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NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

VOL. 45

APRIL, 1964

NO. 4



Health Rays



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The above clergy are constant visitors at the Sanatorium.
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to the nurse in charge.

HEALTH RAYS

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH AND GOOD CHEER

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APRIL, 1964

No. 4

The Sanatorium Cracker Barrel

J. E. Hiltz, M.D.,
Medical Superintendent



The Sanatorium Canteen has been operating so long that one is apt to take it very much for granted. We know that it provides staff and patients alike with an opportunity to purchase many necessities without leaving the Sanatorium grounds. Indeed, it brings to the bedside the services of a small store for those patients who are not physically able to go out. Less well known, however, is the fact that it pays the

salary of Al Williamson, our genial professional radio operator who conducts the affairs of Radio Station SAN in the evenings and on week-ends. Last year, in addition, the Canteen purchased books and records to the value of over \$160.00 for the patients' library and Station SAN. It also provided three moving picture shows at a cost of \$55.00 and bore the cost of the tulips which beautified the flower beds in front of the East Infirmary. Indeed, it is the Canteen which pays for enough copies of Health Rays so that each patient may receive our magazine free of charge as long as he or she is at the Sanatorium. These, and other more minor services, we seem to accept without audible signs of appreciation. It may be appropriate, therefore, that I extend to Mrs. Mildred Schofield, our Canteen manager, and to her assistant, Mrs. Constance Windrow, our sincere thanks for a job well done. On their behalf, I say also "Patronize the Canteen".

* * *

The big news during March, besides the weather, was the closing out of Pavilion 6. This will be regretted by many persons who found the Pavilion a rather secluded place away from the hurry and flurry of the Infirmaries. On the other hand, there were more than enough empty beds in the Infirm-

aries to look after everyone so it was just not good "economic sense (or cents)" to continue to staff a building that was not needed nor was it logical to continue to provide unnecessary vehicular transportation for patients, food, laundry, and garbage. We trust that everyone will be snug and cosy in our Infirmaries and the Annex. The staff from the pavilion will fill a long felt want by augmenting our other nursing staff who were short handed — the same situation that exists in most hospitals. Our official bed capacity will now be 200 although we could open up another hundred beds at any time if required—heaven forbid!

* * *

As expected, Dr. J. P. Martin came through with some very excellent information on the Parker Hospital for Tuberculosis in Dartmouth "in the old days". Archdeacon Mosher of Kentville was also very helpful as he had learned to swim off the end of the Parker wharf. More information is needed, however. Can any reader be of assistance to us? We are also interested in information about the Highland View Sanatorium in Wolfville which was in operation around the year 1900 and Hazelhurst Hospital or Sanatorium which was in Halifax around the time of the First World War.

* * *

While waiting in the Halifax Station a few weeks ago, I was very pleased to have one of my patients from 1935 come up to speak to me. We recalled old times—that was the year that Pavilion 3 burned to the ground on Christmas Day. Rita Giles looked just as fresh and just as happy as she did in those days. It is always pleasant to meet old friends.

* * *

It is too late to say Happy Easter as that day will be past by the time this issue appears in print. I do hope, however, that the occasion was a very happy one for each of you whether spent at home or here.

Outbreak of TB Discovered At Thicket Portage

The term "localized epidemic" is found time and time again in today's reports of tuberculosis control. Health officials expect small outbreaks, knowing that as the final war is waged on tuberculosis the fight will focus more and more on certain pockets of the population where tuberculosis infection and the potential for active cases is likely to be high—and the time is nearly always ripe for a small explosion.

The Sanatorium Board's Tuberculosis Preventive Services are prepared for these outbreaks and at the first danger signal are ready to send out "the fire engines" to extinguish the blaze before it rages out of control like a small flame in a dry forest.

Here then is the story of the most recent skirmish—the Thicket Portage story.

Thicket Portage, on Wintering Lake, is a small settlement of some 275 souls, located at Mile 185 on the Hudson Bay Railway. It is a pretty little community in summer, and around the Thicket the trees grow tall and large in sharp contrast to the stunted growth of the wild muskeg regions to the north.

Trapping is the main industry and the people of Thicket Portage are proud that they had the first registered trapping lines in Manitoba. This was a scheme started in 1940 and designed to rebuild the resources of the North and once again the field of a great industry. The system proved a great boon to professional trappers and over the years Thicket Portage has thrived happily—that is, until a few months ago when a dark cloud loomed over the horizon and threatened its very existence. The slow killer tuberculosis had found yet another fertile breeding ground.

Thicket Portage has been surveyed regularly by the Sanatorium Board's x-ray teams as part of the preventive program for the Hudson Bay Railway Line. But the survey held there last April 25 had a special significance, for less than a week before a man from this area had been admitted to Clearwater Lake Hospital with moderately advanced tuberculosis.

While the Sanatorium Board is hopeful for at least an 80 per cent turn-out to surveys, it has come to expect special difficulties in the north, since at any given time many of the residents may be far away on their traplines or out in their fishing boats. Nevertheless, the teams were disappointed when they returned to hospital with only 149 plates. Among these plates there was no alarming news: no new active cases were found.

Life continued quietly at Mile 185 until mid-summer when a young girl from Thompson, Manitoba, was admitted to Clearwater with active disease. An interview revealed that her previous residence had been at Thicket Portage, and once again the little community drew the doctor's suspicious eyes. The local health unit was advised to investigate immediately all of the girl's former contacts at Thicket Portage, but again, no new cases turned up.

Then on November 29 the lid blew off the pot. An eight-year-old boy from Thicket Portage entered Clearwater with miliary tuberculosis. At about the same time another boy was admitted with primary disease.

Right away Chief of Medical Services Dr. S. L. Carey made plans for a second emergency survey and on December 10 an x-ray team from Clearwater Lake Hospital once again moved into the community. This time 245 x-ray films were taken back to the hospital for reading.

Within a few days came the results: 14 cases of active tuberculosis, most of them children with primary disease. All 14 had been x-rayed in the spring and all had been negative.

Arrangements were made for the evacuation of the new patients and within the week the first patients began hospital treatment. The doctors are fairly certain that the source of infection had already been found and that with the admission to hospital of all the affected people, a large-scale epidemic has been averted.

Nevertheless a close watch will be kept on the community for many months to come.

Commenting on the situation, Dr. E. L. Ross, Sanatorium Board medical director, pointed out that during the past few years Manitoba has had a number of small Tb. epidemics. "We have learned to expect such outbreaks", he said, "and so we always try to be on the alert to follow up contacts and look for sources of infection.

"Carrying out a tuberculosis program for a population scattered over a large remote region requires more time, effort and expense than all the tuberculosis work done in the past", he said. "But it can be accomplished if each community lends its wholehearted support."

Sanatorium Board of Manitoba
News Bulletin

Gossip is the art of saying nothing in a way that leaves nothing unsaid.

The Man Who Enjoyed Sanatorium

January 25th was the 90th birthday of William Somerset Maugham. The BBC and the CBC both made suitable note of the event, for Mr. Maugham is an author whose novels and short stories continue to sell years and years after they were written. Within the last ten years we have seen a play of his staged which must have been presented first at least 50 years ago. In other words, he seems to have found the secret of long life not only in years but in literary popularity.

There is so much to be said about Mr. Maugham that we were not surprised that nobody mentioned that he had had a bout with tuberculosis, but he did.

One of his short stories, which was made into a moving picture in the 1940's, was based on his experience in a sanatorium in Scotland toward the end of World War I. In case you didn't see the picture we can assure you that times have certainly changed in sanatoria.

The whole story of Mr. Maugham's case would do for a text book. His mother had tuberculosis when he was a child. In **The Summing Up** he wrote, "She suffered from tuberculosis of the lungs and I remember the string of donkeys that stopped at the door to provide her with asses' milk which was at that time thought to be good for that malady."

That would likely be in the early 1880's because both parents died before he was ten and he returned from Paris (his father was on the staff of the British embassy in that city) to England where he was educated.

Almost certainly he was infected in childhood but he did not break down with tuberculosis until the latter part of World War I when he would be 40. He had been doing intelligence work in Russia and life was fairly grim. He wasn't getting enough to eat and was working under immense strain. In addition, he had previously been driving an ambulance in France, quite a rigorous occupation for a person of his physique.

In Russia he realized he was ill. We have never heard him called Dr. Maugham but the fact is that he did qualify as a doctor. He recollected long after, "I still knew enough medicine to guess the meaning of the haemorrhages I was having. An X-ray photograph showed clearly that I had tuberculosis of the lungs. But I could not miss the opportunity of spending a considerable time in the country of Tolstoi, Dostoevski and Chekov."

Also, it should be added, he was on a job

for the British government which was important. So he stayed until it became apparent the mission was an impossible one.

When he arrived back in London he was quite ill. "I was coughing my head off," he recalls, "and constant fever made my nights uncomfortable. I went to the most eminent physician I could see in London. He packed me off to a sanatorium in the North of Scotland, Davos and St. Moritz at that time being inconvenient."

The idea in those days was to get a patient into the mountains. The air there was supposed to have a particularly curative effect. So Davos and St. Moritz in the Alps would have been the first choice had the war not made travel difficult.

Treatment then was bed rest, fresh air and good food. The drugs had not been found. The patient just had to take it lying down. Somerset Maugham was one who liked it.

"I had a grand time", he reported later. "I discovered for the first time in my life how delightful it is to lie in bed. It is astonishing how varied life can be when you stay in bed all day and how much you find to do. I delighted in the privacy of my room with the immense window wide open to the starry winter night. It gave me a delicious sense of security, aloofness and freedom. The silence was enchanting. Infinite space seem to enter it and my spirit, alone with the stars, seemed capable of any adventure. My imagination was never more nimble, it was like a barque under press of sail, scudding before the breeze. The monotonous days, whose only excitement was the books I read and my reflections, passed with inconceivable rapidity. I left my bed with a pang."

A good patient—and he has certainly had a long and profitable recovery. He is one author who has made more than a million dollars from his work.

—Tb and Not Tb

Life, believe, is not a dream,
So dark as ages say;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day!

—Charlotte Bronte—Life

"Mother", her four-year-old Burton asked, "is the stork that brought me the same stork that brings ants and spiders and frogs?"

"Yes, dear," his mother replied.

"Then," concluded Burton, "you didn't do so bad, after all!"

The Backward Child

By R. S. Illingworth, M.D., F.R.C.P.,
D.P.H., D.C.H.

Many famous men have had a difficult time in their schooldays. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, was removed from Eton because of his failure in classics. Charles Darwin wrote that "during my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language." Napoleon Bonaparte and Yeats, the poet, had great difficulty in spelling.

Some of these troubles may have been due to bad teaching, but at the same time the special difficulties and aptitudes of children should always be remembered. Highly intelligent children may have special trouble with, say reading and mathematics, but do well in other subjects.

Grown-ups themselves often retain their early difficulty in mathematics. Or they may have difficulty in remembering names, though they have a wonderful memory for other things. Or they completely lack a sense of direction, though they appear to be able to remember the names of every child they have ever seen. We, all of us, have these aptitudes and these difficulties. Children have them too and we ought to allow for this.

Many children are late in learning to walk or talk. And many take longer than usual to acquire control of bowel and bladder. The same sort of difficulty seems to occur in the case of reading and other skills.

Children of the same level of intelligence vary tremendously in the age at which they are able to learn different subjects. Determined efforts to make a child learn anything, whether arithmetic, reading or anything else, before he is ready for it will only thwart him, cause him to feel insecure and in the end retard his progress rather than advance it.

There is nothing to support the idea that the earlier a child learns skills such as reading, the better it is for him. He should learn when he is ready for it. He may be ready to learn to read when he is three. If so, let him. Most children learn when they are about five or six. Some are later, but there is no need to be anxious about it as long as their progress in other subjects is satisfactory. In other words, it would seem that some children are taught reading and arithmetic too soon, before they are ready for it. But in fairness to teachers it must be agreed that in large classes children who lag far behind in individual subjects present great difficulties in the day-to-day conduct of classes.

Unusual difficulty in reading in an other-

wise intelligent child is not uncommon. Sometimes it is associated with persistent reversal of letters — writing a "d" for "b" or with reading from right to left instead of left to right. He may interpret BUT as TUB, WAS as SAW, and the figures 698 as 896. There may even be mirror writing which can only be read by reading it through a mirror. In a severe case a special method of teaching is used, and an expert should be consulted.

Do remember, however, that a generally backward child is likely to be particularly backward in reading. That is a different matter from the problem of the child who is good in everything else but reading.

Other difficulties, such as that with arithmetic, often run in the family. The reason for this remains a mystery.

The intelligent child who is backward in everything at school presents quite a different sort of problem. A variety of things may account for backwardness of this sort. Bad teaching is obviously one of them. George Bernard Shaw spoke bitterly about his school days and the poor quality of the instruction which he received. "I instinctively saved my brains from destruction by resolute idleness," he said.

An important cause of backwardness in intelligent children is unhappiness or insecurity, at home or school.

A certain amount of backwardness may be due to inattentiveness arising from fatigue — the child going to bed far too late. This is a common cause of backwardness which is easily prevented by parents.

A child may drop back because of repeated or prolonged absence at school. He may fall behind his fellows as a result of repeated changes from one school to another. Partly because of the loss of friends and the difficulty of fitting in with children and teachers who he does not know he loses his sense of security. This may be further undermined by having to do slightly different work, and learning different methods.

Some cases of backwardness in the upper forms at school may arise from the child having taken up the wrong subjects. When I look back on my own schooldays I realize the very tenuous factors which led me to choose between the classical, science and mathematical divisions. Once the decision was made there was practically no possibility of going back on it. Sometimes a pupil on the classical side would achieve much more studying science or mathematics, according to his particular ability.

Then there is boredom. Some children with a particularly high level of intelligence find the work altogether too easy for them and inevitably they slack. They become progressively more backward, dropping far behind their fellows. A good school, of course, should be able to pick out such intellectually superior children and see they are taught according to their needs.

Genuine examples of the true slow starter, the child who is very late in maturing, are rare. Sir Isaac Newton was inattentive at school and at one time bottom of his class. Tolstoy was regarded as being both disinterested and unable to learn. Sir Walter Scott was a difficult, unmanageable and inattentive pupil, whose work was below average. Oliver Goldsmith was described as a "stupid heavy blockhead, little better than a fool." Lord Byron was lazy and backward at Harrow, and Winston Churchill's backwardness at Harrow is well known. Charles Darwin was below average at school. It seems likely that their backwardness stemmed from a combination of their school's failure to recognize their true ability, and poor teaching.

It is extremely difficult for parents to assess their child's intelligence. Very many parents considerably over-estimate their children's ability.

If a child is seriously backward in one subject, or is generally backward, and yet is an omnivorous reader, or shows an obvious special aptitude, in mathematics, for instance, or in drawing or mechanical tendencies, and the school authorities are unable to account for his backwardness, there is much to be said for having a formal intelligence test carried out, or better still, letting him see an educational psychologist or

a remedial teacher. The matter should be discussed with the teachers.

When a child has been doing well at school, and then begins to drop to the bottom of the class, it is high time to go into the matter carefully. There are many possible causes, and most of them can be remedied. It always has to be remembered that such deterioration may be due to disease. It is essential that expert advice should be sought in such cases.

By far the commonest cause of backwardness at school is a low level of intelligence. If that is the case in one's own child, or if one's child is unlikely or unable to reach the level of a grammar school, the first essential is to accept the situation, and give him all the love and security which he needs. It is not his fault that he cannot do better. In any case success in life does not depend just on the level of intelligence.

There are innumerable examples of children who were backward or merely average at school and who became really famous people. Success depends on many other factors — personality, hard work, ambition, opportunity, home environment and so on. Even so, there is a big difference between intellectual success and emotional success. A man may be highly successful in business, but entirely unsuccessful in his home life and in personal relationships.

There is no evidence whatsoever that the more clever a person is, the nicer he is. If your child is not capable of great things at school, accept him, love him, and do your best to make him a nice person. He may yet achieve far more than the school prize winner.

—Via Health

"Blood's thicker than water" was the way people used to express their belief that families stuck together through thick and thin. Nobody has said it recently in our hearing — maybe because families do not seem to be sticking as closely as they once did.

However, whether it's cousins or corpuscles which are indicated, blood is thicker than water, about six times thicker. A cubic millimeter of blood contains about four to five million red cells (the counting gets difficult up in those numbers) and about seven thousand white cells. The main job of the white cells is to defend us against infection.

—Tb and not Tb.

The test of a preacher is that his congregation goes away saying, not What a lovely sermon, but, I will do something!

—St. Francis de Sales

When we look into the long avenue of the future, and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize, after all, what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and to be happy.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Next to beauty is the power of appreciating it.

—Margaret Fuller.

What we call progress is the exchange of one nuisance for another nuisance.

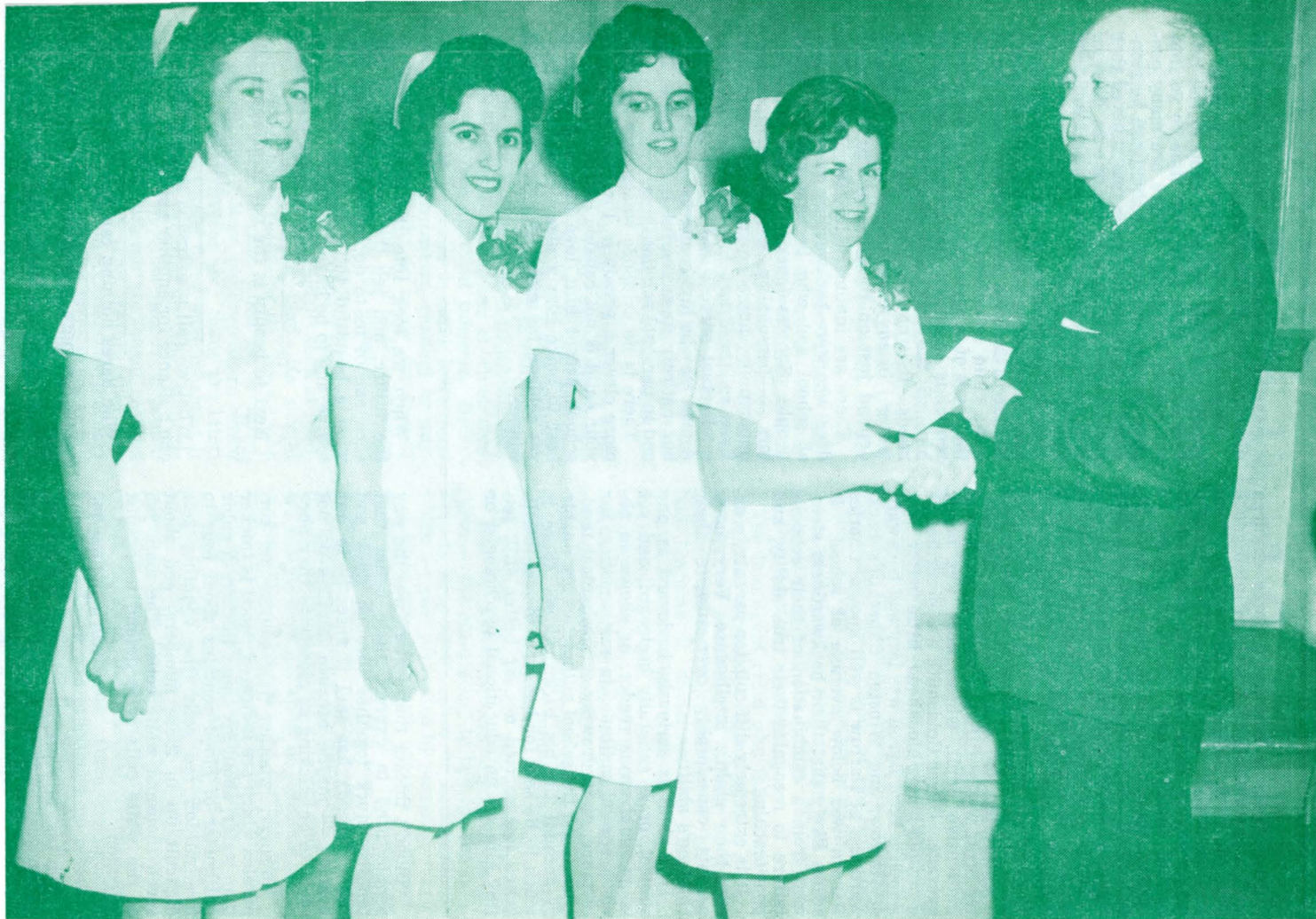
—Havelock Ellis

Who dares nothing can hope for nothing.

But far more numerous was the herd of such,

Who think too little, and who talk too much.

—Dryden



Dr. J. E. Hlitz extends congratulations to Mrs. Jean Cann for highest standing in the Provincial Examinations for nursing assistants. Others in the photograph are, left to right: Mrs. Joy Goodwin, Mrs. June Clarke, and Mary Dianne McKay.

Bailey Photo

MAN'S WORDS

During the past few years the old expression "It's a man's world" seems to be fading. At least the distaff side like to think so. So many women have now taken prominent places in all walks of life—law, medicine, politics, etc. But after reading an article by Robert Keane in the latest edition of Catholic Digest, men can be assured that although many women are rising to distinguished places, they are achieving this by using man's words and man's expressions. It seems that although men are not concerned about the correct usage of words, it is men who coin the words and expressions of the world. The reason is that man is out in the world more than woman and it is the man who encounters new situations and therefore man must find words to describe them.

The experts say that men and women speak different languages and the words they use show a basic difference in their approach to life. There are many examples of how men and women express themselves differently. A woman always talks of china; a man speaks about the dishes. A couple who live under the same roof, a man in his "house", the wife in her "room".

Man likes to use words of action and his fondness for slang is due to his desire for slam-bang expressions. Man will try to avoid words that he thinks sound feminine or weak and personal. Man usually says "the wife" while the wife will say "my husband". Women mostly prefer elegance in language or what they take for elegance. Women avoid slang especially when they are trying to make a good impression. It's the female instinct to try to put something special into both language and living.

So men be assured that it's still a man's world. Man still holds the majority of important and decisive positions in the world. So as Mr. Keane's article states: "though woman does most of the talking, a man has the consolation of knowing that a good deal of the time she's using his words."

A Patient
N.S. Sanatorium

LIVE AND LEARN

Everybody else seems to be having their say about bilingualism so why shouldn't we throw our hat into the ring too?

We think every Canadian should try to learn a second language. The effort would take some of the impatience out of the tones in which so many of us are prone to exclaim "Why don't they learn English?" We would know what hard work it is.

For the average Canadian the most practical second language would be French. Young scientists may decide that they had better concentrate on German or Russian and there may be lads and lasses looking ahead to a diplomatic career in Latin America, in which case they should get busy on Spanish, but for the rank and file the world's two most useful languages are French and English.

There are, we feel, reasons quite beyond the domestic ones why in the last half of the 20th century those citizens who can reasonably expect to be around and busy when the 21st is ushered in should get going now with a second language.

Great Britain and France were both great colonizing nations. Daniel Webster is supposed to have said that the sun never set on the British Empire. France must have been very close to the same all inclusive billing.

Both have withdrawn from country after country — sometimes willingly, sometimes under pressure. There is room for plenty of difference of opinion about the results of their occupancy and of their withdrawal but one thing is sure — they left behind them huge sections of Asia and Africa where either French or English is the means of getting over the difficulty of language differences within the region. Between the tip of Ceylon and the Himalayas there are scores of languages. British occupation was reason enough for thousands to learn English. The man whose mother tongue was Hindu could, if he had learned English, speak to others whose mother tongue was Bengali, Gujarati, or a score of other languages or dialects. When the representa-

(Continued on page 13)

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HEALTH RAYS

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No. 4

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

To many of our patients the coming of spring will bring the joy of returning home and back to a changed routine of life. Some will have mixed feelings—the happiness of getting home and the sadness of parting with new friends.

The making of friends is an important part of living and it is even more important while taking the cure! This is where the sharing of the same porch can be an invaluable experience. There is an old saying that “whoever delights in solitude is either a wild animal or a god”. This probably applied to indefinite solitude — we all need some solitude in order to sort our thoughts and not get carried away by all the pressures and pleasures of our modern age. However, it is true that anyone who has a hatred and aversion towards society has a little of the savage beast in him. On the other hand a crowd is not necessarily company, a group can be nothing more than so many pictures if we have no friends among them. Without true friends the world is a veritable wilderness.

The principal part of friendship is the ease with which we may unburden our hearts. A joy is more real when shared with a friend. Also our cares and worries are minimized somewhat when told to someone who understands. Doctors claim that one of the causes of nervous tension is the keeping of all our emotions bottled up inside. It is better to have a good quarrel than no communication at all. Often as we observe some fault in a roommate, we become more aware of our own frailties and do a bit of homework.

There are so many things which we cannot do without the counsel or at least the approval of a friend. A friend may speak as the case requires without the worry of being reproved. And we appreciate friends even

more in illness than in health. For very often when all is well we neglect to keep in touch.

So, even though there were some rough spots, there will be many happy memories to recall as you wash dishes, work in the shop, or plant a garden.

BOOKS

Not long ago I read part of a poem which was written about 600 years ago. It is a long poem and it made quite a stir at that time. One reason was that it was written in English. That doesn't seem strange to us considering that the poet was English. The fashion of the time, however, was to write poems in some of the languages which were considered romantic and elegant. So when the poet, Chaucer, chose to write in English though he knew Italian and French, it created about the same kind of sensation that Robert Burns caused when he used the dialect of the Lowlands of Scotland for poems centuries later.

There was something else about the poem which jolted the people of that time to attention. The characters weren't given names but they were real, and easily recognized. You know the publicity that the record ‘The First Family’ has had. Well, it was something like that, because Chaucer made snooty and sly remarks about some of the fashionable and influential people.

Neither of these reasons is why the poem is going to be quoted here.

It is about a group of about twenty men and women on a pilgrimage. Some were true pilgrims but most were going for the ride. The best known part of the poem is called the Prologue. It starts out like this: Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote The droughte of March hath perced the rote. . . .

(Continued on page 23)

To the Editor:

May I speak to the patients in the Nova Scotia Sanatorium through the columns of "Health Rays".

From time to time when speaking to you, the patients, over Station SAN I ask questions concerning what you think about rehabilitation; perhaps, once a year, one of you is willing to give me the benefit of your thinking on the subject.

Particularly when I am going to attend a conference concerning rehabilitation, I have asked you to express your attitudes, your feelings, your wishes, as to what should be discussed and what action should be taken. I practically always draw a blank. Now this may mean that you do not hear me talking to you on the radio and that should certainly have some implications for me with respect to the continuance of my Monday morning program. On the other hand, however, it may mean that you are not interested, or that you feel that your opinions are worthless, or that I'd consider them worthless. Then, of course, you may be one who finds it very difficult to speak or to write what is on your mind; in such an instance you might get somebody else to do it for you.

We in this department know that you do have opinions and that, at times, you express them very strongly among yourselves, to other members of the staff, and even at times to persons outside this institution.

We know that at times you feel very frustrated and we know that this is sometimes due to your feeling that you can only get what you want by referring to people outside the Sanatorium. On account of this, you tend to feel that it is useless to discuss your problems with us.

Generally, what irks you are rules, regulations and policies which are not laid down here at the Sanatorium but by authorities over which we have no control except through recognized channels and by the molding of opinion through the findings and resolutions of conferences with persons who work in the same field.

When I attend a conference concerning rehabilitation, I speak on your behalf. I

can either carry your expressed words, feelings, and attitudes to such meeting, or I can guess how you would express yourselves if you would, or I can neglect you entirely and take the untenable position that "I know what's good for you".

In the near future there will be two conferences which will help to mold opinion concerning what should be done to help with your rehabilitation. The first will be the annual meeting of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association which meets in Saint John on the 22nd of June; the other will be a reconvening of a Rehabilitation Conference in Halifax with representatives from all organizations interested in the rehabilitation of disabled people.

Won't you help me to more truly represent you by completing the form which is enclosed in this edition of Health Rays.

I am asking you to state how the rehabilitation program within the sanatoria may be improved and I am sincerely anxious to obtain your opinions. If you are sincerely anxious to influence formation of policy, please complete the form and sign your name.

With the hope that you may express yourselves more freely, I am suggesting that you mail your replies to the Executive Secretary of the Nova Scotia Tuberculosis Association, 7071 Bayers Road, Halifax.

Why wait for spring? Do it now.

F. G. Barrett
Director of Rehabilitation

LIVE AND LEARN

(Continued from page 11)

tives of Ceylon, India and Pakistan arrived at the United Nations they had a common language with other delegates whose mother tongue was Swahili, Ashanti or Amharic.

By the same process France gave a language bridge to the educated people of Vietnam, Cambodia, the Ivory Coast, Mali, Dahomey, Algeria and Morocco.

Either English speaking or French speaking Canadians ought to be thankful that they start with one of the two most spoken languages and just get busy on the second one.

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Chaplain's Corner

REV. DENNIS M. VEINOTTE

One of the priceless gems of our Bible is the well known twenty-third psalm. It is, no doubt, one of the most frequently read passages of scripture by young and old alike. Well it might be in these days so filled with stress and strain. It gives us assurance that though the world come tumbling down around us due to national conflicts of a multitudinous nature—though cords of love be broken—though all unity be destroyed, yet we have the assurance from a far greater power, that He is our Shepherd, Who will lead us day by day.

Let us meditate on this psalm with all the respect and reverence it instills into our hearts.

It is a psalm written on a shepherd's walk through the day as he tends his flock of sheep. In the first scene is the shepherd in the early morning. The heat of the sun burns hot on the dry earth over which he treads. The shepherd walks slowly along amidst the bleating of the sheep and the yelps of the panting dogs. The lambs forget their tendency to frolic and they walk calmly along with the flock. The shepherd will lead them to a secluded valley where runs a quiet brook, with borders of green grass.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters."

How like the shepherd is our God. He is always present to lead us through hours which at times seem unbearable, to brighten our darkest moments as He meets all our needs. There is nothing lacking for them that trust fully in the mercy of the Good Shepherd.

We are all clinically minded these days. I read this week where the psychiatrists say that we have three basic needs. First, the need to love and be loved; secondly, the need of status; and thirdly, the need of wholeness. All of our problems—nervous tension, delinquency, unhappiness—stem from one of these basic needs being unsatisfied.

The assurance we have in our Christian faith and as stated in this psalm so clearly is this: that God can and will meet all of these needs—through His love, forgiveness and the bringing of harmony into life.

The second scene is late afternoon. The flocks had long before reached their quiet valley and have been well cared for, fed, watered and rested. Now they must begin the journey back. This journey back is hazardous as they pass over the hills and through the forests. They encounter dangers from the natural elements and from hungry

animals that lurk in the shadows, waiting for some like prey. But the shepherd leads them and protects them.

"He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his names sake. Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

This to me is very symbolic of the many difficulties we face as we go through life. Name them, they are many—financial strain, family problems, physical and mental sickness, loneliness, fear, death, and unemployment are but a few. Yes, name them, they are many. But the Good Shepherd leads us through dark valleys according to His gracious promise.

Then we come to the final scene. It is night. All day the shepherd has guided his sheep until now they are safe for the night, as they abide with him:

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

We have been concerned thus far with the daily care given to us by our Lord. Now He gives us the assurance of continued care in the future. God will prepare a table for us. Our heads will be anointed with the Holy Spirit, as we are given new spiritual light and guidance. The goodness and the mercy of the Lord is never ending. Then we will go to "the house of the Lord" to dwell with Him forever.

Gossip that comes over the grape vine is usually sour.

The act of progress is to preserve order amid change and change amid order.

There are two sides to every question that we're not interested in.

Automation is man's effort to make work so easy that women can do it all.

The best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done.

—Berton Braley

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Food Fads and Fallacies

Virginia Allen, B.Sc.
Assistant Dietitian
N. S. Sanatorium

In the field of diet many people tend to have strong beliefs about certain foods and it is often difficult to convince them otherwise. Most of the old wives tales about the special effect of certain foods on various diseases, or for building certain tissues, are highly fanciful and can be shown to be absurd. Here and there, of course, a few grains of truth have been gleaned from experience and must not be discarded. But it is this basing of food theories on limited personal experience which is dangerous. Each one feels qualified to set himself up as an authority on the basis of his own experience with food. He knows, because this, that or the other thing actually happened to him or to someone personally known to him.

Such factors as the power of suggestion, the influence of fear, and the desire to believe, also play a very important part in shaping our beliefs about food. For example, a certain food or combination of foods, caused distress at some time because too much of it was eaten or because the conditions for digestion were poor at that time. The average person concludes either that this food is especially hard for anyone to digest, or that for him this particular food acts as poison.

It is most likely that neither of these conclusions is correct. The truth is probably that the distress, though real, is brought about by psychic influences rather than by the food. Either the conviction that a certain food always caused distress is sufficient to bring about the subsequent difficulty, by suggestion (perhaps subconsciously) or the conscious fear of after-effects will so inhibit digestion that any food would disagree under such conditions. Millions of people suffer from just such inhibitions about being unable to eat certain foods but could undoubtedly eat them in moderate amounts if they only thought they could.

Examples of the power of the will to believe are seen in the people who have ailments which they hope may be benefited by some dietary fad. As with those who expect trouble after eating certain foods, sometimes the belief that benefit will be derived is sufficiently strong to be a step toward health, and the credit for recovery goes to the particular food fad followed.

Commercialism tends to foster food fads. These faddists are of two classes—those who sponsor the "eat more" slogan and those who instill the belief that improper combinations of food will cause dire results. The first are paid to create a greater demand

for individual foods—eat more wheat, more sugar, more meat, more raisins, more oranges and so on. Each advertising agency attempts to persuade the public that the special food they are pushing has some special qualities which make it indispensable or which justify its crowding other foods out of the diet. In general, the more varied the diet the more likely it is to safeguard health, and when any one food occupies too large a place, the diet is in danger of becoming one-sided.

Also foods which are useful and good in smaller amounts may do harm if eaten in excess or under certain conditions. There are undoubtedly people who are benefited by taking bran, for instance, or yeast, but the prescribing of such remedies should be left to a competent physician instead of to an advertising agency. Harm may be done by taking either under certain conditions or in too large amounts.

Some faddists trade on the hopes of people. For example, they may recommend certain food combinations of which you can eat all you want and grow slender. Such things are too good to be true. Other faddists like to frighten us by warning about the danger of wrong food combinations. Some combinations of food are believed to react chemically in the stomach and poison the whole system. There is no scientific foundation for such myths.

Fish and milk, meat and milk, milk and orange juice, lobster and ice cream have all been accused of being dangerous combinations. Any food that is good by itself, is good along with other foods. Some religions forbid the use of milk and meat in the same meal but there is no scientific reason for this. We are warned that milk is curdled by the acid in orange juice. Actually the far stronger normal acid in the stomach curdles the milk much more, and this is what should happen. People with good digestion can manage lobster and ice cream in the same meal.

Certain foods such as lettuce, eggs, meat and fish are believed by some people to have medicinal or psychological properties. Lettuce, for example, is said to have a sleep-inducing effect. Unfounded rumour has it that tomatoes, corn and milk cause cancer. Milk, one of our best foods, has also been blamed for being a cause of nose bleed, but here again there is no truth in the statement. Cheese is said to be constipating but actually it may help to prevent that trouble.

Often people ask if it is safe to use
(Continued on page 26)

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Old Timers

The calendar says it's spring, right enough, but that white stuff we see all around sort of tells a different story. No. 7 storm of the winter, which came on March 18-19, was quite a mean one. Your Old Timers editor travelled from New Glasgow to Kentville by car in the middle of it, and the memory of that trip will linger long. Anne Marie says there doesn't seem to have been as many Old Timers around as usual, and in all probability we can lay that too, at the door of the weatherman.

John Lawrence of the Records Department, took a Sunday drive to the South Shore last month and reports having seen Aubrey Ernst. Aubrey, who was here in 1954, is very well, and has his own store at Blockhouse, Lunenburg County.

Georgie Baltzer, a 1958 patient, was in for a check-up. She is fine, and says she sees Hazel Weir, Kingston, occasionally. Another 1958-er in for a check-up was Donald Wilson. He lives at Bloomfield, Digby County, where he runs a small farm with his father. He says he takes life quite easy, doing a bit of fishing and trapping along with his farm work.

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When Anne Marie was in Annapolis Royal this winter attending the biennial meeting of the Catholic Women's League, Yarmouth Diocesan Council, she saw Anne LeBlanc, who was also attending the meetings. Anne was here in 1956, and now looks after her home in Yarmouth.

When Mae Margeson of the Lab staff was in Halifax last month she ran into Millie Boutilier. Millie, who will be remembered as a San switchboard operator, left here a year ago and now works the switchboard at Wood Hennigar Ltd., Fenwick St., Halifax. She told Mrs. Margeson that she likes living in Halifax, and we are told that she looks very well.

Another Old Timer working in Halifax is Don Ritcey, who was at the San in 1948. He tells us he is office manager at R. W. Wright & Co., Granville St., Halifax. He still has his home in the Valley, at Wilmot, Annapolis County, and is able to spend his weekends with his family there.

Anne Marie had a letter from Clarisse Kendrick Hill, who was a patient here many years ago, and more recently on the Rehab.

staff. She lives at Shag Harbour, Yarmouth County, with her husband, Rev. Rowland Hill. She says her husband, who underwent a serious operation a while ago, is quite well this past winter, doing some studying, writing, keeps up his scrapbooks, and is looking forward eagerly to his favorite hobby of gardening once more. As for Clarisse, her days are full from morning to night, taking part in every community activity, and keeping an eye on both her elderly parents, who also live at Shag Harbour.

A newspaper clipping tells us that a 1955 Old Timer, Flt. Lt. R. W. (Dick) Kaye, has recently graduated from the RCAF's No. 6 Strike reconnaissance operational training unit at RCAF Station, Cold Lake, Alberta. He has learned to fly the CF 104, and now he goes to Europe where he will become a member of Canada's NATO air division. His home town was Truro.

Marion Comeau, Halifax, who left the San last year, visited here in March. She had just returned from a trip to see her mother in British Columbia. She plans to go back to work next summer. Gerald Martin, who also left here just last year, is very well and hopes to go back to work this May.

On two occasions this past winter we enjoyed seeing Old Timer Keillor Bentley being interviewed on CBHT's Gazette. Keillor is now curator of the Alexander Graham Bell Museum at Baddeck, and his enthusiasm for the work of the famous inventor is very apparent when he talks of him. Keillor was a patient here in 1950, during which time he served as operator of radio station S.A.N.

We will conclude our Old Timers column this month with a letter which was received by **Health Rays** editor, Mrs. May Smith, from Ann Wills, Long Point, Inverness County, giving interesting news of a number of Old Timers. She says:

"After spending eight months in the city of Sydney, I was surprised to come across many of our patients (now ex-patients) of 1962.

"Mrs. Sharon McMullin, her husband and young son Danny now live on the Esplanade where they are renting an apartment. Mrs. McMullin is doing very well, and served many nice lunches during my too few visits. Among other ex-patients I've had a chance to visit was Mrs. Mary McIsaac of River St., Inverness. Mary is feeling fine, and is escaping the winter colds.

"Mary Muise of Cheticamp, I've been informed by a former teacher of hers, is back to school, has settled down to studying

(Continued on page 26)

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INS and OUTS

Admissions to N. S. Sanatorium February 16 to March 15, 1964

William E. McCarthy, Halifax Road, Box 93, Truro; Mrs. Mary Wadden, Main a Dieu, Cape Breton Co.; Rex Duvall McCall, Cambridge Station, Kings Co.; Mrs. Irene M. Malcolm, Box 3, Baddeck, Victoria Co.; Ivan C. Pauls, Seabright, Halifax; Richard Ivan Pauls, Seabright, Halifax Co.; Sidney B. Corbin, 38 Tupper Road, Kentville; Roy Aubrey Sparks, Box 128, Canning; Sharon M. d'Entremont, Lower West Pubnico, Yar. Co.; Edison F. Brown, Box 9, Wellington Station, Halifax Co.; Mrs. Olive Sutherland, Thornburn, Pictou Co.; John F. Chisholm, Hillcrest P.O., James River; Mrs. Mary Simmons, 35 Armstrong Ave., Bible Hill, Col. Co.; Donald S. VanTassell, Digby; Forrest L. Pye, R.R. 3, Kentville; Franklin A. d'Entremont, Lower West Pubnico, Yar. Co.; Gordon M. Stewart, 44 Aberdeen Ave., New Glasgow; Gail M. Smith, Indian Point, Lun. Co.

Discharges from N. S. Sanatorium February 16 to March 15, 1964

Garnet R. Streach, 78 Braemar Drive, Dartmouth; Robert E. Storey, 87 West Percy, North Shields, England; Lorenzo F. Costa, Dept. of Citizenship, Halifax; Ann Frances Setchell, 130 George St., Sydney; Donald C. Robertson, Nesbitt St., Windsor; Lawrence I. Sampson, Three Mile Plains, Hants Co.; Charles E. Fenton, Kempton, Riverdale, Col. Co.; Shelley L. Slauenwhite, Terrance Bay, Halifax Co.; Mrs. Phyllis Haley, Central Chebogue, Yar. Co.; Hugh Ross MacLeod, MacLellans Brook, Pictou Co.; Mrs. Katherine Gammon, Westville, Pictou Co.; Roy Aubrey Sparks, Box 138, Canning; Ralph B. Higgins, R.R. 2, Middle Musquodoboit, Hfx. Co.; Alma Rose Hartling, 330 Rutherford St., Stellarton, Pictou Co.; Sidney B. Corbin, 38 Tupper Road, Kentville; Joseph A. Pothier, Sluice Point, Yar. Co.; Kenneth J. Zwicker, Chester Basin, Lunen. Co.; John

A. MacDougall, 388 Shelburne St., New Glasgow; Mrs. Beatrice Hill, R.R. 1, Wentworth, Cumb. Co.; Edison F. Brown, Box 9, Wellington Sta., Halifax Co.; John C. Douglas, 620 Chisholm St., New Glasgow.

Admissions to Point Edward Hospital February 16 to March 15, 1964

Mrs. Helen Kerr MacDade, 86 Tupper St., Sydney; Gerald Evan Ford, 11 Lingan Road, Sydney; Armand Joseph Burt, 46 Armstrong Court, Sydney; Frances A. Setchell, 130 George St., Sydney; Mrs. Justine A. LeBlanc, Hawker P.O., Richmond Co.; David F. Campbell, Main a Dieu, C. B.; George Smith, 21 Reserve Rows, Reserve Mines, C. B.; John Francis Morley, no present address.

Discharges from Point Edward Hospital February 16 to March 15, 1964

Neil Beaton, West Bay Road, C. B.; Lawrence Petrie, South Harbour, Vic. Co.; Mrs. Helen Kerr MacDade, 86 Tupper St., Sydney; Alexander Steele, 347 Parliament St., Apt. 5, Toronto, Ont.; Jefferson Gray, 18 Reserve St., Glace Bay; Charles T. Chaisson, Dominion Road, Reserve Mines; George Smith, 21 Reserve Rows, Reserve Mines; Catherine MacVicar, Catalone, C. B.; Mrs. Justine A. LeBlanc, Hawker P.O., Rich Co.; Stephen Bernard, Nyanza, Vic. Co.; Charles Holmes, Westmount, C. B.; Douglas Butts, Catalone, C. B.; John Charles Nearing, 7½ Curry St., Glace Bay, C. B.

He who knows others is learned; he who knows himself is wise.

—Lao-Tsze

A diplomat is a man who remembers a lady's birthday but forgets her age.

If there comes a little thaw,
Still the air is chill and raw,
Here and there a patch of snow,
Dirtier than the ground below,
Dribbles down a marshy flood;
Ankle-deep you stick in mud
In the meadows while you sing,
"This is Spring."

—C. P. Cranch

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THE LITTLE CAT ANGEL

The ghost of a little white kitten
 Crying mournfully, early and late,
 Distracted St. Peter, the watchman,
 As he guarded the heavenly gate.
 "Say, what do you mean," said his saintship,
 "Coming here and behaving like that?"
 "I want to see Nellie, my missus,"
 Sobbed the wee little ghost of a cat.
 "I know she's not happy without me,
 Won't you open and let me go in?"
 "Begone," gasped the horrified watchman,
 "Why the very idea is a sin;
 I open the gate to good angels,
 Not to stray little beggars like you."
 "All right," mewed the little white kitten,
 "Though a cat I'm a good angel, too."
 Amazed at so bold an assertion,
 But aware that he must make no mistake,
 In silence, St. Peter long pondered,
 For his name and repute were at stake,
 Then placing the cat in his bosom
 With a "Whist now, and say all your pray-
 ers,"

He opened the heavenly portals
 And ascended the bright golden stairs.
 A little girl angel came flying,
 "That's my kitty, St. Peter," she cried.
 And, seeing the joy of their meeting,
 Peter let the cat abide.

This tale is the tale of a kitten
 Dwelling now with the blessed above,
 It vanquished grim Death and High Heaven
 For the name of the kitten was Love.

—Leontine Stanfield

LOYALTY

He may be six kinds of a liar,
 He may be ten kinds of a fool,
 He may be a wicked highflyer
 Beyond any reason or rule;
 There may be a shadow above him
 Of ruin and woes to impend,
 And I may not respect, but I love him,
 Because—well, because he's my friend.

I know he has faults by the billion,
 But his faults are a portion of him;
 I know that his record's vermilion,
 And he's far from sweet Seraphim;
 But he's always been square with yours
 truly,
 Ready to give or to lend,
 And if he is wild and unruly,
 I like him—because he's my friend.

I criticize him but I do it
 In just a frank, comradely key,
 And back-biting gossips will rue it
 If ever they knock him to me!
 I never make diagrams of him,
 No maps of his soul have I penned;
 I don't analyze—I just love him,
 Because—well, because he's my friend.
 —Berton Braley

BOOKS

(Continued from page 12)

That will give you some idea of how our language has changed. It means "when April's showers pierce the drought of March" . . . and it goes on to list a lot of things which happened. The birds sang, the young grass starts, the wind becomes soft, and so on.

Then comes the lines to which your attention is especially drawn,—
 "Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
 And palmeres for to seken strange strondes,
 to ferne halwes couthe in sondry
 londes."

Palmeres and pilgrims were pretty numerous in those days. Nowadays they would be called tourists. As Florida and points south had not been discovered at that time these lads and lasses stayed home near the fire in winter. But come spring, they felt the wanderlust—not unlike our own day.

Certain of our human urges don't change much. The language to describe them changes with the centuries, and our expressions get a new bend. But the basic push is the same.

The restless hours of spring could be spent to greater advantage if we read more widely. The reading of good books is the firm foundation of our civilization. From them we learn of the past and this can give a better understanding of the present.

Books added to our library in the past month are:

Margin Released, by J. B. Priestly.
 Silent Spring, by Rachel Carson.
 Renegade in Power, by Peter Newman.
 Doctor Zhivago, by Dr. Pasternack.
 30 Stories To Remember, by Thomas B. Costain.
 Ice Station Zebra, by Alistair MacLean.
 Ed.

Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee.
 —Job XII. 8

Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for a kindness.
 —Seneca

A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.
 —Wilde

The man came upon a small boy sitting on the edge of the steps of the emergency entrance.

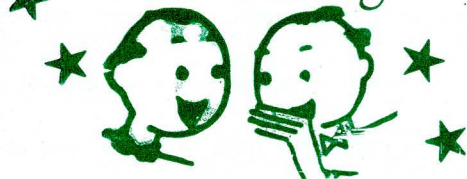
"Hello, young fella," he said. "Are you waiting for someone?"

"Yeah," the boy replied, "my mother; she works here."

Just then the hospital ambulance arrived. The driver got out on his side, and a nurse leaped out on the passenger side.

"There's my mother now," the little boy yelled. "She rides shotgun for the driver."

Just Jesting



The bachelor's attractive new house-keeper tiptoed into the study and asked apologetically:

"Sir, shall I clean your stove and sweep your porch now?"

"Margie," said the bachelor, "in this house we are all for one and one for all. You do not say 'your stove' or 'your porch' or 'your chair'. Instead say 'our stove' or 'our porch', or 'our chair'."

That evening Margie served a splendid dinner to the bachelor and his boss and the boss' daughter, whom he was anxious to impress.

Margie was late in serving the last course and she rushed into the dining room and excitedly announced:

"I'm sorry I was late, sir, but I was upstairs chasing a mouse from under 'our bed'."

Nature does make mistakes; sometimes she put all the bones in the head and none in the back.

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A young minister was taking his wife to task for breaking her promise not to buy a new dress.

"It must have been the Devil's fault," she murmured. "He tempted me."

"You could have said, 'Get thee behind me Satan'."

"I did," she said, "but he whispered over my shoulder—'It fits you beautifully in the back, too'."

A bachelor is a fellow who likes to throw a line but never keeps the fish he catches.

Love is just the same old story, but some fellows tell it a lot better than others.

Remember the good old days when it cost more to run a car than to park it.

It isn't the ice that makes people slip, it's what they mix with it.

No matter how busy a man is, he's never too busy to stop and talk about how busy he is.

Someday someone should invent a mirror that gives you the benefit of a doubt.

Just because things go wrong is no reason you have to go with them.

Children are a great comfort in your old age. They help you reach it sooner, too.

An egotist is not all bad — at least he doesn't go around talking about other people.

Waiter: "Yes sir, we're very up-to-date here. Everything is cooked by electricity."

Diner: "I wonder if you would mind giving this steak another shock?"

An absent-minded man came out of one of his reveries to find himself sitting on his bed with one shoe on and the other in his hand.

"I wonder what I'm doing," he muttered, "going to sleep or getting up?"

A busybody is a person who burns the scandal at both ends.

A jaywalker often bets two legs against four wheels and often loses.

Because life is short, it's wise to make it broad.

A newspaperman, travelling through the backwoods, saw a gnarled, wrinkled bent old man sitting in a rocking chair on the porch of his house. Sensing a human interest story, the reporter decided to interview the ancient fellow.

"Sir, I'd like to know the secret of your long life," said the reporter.

"Well, I drink a gallon of whiskey, smoke 50 cigars and go out dancing every day of my life," said the man.

"Remarkable!" exclaimed the reporter. "Exactly how old are you?"

The reply: "Twenty-seven."

A man driving his wife to the theatre remarked, "One of the cylinders is missing again."

"Well you can't blame me this time," she replied, "this car's been locked in the garage all day."

"Can you tell me why they call all the bad actors 'hams'?"

"I suppose it's because of their constant association with eggs."

Temper is a funny thing; it spoils children, ruins men and strengthens steel.

San Activities

NOTES FROM THE NURSING STAFF

A letter received from Miss Min-Wan Lee, R.N., tells us she is settled at Dunnsville, Ontario.

Mrs. Annabelle Fox, R.N., has been on sick leave and expects to return shortly.

Mrs. Marilyn MacKereth, R.N., who has been Head Nurse in the Annex leaves us March 30 to return to Ontario. Our best wishes go with her.

Mrs. Irene Hamilton and Mrs. Aileen Folker have been on leave on account of illness in the family. Miss Elvena Marsh is on extended leave due to the serious illness of her father.

Miss Penelope MacLellan, student Nursing Assistant who has been making up time lost due to illness, has completed her course here and is to take a position at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.

The Valley Branch of the Registered Nurses held their March meeting in the Nurses' Residence at the Blanchard-Fraser Memorial Hospital, Kentville, and several of our nurses toured the new hospital following the meeting.

Miss Judy Morris, C.N.A., has left our staff and gone to Toronto to work in a General Hospital. We wish Judy every success in her new location.

Congratulations are in order for Miss Beverly Spence who was married recently to Mr. Allison Harvie and also to Mr. and Mrs. Creighton (Celia) Best on the arrival of their daughter Jennifer.

PATIENTS' PARTY

Shamrocks and leprechauns gave a touch of the Emerald Isle to the Conference Room March 17, when the patients gathered for their annual St. Patrick's party.

This party, which was sponsored by the Kentville Chapter of the I.O.D.E., is looked forward to with enthusiasm. Dr. Hiltz introduced the ladies in charge to the patients and two members of the Rehab staff—Don Brown, Social Worker, and Mrs. Mary MacKinnon, chief Radio Operator. This year we missed one of our gracious hostesses, Mrs. Eileen Hiltz, who was called to New Glasgow due to the illness of her father.

About forty-seven patients were present and the evening was spent in playing crokinole, cards, checkers and chinese checkers, with prizes going to the following: auction 45's, ladies' first, Mrs. Gladys Rafuse, gent's first, Murray Zwcker; ladies' consolation, Mrs. Daisy Mullen, gent's consolation, Thomas Brooks; crokinole, Mrs. Florence Dimock; checkers, Mrs. Elie Byers, Jack Smith; chinese checkers, Keith Crowe; lucky draw, Jane d'Entremont.

A beautifully decorated birthday cake went to the patient who had a birthday nearest St. Patrick's day and George Mullen was the lucky man.

After Dr. Hiltz thanked our hostesses of the evening, Elsie Byers, Marilyn MacKinnon, Frances Manuel and Dorothy Webber sang a number of Irish songs accompanied by Wally Burgess on the guitar.

A bountiful lunch was served by the ladies of the I.O.D.E. assisted by the dietary department.

We extend congratulations to Miss Marguerite MacLeod, our teacher of business subjects and supervisor of correspondence courses, who successfully passed an examination on advanced bookkeeping with a mark of 97. Also to Mrs. Mary MacKinnon, chief radio operator and assistant librarian who wrote her mid-year exam in English 200 from Acadia University with an A grade.

GET Tb. TESTS—OR GET OUT! SAYS UNIVERSITY

"While it is my own business if I get tuberculosis, it is the community's business if I spread it. Therefore it is the community's right to force me to show whether or not I am likely to be the source of an epidemic."

This is the opinion of a young man who last month was one of 28 students who were expelled from the University of Manitoba for supposedly not taking part in a tuberculin and x-ray survey. In an article in the student newspaper, The Manitoban, he attempted to justify the administration's campaign to force students to be tested for tuberculosis.

Nearly all of the students, as well as staff members, lined up for the Sanatorium Board's free survey last November. Those who missed the campus clinics received letters from the university office requesting that they either get the tests at the Central Tuberculosis Clinic . . . or get out!

Almost all of the students who hadn't been tested turned up later at the Central Clinic. But there were 28 who apparently did not notify the dean's office that they had been tested.

So with that, the student reported, their registrations were cancelled!

—News Bulletin

Sanatorium Board of Manitoba.

We make our fortunes and we call them fate.

—Disraeli

Training means learning the rules, Experience means learning the exceptions.

FOOD

(Continued from page 17)

aluminum saucepans for cooking. They fear that harmful amounts of aluminum will dissolve in the food. This does not happen and there is absolutely no danger in using them. Also food will not come to any harm if left in a can after being opened. Pasteurization does not appreciably reduce the food value of milk and is a necessary safeguard.

Some other fallacies about certain foods are: that oranges and lemons aid digestion or cause acid stomach; onions will cure a cold, also a good remedy for insomnia; spinach has an effect on the kidneys; celery is a nerve tonic; fish is brain food; egg white is injurious to the kidneys. There is no foundation for these beliefs that certain foods are good for or stimulate special organs of the body. They are akin to the legends that eating heart makes one courageous or that eating liver is good for liver complaints, and often they contradict one another. Acid fruits are supposed either to cure indigestion or cause acid stomach. Actually small amounts of mild acid fruits will make little difference to the stomach acidity under normal conditions.

Fish does not contain phosphorus compounds, and nerve tissue is rich in phosphorus, but meat, poultry, eggs and milk are all rich in phosphorus and also it requires a good many other elements to build nerve tissue. How celery, which contains little phosphorus, became associated with special qualities for nerves is a mystery.

Eggs are often thought to be more digestible raw than cooked, but actually they are slightly more digestible cooked. Bananas are said to be indigestible, good for reducing and also fattening. Actually bananas, especially very ripe ones are very easily digested. The fact that they leave the stomach slowly and so help prevent hunger may be the reason they are considered good for reducing. As for bananas or in fact any other food being fattening, one food is really no more fattening than another, except that one may have a higher food value. One pound of lettuce would be just as fattening as a half ounce of butter, for each would supply the same amount of calories. Any food might be considered fattening if eaten in large enough quantities.

Some people believe that all foods should be eaten raw as this is the natural state and cooking kills nutritive substances—others that no food should be eaten raw because of the danger of infection by bacteria. In reality, some foods are better eaten raw while others could not be digested well unless cooked and cooking processes affect the nutritive value of foods very little.

Drinking water with meals is sometimes considered bad for digestion. Actually a moderate amount of water at the beginning

or with meals helps to increase the flow of digestive juices and hence aids rather than hinders digestion.

Some believe that they should omit breakfast or lunch especially if they want to reduce. Breakfast is necessary after fasting all night to stimulate certain body functions. Food is better handled by the body if it is fairly evenly divided into three meals. If there is danger of over eating, it is better to make all three meals somewhat lighter than to omit one meal entirely.

OLD TIMERS

(Continued from page 19)

again and doing very well. It was with much surprise last week that I received a letter from Billy Arsenault, who lives in Halifax. Billy tells me he has gained a lot of weight since leaving the San and is feeling well.

"Another ex-patient who lives in my own community is Mrs. Sally MacDonald. Sally is feeling grand and enjoys being home with her children which, I must add, are a lovely little brood. Also near are Mr. Rannie MacDonald and his wife Marie. It was only a few weeks ago that a bouncing new boy was added to their family.

"As for myself, I have just completed an eight month course in Cosmetology at Leon Academy of Hair Design in Sydney, and at present am job hunting. It is my constant wish to be able to visit the San this summer and the many good people connected with it who showed kindness and concern at times when it was most needed. Remembering you all in my prayers."

It is a great misfortune neither to have enough wit to talk well nor enough judgment to be silent.

—La Bruyere

Keep quiet and people will think you a philosopher.

—Latin Proverb.

Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who cannot be persuaded to say it.

—Lowell.

I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart, which shall not be put out.

—I. Esdras

Life is a tragedy for those who feel, and a comedy for those who think.

—La Bruyere

Arthritis has probably afflicted mankind since the time of the caveman, judging by skeletons found by scientists. It is only in very recent years that any method of controlling the disease has been discovered and this depends upon treatment in the early stages.

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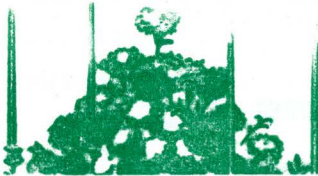
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