

was the first time I had been admitted into a department hospital in four years. Little did I know what was in store for me!

13. After a few days at the Vets Pavilion I was taken under escort to Ste. Anne's, and there I found out a new treatment for T.B. It consists of being beaten into insensibility and thrown into a locked ward among demented veterans, and if what I saw there is considered treatment, may Heaven protect them.

14. When you have seen veterans who have lost their minds in the service of their country being manhandled, it is time to ask ourselves if this a democracy?

15. However, after a month or so of being locked up, and under guard I managed to slip a letter out to a friend of mine telling him about conditions; whether or not it was through him I got out I will never know. But I did get out under a promise I would not fight any pension or claim or write to parliament about my treatment. I was even offered a job at Ste. Anne's and, although my condition was active, I accepted in order to get out of the mental ward.

16. The first thing I did when I got out was to go to the Montreal *Gazette* and give an 8 page statement of the things I had seen. I was assured it would be printed, but when I never saw it I went back, and I was told that the censors had refused to allow publication of my story as it would be a detriment to recruits for the armed service, and believe me it would too.

17. I am now hemorrhaging and my condition is getting worse, and the D.V.A. still refuses to treat me, so I entered a public sanatorium at Ste. Agathe, and in May 1946, I have seven ribs removed to collapse my lung and close the cavity, and then comes word that the pension claim I have been fighting for six years has finally been granted. I was then transferred from the public sanatorium and transferred to Lachine veterans hospital.

18. In July, 1946, I was discharged from hospital, and took things easy, and once in a while taking a light job for a couple of months, it was while on one of these light jobs as an orderly at the Vets Pavilion that my condition became active. This was Jan. 1948. I was told I would have to go into sanatorium again. I said O.K.

19. On Feb. 9 of this year with a letter from Dr. Brown of the vets pavilion I applied for treatment at D.V.A. Montreal. I was told I would have to go to Ste. Anne's. I said, "No thanks", as I still remembered my last sojourn there and that if I could not go to the Queen Mary or St. Hyacinthe hospitals I would go to Sunnybrook. The fear of what would happen to me if Ste. Anne's ever got hold of me is what kept me away from there. My fears were well-founded as I shall prove in my next paragraph.

20. I entered St. Hyacinthe on Feb. 10, 1948, and was doing fine. I had gained 15 lbs. and I was happy. On May 7 the doctor came to me and said, "Harvey, the ambulance is here; we are taking you to Ste. Anne's to see a psychiatrist."

21. I said I would not go, as I knew what would happen if I ever got to Ste. Anne's. I could be locked up for life and no one would ever know, because even the Legion and the Red Cross are not admitted in F5 at Ste. Anne's.

22. I was told it is not what I want but what they want; that I have no say in the matter. I said that the only way I would go to Ste.

Anne's would be as a corpse, and I grabbed a nail file off my side table and threatened to plunge it into myself if they tried to take me. My dread of Ste. Anne's was such that I would have willingly killed myself.

23. Holding the nail file pointed at my heart I made a break for the outside, intending to jump the first vehicle that passed and to get away. However, the hospital grounds are surrounded by a 8-ft. barbed wire fence, and I could not get out. In the meantime, five policemen plus two ambulance drivers were drawing in on me, and I saw my chance for freedom diminishing. I tried to jump a ditch but missed my footing and sprawled on my face. Everyone jumped on me. Some stood on my legs and others on my arms; my arm was then twisted behind my back and I was bleeding in about eight different places on account of being jumped on.

24. I was then taken into the ambulance and without a chance to get my personal belongings together, taken to Ste. Anne's where I was locked up this last six weeks and held incommunicado. Through bribery I was able to get a letter out to Mr. Blackmore, and this I believe is the only reason I am free today.

25. My cell had walls covered with urine from its last occupant. My mattress was rotten with urine also; the blankets are just left from one patient to another. The food is served on a paper plate and consists of the poorest variety and served in an unsanitary condition all mixed up together like pigswill, and no cutlery to eat it with. Doctors pass when they feel like it. I have seen a week pass without a visit, and they just leer at you as though you were so much dirt.

26. When I got out I went to see Mr. Haig, district administrator; he was not interested and sent me to Mr. Perrault. Mr. Perrault asked me to write him a letter. I went to see Mr. Binns of the Welfare Department. He told me I had a persecution complex and forcibly ejected me from his office. Then, when I wanted to retaliate and punch him he called the police and had me put out.

27. How long are these men who draw good pay but refuse to carry out their duty going to be allowed to manhandle veterans who have legitimate complaints to make?

28. While I was locked up a patient at St. Hyacinthe sold my radio. Now D.V.A. tell me they are not responsible. Yet if I was not locked up it would not have happened.

P.S.—Being a grade 3 orderly I know what I am talking about in the following complaints on behalf of other patients who are still locked up:

Patient Beebe, TB of the spine, in cast yet, has to walk to toilet, and has not been bathed for the six weeks I was there.

Patient Papineau. Urinating blood for seven days without anything being done, and no transfusion to replace loss of blood. No doctors' visit for six days.

Miss Shepherd a patient of the women's ward was brought into F5 on Thursday night June 10 and locked in the men's ward.

Signed "T. Harvey."

Now, Mr. Chairman, there is the man's deposition. I think every hon. member will recognize that it would be difficult to detect any sign of insanity in that statement. To me