

It has been reported to me that this magazine finds its way each week into the State Sanatorium, and that the patients there read it all the way through.

The rumor may not be true, but in the hope that it is, I want to make this issue of this column especially complimentary to those who are making the fight there. ~~xxxxx~~ Having been through the mill myself, I know what it is, and I can speak from the trenches, as it were. That is something of a mixed metaphor, but we will let it pass.

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First I wish to pay my respects to the Superintendent, Dr. P. P. McCain. It was not my privilege to take the cure under his direction, but I have seen some of the cases that he has turned out and put back on their feet, and I know that ~~xxxxx~~ he has done a great work as head of the institution. Wise, skillful, firm yet sympathetic, he combines all the admirable qualities that go to make for success in his office and profession.

Added to that, he is devoid of spite and ~~vind~~ practices a charity that covers a multitude of other people's sins. That I know from my own experience with him.

Here is the proof.

About five years ago the North Carolina Tuberculosis Association held a meeting in Salisbury, N.C. I was present by virtue of being chairman of the Christmas Seal Sale in my county. At the opening session I was sitting in the front row of the audience. The ~~speaker~~ gentleman addressing the gathering made a humorous remark at which we all laughed. Presently he uttered another statement which brought forth ~~still more~~ ^{glanced around} laughter, and as I looked around I caught the eye of Henry B. Smith, superintendent of schools ~~XX~~ of New Berne. He was enjoying the

joke hugely, laughing heartily: I waved "howdy" at him and he waved back. When the session was over I went over and spoke to him, told him I was glad to see him, and ~~that sort of thing~~. He was cordial, but I thought there was an expression on his ~~countenance~~ ^{face} that indicated a little doubt as to my identity. Especially when I called him Henry.

Later in the day I discovered that the gentleman I had spoken to and called Henry was not Henry Smith at all, but was Dr. P. P. McCain.

The point of this story is that shortly afterwards I told Henry about having mistaken Dr. McCain for him ~~Smith the joke~~, that soon after that Smith and Dr. McCain met for the first time ~~xxxxxxx~~ and got a good look at each other, and in spite of it all, Dr. McCain is just as nice to me as though I had said he looked like Douglas Fairbanks.

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When folks are in bed for a long spell such as T.B. requires they find various ways of making the time pass. Some read, some crochet, some weave, some write, some make collections of various kinds. I knew one man who had a kodak and took snap shots of the birds that played around. One of the things I engaged in was making limericks, something that I had never attempted in my life before. I found it interesting, whether my friends liked it or not. The nurse on my floor was named Carol. Seeing some of the limericks I had written she asked me to write one for her. I did. It went like this:

A very nice nurse is Miss Carol:

She's not near as large as a barrel--

She looks very sweet

From her head to her feet,

When dressed in her nurse's apparel.

* * *

She liked that so much that I wrote another for her. Her beau was named Morris. So I wrote:

She lives somewhere near Pisgah Forest Fores'

Her name really ought ot be Boris,
For then, don't you see
How easy 'twould be
To make a rhyme ending with Morris

* * *

~~Shetook those limericks down to the lady in room 24.~~

It happened that the scales on which the patients weighed themselves ~~were~~ ^{were} in the hall opposite my door, and as I kept my door open I saw all who came by, though I did not know them by name. There was one young lady whose hair was bobbed. Bobbed hair was just coming into fashion ~~One day I wrote a limerick about that~~ then and I made fun of her for cutting hers off.

On e day I wrote about some of my fellow inmates; using a little freak spelling to make it different:

When people come up here to weigh,

I sometimes call out to them "Heigh!"

Some are nice, some are not,

Some Pretened to get hot,

And some of the hurry aweigh.

There's one--number twenty nine roomer--

I think he must have a bad tumor:

He has nothing to seigh,

The whole blessed deigh;

I never knew such an ill humor.

But the girl from the twenty-fifth ceighge

Does in ^{the} conversation engeighge.

We talk ~~and~~ we laugh ~~and~~ we chatter,

'Tis pleasing just ~~for~~ to look at 'er--

But her hair is quite short for her eighge.

* * *

There were other verses that have nothing to do with this

story, and the whole business was taken by the nurse down to the young lady's room twenty five. In an hour or two here came a reply to my poetic sally. And to explain one verse I should say that I am inclined to be bald--something like Eugene Debs, if you ever saw a picture of him. ^{less so than} ~~or~~ a billiard ball, if you ever saw one.

Here is the what she wrote:

I'm glad you are feeling so geigh
On this cloudy October deigh.
To have such a neighbor
I consdier a feighvor
From the great gods to whom I preigh.

By the words of your roundel~~ay~~gh,
In which you your housemates porttreigh
You show yourself clever,
So that I can never
Mtch your wit, to my disma~~ay~~gh.

X X X X
Then take partiular note of the next verse:

My hair may be short as you steight,
But long hair I can't tolera~~ight~~ght
And as it is now
I've much more, I vow
Than the scanty locks covering your peight.

* * *

It was sveral days before I tried any more limericks on that youn
lady.