

Cloud in the sky

THE NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION PRESENTS
"CLOUD IN THE SKY"

DIRECTOR: EDGAR G. ULMER
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: J. BURGI CONTNER
SOUND: DEAN COLE
FILM EDITOR: MARC S. ASCH

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More than one and one half million citizens of the United States claim Spanish as their mother tongue. Their happy spirit in the face of toil and hardship enriches our land. They bear more than their share of the crushing burden of tuberculosis.

This story is dedicated to them in the hope that it will speed the day when our whole nation shall be freed of man's ancient enemy: tuberculosis.

"You see, doctor, they are a very happy people. Their old customs, their own language, all of these things mean so much to them. They work hard, it is true, but they certainly do enjoy themselves.

- They surely do enjoy themselves.
- By the way, it's late. I've got to be going.
- Well, see you again, doctor.
- Goodbye."

"Father, what is it?

- It is your mother.
- Mother had one of her coughing spells. Blood came from her mouth. Padre is in there."

MARZO
ABRIL
MAYO
JUNIO
JULIO
AGOSTO
SEPTIEMBRE
OCTUBRE

"Why don't you eat, my child?

- I'm not hungry, father.
- You aren't sick?
- No, don't you worry."

“I am worried, my child.

- Don't, father.
- I can't help it. Since your mother left us a year ago, you have been coughing, you don't eat, you feel tired. I have watched you.
- I'm tired, yes. Maybe I'm still growing. Wouldn't that be funny?
- There, you see?
- I see nothing. It hasn't rained in so long, there's dust in the road. Some of it got in my throat. I won't have you worry about me. I'm alright. It's late. You have to get up early to go to work. Good night, dearest.
- Good night.”

“Tired she was. It's not the work. And how she coughed, just so you began, my dear.”

“Consuelo, I have seen you praying. Peace and consolation are the blessings that our Blessed Mother gives to her children.

- Father, I'm afraid. My mother was taken from us. And now, I am ill. I cough, I'm tired all the time. I have the same signs that she had. Help me, father. Help me!
- Yes, Consuelo. I will help you. I will give you the blessings of the church and all the consolations of religion. But you must take my advice: you must go to a doctor at once. He can and he will help you. You must not use patent medicines. You must not use home remedies. God has made us to understand and to know. He has given us an intelligence. He has also given us science. And the doctors spend their lives curing and helping those who are ill and who suffer. God wants us to use the gift that He has given us from heaven. You must go to a doctor, Consuelo.”

“Well now, let's see now.”

- (N) CHRONIC LOWER RESPIRATORY AFFECTIONS... NO
- (O) ISCHIO-RECTAL ABSCESS
- (P) PAIN... NONE
- (Q) FEVER... SLIGHT – AFTERNOON
- (R) LOSS OF WEIGHT... 10 POUNDS
- (S) LOSS OF ABILITY TO WORK... YES
- (T) FATIGUE... YES
- (U) SLEEP
- (V) NIGHT SWEATS... NO
- (W) CONFINED TO BED... NO
- (X) DELAYED RECOVERY OTHER ILLNESSES... NO

PRESENT ILLNESS

- (A) COUGH... SLIGHT – 5 WEEKS
- (B) HEMOPTYSIS, DATE AND AMOUNT... NO
- (C) EXPECTORATION, DATE AND AMOUNT... SLIGHT
- (D) DYSPNOEA... NONE
- (E) HOARSENESS, FREQUENT OR TRANSITORY
- (F) CHRONIC UPPER RESPIRATORY AFFECTIONS

(G) SINUS... NORMAL
(H) THROAT CONDITION... NORMAL
(I) TEETH... ”
(J) APPETITE... VERY POOR
(K) DIGESTION

“Now come along, young lady.”

“Step up, young lady, please. Put your chin. This wonderful X-ray light goes right through your body and makes a picture of the inside of your chest on the film. Then we can see if any damage has been done to your lung. With the ear, we hear the sounds in the lung, true. But the picture is even better and more exact. With the X-ray, we can now find tuberculosis in the early stage before there are any other signs.

Step aside, please.

You know, Consuelo, if I had my way about it, every young person, no matter how well he may be, would be x-rayed. That may come someday.”

“We do not know enough of this world, Pedro. If I only would take Consuelo's mother to the doctor, but we are afraid of doctors.

- How should we know? Nobody tells us.
- That is what we think. But it is not true. Men and women go around telling us about the sickness. They try to explain us but do we listen them? No. We did not even pay attention. Pedro, I know so well the symptoms. Her mother had them too. Oh, I am so... so, so afraid.”

“I must say this is a good way to entertain your young man. Am I supposed to entertain him or what?

- Why not? He's going to be around the house if I ever marry him.
- That sounds like my Consuelo. Give it to him! Never allow a man to be too sure.
You look better now. I think the doctor has helped you already but don't forget he will tell me tomorrow all about how your lungs look.”

“See, López, all this is healthy lung. But there, a shadow, like a little cloud in the sky. That means trouble beginning in the lung.

- I suspected it. Like mama, like daughter.
- No, no. Tuberculosis is not inherited. It is passed from one person to another. Now let me show you what I mean.”

“Sit down.

The germs that cause tuberculosis grow in the lungs of the person who has the disease. The germs are very small. Whoever comes close to the mouth of the person who has tuberculosis is likely to pick up some of the germs. And once the germs are in the mouth of a healthy person, they may find their way into the lungs. This is how the seed of tuberculosis is planted: a mother kissing her child; a sneeze or a cough; sleeping together; sick people spit on the ground, a child later picks up the germs on his fingers and carries them to his mouth. A sick person can be healed, but in the meantime, he spreads the disease to many other persons with whom he comes in contact. If he is cared for in a sanatorium, his diseases cannot spread.

- But what can I do?
- We will send Consuelo to a sanatorium and there she will get well.
- Yes, I have seen them. They are beautiful. But we are poor. Those places are for rich people. Not for people like us.
- No, no. They're for all. All people in an enlightened community know that tuberculosis is not only a personal misfortune, but that it threatens every household. Tuberculosis knows no line of race, religion or social status, so people gladly support a sanatorium knowing that thereby their own children will be protected.
- That sounds reasonable. But can my Consuelo be taken to such a place?
- Certainly. I will have one of the nurses of the Health Department come to you and make arrangements to take Consuelo to the sanatorium.
- Thank you, doctor.
- Never mind, but there is one more thing. Juan and Maria must be examined also. Tuberculosis in its early stages is without symptoms, so don't forget to bring them here. I will make a tuberculin test first, and if that shows that the germs are in their bodies, then they too must be x-rayed."

"It didn't hurt."

"Everybody's talking about you and your daughter. Is she really in one of those sanatoriums?"

- Yes.
- And how did you do it?
- I listened and did what the doctor told me.
- I think you sold your soul to the devil.
- What do you mean?
- Oh, you know: how to make people do what you want them to do.
- Oh, that is exactly what I did.
- You mean that?
- Of course not. You are the most ignorant man I ever saw. I listened and I learned. That is the trouble with you. You are ignorant and won't learn.
- You're just as ignorant as I am, but you can learn, I can learn too.
- Pig!
- What?
- You are a pig to spit on the floor. Of all rotten things to do, you spit on the floor. You dumbbell!
- What is the matter with you, López? I spit where I like, so do you.
- I do not. I know better. Let me show what the doctor explained to me.
- No, thanks.
- I have a book, and I want you to see it by yourself. Come on."

"Consuelo, is she really going to be well again?"

- Of course, she's looking splendid, she's getting stronger every day.
- Every day, Miss Solis?
- Certainly, why do you ask?
- She's been at the sanatorium for nearly a year. That's a lot of days. She sure must be powerful strong by now.

- Juan, you surely have all figured out. How do you do, nurse? You are so nice to come so often.
- Well, I have to look after all of you. Consuelo and the doctor always ask about you.
- Children are doing fine. Fresh air, good food, plenty of rest, fresh vegetables... You see, we grow them ourselves.
- That's fine, Mr. López. The doctor asked me to remind you however that it's been nearly a year since Juan and Maria were examined and he wants you to bring them in again.
- Certainly. But would you mind to come to my home and tell me how is Consuelo?"

"That's a good girl. Well, you'll be going home soon. Aren't you glad?"

- Of course. But...
- But what?
- I don't know how I can thank all of you."

*No se lo des a nadie, cielito lindo, que a mí me toca.
¡Ay, ay, ay, ay! Canta y no llores...*

"Oh, isn't that nice? I wonder who it could be."

...porque cantando se alegran, cielito lindo, los corazones.

"Nice singing but you have to move on. It's five o'clock, I can't let you stay here. I say, I can't let you stay, you'll have to move on."

*De la sierra morena, cielito lindo, vienen bajando. Un par de ojitos negros, cielito lindo, de contrabando.
¡Ay, ay, ay, ay! Canta y no llores, porque cantando se alegran, cielito lindo, los corazones.*

"Two years have passed since you left the sanatorium. You have been a good girl. I find that the lung is well healed. Now you may marry, but remember that now..."

"Remember, doctor, the last time we were here, I remarked to you that these are very happy people, and now I add, a very healthy people."

Adelita se llama la joven, la que yo quiero y no la puedo olvidar, en el mundo yo tengo una rosa y con el tiempo la voy a cortar.

THE CAST

ROSARIO DE LA VEGA

R.C. ORTEGA

F.L. TAFOLLA

FREDERICK J. MANN, C.S.S.R

R. TREVIÑO, JR.

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS FILM ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

THE GENEROUS SERVICES OF FRIENDS, INCLUDING THE SIDNEY LANIER HIGH SCHOOL, TIPICA ORCHESTRA, WORKS PROGRESS ADMINISTRATION AND WOODMEN OF THE WORLD WAR MEMORIAL HOSPITAL ARE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

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