

## Tamar Stone

### *“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months”* Cure Bed

#### Spec/Text Sheet

**Hand and machine stitched bed coverings. Machine embroidered text.**

**Antique “Adirondack Reclining Chair”** – wooden cure bed with coiled springs.

23” (W) x 66” (L) x 22” (H) at footboard

**Pillowcase** – vintage cotton bed sheet with digital ink jet printing. 10 1/2” (W) x 18 1/2” (L)

**Pillow** – 8 oz. cotton duck fabric with digital ink jet printed images of Evelyn Bellak diary pages.

10” (W) x 17 1/2” (L)

**Blanket 1** – Vintage wool cream blanket with yellow and black stripes.

Yellow cotton flannel back side: 39” (W) x 65” (L)

**Blanket 2** – vintage turquoise wool blanket. Plaid blue/green wool back side with satin trim.

41 1/2” (W) x 67 1/2” (L)

**Blanket 3/Folded Blanket** – vintage brown/tan/cream herringbone tweed wool blanket.

Brown cotton flannel back side: 31” (W) x 52” (L) 59” *including fringe*

**Top Sheet** – vintage (stained) cotton bed sheet: 41” (W) x 66 1/2” (L)

**Bottom Sheet/mattress cover** – vintage (stained) cotton mattress cover: 38 1/2” (W) x 70” (L)

**Mattress Cushions** – 10oz. artist canvas with digital ink jet printed image of Evelyn Bellak diary pages

**Back Cushion:** 21” (W) x 31” (L) x 4” (H)

**Bottom Cushion:** 21” (W) x 46” (L) x 4” (H)

**Northwest Bullseye Brand Shot Bag** – vintage canvas shot bag with printed red logo,

filled with Pearl Stone: 6 1/2” (W) x 13 1/2” (L)

**Burnitol No. 7 Sputum Cup** – antique brown cardboard cup with vintage Johnson & Johnson

bulk form lamb’s wool: 2 3/4 x 3” (W) x 2 3/4” (L) x 2 1/4” (H)

**Tamar Stone**

*“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed*

## Quotations

**Evelyn Bellak** from her diary March 21 – November 18, 1918.

She was 16 years old during her time at the Ray Brook Sanitarium, Ray Brook NY.

This diary resides in the *William Chapman White Memorial Room/Adirondack Research Center*, Saranac Lake Free Library, Saranac Lake, NY.

**Dr. Lawrason Brown**, resident physician at Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, 1901.

Head of the Trudeau Sanitarium in Saranac from 1901 to 1912.

**Anne Ellis**, from her book, *Sunshine Preferred: the philosophy of an ordinary woman*, 1934

(stories from the 1920’s). The title of this project. *“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months”* – was written by her on February 26, 1924.

**Harriet Webster Fowler**, letter to her sister Eliza, February 1839, describing her first hemorrhage.

**Alice James** – *The Death and Letters of Alice James: Selected Correspondence 1848-1892*. 1997.

**W. C. Leonard & Co., Saranac Lake, NY**, *Adirondack Porch Reclining Chair* advertisement.

**Betty McDonald**, from her book, *The Plague and I*, 1948.

**Elizabeth Mooney**, from her book, *The Shadow of the White Plague*, about her memories of Saranac during the 1920’s.

**Isabel Smith**, from her book, *Wish I Might*, 1955. Isabel resided at the sanitarium in Saranac Lake, NY from 1928 – 1948.

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Pillowcase front:**

***text embroidered over image of 3 people on porch***

*. Same old routine...I’m sick and tired of it.*



*Get up, eat, cure, eat, cure, go to bed.*  
Evelyn 1918

**Pillowcase back:**

I was now what I should have  
been from the first...  
a bed patient, propped up in bed  
only long enough  
to eat my meals.  
From the boys, the nurses, and  
from other patients, also from  
what I could see from my bed  
through the open door, I was  
learning about sanitarium life.

*Anne c. 1920*

**Pillow front:**

***text embroidered over digitally printed Evelyn Ballak diary images***

Tuesday, Jan 1

*Well diary, I’ll introduce myself.*

*My name is Evelyn, I’m 16 years old.*

*I have tuberculosis and at present time  
am in the Ray Brook Sanitarium to try  
to get cured.*

Evelyn, 1918

**Pillow back**

Tuesday, July 30

*Oh, Diary, I feel pretty punk through.*

*I have chills and a headache. I  
cured in bed all afternoon and tried  
to get rid of it, but nothing doing.*

*Just took a big dose of castor oil, ugh.*

Evelyn, 1918

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Blanket 1 front side**

***cream colored wool yellow/black striped blanket***

At last I was in bed....  
I stretched my feet gingerly toward the foot of the bed —  
not sure just what they would encounter.  
It didn’t take me long to find out how quiet  
I was going to keep.  
Even the bed sheets conspired against me,  
the flannel sheets clinging tenaciously to my pajamas  
with each move, and the blankets, tucked in all the way up on both sides,  
forming a tight envelope in which I was held like a vise.  
I turned my head from side to side,  
rebellling at the feeling of confinement

If I could have known from the start  
that I was to be in bed not months but many years,  
I would, if I could have summoned the courage,  
have embarked on some definite course of reading.  
I could have attained the college education  
I had always coveted....

But I was not planning the years ahead in any such terms.  
I always expected to be on my feet “next year.”  
So while I read voraciously, I did not channel  
my reading but dabbled here and there.  
It left me knowing something about many things  
but not really much about anything.  
*Isabel*

Thursday, Feb 21  
*Was examined today I’m still positive, darn the luck.  
I for my part don’t think much of Dr. R. as a doctor.*  
Evelyn, 1918

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Blanket 1 back side**  
***yellow cotton flannel***

At length I began to cough and the first mouthful  
I knew from the look and feeling  
was blood....

It was a very cold night, the family had retired,  
and I had one light and could not blow one if I tried.

But I concluded to lay still  
and try what perfect quiet could do —  
I swallowed two mouthfuls of blood  
and became convinced that  
if I could keep from further coughing I should be able to wait until morning  
without disturbing anyone.

As soon as morning arrived, I looked at the contents of my cup.

Alas my fears were realized.

*Harriet, 1839*

I know, too, that in the darkness of the night  
you lay aside the garment of well-being  
and give up to the deepest anguish,  
smothering sobs under the pillow.

The uppermost thought in your mind is that  
others must not hear you.

Since I laugh all the day I am called an inspiration to others.

But in the darkness of night,  
when I cough and hear my neighbors coughing  
(Even the engines in the railroad yard cough),  
I am lonely and afraid and I cannot inspire myself.

*Anne, 1934*

Friday, Feb 22

*Didn't cure at all today. Didn't even have my blankets out.  
I was celebrating Washington's Birthday. We had open house this  
afternoon but I didn't have any date, so I stayed in the room.  
Went to bed and had a nice little nap.*

Evelyn, 1918

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Blanket 2 front side**  
***vintage turquoise wool blanket***

My porch was almost the exact center of the sanitorium.  
So, as I lay in bed, I was able to keep tabs  
on everything that moved —  
trayboys, with towels slung over their shoulders,  
maids...nurses...and the best of all, the patients.  
And at all times I had passing cars to watch,  
for the main road bisecting Trudeau is a busy  
public highway.  
The faces peering out of these automobiles sometimes  
wore curious expressions...  
And as I reclined uncomfortably in the public view,  
I frequently imagined I could hear the cry of  
“There’s one!”  
shouted from a passing car.

*Isabel*

Each day I was put out in the cold, where I sat,  
a huddled-up bundle, who only sign of life  
was a constant nerve-and-body-racking cough.  
At every house in my line of vision, either on  
porches or in yards, were other sick people...  
a young mother lay ill.  
I could see a nurse hold her baby up  
so that she could see but not touch it...  
at the corner house — a young girl, who,  
covered to the eyes with a down robe,  
spent the entire day on a chaise-lounge, which sat in the  
dust and sand very near the road.  
A young man who looked rich and well-bred  
sat beside her throughout the day,  
holding her hand.  
At times he would bend over and kiss it.

*Anne c. 1920*

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Blanket 2 back side**  
***plaid blue/green wool***

Quiet followed the closing of the door...  
quiet all over the sanitarium.  
Quiet in our own room.  
Silently we went to bed. I in the narrow hospital bed,  
my daughter in a cot close beside it.  
There was so much we wanted to say on this last night,  
realizing that before we saw each other again,  
it would be certainly months, probably years —  
possibly never.  
Still we were unable to talk  
our feelings were too deep for words.  
I lay there listening, smelling.  
Strange rooms have distinctive noises and odors.  
There was the smell of disinfectant, of a newly scrubbed floor,  
of freshly hung curtains and aired bedding.  
I heard a rattle and flap of windows, a creak of bedsprings.  
Walls whispered, sighed even groaned.  
At last she slept, I, could hear her tranquil,  
rhythmic breathing.  
While she slept I, choking down my coughs,  
went back over time’s trails and  
reviewed what had led up to this night.  
*Anne 1920’s*

Monday, Feb 25  
*Oh Diary, today was a day that it makes  
you glad just to be alive.  
It was warm and sunshiney, just glorious.  
Cured this morning and this afternoon.*  
Evelyn, 1918

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Blanket 3/folded at foot of bed *front side***  
***vintage brown/tan/cream herringbone tweed wool blanket***

You wrapped your self in an intricately  
folded cocoon of blankets that kept your torso  
warm even as your lungs drew  
in their healing draughts of tonic  
and sub-arctic air.

*“Place the rug...fully extended on the chair.  
After sitting down grasp the part of the rug lying on the right  
of the chair and with a quick motion throw it over the feet  
and knees and tuck it under the legs.*

*Then do the same with the part of the rug on the other  
side of the chair but leave the edge free.*

*Now grasp the free edge of the rug lying on the right hand side  
and pull it up hand over hand until the end which was lying  
free beyond the feet is reached.*

*Then pull up the far end of the rug, taking care to  
uncover as little as possible of the legs, and tuck  
both sides under the knees.*

*This will give three or four layers of rug over  
most of the legs but only one over the feet.  
It forms, however, a bag out of the rug and no  
air can enter.*

*A second rug folded and thrown over the first  
makes such a covering that the coldest  
weather can be defied.”*

*Dr. Lawrason Brown, 1901*

I do nothing all day but lie here staring at  
the mountains.

I wish they would rearrange them a bit.

*Elizabeth*



***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Blanket 3/folded at foot of bed *back side***

***brown cotton flannel***

...as she pulled the covers around my ears,  
she told me I must “cure” until dinner time.

I lay there feeling very much alone, adrift  
on a sea of uncertainties.

Everything about me was strange,  
the people, the bed — even my disease.  
For t.b. was still very much of a mystery to me.

Nevertheless what I had to do right now was  
carry out my instructions to “cure.”

And it certainly was not hard to figure out  
what that meant.

What else could I do under all those blankets but lie flat on my back  
and breathe?

So I did just that, obediently sniffing the cold,  
tingling the air, while my nose grew  
as red as my cheeks.

*Isable, 1928*

People would wander in from the street and  
look in at us in bed as though  
we were caged animals.

One day a woman, after staring at me  
several minutes, said cheerfully,  
*aren't you dreadfully lonely in there?*

*Anne c. 1920's*

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Top sheet front side**  
***vintage cotton bed sheet***

We were the living proof that colds do not come from draughts, chills, or continual dampness and that the human body will not grow mould. Most of the patients froze passively but I was not a good sport about the cold because I couldn’t see any reason for it....

They had cupboards loaded with nice thick warm blankets which they could put on our beds.

I complained, begged, cajoled, whined, and even bawled and at last my last efforts were rewarded with a large wrinkly brown *paper* blanket. The charge nurse brought the paper blanket herself with an air of *“I don’t know what you’ll want next in the way of pampering.”* She handled it as carefully as though it was made out of llama hair and charged with electricity....

The paper blanket rustled and crackled cheerfully but actually made me colder because it was so stiff that it let in draughts, and kept my blanket from clinging to me.

How I envied the lucky patient in the private room who was burning up with fever.

*Betty*

Friday, March 1

*Cured this morning, and this afternoon...was out in the water section with the girls until near eleven.  
When I came back everything imaginable was in my bed.  
More darn fun!*

Wednesday, March 6

*Cured this afternoon in bed.  
Evelyn, 1918*

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Top sheet *back side***

I drank some water and tried turning on my stomach  
but in doing so I missed the original slightly warmed  
place where I had been lying and  
hit virginal, ice-cold, fog-dampened sheet.  
I almost screamed as I quickly turned back and snuggled down  
into my original lukewarm nest.  
The night went on and on and on and I grew  
progressively colder and sadder.  
*there’s one thing to be said in favour of life at The Pines,*  
I thought,  
as I tried futilely to warm a small new area at the  
bottom of the bed,  
*it’s going to make dying seem like a lot of fun.*  
*Betty*

The basic pattern of my days had become so set  
that when my bed, for some mysterious reason,  
collapsed one afternoon  
and catapulted me onto the floor, I was delighted.  
*Anything for a change.*  
*Isable*

Friday March 8

*Nothing much doing today at all.*

*Cured in the afternoon for a while then sat up and crocheted.*

Evelyn, 1918

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Bottom sheet front side**  
***vintage cotton bed sheet***

*November 22, 1884*

*Dear Aunt, brothers and sister.*

*...you have heard that I have not “passed away”  
yet... I sadly find on looking out the window that all  
sense of novelty and excitement has worn off...*

*I have a pleasantish little parlour with a  
tomb-like closet for a bed-room attached in which  
one cannot see to read two feet from the window  
“on a very fine day” but I feel as if I had been  
there all my life and it is just the place to  
spend the day in bed with a head-ache.*

*I enjoy the dusky darkness greatly.*

*It is like living*

*in a tunnel...*

*Yours as ever AJ*

*Alice James*

*Thursday, Mar 21 Weight 121 1/2*

*Cured almost all day. One more beautiful day.*

*Oh I do hope this weather lasts, tho I’m afraid  
it won’t. I was examined by Dr. R. today,  
some encouragement, I got. I’m still positive  
and he doesn’t know if I can go home in  
September or not.*

*Oh Diary, sometimes I don’t’ believe the game  
is worth the candle,*

*I’m not improving in lung condition, so  
I can’t see what good it does me here.*

*Evelyn, 1918*

*“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed*

**Bottom sheet *back side***  
*vintage cotton bed sheet*

You are occupying a bed badly needed  
for someone else. The cure of  
tuberculosis is very, very expensive...

All the nurses are graduate nurses  
and they are being trained, while at  
The Pines, to give the best of nursing  
care to the bed patient, to teach the  
tuberculosis patient the many things he  
should know, control of infection, rest  
and exercise, and self-control...

Patients must be grateful to the  
nurses, the doctors, and the sanitorium.

IF YOU THINK RIGHT,  
YOU WILL ACT RIGHT.

*Lesson II at The Pines*

Rest hours, blessed hours, when nurses  
and boys went off duty, and one was  
entirely free from all interruptions,  
free from the labors of striving,  
free from irritations, and best of all,  
free from people and telephones.  
Left alone, one was free to think, relax.

*It was years, however, before I learned to use  
this priceless privilege, learned the great lesson  
of being passive.*

*Anne c. 1920*

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Mattress front side: Back Cushion**  
***text embroidered over digitally printed Evelyn Ballak diary images***

Monday, April 1

*Oh, Diary, dear, I had my Special today. I didn't get a wonderful report, but I am thankful for things the way they are, and I hope that the Dear Lord wills it that I should get well, and be able to go home in September. He said my general condition was fine, and my lung condition improving. But my throat is irritated and I must talk in a whisper for a month. Cured quite a while today.*

Evelyn, 1918

I had a small nicely furnished room, two sides of which were open with canvas flaps. There was no heat, no bath, no hot water except that brought from the kitchen over 100 feet away. In this cottage were two other rooms, one occupied by... a woman lying quietly day after day with a bag of shot on her lung. These shot-bags are made of heavy ticking filled with shot. Some of them weigh several pounds and are used to collapse the lung.

*Anne c. 1927*

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Mattress front side: Bottom Cushion**  
***text embroidered over digitally printed Evelyn Ballak diary images***

Wednesday, April 10<sup>th</sup>

*Nothing much doing today. Cured quite a lot.*

*Oh Diary I’m quite sick and tired of*

*Ray Brook. I wish I could go home.*

*I wonder if I’ll even be cured, Diary.*

*The old TB seems to stick to me like*

*a friend without any money...*

*Oh Diary, there is the cutest new fellow.*

*He sits at the next table to mine...*

*I really do like him. But I’m quite sure I could never get him.*

Evelyn, 1918

It was an eventful fall.

The Munich capitulation was history.

The civil war in Spain was coming to an uneasy close.

Pictures of the World’s Fair in New York City were appearing in the weekly magazines.

Hitler’s armored divisions swarmed through Czechoslovakia and Poland — to set off World War II.

And Isabel Smith completed her eleventh year in bed.

The fact that I did remain in that warm bed, sheltered, fed and cared for even when my helplessness became so extreme that I required double the normal amount of attention was and is a source of unceasing wonder to me. Constant effort, a tremendous amount of money over a staggering total of years — all devoted to preserving just one life!

*Isabel, 1939*

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Mattress back side: Back Cushion**  
***text embroidered over digitally printed Evelyn Ballak diary images***

Monday, May 27<sup>th</sup>

*Cured and cured and cured today.  
Didn't go for a walk or anything.  
Gee, for the way I stay on the cure  
and don't run around  
I certainly ought to get well.  
Instead of that I'm coughing all the time.  
I'm sure I can't imagine what's  
the matter with me.*

*I expect to go to the dentist tomorrow.  
I'm just simply scared to death.*

Tuesday. Aug 20<sup>th</sup> – my 17<sup>th</sup> Birthday

Tuesday, October 22

*Nothing at all going on today.  
Cured and ate and cured and went to bed.  
Exciting life isn't it?  
Gee, I wish I could go home.  
This darned old place gets on my nerves more  
and more and the people aren't near as decent  
as the bunch that was here last winter.  
But I'll stick it out anyway until spring  
and then ta ta Ray Brook.*

Evelyn, 1918



***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

**Mattress back side: Bottom Cushion**

***text embroidered over digitally printed Evelyn Ballak diary images***

There was no spirit of friendliness.  
My newest neighbor was a very  
sick young girl.  
She never looked my way,  
never spoke,  
but at night I could hear her  
softly crying and calling,  
“Mama, mama.”  
I asked if I could do anything,  
but she didn’t hear me.  
She was dreaming.  
*Anne c. 1920’s*

Monday, November 18  
*It started out to be pretty nice today  
and it rained.*  
*Helen and I took a little walk  
this morning.*  
*We had rehearsal this afternoon  
from 4 to 5 and another today from  
6:30 to 7:30.*  
*It went fine tonight.*  
*Better than it even was before.*

*We had services tonight, Reverend T. came  
Saw movies and talked to him for  
quite a while...*  
Evelyn, 1918

***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months”***

Tamar Stone

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## ***“I’ve sat and lain in bed for months” Cure Bed***

### **Mattress edges**

***embroidered text going around cushion edges***

To Catherine Walsh, Nov 21-24, 188\_

*My dearest Aunt...I suppose you have heard of my “invalid chair,” presented to me last summer....  
It has runner tyres and bicycle wheels so that there is absolutely no jar  
and one can lie out in it like a bed if necessary.*

*I go out in it....*

*Always very affectionately yours, A*

*Alice James*

### **Northwest Bullseye Brand Shot Bag**

***vintage canvas XXXX Hard Shot bag, with printed red logo on front side***

For luxurious, comfortable  
ease and absolute  
restfulness, no other chair  
will meet your requirements  
so fully as our Adirondack  
Porch Recliner.

...an exceptional degree of  
comfort to the occupant  
even when restlessly  
disposed to frequently  
change from one  
position to another.

Both chair and cushion  
are handsomely finished  
and designed to withstand  
the rough wear of porch  
use...

This chair will prove a  
pleasurable addition to any  
porch: and to those who  
may be working out the  
rest cure, it will be  
found invaluable.