

Christmas Seals fight TUBERCULOSIS

The NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION in cooperation with the UNITED STATES OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS Presents

ANOTHER TO CONQUER

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The Cast

Slow-Talker...HOWARD GORMAN

Don, his grandson...SAMMY DAY

Nema, his granddaughter...GERALDINE H. BIRSDBILL

Robert, a friend...RICHARD HOGNER

Doctor...W. W. PETER, MD

Director EDGAR G. ULMER

Camera

ROBERT CLINE

Sound

CLARENCE TOWNSEND

Consultant

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Editor

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THE GENEROUS ASSISTANCE OF THE NAVAJO SERVICE IS GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

*Long before the white man came to the New World, the American Indians occupied the broad land we now call the United States. They were a great people, of many tribes. Some lived in the desert, others on the plains, still others in the forest, on the lakes and rivers. Their natural enemies were numerous and in addition, tribal wars and feuds took their toll. Yet always, the Indians faced their foes without fear. Their sons and daughters of today face new enemies. One of them is a cruel disease, tuberculosis, which steals away the strength of the victim until he is lifeless. Yet Indians of today have not lost the courage of their fathers, and this courage will not fail them. This enemy too they will conquer.*

“Never look back to the house of the dead. It is our custom that we leave our dead in peace.

Grandson, your father has gone back to earth. We... We start anew.

- Grandpa, will the cough kill my mother too?

- (...) Who knows?”

A DOZEN YEARS SWEEP ON. ZONCHEE, THE MOTHER, DIED TOO. BUT GRANDFATHER SLOW-TALKER HELD THE LITTLE FAMILY TOGETHER: THE LOVELY NEMA AND DON, HIS ARDENT ADMIRER. ROBERT, THEIR NEIGHBOR, WAS A FREQUENT VISITOR. TOGETHER, THEY WORKED AND PLAYED AND TOOK PART IN THE FOLK WAYS.

“(…)

- Slow-Talker is right. We have always gone out to meet our enemies, but now no more. Now we die.

- Yes, we die. But it is sad. First, your mother then your father died of tuberculosis.

- He says we die because we do not keep the old customs.

- I wonder. Slow-Talker's brave, yes, but he may be mistaken. The old weapons of our fathers cannot fight tuberculosis.

- You mean, we should heed the white doctors?

- I am loyal to the old man.”

“Nema, I have news. I am going to the boarding school.

- Yeah? Is your mind really made up?

- Yes. I honor our people, respect them. But white people have much to share with us. I will learn something and live better.

- And... you will come back?”

“Goodbye, Nema.

- Goodbye, Robert.

- Goodbye, Slow-Talker.

- Goodbye.”

“Forsaking the ways of his people.”

*The ways part for these two comrades. “Good luck to you”, says Don as Robert faces new experiences in school. It all seems strange at first, but Robert soon likes it and he learns fast. He discovers the wisdom left by others in books. Both mind and hand are trained. He learns the skillful use of tools and machines. Order and cleanliness become part of his daily life. Sports and games help him to build a strong body and thick muscles and train him in the art of team play with his fellows.*

“Boys, the doctor has come to make the physical examination.

- Boys, you all look strong. But there are the invisible worms that can harm the body. We call them germs. And so each student gets a physical examination. Robert, I think I'll start with you first.”

“ Ever thump a covered water barrel to hear how full it is? This is just like that. Doctors learn how lungs sound when healthy, and when sick.

- We used to put the ear to the ground and hear the footsteps of the enemies.

- Is that so? We have the same idea. Lungs make sound, one kind of sound when healthy, another kind when sick.

Stand here please, Robert. Chin up there, shoulders against. That's it. X-rays, we call them.

The rays pass right through the body and throw a shadow picture on the film in the holder.

Take a deep breath. Hold it. Finished. Now, tomorrow, when this film is developed, I will show you a picture of your heart and lungs.”

“Here, Robert, is the X-ray picture of your lungs taken yesterday. These are the collarbones, the ribs, lung, all healthy, healthy, all healthy but that spot, see it? That spot is made by tuberculosis, Robert.

- No. Tuberculosis? But I'm so well. I don't cough. It can't be.

- Don't be discouraged, Robert. The lung will heal if you go at once to a sanatorium and stay there until the doctor says you may go home."

*And so, Robert finds himself in the sanatorium where, under the guidance of doctors and nurses, he learns to fight his enemy in bed.*

"How was Robert? Is he alright?

- He looks healthy.

- He's just lazy. Easy-going. In bed. Ah!

How long do you think he'll be in hospital?

- I don't know. A long time, maybe. The nurse says Robert must be quiet in bed. I told Robert he's a sissy.

- Our ancestors were brave. They stood on their feet and fought their enemies until they were whipped. What's this I hear? Today? Young men lazing around in bed? Ah!

- But grandfather, perhaps that is not the way to fight this enemy. On their feet. And they do, they die.

Don, don't you think you should go to the doctor?

- No. I am strong. Tomorrow I will be better."

"Hello, Robert.

- Good morning, doctor.

- Mind if I sit down?

- Now that you're almost well, I'd like to tell you more about this disease. You can help your people, better than I can, to understand. Here's the left lung. Here's the right. Here's the windpipe. The lung is soft like a sponge and it works like a bellows. Tuberculosis usually starts up here. It may seem harmless at first, and heal in a short time. But sometimes it spreads. Like a little patch of weeds. Bit by bit, it destroys the lung. Then the man begins to cough and spit out damaged lung flesh. It spreads more. The man loses his taste for food, he loses weight, he gets weak and maybe spits out blood. He goes weaker and thinner and at last, he dies.

- Is there no medicine to stop this disease?

- No, though men have hunted for such a medicine for years. But nature can stop it and heal it as it heals other sicknesses. Robert, what do we do for a broken leg?

- We tie it up with sticks and straps.

- Exactly. Why? To keep it quiet so it can heal. Doctors call that a splint. We cannot tie up the lung, but we can rest it by lying quietly in bed and gaining strength from good food.

- That makes sense. Now, will you tell me again about that little operation you did on me, so I will be able to explain it to my people?

- It is called *pneumothorax*. That means 'air in the chest'. Here, let me show you. A small hollow needle is pushed through the chest wall. Air flows in. The soft lung collapses, like squeezing wool. It cannot breathe, it rests, it heals. When it is all well again inside, the lung is allowed to blow up and breathe again as before.

- Wonderful. But here's what puzzles me. What causes that disease? You told me once before it was caused by a germ. But what is a germ?

- Well, it's really a tiny living thing. Some call it 'the invisible worm', but it is alive. It grows. I can prove it to you. Come, to the laboratory."

"Here in this tube is a kind of jelly, clean, nothing on it. Here is another, something growing on it. A short time ago, it was as clean as this one. Do you know what that is? Millions of

tuberculosis germs. A tiny bit of spit from a sick man was smeared on here, and it was put away in a warm place. The germs grew like a field of corn.

- Oh! So when a few germs from the lungs of a sick person get into the lungs of another, they start growing?

- That's exactly right. And that is why sick people should be in a sanatorium. There, they can't spread the seeds of their disease to others. We fight a range fire by clearing a strip. The fire can't jump."

*Now you see, Robert, why your people suffer so much from tuberculosis. They crowd together, some are careless about spitting. When people are not clean, it becomes easy for the germ to get from one to another. Some people don't eat right and they become weak and cannot fight the germ.*

*Sheep-dipping time. From all directions from miles around, the sheep and goats are brought to be dipped in a harmless solution under the direction of government experts. This ensures a fine healthy crop of wool. Everybody has a good time, everybody helps. But the heavy work is done by sturdy young men like Don.*

"Slow-Talker, Don is very sick. He has tuberculosis. The heavy work at the sheep dip started his lung to bleed."

"The doctor said I was a good fighter. I did what he said. Poor Don. He didn't understand. Nema, don't you think the doctor should examine you too?"

- Oh, Robert, do you think I could have it?

- Anyone can have it. It is passed from one to another.

- I take Nema.

And the doctor shall examine me too."

"So you see, Nema's lungs are alright. Now we look at your chest. Here is the shadow of tuberculosis in your lung. You have had it a long time, but it has not killed you. You are a strong man, stronger than the disease.

- Then it is true, that I have given the disease to my family."

*(Flashbacks)*

- Grandpa, will the cough kill my mother too?

- Slow-Talker, Don is very sick.

"Now I know the enemy. I too will fight him with knowledge. Your way."

"Go, my children. I stay. May you have many children, healthy and strong."

"What a fine baby you have. Grandfather will be so proud."

*Slow-Talker, we salute you. The enemy has taken away your beloved Don and Don's parents. Now, you yearn to go home to mingle with the people, the fields and hills and water, all these you love. Yet you choose to stay. You will not bring the enemy to their fireside. By your example, the people again will conquer.*

THE END

Transcription: Laetitia SERRIS et Chloé BOURGOGNE