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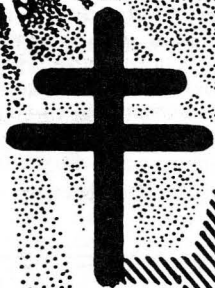
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Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

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Sanatorium Visiting Hours

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

DAILY: 10:15 — 11:45 A.M. Monday — Saturday: 3:30-4:30; 7:30-8:30 P.M.
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THE GOOD OLD DAYS — OR WERE THEY?

By Eileen M. Hiltz

When Archie Bunker sings with nostalgic fervor: "Those were the days!", it touches an assenting chord in many hearts. Ah, yes, the good old days! Recently, however, while sorting a box of philatelic (stamp-collecting, in easy English) material, I was struck quite forcibly by the thought that in at least one point of fact "the good old days" might be called more truly "the bad old days." I came upon a printed post card such as were mailed out in a follow-up for the Christmas Seal Sale. This particular card was sent to a woman in Springhill, and had been returned with the following sorrowful message on it: "I returned the seals, as I have had two die with that dread disease, one a returned man and I didn't see anything done to help him fight it. His Dr. and the Drs. in Halifax wanted the government to give him a serum and after waiting near a year it came too late". The date showing on the card is January 1935.

Although for many Tb-ers in 1935 the good old days were far from good, others of us can testify with thankfulness to the great strides which had been made in medical knowledge and humanitarianism. Compared with conditions experienced by sufferers of much earlier days, 1935 was enlightened indeed. Examples gleaned during research into early treatment of tuberculosis in Nova Scotia can be quoted to show the hopelessness of the early "consumptive". From letters written in 1864 to a son fighting in the Civil War of the States, a Nova Scotian mother speaks thus of her condition: "Now, my dear boy, it will soon be six weeks since I took sick, and I am very weak", and in another letter: "I am still very weak, and I do not know if I shall ever be well again. Yesterday I was not able to sit up half the day. I raise a little blood occasionally, and my lungs are very weak. I do not tell you this to alarm you, but I am exceedingly anxious to see you as soon as you can possibly get home". The son did get home, and wrote this account of conditions he found there, in the flowery language of the time: "I was given leave of absence and found all at home well except mother, who had now a distressing cough. She had lost strength during the warm summer, but bore her weakness without complaining.

My sisters were very attentive . . . they had moved her bed into the front parlor, where the rising sun was first seen in the morning glow. Near the front windows and open doorway were autumn roses and a few bright phloxes and hollyhocks lifting their spikes of flowers above the garden wall, and over these were the trembling-leaf poplars, helping to ward off the heat. But the house had low ceiling, and bright glints of the shimmering light slipped through the tremulant foliage and lit the room that helped to brighten the spirit of our sick mother In the morning after the dew was gone, we carried her in the easy-chair into the garden or under the white house willows, where the shade was to her comfort She could not remain very long in the open air, and we carried her in to lie down for a rest. The painfulness of physical weakness was hard for her bright spirit to endure." It is hardly necessary to add that shortly thereafter death claimed this long-suffering mother, for whom there was no help except the tender care of her loving family.

As an illustration of the only recommended treatment for the tuberculous in the mid-nineteenth century we may look to the case of Rev. J. W. Matheson. The following excerpt is taken from the biography of Rev. John Geddie, the first foreign missionary sent out by the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia. The mission was stationed in the New Hebrides, one of the so-called "cannibal islands" of the South Seas. "On the 8th of July (1858) arrived the John William, bringing a welcome addition to the Mission band in the Rev. J. W. Matheson and wife Having devoted himself to the Foreign Mission work, he prosecuted his studies for that object with such close application, that he laid the foundation of that disease which eventually ended his career At this time the tendency to consumption had begun to manifest itself. When he underwent a medical examination, the physician pronounced him as having a tendency to pulmonary disease, that his only hope of recovering his health was an early departure to a warm climate During the time of preparation for going forth, his cough became worse, accompanied with spitting of

(Continued on Page 2)

THE GOOD OLD DAYS—

(Continued from Page 1)

blood, and at one time he was reduced to such a state of weakness that his recovery seemed doubtful. It was hoped, however, that these symptoms would yield to a sea voyage and a tropical climate." Which, of course, they didn't, and the Rev. Mr. Matheson died at the age of 30, four years after reaching the New Hebrides islands.

One final illustration of how Tb-ers fared in the good old days, this one taken from the time of our hardy pioneers. The following is quoted from a book entitled John Patterson, the Founder of Pictou Town: "And now . . . the villian, 'Consumption, as it was then called, was to begin its mortal visitations. So twice in 1816 the cotton blinds were drawn tight in the Patterson home, as death called the sixth son, Alexander, and the seventh son, James Ross, aged 22 and 20 years respectively. The former had gone to Miramichi in search of employment, where having taken ill he came home, though only to die. And within six months of his death, James Ross, too, was dead. It was his illness that gave rise to the following incident.

"When it was realized that he was probably in the early stages of 'consumption' a message of hope, though a false and cruel one, came to the Patterson home, when it was learned that in Halifax there was a Scotch doctor with almost magical success in curing of 'consumption'. In a desperate hope the son was sent for treatment to the care of this wonder-working doctor. It was soon evident that he was not improving. There he was, in what might be called a 'far country', and dying among strangers, while longing for home. When the word came it was in the dead of winter, and he was so ill that he could not have stood the rigors of the long journey exposed to the cold. The appeal of the dying son and brother could not be resisted and so the brother, Abraham, who like his father was always a practical man and knew how to put his hands to use, built a small house which he set on runners. In some way or another he got through the one hundred miles of snow to Halifax, and without difficulty, as he modestly used to say, had his brother brought back to Pictou. In his later days, however, he admitted that in all his life he was never so glad to see Pictou as he was on that return journey, for his

brother was so ill that he feared he would die on the way";

So much for the bad part of the good old days. I hope no reader is depressed by this seemingly sadistic recital of sufferings and death. If so, I recommend a deeper look, which will reveal brighter aspects. Quite apart from a recognition of the magnificent progress that has been made in the care and treatment of the tuberculous, there are points apparent in even these sad tales that go far towards justifying the expression "The good old days". They are found abundantly in the character of both the victims and their families, exemplifying those most redeeming of human qualities — courage, faith and love.

—:O:—

The Flu

I lie in bed from morn till night;
And really am a loathesome sight.
My nose is red, my eyes are blurred,
The whole effect is most absurd,
My hair hangs straight, has lost its glow,
My face looks thin and wrinkles show,
My rosy cheeks, my pride of yore,
Have left me now and are no more.
I wish my heart would stay in place,
Instead of throbbing in my face!
I cannot read, nor can I sew
Because my eyes are burning so.
Inside my head, Niagara Falls
Is surging through its hollow walls.
I have an abscess in each ear
Which makes it difficult to hear
(My heart most heartlessly persists
On beating in these painful cysts).
The phone may ring from morn to night,
The dogs may bark from glee or fright;
What's this to me, I only know
My nose demands another blow!

Author Unknown

* * *

Sitting in a dentist's reception room were a mother and child. A patient in his early 20's left the office and walked through the lobby. He was dressed in sandals and tunic, draped in beads, and adorned with shoulder-length locks. As he left, the youngster turned to his mother and asked: "Was that the tooth fairy?"

Notes and News

On the afternoon of Wednesday, January 31, a large number of friends and well wishers assembled in the cafeteria for a tea and presentation in honor of Mrs. Sophie Spencer. Sophie had completed 46 years of employment at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, most of these years as a Nursing Assistant. Dr. H. M. Holden, Medical Director, and Miss Jean Dobson, Director of Nursing, spoke of Sophie's record as a willing and cheerful worker. Sophie was presented with a very attractive lawn set consisting of chairs, table and umbrella. It is hoped that she and her husband, Wesley, who was present at the tea, will have many years to enjoy retirement.

* * *

Dr. Laretei returned from a vacation of some four weeks spent in the sun and on the golf course at Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

* * *

Dr. J. J. Quinlan was featured on Radio Station CKEN from 10:30 to 11:30 on the morning of February 4th. It was a question and answer program concerning Lung Cancer and was very well done.

* * *

Phyllis J. Lyttle, Director of Public Health Nursing, retired in December after 34 years service with the Nova Scotia Department of Public Health. Born in Ellerhouse, Miss Lyttle was a graduate of the Payzant Memorial Hospital in Windsor where she worked for several years as a registered nurse both on staff and as a private nurse. She received her diploma in Public Health Nursing from McGill University and then joined the Department as a Public Health Nurse in Baddeck. She completed her diploma in administration and supervision at the University of Toronto and was named supervisor of Public Health Nurses. In 1953 she was named Superintendent of Public Health Nurses. The title was later changed to Director.

Miss Edna Walsh has been named Director of Public Health Nursing, replacing Miss Lyttle. Born and educated in Halifax, Miss Walsh attended the School of Nursing at the Halifax Infirmary. She was on the staff of the Infirmary prior to attending the University of Ottawa where she received her Bachelor of Science in Nursing Education. She returned to the Infirmary for a period of 3 years as an Instructress in Obstetrics. She joined the Department

of Public Health as a Consultant in Maternal and Child Health in 1958. At the end of that year she attended the University of Ottawa where she completed the Public Health Nursing Course and returned to assume her duties as consultant.

In 1966 Miss Walsh was transferred to the Nova Scotia Hospital Insurance Commission as a Nursing Counsellor. She remained in this post until 1970 when she went to Teacher's College, Columbia University, from which she graduated in 1972 with a Master's Degree in Education. She returned to the Hospital Insurance Commission until the end of 1972 when she was appointed Director of Public Health Nursing.

—:O:—

Bacteria Has Ability To Pass On Drug Resistance—Biologist

Bacteria have developed an ability to pass on to other strains a resistance to antibiotic drugs, Dr. K. E. Sanderson, a Calgary biologist, said.

In a paper presented to the Genetics Society of Canada annual meeting, Dr. Sanderson of the University of Calgary biology department described research with bacteria from the human digestive tract.

He found that almost 30 per cent of a bacteria—E. Coli—normally found in the digestive tract had this ability to pass on resistance to other kinds of bacteria, including those that may cause disease.

Dr. Sanderson said in an interview that such transmissibility was first discovered by Japanese researchers in the 1960s. He said one of the reasons that people should avoid taking unprescribed antibiotics is because of this factor.

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GREETINGS FROM OUTER MONGOLIA

FRANK MARESH, M.D.

At the Irkutsk Airport, the presence of the two-motor, Antonov airplane with the title AIR MONGOLIA on the bloated fuselage and with the Mongolian flag painted on the tail intensified for me the mystery of the Orient, the lure of the Gobi Desert, and the vain hope of seeing the Great Wall of China. Some of our travelers misread the word as Mangnolia or Mongoose; still it seemed less formidable than the haunting American words Mohican or Monongahela. Because one of the Siberian officials stated that Air Mongolia would send two small airplanes for our travel group, the irresponsible humorists started the enthusiastic rumor that the second airplane would fly to Peking in Red China. Consequently all of the 54 Americans wanted to be on the first airplane.

Our apprehensions began to increase, for had not the secretary in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow warned us that we would be outside the authority of our government? The USA does not recognize the Republic of Outer Mongolia nor maintain a public office in Ulan Bator. He also released the information that in the history of mankind only 400 Americans have been to Outer Mongolia. Still the rare visitors to this forbidden land have done well. Marco Polo returned from Mongolia with incredible tales which have entertained readers for more than 600 years. In 1962 Dean Owen Lattimore came out with a treatise *NOMADS AND KOMMISARS*. Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, returned with 70 Dinosaur eggs. In his volume *THE MONGOLIANS* Justice William O. Douglas became an authority on the country and people. To learn what I am missing I am studying some accounts of Mongolia in the *National Geographic Magazine* and wonder with what I shall return?

I have an ancestral interest in Mongolia. My forefathers living in the highlands between Bohemia and Moravia assembled under the Vojvoda Sternberk and defeated that branch of Jenghiz Khan's army coming through the Moravian Gate. On a hill they buried the accumulated Mongolian corpses and covered the bodies with enough dirt to form a mohyl, an enormous memorial mound, at Hostyn in Mor-

avia. For centuries Slavic people have conducted commemorative pilgrimages to the chapel on the mohyl. My grandparents spoke fondly of their yearly procession to Hostyn as though the battle had occurred only recently. References to the Tatars appeared in their figures of speech. "Am I a Tatar" they exclaimed, when we spoke to them in English, I, as a grandson, will be going to the home of the Men of Tatar, who are buried at Hostyn.

On the propeller airplane, the attractive hostess did not understand English and spoke to her American passengers in Mongolian over the amplifier. Her straight black hair, almond eyes and round face became a target for the Americans with flash cameras and released the caustic remark "I'll bet that she has never been photographed so many times." Over Lake Bajkal the clouds parted so that we saw both rocky shores of the deep lake — a constricted Lake Michigan — and the stormy gray waters. Through slits in the clouds we looked at austere Mongolian snow covered mountains with dark patches of evergreens, frozen winding rivers and drab scenery. In 300 miles we noted only two compact villages with farmyards formed into squares and some evidence of strip farming in the adjoining broad valleys. Instead of roads there were winding trails leading nowhere or to some military installation on hills. After 54 minutes in the air we spotted a high tension line and a black top road indicating our approach to Ulan Bator. Some passengers with a vivid imagination asserted that they saw a camel caravan.

We landed skillfully on a concrete runway cleared of snow. A small two-storey stone house — not larger than a Wisconsin barn — served as a terminal. The wide valley resembled the rigorous landscape of Wyoming with its edges sweeping up

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MAYFLOWER MOTEL

mountain ridges covered by patches of conifers. We were in the country which calls itself THE LAND OF BLUE SKIES. The Chinese refer to the Mongolians contemptuously as THE PEOPLE OF THE WILDERNESS. Ulan means red; Bator is a horse, knight or a hero. In Hungarian Batory designates courage or bravery. The former name for Ulan Bator "Urga" indicated a palace or a headquarters.

During the long ride to Ulan Bator in a Skoda motorbus over a paved road we saw shaggy Mongolian ponies, herds of red and black cattle, droves of Asian sheep and gatherings of oriental goats. Flocks of pigeons and a multitude of fat ravens soared in the crisp air, attracted by the piles of horse manure on the wiry grass. We passed the traditional two-wheel carts modernized with pneumatic tires but still drawn by sturdy Mongol horses. Here and there we admired a ger, the immemorial "felt igloo" of the Mongols, amid corrals for animals.

The massive, non-Hilton, five storey hotel ULAAN BATAAR — as the neon sign on the roof announced — greeted us with a huge lobby, tall ceilings and marble stair cases with heavy red rugs. The rooms were large, comfortable and of pleasing proportions. The bathrooms — as in Siberia — were without plugs or soap. On the final day the maid brought a bar of crude soap large as an ordinary brick. In the huge ballroom with columns, mirrors and plush rugs the chicken tasted better than that of Colonel Sanders Kentucky Fried. The statue of Lenin in an oratorical pose on a plaza before the hotel did not seem to offend the Americans. Our troop of vagabonds exclaimed spontaneously, "Ulan Bator is a pleasant surprise" or "So far, I have been impressed with Mongolia!"

The two peerless Mongols — Perev and Baatar — who served as guides acted as though Marco Polo had returned. These two unassuming men did their utmost to make our short visit worthwhile. During a cold ride in an omnibus with frost collecting on the windows the boys showed how alive the city is with consulates and embassies representing Bulgaria, Jugoslavia, the USSR, China, Poland, France, but not the USA. With a justifiable pride they named the scientific institutes, trade commissions and technical schools. With a lofty respect they pointed to the cultural palace, secondary schools, the university and blocks of apartment houses. Black smoke rolling from the chimneys of fac-

ories covered Ulan Bator with a Los Angeles smog. From a hill the panorama of Ulan Bator provoked an indomitable feeling, for with 260,000 inhabitants it is the only city in an area as large as the USA east of the Mississippi River. Some of the log houses with ornamental window frames seemed transplanted from Siberia. Others indicated a Manchurian influence with windowless, one storey adobe houses and a courtyard enclosed by a solid wall.

At the State Museum the display of cereals made me recall that the Mongols introduced millet, hemp and a forage grass still known as "Tatarka" into Bohemia and Moravia. Americans regard sauerkraut as an authentic German dish, but the Germans learned how to prepare sauerkraut from the Slavic peoples who, in turn, acquired the process from the Mongols. After displays of shells, moths and fish a lady stood before the mounted specimens of a beaver, a mouflon and an ibex screaming "That looks like the fur coat I saw in the department store!" In Wisconsin fields I have seen many Mongolian pheasants but in Ulan Bator I saw only the one in the museum. The mounted skeleton of a huge tarbosaur dominated the room with fossils and some of the dinosaur eggs found by Roy Chapman Andrews. I began to wonder if this region could be the origin of the Eskimo, Aleut and Indian who moved eastward without horses while the Cimmerians, Scythians and Sarmatians moved westward.

In the Museum of Fine Arts the bronze bust of a horse — turned a brilliant green — excited the question "Why is he green?" The ready wits provided an irrefutable answer "He eats green grass." A ger mounted on a two wheel cart — a picture that appears in every definitive article on Jenghiz Khan — brought the utterance "the first mobile home!" In an arena the Mongolian circus performed without the comments of a Don Ameche and would do well on any Ed Sullivan Show. The 14 piece band — rich in saxophones, trumpets, trombones, and drums — played with an accurate pitch and with a precise rhythm.

(Continued on Page 6)

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GREETINGS FROM—

(Continued from Page 5)

In the crowded opera house — with a mildly baroque interior — we from America were as much of a novelty to the Mongol spectators — many of them in delfs and boots — as they were to us. The 42 piece symphony orchestra played superbly without a Leonard Bernstein. The mixed chorus — 18 women in long, gray-green gowns and 20 men in tuxedos — seemed incongruous with beautiful Italian music coming from Mongol mouths. The ballet — soloists or groups — in gorgeous costumes danced splendidly to the noble music of Tchaikovsky. Ensembles in splendid oriental dress played Mongolian songs on plucking instruments with a long finger board, with a tiny sounding board and with only one or two strings. The soloists on the violin, cello or voice displayed the fine qualities of talented musicians. The vigorous presentation without printed programs ran smoothly and released that peculiar happiness known only through the fine arts.

Before the entrance to the Ulan Bator monastery stood a solitary Bactrian camel with two drovers. I wondered if one of them had been the honored guest at the L. B. Johnson ranch in Texas? Beyond the Gate of Harmony the huge flock of pigeons hugged the patio as tenaciously as those in Venice. The symmetry, the spacing and the vibrating colors made the architecture impressive. In a chapel the shorn lamas in saffron robes sat with expressionless faces reciting prayers haphazardly. They turned over the cardboard plaques with prayers printed in a Tibetan language. "From nine until noon, every day," stated our guide. In an adjacent room monks in scarlet gowns recited prayers from memory to the accompaniment of gongs fastened to the wrists. Before the statues of Buddha with the Mona Lisa smile were altars on which the pilgrims placed offerings of food, gifts, etc. I placed a paper dollar before each idol — just to be sure — but not one of the figures winked an eyelid nor twitched the corner of his mouth. Outside the gate I gave the prayer wheels several quick turns to speed the pleas on their way.

In a large ger with a wood burning stove and with electric lights the head monk granted an interview. Acolytes in vermilion raiments served a dark tea in handle-less cups, plates of wrapped candies and loaves of unleavened bread. Par-

anoid Americans insisted that the milk came from yaks. We sat snugly and in formidable splendor on low benches covered by rugs and pillows at the periphery of the domed tent. I expected some enlightenment into an Eastern religion or into the Sanscrit scrolls or a flash of insight into some philosophical truths, but the American itinerants turned the discourse into a symposium on numbers asking for the number of Buddhists in the USA, the number of temples they support or how fast the number of Buddhists increases? However, the hospitality in the ger was sincere.

In the Ulan Bator hotel and equal to any of Petrillo's men, the six Mongolian boys with a piano, saxophones, electric guitars and drums seemed ridiculous playing Rock and Roll and led one lady to comment, "We are half way around the world, but we cannot escape American music!" I have not said a thing about the cardiac catheterization in the general hospital, the Jenghiz Khan museum, the Temple, the demonstration of acupuncture, nor the cold bus ride into the country. In all of the activities was the resolute spirit of the present day Mongols proving that whatever the world can do, the Mongols can do it also, be it waitresses, cowboys, airplane pilots or the clerk in the department store giving razor blades for change.

From Ulan Bator I mailed more than 150 postal cards properly stamped and labeled for air mail. The bulk of the post cards arrived in the USA 12 weeks later. The post cards mailed to Czechoslovakia arrived in less than one week. If I ever go on a reverential pilgrimage to Hotsyn in Moravia — as my ancestors have done for centuries — I shall greet the Mongols buried under the chapel with a title appropriate for a novel "Now, one day in Mongolia. . ."

Mnogaja Ljeta!

Submitted by Eileen Hiltz

—:O:—

OFF BASE

While watching a movie heroine's struggle to find true love, a husband became more and more annoyed with his wife's sniffles. Finally he demanded: "Why is it you cry over the imaginary woes of people you never met?"

"For the same reason," his wife snapped back, "that you yell and scream when a man you dont know hits a home run."

Editorial Comment

It is hard for us to realize that we are now in the first week of February, the weather is very much like autumn and we have had almost no need for a snow shovel as yet. Perhaps it would be overly optimistic of us to trade our snow shovels in for garden tools but it certainly is good while it lasts. Certainly, the ground hog was not able to see his shadow on February 2nd, so all the signs are in our favour.

While the mild weather has been very helpful for those travelling to and from work by car, it is quite possible, however, that it has also been conducive to the "London Flu" or "England" strain of influenza that has been especially hard on those with respiratory troubles. The Sanatorium was apparently one of the few institutions that did not close its doors to visitors. I don't know if we would have been closing the doors to keep the flu inside or outside, for there seem to be a number of patients and staff members who have had influenza-like colds. One can readily understand why some years ago, without modern medications and in cold drafty houses, influenza and pneumonia could kill many people.

Speaking about modern conveniences and comfortably heated homes, I was reading something recently about the invention of the safety match in 1827. John

Walker of Stockton-on-Tees, England, is said to have discovered the friction match while loading percussion caps (for fire-arms) using equal parts of potassium chlorate and antimony sulphide. Some of the mixture dried on the stirring stick and as he picked it up and it scraped against a rough object it ignited. Anyone questioning the magnitude of this discovery has only to picture what it would be like getting up in an unheated house, shaking with the cold (perchance wracked with a cough, for good measure) and trying to start a fire using a tinder box or worse still, rubbing two sticks together.

The first hand-made matches of John Walker were sold in boxes of 100 for about 8 pence, including a piece of glasspaper for striking them. The famous physicist Michael Faraday travelled to Stockton to see Walker's "Friction light". Walker declined the offer to have his invention patented, and Samuel Jones capitalized upon the invention and put matches on the market under the name "Lucifers".

In later matches the antimony sulphide was replaced by yellow phosphorous and later to a less poisonous compound, phosphorous trisulphide. Later, a safety match was invented in Sweden and the book matches were an American invention.

Yes, indeed, one would think twice (at least) on his need for a cigarette if he had to get out his flint, steel and tinder!

AS GOOD AS CASH

A husband and wife were having dinner in a plush Indianapolis restaurant when they noticed one of those popular, guitar-twanging, rock-and-roll groups seated at a nearby table. The woman, recognizing the group because of her daughter's keen interest in them, asked one of the waiters if it might be possible to get a couple of autographs.

"What's gotten into you" asked the husband. "You've met celebrities before and you've never asked for their autographs."

"I know," said his helpmate, "but I can trade these autographs to a teenager for two nights' baby-sitting work."

—Indianapolis Star Sunday Magazine

MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPERS

This is the story of a widowed mother of two little girls who was being courted by a prominent business man in the town where they lived.

The little girls were anxious to further the romance and decided to send the gentleman a Valentine as if coming from their mother.

Wanting a word to rhyme with Valentine, the older girl remembered one that she had learned at Sunday School.

"I'm not sure what it means, but it's in the Bible, so it must be okay."

This is how a bewildered gentleman came to receive a gaudy lacy Valentine, that read:

"If you will be my Valentine,
I will be your concubine."

SMOKING AND PSYCHOLOGY

With the overwhelming preponderance of evidence against cigarette smoking, one of the most troublesome questions baffling the anti-smoking forces is: Why don't smokers quit?

"People learn early in life not to believe everything they hear," says University of Wisconsin psychology professor Howard Leventhal. "They are especially wary of assertions which contradict their personal experience. Among a smoker's acquaintances few if any who smoke have lung cancer. If a smoker has smoked for many years and is well, his own experience contradicts the evidence."

Dr. Leventhal, who moved to Wisconsin from Yale university last year, has participated in a number of studies designed to evaluate the effectiveness of various techniques in the dissemination of health messages. Most of his recent work has been directed toward smoking and health, with the major emphasis aimed at finding out why people smoke.

For some people, smoking is a way to relax; for others, a way to pep themselves up. Some people smoke when they're angry or upset, others when they're happy. Some people enjoy smoking, others get their kicks going through the ritual they go through each time they light up a cigarette.

Discovering the main reasons why a smoker smokes is helpful in determining whether he smokes out of habit, for the fun of it, because he is addicted to cigarettes or for some other reason. "We have not yet demonstrated that we can actually describe different patterns of smoking behavior for these verbal 'explanations,' says Dr. Leventhal. "If we can find behavioral differences, we could formulate more precise techniques for change."

What impresses Dr. Leventhal most is that there seems to be a lot of motivation among smokers to quit. Past research suggest that where motivation is lacking it often can be induced by social pressures or by exposure to the facts on the con-

sequences of cancer, emphysema and other illnesses. The problem is that desire to quit, even when quite strong, may not be sufficient for actual change in behavior.

"Quitting seems to be such a drag. What is needed is a simple way for smokers to make the behavior change required to quit."

Phrasing the question another way, Leventhal asks, "What can be done to overcome the apparent inability of some persons to act to avoid danger? How can we help people feel more in control of their own personal health?"

In an attempt to answer his own questions, Leventhal and his associates have tried giving smokers detailed instructions on how to break the smoking habit.

"We suggest that they write down a list of reasons why they smoke and then compare that with a list of reasons why they might want to quit smoking. We suggest they stop carrying matches and keep change ordinarily used for buying cigarettes in a different place.

"We advise them not to eat with friends who are smoking and to prepare excuses ahead of time for declining cigarettes. The idea is to get the person who wants to quit smoking to mentally rehearse the steps he will take when he is confronted with an opportunity to smoke."

Leventhal reports that some of the studies in which he has participated have shown that up to nine times as many persons take action to improve their health if they are given specific instructions on what to do. "Those who don't get the step by step instructions may be just as concerned but they don't take action."

Leventhal also has a reply for critics of anti-smoking programs who point to the fact that many smokers who quit don't quit permanently.

"We don't throw away an anti-biotic just because a patient to whom it has been given may get the same illness again in the future. Throwing away anti-smoking techniques because a smoker who quits starts smoking again may amount to discarding techniques that could be effective. He may just need some special type of 'inoculation' to protect him against further infection."

QUARTER PAGE SPONSORED BY

RON ILLSLEY

ESSO SERVICE STATION

—WATA Crusader
(Via San-O-Zark)

Habits To Overcome

There are three habits that can torment us and make life miserable until we overcome them. These habits are: hurry, worry and indecision.

If we hope to live happy and useful lives, we must overcome these habits. They are at the root of most of our troubles. Hurry, worry, and indecision can wear us out much faster than hard work ever will.

The foolish habit of rushing about from one thing to another often upsets our stomachs, jangles our nerves, and causes sleepless nights. Our days become confused and crowded. We complain that we do not have the time to do the things we ought to do. Yet, we know well enough that each day gives us twenty-four hours. Our main problem is to learn how to make the most of those hours each day.

How?

The answer is this: To overcome the habit of hurrying unnecessarily, we must first organize our thinking. Then make a plan of the most important activities for the day, being sure to allow ourselves a breathing spell now and then. When we time ourselves and learn to work within a limited amount of time it is often surprising how much more we can accomplish each day. Best of all, we will get things done. Working with a system is a helpful way to overcome the habit of hurrying.

The habit of worrying can give us a lot of trouble too. If we are not careful, it can cause serious emotional difficulties. But we can overcome worry if we will admit to ourselves that worry stems from a lack of faith and courage. We worry because we are afraid or we lack the courage to face life as it is. This fear makes us shrink when difficulties arise. We should not expect everything in our lives to go smoothly all the time, when we must have the courage to keep on going. Not only is it cowardly, but it is a useless waste of vital energy to worry.

When we make the effort to find out all we can about whatever worries us, we often make the discovery there is nothing to fear. If there seemingly is no way out of a difficult situation, we usually find a way to adjust ourselves to it.

The habits of always being indecisive about our affairs can really wreck our chances for harmonious living. Indecision

can cripple our ability to think quickly and positively.

We may lose faith in our own judgments and opinions when this happens.

Sometimes we may make wrong decisions, but no one ever did everything right all the time. Through faith and prayer we can grow and improve in our ability to make right decisions.

When we have a problem, we should try to find a solution. If we make an effort to solve our problems, we are giving ourselves an opportunity to find a way out of our difficulties. Our solution may not always be the best possible solution, but we will be gaining faith and courage for making future decisions. If our solution is the best we know at the time, that is all that is required of us.

Form the habit of being able to make decisions, and to make them promptly when the occasion calls for promptness. It is often the only way to handle a difficult situation.

In these strenuous times, life is certainly easier for us if we have overcome these three habits. It may take us some time and much effort to master all three, but it will be time and effort well spent.

—The Link

—:O:—

Two contrary laws stand today opposed: one a law of blood and death, which, inventing daily new means of combat, obliges the nations to be ever prepared for battle; the other a law of peace, of labor, of salvation, which strives to deliver man from the scourges which assail him. One looks only for violent conquest; the other for the relief of suffering humanity. The one would sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual; the other places a single human life above all victories. The law of which we are the instruments essays even in the midst of carnage to heal the wounds caused by the law of war.

—Louis Pasteur, at the opening of
Pasteur Institute.

* * *

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

—Margaret Fuller



Chaplain's Corner

By REV. RALPH J. DUFFNER

A man who practically ruined his life by drinking suddenly gave it up completely. Drinking had been a threat to his whole life up to that point and now had disappeared. He was asked: "Now that drinking is no longer a threat to your life, what do you find the greatest danger?" The answer was something like this: "The biggest threat to me now is my tendency to go back to drinking. You can stop drinking by an act of the will, but you can't stop the tendency and desire to take that first drink."

Perhaps we can change our minds overnight or make a decision on the spot and this changes something in us, but we can't change our feelings and our need to choose better things as quickly as we would like.

Once we have actually given up a certain undesirable habit, we have a great need to develop the kind of attitude which will assure us of being able to maintain our new disposition and attitude. This is accomplished when we open our minds to the process of growth. We want to learn truth and are constantly looking for it in conversations and thought process when we are asked to choose and make decisions which affect life. We begin the pro-

cess of evaluation of our opinions and ask the questions whether these opinions are grounded in truth, can be proved or substantiated by fundamental principles, be corrected if found to be the product of cloudy thinking. We are open to change when the reason to change, "TRUTH", demands it.

The tendency to deny ourselves the right to a better life rests in our attitude to truth. We fool ourselves when we take short-cuts which are known through analysis to lead nowhere. If the person who is usually correct in most things could always keep an open mind, evaluate situations when more truth became available, he would find himself growing and would recognize his ability to choose the best things life could give.

If you have been plagued by bad habits and are now correcting them, look for truth. Truth will help you develop the attitude all need to face life with courage and conviction. Truth will help decrease the fear of man to return to a form of life which was very painful. In the last analysis, TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE . . . God Love you. . .

San-O-Zark

CONTROVERSIAL CHINESE

Our awakened interest in China is making us confront Chinese medicine. Including an ancient and highly controversial procedure, acupuncture.

Acupuncture involves inserting needles at precise spots in the human body so that sensations are deadened. A recent article in the New York Times — written by Dr. Samuel Rosen of Mt. Sinai School of Medicine in New York — described how the procedure was used in the surgical removal of a lung from a patient who had pulmonary tuberculosis. The patient was himself a surgeon.

The acupuncturist began by inserting a fine needle about an inch into the arm of the patient, midway between the wrist and elbow. After slowly twirling the needle for twenty minutes, she gave the signal that the operation could begin without pain. The surgeon immediately took the scalpel, made a deep incision near the spine, across the left side of the chest wall,

to the breast bone. Then he carefully cut away each rib.

During the operation, the acupuncturist twirled the needle. An anesthesiologist stood by, just in case. But the patient felt no pain and talked to the operating surgeon throughout the operation.

"I have no explanation for this phenomenon," says Dr. Rosen, "but science has no explanation for many observations that still elude investigation. Neither have Chinese medical men, as they frankly concede."

Acupuncture is being scrutinized by American medical men, but with profound reservations thus far. Medicine in the two cultures is as different as East from West. Surgery to remove a tuberculous lung, for instance, is still performed in this country but rarely and only in extreme situations. Drugs are used instead to prevent the progress of the disease and to salvage the lung.

OLD TIMERS

We will begin our column this time with some notes compiled by Marguerite MacLeod of Milton (P. O. Box 381 Liverpool) who writes:

The annual Christmas letter from Dagny (Anderson) Svenlin of Sweden brought only good news of her this time. Last fall she had a thorough check-up in a new and very modern hospital near her home. This hospital, apparently, has no long-term patients, functioning only as a check-up centre. Comparing her experience there with that at the N. S. Sanatorium and the Halifax T. B. Hospital back in the 'Thirties and 'Forties, Dagny is almost staggered with unbelief! She felt that it was like good hotel living—no rules that she could ascertain; all appointments posted on bulletin boards; use of telephones at all times; TV viewing at will; and freedom of the kitchen for coffee at any time. She and Karl had their annual fishing trip last summer, Karl doing the fishing and Dagny keeping the fire going and the frying pan hot!

Catherine (Mitchell) Tucker, who has been in Framingham, Massachusetts, for a number of years now, came to Nova Scotia twice in the past year to see her mother, Mrs. Annie Mitchell of Inglewood, now 91 years of age. Except for the occasional cold, Catherine keeps well.

Rev. Oland Kent has resigned his pastorate in Jonesport, Maine, and he and his family have taken up residence in Dartmouth. He is pastor of Grace Wesleyan Church, Halifax.

Ada (Collicut) Church of Martock is in better health than she was at this time last year. Her son, Peter (a Sanatorium baby) will be nine years old in March.

Evelyn Hiltz of Chester is as busy and ambitious as ever, finding time, among other things, to attend sewing classes. It would appear that all four of her children have inherited a good share of this ambition and zest for living, judging from their many and worthwhile activities.

Another old-timer who writes that he is

keeping well and busy is Bobby Melanson of Belleville, Yarmouth County.

It would take far too much space to mention all the other expatriates who sent cards with no other message except the good news that they were keeping well. And, of course, the Christmas Season is always much happier because of these greetings even if the message is brief. However, I do feel that I should mention Mrs. Pauline Levy's card, specifically, as it is some years since I had heard from or of her, and had frequently been asked about her. I was very pleased, indeed, to have her greeting, and noted a change in address—from Tancook to Chestnut Street, Halifax.

Anne LeBlanc (Mrs. Albert) has been living in Halifax since July, and is working as a waitress at the Carleton Hotel.

Hearing from or of ex-staff members is always great, too. Judy (Mao) Che, who came from Formosa to take the post-graduate course at the Sanatorium some years ago, still lives in California, and has two little girls—Lisa and Monica. Monica is only about seven months old, so Judy is well occupied caring for her two babies.

Miss Suporn Wongvilairut, who came from Thailand for the same course a few years ago, is still on the staff of the Civic Hospital in Halifax, and carries on with her studies in Hospital Administration (I believe it is) at the same time. This keeps her extremely busy.

Marie (Legere) Morehouse, former Rehab handcraft worker, still lives in Lower Sackville. Both of her little boys are now in school. Last spring Marie got her driver's license, but isn't sure that she has the courage to undertake winter-time driving.

Many will remember Rev. J. Alton Alexander who was student minister at the Sanatorium during the summer of 1966, and has been pastor of the Milton, Port Medway, and Charleston (Queens County) Baptist Churches for the past four years. In addition to carrying out his many pastoral duties during this time, Mr. Alexander has been very active in the community (especially the Milton-Liverpool area), and as Chairman of the Queens County Association of Churches has played a prominent role in promoting many worthy projects—organizing the thriving Senior Citizens' Friendship Club and the Fish Movement—to mention only two.

In a few short weeks Mr. Alexander will

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OLD TIMERS—

(Continued from Page 11)

be leaving for the Southern States, and on March 1st, will begin a year of internship training in Clinical Pastoral Education. The first six months will be spent at Grady Memorial Hospital; the remaining six months, at Georgia Mental Health Institute, Alcohol Recovery Division. At the same time he will be engaged in Doctoral studies at Columbia Theological Seminary in Decatur, Georgia.

It will be difficult, indeed, to replace Mr. Alexander, and while the whole community regrets losing him, many good wishes will follow him to his new field of endeavour.

Thank you, Marguerite, for the above notes. We are pleased that you continue to provide us with material from time to time. As we probably mentioned before, Marguerite remains busy at home and with the Senior Citizens' Friendship Club, which was organized in January of last year. She writes, "Retirement now means to me being more busy by far than ever before. But I love it all, except having to neglect my friends at times."

We were pleased to have contact with another Marguerite, in person this time. Marguerite MacNamara Parker visited the San in January and we were all most happy to see her. She and husband Herb are still in Ottawa and are already looking forward to spending pleasant summer days at the cottage on Aylesford Lake.

Reporting on some of our readers who have recently renewed their subscriptions: Linda Phillips, from Smiley's Intervale, Newport R. R. 3, is now Mrs. Stephen Stephens and the new address is 580 West Street South, Orillia, Ontario.

Mrs. Hazel Livingston of Springhill, who was a patient from April to June 1971, writes that she is now a patient at the Halifax Infirmary. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Clyde Boutilier, Seabright, sends his best wishes to the Nurses, Doctors, and fellow patients who knew him on West I.

Ernest F. Boudreau sends greetings from 1661 — 8th Street, Sarasota, Florida, where he expects to remain until mid-May. He is enjoying his retirement by doing a little boating, fishing and "beach combing". It sounds very good indeed.

Other renewals have been received from Eugene L. Hamm, 1 Herbert Street, Yar-

mouth; Miss Fay Sanford, Cambridge Station; Mrs. Evelyn Illsley, Coldbrook; Lewis F. Palmer, Berwick; Mrs. Pearl Penny, Florence; Mrs. Wilda Marcotte, Tatamagouche, who writes, "I enjoy the Health Rays so very much and hope that it is always published. I took my C.N.A. training at the N. S. San and was an exceedingly happy student. I feel a very close bond of friendship toward the San, and am most interested in the friends, teachers and doctors, and the progress and changes as years go by. I wish to be remembered to each and everyone who remembers me. Good luck, good health, and God speed recovery to all the patients. God bless you all."

And we have some renewals from staff members Dr. Holden; Anne-Marie Belliveau; Geraldine Ross; and Mrs. Violet Hunter.

And a couple of notes from Anne-Marie:

When Helen Comeau of our nursing staff was going home on the bus for the New Year Holiday, she sat with a good-looking airman who turned out to be Julien LeBanc of Little Brook who was a patient here during the Clare epidemic. Julien is now stationed in Ottawa and was spending a month's leave with his mother in Little Brook.

Marie Forsythe of Vineland, Ontario, who was a patient here in 1940, came to Kentville for the funeral of her father, the late John Pineo. Mr. Pineo will be remembered by many old-timers as "Pop" Pineo, the night watchman at the San in the 1930's.

Mrs. Nellie Stronach of Kingston was in for a check-up recently. She has been doing quite a bit of travelling lately, having been to Rome last year, and is planning a trip to Hawaii in March with her husband and son. She looks extremely well and was enquiring about many of her former porch-mates. She wished to be remembered to any of her old friends from the time that she was here in 1946.

—————:O:—————

If a man deceive me once, shame on him; if twice, shame on me.

—Proverb

* * *

The only way in which one human being can properly attempt to influence another is by encouraging him to think for himself, instead of endeavoring to instil ready-made opinions into his head.

—Sir Leslie Stephens

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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December 16, 1972 to January 31, 1973

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(Continued on Page 14)

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:O:

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HEALTH RAYS Jubilee Fund
Nova Scotia Sanatorium
Kentville, N. S.

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The standing of this Fund as of January 31, 1973:

Previously acknowledged:	\$4,303.01
Recent contributors:	
Century Patrons:	
Nil	
Patrons:	
Estate of Alek Majstruk	
Miscellaneous	
Total:	53.46
Grand Total	\$4,356.47

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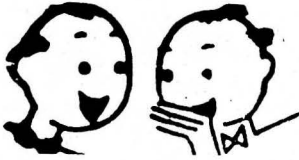
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The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.
The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one,
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its love is done.

—Francis W. Bourdillon

Just Jesting



"If you crossed a computer with a show girl what would you get?"

"A calculating blonde, I guess."

* * *

"How are your karate lessons coming along?"

"Great! I can now break a 2-inch board with my cast!"

* * *

An Indian petitioned a judge of an Arizona court to give him a shorter name.

"What is your name now?" asked the judge.

"Chief Screeching Train Whistle," said the Indian.

"And to what do you wish it shortened?" asked the judge.

The Indian folded his arms majestically and grunted: "Toots."

* * *

CHEAPER THAT WAY

A five-year-old girl, visiting a neighbor, was asked how many children there were in her family. "Seven," she answered.

The neighbor observed that so many children might cost a lot of money.

"Oh, no," the child replied, "We don't buy them—we raise them."

—Capper's Weekly.

* * *

I'm sure you heard about the Martian who landed on earth right in front of a filling station. Facing one of the pumps he said, "Take me to your leader." He repeated the command five times. Finally he yelled at the pump in a loud voice. "You might hear me better," he shouted, "if you look your finger out of your ear."

* * *

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy if I may.

—R. L. Stevenson

* * *

"How's your chess game these days?"

"Chess fair."

NEUTER COMPUTER

A cute little secretary—none cuter—
Was replaced by a clicking computer;
'twas the wife of the boss
Who put the deal across,
Because the computer was neuter!

* * *

Teacher: "If you have 10 potatoes and must divide them equally among seven persons how would you do it?"

Bright Lad: "I'd mash them."

* * *

If man is made of dust, why doesn't he dry up some time?

* * *

COULD BE

When you get to heaven you will find many people there whom you did not expect to see. Many will be surprised to see you there, too.

* * *

Sign in a Volkswagen factory: "Think big—and you're fired."

* * *

An actor came home Christmas Eve with a beautifully wrapped package under his arm. "My dear," he said to his wife, "I have purchased something for the one I love best. Guess what it is."

Said she, "A new necktie?"

* * *

Missionary: Do you people know anything about religion Chief?

Cannibal: "Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here."

* * *

Lamentation: A middle aged curmudgeon looked up from the front page of his newspaper and said, "Sometimes I think the density of the population has a double meaning."

* * *

Blisters are a painful experience, but if you get enough blisters in the same place, they will eventually produce a callus. That is what we call maturity.

* * *

He that labors is tempted by one devil; he that is idle by a thousand.

—Aristotle

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What To Know About Shingles

ONE of the more painful diseases of mankind is shingles, which is medically known as Herpes Zoster. Herpes Zoster is caused by a virus that is closely related to the virus of chicken pox. It causes an acute infection of the central nervous system, especially involving one of the superficial nerves of the body. One or more of these nerves becomes affected and blisters, resembling chicken pox, appear in localized areas on the skin over the nerve, and the surrounding area is quite sore.

Herpes Zoster is most frequent in males over fifty. It can be due to exposure to a person who has chicken pox. It can appear as a complication of poisoning with carbon monoxide, arsenic or bismuth. Sometimes a patient with pneumonia, tuberculosis, Hodgkin's disease, or severe kidney disease develops shingles. Lesions in the vicinity of the spine, such as fractures, cancers, syphilis, or other infections, can activate the virus and cause shingles to appear.

Usually, Herpes is preceded by chills, fever, weakness, nausea and vomiting for 3 or 4 days with or without pain along the site of the future eruption. Then the blisters appear on the skin along the distribution of the affected nerve. The usual site is about the chest and the spread is on one side only. About the fifth day after their appearance, the vesicles begin to dry and scab. The pain in the affected area may be quite severe and persist for months to years. Herpes also may

occur on one side of the face, affecting the ear, the inside of the mouth or the eye. It may cause facial paralysis or permanent damage to the affected eye from ulceration. Most patients recover without any residual defects except for scarring of the skin. Facial paralysis almost always disappears. One attack of shingles usually brings an immunity.

There is no specific treatment. Boric acid or zinc oxide powders may be dusted on the blisters and covered with a soft dry dressing. Collodion dressings or tincture of benzoin are helpful. Your physician may give you injections of Vitamin B₁₂ or one of the cortisone derivatives. Aspirin may relieve the pain, but codeine is sometimes necessary. A nerve block may be required in severe cases. When the eye is involved, your physician will make every effort to protect it by using medicated drops and an eye pad.

Treatment of persisting pain after the shingles have disappeared is difficult. Aspirin does not always help, and morphine should not be used. X-ray therapy to the affected nerve and spinal cord may be effective. Sometimes when pain persists, it may be necessary to cut the nerve or a portion of the spinal cord.

Man is plagued with all kinds of aches and pains from so many causes. It is little wonder that he stands in awe of his body. It can hurt so much—but it can feel so good, too!

From HEALTH
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Nova Scotia Sanatorium

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PETER S. MOSHER, B.Sc., D.H.A.	Administrator
J. J. QUINLAN, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C) F.C.C.P.	Surgeon
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MARIA ROSTOCKA, M.D.	Physician
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E. W. CROSSON, M.D.	Physician
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D. H. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.	Consultant in Anaesthesia
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MISS E. JEAN DOBSON, R.N., B.Sc.N.	Director of Nursing
MISS EILEEN QUINLAN, B.Sc. P.Dt.	Senior Dietitian
DONALD M. BROWN, B.A., B.Ed., M.S.W.	Director of Rehabilitation

Point Edward Hospital

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T. K. KRZYSKI, M.D.	Physician
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MISS KATHERINE MacKENZIE, R.N.	Director of Nursing
MISS B. JOYCE LEWIS, B.Sc., M.A., P.Dt.	Dietitian
MRS. ELIZABETH REID, R.N.	Supervisor of Rehabilitation

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain
Rev. Gary Tonks

PENTECOSTAL
Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

ANGLICAN
Rector — Archdeacon Dr. L. W. Mosher
San. Chaplain—Rev. William Martell

ROMAN CATHOLIC
Parish Priest — Rev. J. A. Comeau
San. Chaplain — Rev. Harlan D'Eon

BAPTIST
Minister—Rev. A. E. Griffin
Lay Visitor—Mrs. H. J. Mosher

SALVATION ARMY
Capt. Pauline Banfield

CHRISTIAN REFORMED
Minister—Rev H. Vander Plaats

UNITED CHURCH
Minister—Dr. K. G. Sullivan
San. Chaplain — Dr. J. Douglas Archibald

The above clergy are constant visitors at The Sanatorium. Patients wishing a special visit from their clergyman should request it through the nurse-in-charge.

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ANGLICAN
Rev. Weldon Smith

UNITED CHURCH
Rev. Robert Jones

ROMAN CATHOLIC
Parish Priest — Msgr. W. J. Gallivan

PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

The above clergy are visitors at this hospital. Besides the above named many other protestant clergy from the surrounding areas alternate in having weekly services for our patients.