

in 1923, despite the resistance of her parents; they divorced, married again and divorced again and remained obsessed with each other the rest of their lives.

In 1925 he found he had pulmonary tuberculosis "of a moderate extent," and he was admitted to Trudeau Sanatorium on Saranac Lake, New York.

He wrote to a friend: "I'm . . . restless . . . too much the product of my generation to conceive my situation as tragic . . . there has been no tragedy since the war. I am forced to regard the situation, if not with grimness, then at least with a shrug of my shoulders for an entirely farcical and futile world and myself as an entirely farcical and futile figure in it . . ."

In truth his time in the TB wards was one of the most significant of his life; as a result, he became an extraordinarily inventive thoracic surgeon and entered the second phase of his strangely divided life. His research led to the invention of a variety of surgical instruments

and techniques, original and revolutionary. He became Clinical Assistant in Surgery at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal and a consultant in TB at Ste. Anne de Bellevue Veterans Hospital. He became an international, and controversial, authority in his field. He was zealous in his care of patients—an associate said later, "He was like a father. There was actually in this man with a big ego, there was love. . . ." He was often and openly exasperated by surgeons he considered less than properly qualified. He became consciously political. Roderick Stewart, whose biography, *Bethune*, published by New Press, gives a full and factual picture of his complex career, said Bethune's political consciousness began stirring in the early thirties: "His clinical research discoveries and his surgery led him to imagine a glorious and beautiful paradise where disease had been eliminated. In his impatient effort to create that paradise, he viewed every obstacle as a reactionary and malign force . . . but as his own personal efforts in this direction did not

In Spain Bethune established a mobile blood bank. The mobile unit sometimes served as a bus for refugees. Here a small girl fleeing Malaga boards the bus.



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