand hearing that song. Turn off the dial at once, please!' Then you wonder why the other person and patients...and I think you must be touching on something here with a lot of people...why the other person and patients, surely home loving folk, adore the beautiful words and melody of the song, Be It Ever So Humble There's No Place Like Home, welcome to listeners under any conditions because it brings back to their mind the person they want to be, where their hearts really lie, where their loved ones are waiting patiently for their return. Then I should imagine", this is what Charles Porter said but I don't know if this is what everybody said, "Then I should

imagine they would listen to every word embellish the song that brings back the sweet memories of happier days that were and happier days that will come again." That was the way you were supposed to think. When those dwellings came up you were supposed swallow them.

Well, let everybody eat dinner now and it's interesting...the Journal of the Outdoor Life, which I think again probably...I'm not sure how many people were here would have read it, but I think it probably predated the cities and also ??? the sanatorium, but it was published in the 20's and I think into the 30's and it was the national sanatorium magazine. You got it wherever you were at any time...it was the only magazine... and during the 20's there was a different date in the Journal of Outdoor Life. You had to..it was published, by the way, in Saranac Lake and you have to give them credit. They made it a day ? ? it was always optimism, good ? or is all this optimism bad for this. Well, some people wrote in and said, "I can't stand any more of this. You have to stop it." But others kind of wrote in rather intelligently and said, Yes I see all this in ? and the optimism is annoying, but this is a...where a patient may not ? He wrote a letter to the Journal of the Outdoor Life and here's her explanation why she was willing to put up with this. She's writing to a patient who's ? and can't stand any more optimism and what she says, "Were you really in earnest when you said that you're tired of always looking for the sun and the cloud's silver lining? I've been looking for the sun for years and always shall continue to do so. Two years ago I was called a hopeless case. My respiration was 48 and my average temperature 104. But I always believed that where there was life there was hope. By a continuous Pollyanna diet plus ? I am going to be the victor. Actual thought on the hopelessness of my case would have overwhelmed me. Each time I read an account of a patient being cured, I am renewed with fresh strength and courage. I know that I can do what others have done. So I say Thank God for the Pollyannas and the make-believes. Thank him for the Journal of the Outdoor Life which encourages patients to win the battle." What she seems to be saying seems to be what most patients say—that hey found it annoying, but they also

found that over time it worked...it did what it was supposed to do. And again, the sanatoriums had....there's no longer a debate about exactly how it affected they were, but I think anyone who has been to one and has lived to tell the tale and has lived before and after is going to attest to the value of the cure.

I'm going to skip occupational therapy because I ? to run over. I don't need to remind you of ? adults crocheting and all that stuff, you know, wood burning and the kind of things...the Tudeau Sanatorium actually...there was a little catalogue and I think there's a copy of it occasionally on the ? through the library and your friends and relatives could buy these things just to save time I'm going to skip that...and allude to it and simply cut over it and end with what for most people is the ending. From the moment you entered the sanatorium you couldn't get out of your head until you left the moment you were actually let go. I'm not even going to read anything to you that tells you how joyous that return to the family and the life you left was. What I am going to remind you of and I think Betty McDonald writes about this very, very well was how awful it was once you'd been in a sanatorium for six months, a year, two years or five years to go back and find and adjust to normal life. You were used to living by a routine, living healthily, sleeping out in the cold. All of a sudden you were back in a world where people did not live like this.

If they knew you had tuberculosis, well let me read you a little Betty McDonald. Again, I think she's always a very good way to end. After she gets out of the sanatorium the first thing that happens is that her sister Mary takes her to visit an old school friend of theirs. "Early in the fall Mary and I drove into the country to buy peaches and stopped at the house of an old school friend." I'm sure most people have had some kind of experience like this. "We had forgotten that old school friend had ripened into the type of housekeeper who washes off banana skins with Lysol before ? them and we greeted her accusedly and demanded food and coffee. She was extremely unenthusiastic. Weren't you in a tuberculosis sanatorium?" She asked, through a small crack in the door. "She only got out June

12", Mary said, looking at me proudly. Old school friend excused herself for a minute humbly shutting the door in our faces. The day was warm, but certainly not warm enough to warrant being kept out on the porch as long as she kept us. When she did let us in sometime later she produced coffee and food, but we ate it quickly and over such a bedlam of noise that conversation was impossible. It was not hard to determine that while we waited on the front porch old school friend had gathered up her children and both of them in some back room where they kicked and screamed and pounded on the door and managed to laugh the whole time we were there. As we drove away Mary said, "Don't you dare go back and work with her no matter how hard she begs. You just tell her she lives too far out in the country and you must ? ?"

That's one side of it. The experience of being someone, again the experience of having after a hard adjustment gotten used to the idea of tuberculosis was a disease the can be dealt with and then you come back into the world where people can't deal with it. And it's the classic story at home. It goes on today ??? but that wasn't the only problem facing ? the sanatorium. Again, Betty McDonald's whole last chapter is about how difficult it was to adjust to normal life. Remember her sanatorium was just a ten mile drive out of town. She found herself compulsively keeping up with people from the sanatorium, cutting off all of her friends from before and spending all of her time talking to people who had just gotten out of the san, by people who were in the san, constantly feeling ill at ease in any situation at all.

She describes being, and this is the last thing I'm going to read ? I'm sorry I kept you longer than I expected to. She describes going to her first party after having gotten out of the sanatorium. "The evening was not unusually warm but the room seemed suffocating and the air smelled as if it had been rancid with the ?." Again, a perfectly horrible atmosphere for someone who hasn't lived in the fresh air. But when, just to close on a ? it's suffocating. "Everyone looked very tired and seemed to be on edge and straining to have a good time. After the first hour I too

looked tired and was on edge and straining to have a good time for the apartment appeared to be 90° there wasn't a shred of oxygen left in the air. I was stacked ? and my blood was attuned to a temperature that was not over 50°. I coughed tubercular a few times but all that got me was another offer of a drink. But at 11 O'clock as I actually began to lose consciousness I staggered across the room mumbling apologies, raised the window two inches and opened the door into the hall. My hostess shivered a few times then gave me an accusing look and went and got little sacks and jackets for the women. The men hunched their shoulders, looked for the draft and moved in protective corners. When I got home I sat out on the porch and breathed in great providing breaths of fresh air and wondered how I was ever going to stand working all day in a hot, stuffy office."

And, again that is another experience. Well, the way it ends for Betty McDonald is this she recalls, goes on for months and months and months until finally her family gets sick of her and starts yelling at her this and finally one day she goes into downtown Seattle and she's sitting disconsolately at a lunch counter thinking, "Am I going to spend the rest of my life having to spend all of my time outdoors and using my social network, not being able to work a job." And a friend of hers from before this time comes into the coffee shop, indeed by accident, he offers her a job. And as soon as she's taken the job something snaps and this is the closing, at the closing of the book. "From far away I heard the gates of the pines, pines are forever. So, again, she went on to more than normal. She became a best selling writer and wrote The Egg and I and several other best selling books including this one. It's incredibly to the point. To my mind, of all the books I've read of experiences of taking the cure this is the best one.

I hope not to revive horrible memories but revive some memories. And simply urge you to write them down because this is a world that doesn't exist any more. In other words it's important records. Posterity needs to know this. Look at the

way a contemporary example the United States with ? of AIDS is exactly the same path, terror, denial that was expressed with tuberculosis. And we need the lessons that fight against tuberculosis before there was a cure for it, gays in the United States. And they're being forgotten. I mean people don't remember any more that this era existed. And, I mean, you, the people who were here remember it. The one thing I would urge you to do is write it down. And if you have any stuff left over from your days at the sanatorium keep it, it's valuable. What to do with it I don't know. Some of you may want to keep it for your own memories and some of you may want to give it to children and grandchildren. It's something that would be useful here at Saranac Lake to the library. Another place that I think would be glad to get them although I think Saranac is probably the best is the ? Academy of Medicine which has a good collection on the history of medicine and disease. That's all I've got to say. I'm prattling on but obviously a lot of you know more about this than I do. Thank you very much.

Question and Answer period of which first question and answer are inaudible.

Audience member: I think the interesting thing is that most of us not only have experienced the rigidity of the cure as you point out. I know in the 30's and 40's we sort of did what was expected not nearly, in fact, the severity.

Mr. Caldwell: No, I think what I've been doing is maybe exaggerating and looking for the most severe examples. And I think as time went on it got more and more (inaudible)

Audience member: I think you also have to note that, particularly in Saranac Lake it was not an insulated community. You had people who, from all over the world, from all walks of life, especially Venezuela, ? and it was a little different if you came from a big city in Canada or a small town as opposed to the type of life you had in India and I think the happiest days of my life were the days I spent here curing because I did things that I

never would have done if I had lived in New York City. I went out in boats, I ? , I met my wife and was married up here and we've always come back. My son comes here ? and he enjoys himself up here.

Mr. Caldwell: Most of the other ways that Saranac Lake wasn't typical was the...made no effort to ? you were a citizen of the town and you weren't in any way....you did whatever anybody else did within the limits of the day.

Audience member speaks, but it is inaudible.

Audience member: When I was in ? Sanatorium there was a kid in the bed next to me, his name was Jerry Rosenberg. He was 16 years old. He was in the Jewish theater . He cured, went back to New York, changed his name to Jerry Roth ? Ross. He was an outstanding actor in "Pajama Game". He died maybe 10 years ago.

Audience member: I'd be interested in what caused you, an outsider, to involve yourself in the research ? in your book.

Mr. Caldwell: I was born in Troy and as I said I've been spending my summers in the Adirondacks in the mountains of my ? . In the 1970's I was especially coming up to the area around Rainbow Lake. There were a whole series of sanatoriums— one beautiful sanatorium Stonywold that's gone now. I'd been noticing all these vacant lots and I'd always known, of course that Saranac Lake was the site of "the cure" and I'd suddenly noticed these lots, vacant lots and when I'd ask people what was here I'd find that some people would remember a little bit vaguely that the memory of what they were and what was going on had begun to fade ? and also I'm a Betty McDonald fan. I had read this book and thought it's the only book I know by a major best selling author about the experience of having tuberculosis and plainly, she wrote it because she knew there were a million other people who had been in the same boat and she wanted to write about the experience.