

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
VOL. 53 DECEMBER, 1972 No. 11

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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.
DAILY: 3:15 — 4:45 P.M. Sunday and Holidays: 3:00-4:30; 7:00-8:30 P.M.
DAILY: 7:30 — 8:30 P.M.

Absolutely NO VISITORS permitted during

QUIET REST PERIOD 1:00 P.M. - 3:00 P.M.

Patients are asked to notify friends and relatives to this effect.

GREETINGS



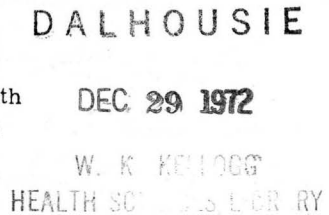
Once again, it is with a great deal of pleasure that I send to the patients at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium and Point Edward Hospital my very best wishes for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

To those of you who will be able to be with your families and friends for this Joyous Season, I wish you a very happy holiday. To you who will not be able to do so, I send my very best wishes that you, too, will enjoy the peace and good will that this Season brings.

May the New Year bring happiness and an improvement in health to each and every one of you!

Sincerely,
Scott MacNutt
Minister of Public Health

Halifax, Nova Scotia
November 1972

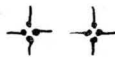


Christmas of 1972 will mark the first such occasion since 1912 that all our patients will be under one roof. This has been made possible by the considerable alterations to the East Infirmary which have been done by relocating most of the administrative staff in other buildings. This has increased the bed capacity from less than 90 to 120. Even more so than in previous years, these beds are occupied, not only by individuals who have tuberculosis, but also by those with a great variety of other lung illnesses. While this fact reflects the continuing success of our battle against tuberculosis, the conflict is by no means over, and we continue to receive many far advanced cases of this still formidable disease.

Be that as it may, the approaching festive season reminds us that the spirit of Christmas and the hopes of the New Year remain the same. To all of you may I extend my sincerest wishes for a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year, with a special greeting to those of you who will be spending Christmas with us at the Sanatorium.

H. M. Holden, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)
Medical Director

December 8, 1972



I want to extend my very sincere best wishes to the readers of Health Rays and all those who are contributing in the fight against tuberculosis and respiratory diseases for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

P. S. Mosher,
Administrator



CHRISTMAS CAROLS

A Discussion on the Origins of Some
All-time Favorites

By Eileen M. Hiltz

If there is one time of year when everyone in Christian lands sings, whistles or hums, it is that time when the music of Christmas once again fills the air. From radios, TV's and record players, from churches and street corners, come the beloved melodies known to us as "Christmas Carols".

We have come to use the word "carol" a bit loosely to describe all Christmas songs, when, in truth, we should distinguish between the term "Carol" and "Hymn", for instance. As one authority puts it: "The hymn is essentially devotional whereas the carol is more festive or playful in character". But to draw such fine lines seems almost meddlesome in this season of expansive goodwill. Indeed, we now have a whole crop of new Christmas songs that hardly fit either category. One would have to be broad-minded in extreme to call Spike Jones' "All I Want for Christmas Are My Two Front Teeth" either carol or hymn!

Getting back to the old and loved tunes, the Christmas "Carols", as we firmly decide to call them, have you ever wondered how they came and where they came from? About the more recent ones, the ones that have been with us a mere two or three hundred years, we have fairly reliable knowledge as to composer and poet. With the truly ancient ones it is different. The origins of some are lost entirely, while some seem to have grown up in the manner of folk songs and claim no single author. Patient researchers have uncovered the sources of many. In the paragraphs that follow are stories of how some of the most familiar and best loved Christmas Carols came into being.

* * *

ADESTES FIDELES — The one touch of Latin that makes the whole world kin—the Christian world, that is — at Christmas time. It scarcely matters that the origin of this most favorite carol is shrouded in mystery. I like to believe the authority which describes it as an old Latin carol originally sung and danced around the Praeseptum, or Creche, in churches. To interject a footnote here: it was Saint

Francis of Assisi who devised the creche, a replica of an infant's cradle where children could bring gifts and young people brought songs and dances. St. Francis, with his enduring love for all things small and weak, wished children to know not only "The King of Majesty Tremendous", but also the "Heavenly Child Jesus." The English translation, "O Come All Ye Faithful", used in Protestant hymnbooks, was made in 1841 by Canon Frederick Oakley, an English clergyman who became a convert to Roman Catholicism.

AWAY IN A MANGER. You have a choice of two tunes for this much loved lullaby carol. The one I learned as a child is a simple, tender melody written by Martin Luther for his own children. Some 300 years later a second lovely tune was composed by an American director of church music, William James Kirkpatrick. The words we use written for an American Sunday-school class, so Kirkpatrick's tune makes it a truly American carol.

JOY TO THE WORLD. The origins of this joyous carol are in no doubt — two famous names being connected with it. The words were written by Isaac Watts, a great theologian and hymn writer of the 18th century, while the music was composed by George Frederick Handel.

HARK! THE ANGELS SING. This 19th century carol also enjoys distinguished authorship. The verses are by Charles Wesley, a famous hymn writer, and brother of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church. The music is credited to Mendelssohn, who actually considered the tune unsuitable for sacred words, describing the piece as "soldier-like and buxom."

DECK THE HALLS. "Deck the halls with

(Continued on Page 3)

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS—

(Continued from Page 2)

boughs of holly" is certainly one of the best known of the secular Christmas songs. It is a legendary carol from Wales, that land of singable music. The tune has long been popular, even once used by Mozart for a set of variations for violin and piano. And why wouldn't it be popular? Who can resist that rollicking: "Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!"

GOOD KING WENCESLAS. This carol, written in 1853 by an English divine, John Mason Neale, is founded on an old Bohemian legend of King Wenceslas, who ruled in the 10th century. The verses laud the generosity of King Wenceslas, and quite understandably soon became a favorite with carol singers out seeking alms. This carol has been a favorite of mine, perhaps because the verses go on so endlessly in a rather sing-song manner. But that is strictly a personal viewpoint.

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR. Still on a personal note, may I be excused in pinpointing a favorite. Possibly because it was the first carol I remember deliberately learning (for a school Christmas entertainment), "It Came Upon a Midnight clear" more than any other carol signifies Christmas to me. As it is a comparatively recent carol, 19th century, there is no question about its origin. The words were written by Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, a Unitarian minister in New England. The tune in general use today, which is not the first one arranged for this carol, was composed by Richard S. Willis, an American organist.

ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH. Although this Christmas hymn is doubtless of French origin, (probably 17th century), it is fairly widely known as the "Westminster Carol". It was first sung in England by the choir of Westminster Abbey, hence the popular name.

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS. A bit of a memory test and a tongue-twister, is this one, but definitely high on the Christmas Carol hit-parade. It is a very old and unusual English carol, a type of song known as cumulative. The twelve days of Christmas are those between Christmas day and Epiphany, January 6, which is also called Twelfth Night.

Where does one stop when discussing Christmas Carols, of so many years and from so many lands? I think in this instance I shall stop right here at home, with the story of two Canadian carols. These may not be carols that are widely known, but they have great beauty in both words and music.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG. The words are by a Canadian poet, Norah Holland. She was born in Ontario, and lived most of her life in Toronto. Her poetry has a somewhat elfin quality, possibly traceable to her Irish ancestry. There are three verses of this carol, the first of which is quoted here:

We be silly shepherds,

Men of no renown,

Guarding well our sheepfolds,

Hard by Bethlehem town.

Baby Jesus, save us all,

Cot and sheepfold, bow'r and stall.

The air for this Canadian carol was written by Robert Flemming, who was born and grew up in Saskatoon. He studied music intensively, capturing awards and scholarships for his works for songs, piano and violin.

THE HURON CAROL. This carol, was written for the Indians, and pictures a Holy Birth they could readily envision. The writer, who knew the Indians to his deepest joy and sorrow, was Jean de Brebeuf, the Jesuit priest martyred in Huron country in 1649. The translation into English was done by a Canadian poet, Jesse Edgar Middleton. I feel that this carol is sufficiently distinctive to warrant quoting in full:

'Twas in the moon of wintertime,
when all the birds had fled,
that mighty Gitchi Manitou
sent angel choirs instead;
before their light the stars grew dim,
and wondering hunters heard the
hymn:

Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
in excelsis gloria.

(Continued on Page 9)

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The Sanatorium's Expanding Role

P. S. MOSHER

Administrator, N. S. Sanatorium

The Nova Scotia Sanatorium has recently completed a renovation and expansion of its respiratory technology and physical medicine departments. Previously these services had occupied facilities immediately adjacent to an in-patient nursing unit and the growth in services demanded made it necessary to find new space that would be convenient for both in-patient and out-patient use. These services have direct application in the treatment of tuberculosis and also lend themselves extremely well to the investigation and treatment of nontuberculous respiratory diseases.

Over the past ten years, with the declining incidence of tuberculosis, the Sanatorium has been authorized to use some of its facilities that would otherwise be idle in the investigation and treatment of respiratory diseases which are not tuberculous. The growth of this service has been quite dramatic since, in 1965, the nontuberculous patient load accounted for 7% of the total volume of in-patient days, and in 1971, it had grown to 22%. In 1971, in excess of 9,000 nontuberculous patient days were provided by the Sanatorium. Over 60% of these patients were resident in the counties of Digby, Annapolis, Kings and over 80% were residents of western Nova Scotia. The spin-off effect of the Sanatorium has been to provide a chest service in the area that is not duplicating or in any way competing with general hospitals, but rather complements the services that they give. Admission to the Sanatorium services for investigation of respiratory illnesses is gained on a referral basis only through the patient's family physician or the Director of the local public health unit.

The newly renovated space, located in the basement of Miller Hall and connected to the outpatient department in the Infirmary Building has an area of approximately 2000 sq. ft. Within this area, 1,300 sq. ft. has been assigned to the combined functions of respiratory technology, physical medicine, and electrocardiograms. Curtains, rather than walls, separate the main treatment areas and this allows maximum flexibility of space and interchangeability of staff in the interests of

a co-ordinated effort in patient care and efficiency. The respiratory technology service occupies one-half of the space available and is equipped with the latest respiratory equipment. It is possible to treat up to 14 patients simultaneously in this area. The physical medicine service provides care to in-patients of the hospital and also works in a supportive role to the respiratory technology program in such procedures as postural drainage. The electrocardiography service is provided to in-patients of the hospital only.

Combined with and immediately adjacent to the Respiratory Technology-Physical Medicine service is the pulmonary function and blood gas laboratory. This is a complementary service to respiratory technology and, indeed, an integral part of the tuberculous and nontuberculous service of the hospital. It is equipped to investigate the breathing capability of a patient which is basic to determining the severity of lung damage and rate of recovery. The blood gas side of this laboratory has just been equipped with a new Corning Blood Gas machine, Model 165, which is the latest available piece of equipment for this function. It can quickly and accurately determine the effectiveness of respiratory treatment being given and, in addition, is an extremely valuable diagnostic tool. It is planned that, in the very near future, the services of this machine will be made available to other hospitals in the area.

This entire respiratory area is intended to work as a unit to service both in-patients and out-patients of the Sanatorium. It is staffed by two respiratory technologists, a physiotherapist, a nurse, a nursing assistant, an aide, and is under the clinical supervision of two staff physicians.

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Christmas Through The Ages

Horace speaks of the "Libertate Decembri," the riotous Saturnalian feasts (he usually made off to his farm) when, for about seven days, the slaves of the household became the masters, and the world turned upside down. It was a centuries-old custom, harking back perhaps to the fabled Golden Age of Saturn, the kindly father of all. At the same season also, when things are at their blackest, the Druids had their ritual orgies, the Germanic savages their fires. The eternal Hope in man, his persistent spunk in face of nature's challenge, seems always at this lowest hour to have blazed up afresh and set him singing, carousing, worshipping the blither forces that still slept but would yet awake.

At this season too, in a village in a remote and 'occupied' Roman Province, Christ was born: an event, it seemed, of ordinary insignificance, save to His own family. Afterwards, believers remembered His death and Resurrection and these worldshaking events were celebrated, fittingly, in the Spring of the year. Missionaries to barbaric nations found them kindling Baalfires to their Dawn-Goddess, Eostre: and on to those feasts they fastened the Easter rites and celebrations, Christianized. Similarly, the 'December liberty' became the Christ-mass, the feast of Christ's birth.

It was on a Christmas Day in 1095, it is said, that Peter the Hermit roused the Council of Clermont to a pitch of intense religious fervor; so that there and then the First Crusade was decided on and knights from all Europe set out to the capture of Jerusalem. 'Est voluntas Dei!' was their war-cry.

Religious services, carried on in Latin ("Hoc est pocus" became hocuspocus, or sheer nonsense, to the people) must have meant little to the common worshipper. But Wiclif's translation in England, and others into other vernaculars, gave new meaning to the Bible. Mystery plays began to be written and acted and of these, Nativity plays were favorite. St. Francis

of Assisi, the friendly saint, was the first on record to introduce a babe into the Christmas ritual.

There is, among the less civilized of human beings, a perverted humor that turns even the holiest ceremonies into buffoonery. With a kind of Saturnalian licence, groups of peasant laity in all the towns of Europe took over each Christmas the services of the Church. Sometimes a 'boy-bishop', attended by other boys all in masquerading robes of the clergy (often turned outside in, as boys still, or used to, do with their jackets), preached a 'sermon' and then went around taking up a 'collection'. There was elected, also, each year an Abbot of Unreason who inspired and led the wildest and most irreligious revelries; history tells even of an ass in sacerdotal raiments being put through the antics of a quasi-religious rite.

With the Reformation of the sixteenth century these performances passed away. But the rites, and the feasting, remained. The masque, a kind of stately charade, became increasingly popular, showing an advance in learning and taste: the Italian Renaissance was having its effects. In the Manor House, the local laird or squire provided other additional entertainment; home-made ale and bread, scores of wild fowl, sheep and beeves, were on the groaning board and free to all honest comers. This was the age, too, of the carols—'Joseph dearest, Joseph mine, Help me cradle the Child divine'; 'Good King Wenceslas', 'The First Nowell', and many other; of which, alas, scores must have perished in oblivion. The gratitude of the feudal retainer found voice:

God bless your house, your children too,
Your cattle and your store.

One Nicholas Breton, in 1626, may be quoted as summing up for us the sentiment of the age—a holy time, a duty in Christmas for the remembrance of Christ and the maintenance of good-fellowship. I hold it a memory of the Heaven's love and the world's peace, the mirth of the honest and the meeting of the friendly'. And Shakespeare had paused between Hamlet's father's ghostly visits to tell us—
Some say that ever 'giant that Season comes

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Question Box

By J. J. Quinlan, M.D.

Q. Please define sarcoidosis and comment upon treatment and prognosis.

A. Sarcoidosis is a relatively common disease which can affect any part of the body and which has such protean manifestations that volumes can be written about it. Briefly, however, it is a condition which involves most frequently the lymph nodes, particularly those inside the chest and the lung. It can be diagnosed with certainty only when tissues obtained are examined under the microscope.

Speculation as to its cause has been the subject of intensive investigation for 70 years or more. In common with many others, I have always felt it to be an atypical form of tuberculosis, but I have to admit that there is considerable evidence against this theory. In the majority of cases, it is a benign self-limiting disease, and its importance rests in these cases in accurate diagnosis so that it is not confused with more serious illnesses such as frank tuberculosis and cancer. In a minority of patients, it may be progressive and, when extensive involvement of the lungs occurs, it can lead to progressive scarring, respiratory failure and even death. It is our custom, therefore, to treat all cases of sarcoidosis with the corticosteroid drugs, and we usually give each patient a course of Prednisone and our excellent result in a large series of patients has convinced us that the few side effects of the corticosteroids are a small price to pay for the prevention of the pulmonary fibrosis with its attendant disability that can occur in some patients.

Q. How do you view the increasing use of sprays of all kinds? What about the deodorants which contain powder? Should we be cautioned to avoid the use of aerosol type sprays in the presence of chronic pulmonary disease?

A. Continued use of modern aerosol sprays, particularly if they contain substances irritating to lung tissue, can certainly be harmful. But I subscribe to the theory of moderation in all things, and feel that little if any damage is done to the lungs by these agents in the manner in which most people use them. Certainly, deodorants containing powder should be innocuous.

You might be interested to know that I had one patient some years ago who pre-

sented with very extensive involvement of both lungs, who was quite short of breath and whose chest x-ray presented an appearance not unlike acute miliary tuberculosis. A small portion of the lung was removed for examination, and the pathologist suggested that some noxious substance was being inhaled frequently. On questioning the patient, it was discovered that she used hair sprays almost daily and was, in fact, suffering from the condition which has been well documented as "hair spray thesaurosis".

Q. What is your opinion on the use of a humidifier, a cold vaporizer or warm vaporizer, and is it likely to be of any appreciable benefit to a person who frequently develops respiratory infections? How does this relate to the earlier belief that a dry climate would benefit those suffering from respiratory illnesses?

A. The use of vaporizers, humidifiers, nebulizers, etc. is not apt to prevent anybody developing respiratory infections. However, in the individual who is already ill with such conditions such as chronic bronchitis, bronchiectasis, slowly resolving pneumonias, or in any condition where there is thick secretion that the patient has difficulty in expectorating, the use of water vapor is of great help. The steam kettle of our forefathers helped many people, but the modern nebulizers producing as they do very fine droplets of moisture are much more efficient and, of course, are used extensively in all respiratory treatment centres.

With reference to the beneficial effects of a dry climate on individuals with respiratory disease, I doubt that this ever had any basis in fact, although some individuals did feel better and felt that they were less subject to acute respiratory infections in a dry climate.

Q. A questioner asks for your comments concerning the prescribing of a tranquilizer when basic tests failed to reveal physical reasons for acute attacks of respiratory distress. The questioner wonders at what stage of development the progress of this condition could be retarded, or arrested, if the tranquilizing medication had not removed the early symptoms.

A. This question is somewhat compli-

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Editorial Comment

November is fast drawing to a close as we write these lines and already we have had a fair taste of the winter which is to come. On the 15th we had between 4 to 6 inches of snow—enough to delight the hearts of the children. Also enough to send motorists slipping and sliding to their nearest service station for installation of snow tires. The snow remained for about 10 days and has been followed by milder and sunny weather. Gone again is the Christmas appearance, although the decorations have been put on the Kentville streets and the stores have a festive appearance.

Mrs. Barbara Dykens and the Handcrafts Department moved to the Patients' Lounge just before the arrival of the snow. The move was accompanied, in fact, during two days of heavy rainfall! It seems to be working out very well there, although the handcraft activity must be of a somewhat subdued nature when certain popular TV programs are on. And even more so when some activity such as the Patient Education Classes are in session. The Handcraft Department is certainly centrally located now and should be readily accessible to anyone who is at all mobile. Also, it makes it much easier for Barb to work with the patients on the wards. The picture would be further brightened if one could be in two places at the same time, or if there could be two workers instead of one, and if the cost of handcraft materials would go down instead of up. This would do for a starter!

* * *

There was a flurry of activity in the Recreation Hall during the latter two weeks of November. This coincided with the period of unseasonably cold weather and the electricity and heat had been previously, and permanently, disconnected. What was the activity? It was the sale of the furniture and furnishings from the Canteen, the excess Library books, numbering more than 1000, and the Station SAN recordings, other than the long playing records, which we have kept for probable future use. Our records numbered in the thousands and I had never before tried to look through any quantity of them. For most of the shoppers it was their first view of the record library. It was undoubtedly under the worst possible conditions, being in near freezing temperature

with inadequate lighting, but all agreed that the price was right! The ladies from the Business Office deserve the hero badge for overseeing the sale, the dates of which were extended and re-extended.

The equipment from Station SAN was removed to our present location for safe keeping and it is not known at this time whether or not it will be re located. It is remarkable just how much things have changed when you recall how important Station SAN used to be to the patients. Until the end of 1956 Station SAN was operated entirely by working patients. It was in February of 1957 that Mrs. Rosalie Lacey joined our Rehabilitation Staff in her capacity as the first full time Radio Operator and Assistant Librarian. This change had been precipitated, of course, by the decrease in the number of long term patients available for such part time work.

A number of other changes were taking place at that time, due to progress toward the control of Tuberculosis. It was early in 1957 that the Tuberculosis units were closed at St. Martha's Hospital, Antigonish, and at the Glace Bay General Hospital. During the previous year the Tuberculosis units at the Highland View Hospital, Amherst, the City of Sydney Hospital, and the unit at St. Joseph's Hospital in Glace Bay had been closed because there were enough empty beds in the remaining three treatment centres to meet the needs of Tuberculosis patients in the province. So we see that it is not only now that important changes are taking place.

-----:O:-----

The Better to See You with, My Dear

A woman wrote a doctor who had been treating her husband: "Ever since my husband started going to you, he's a different man. He used to be a wonderful husband, father and provider. He adored me, considered me one of the most beautiful women in the world. Now he scarcely looks at me, and he disregards the children. And frankly, doctor, I think he's becoming a woman-chaser, My feelings is that you have been giving him shots that changed his personality."

And the doctor wrote back: "Dear Madam: As regards your husband, I have been treating him with nothing. I merely prescribed for him a pair of contact lenses."

CHRISTMAS THROUGH—

(Continued from Page 5)

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 The bird of dawning singeth all day long;
 And then, they say, no spirit can walk
 abroad;
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets
 strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to
 charm,
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

But those gracious days were numbered. The zeal of the Scottish Kirk banished Christmas with all other 'Roman' ceremonial. In 1618, for instance, an edict ordains 'the superstitious observation of auld reitits and ceremonies during the time called yule to be altogether awodit and eschewit—dancing, singing carrallis, play at the fut ball, casting of snow-ballis.' And less than a generation later the iron rule of Cromwell and his kind had banished mirth even from merry England. John Evelyn's entry in his Diary in 1655 reads: 'Still no more notice of Christmas Day in the churches so this was the mournfullest day that in my life I had ever seen.'

In the eighteenth century, and far on into the nineteenth, there was no Christmas in Scotland; No Christmas holiday in school, no day off, even for workmen. Only the New Year was celebrated. Burns has no word of Yule; but he did write a poem wishing a Guid New Year to his auld mare. And indeed the Scots for long ignored the official New Year and celebrated in 'Old style', adhering to the Julian Calendar and irate beyond expression with the new Gregorian one which docked their life of eleven good days.

The Wesleyan Revival, shattering the religious apathy of the time, gave us at least one great Christmas hymn: Charles Wesley, the 'sweet singer' of the movement wrote his 'Hark, the herald angels sing. But colonial wars and fortune-making and slums: child labor, adult unemployment and famine; these made Christmas a reality only for the landed and the industrial rich. For the poor it was, if at all, the cruellest mockery.

Gradually in the nineteenth century, the conscience of mankind was awakened. Chimneysweepers, factory hands, seamstresses were protected by law; slaves were freed. And the Christmas Spirit began to break through the iron doors.

Scrooge relents; Pickwick glows. Santa Klaus comes over from Holland in his sledge and the German Christmas tree comes into fashion. The waits resume their oldtime carolling and in the churches new carols are being heard:

It came upon the midnight clear
 That glorious song of old . . .

Others like 'O little town of Bethlehem', 'Still the night, Holy the night', 'Child in the Manger', enriched the services and fostered the seasonal emotion. The 'Cult of the Child' brought with it the cult of the child, softening the hearts of grown-ups and making this the season of goodwill especially for children. Christina Rosseti has the word for this upsurge of kindness—

Love came down at Christmas,
 Love all lovely, Love Divine,
 Love was born at Christmas
 Star and angels gave the sign.

—The Scottish Educational Journal

Health Rays Golden Jubilee Fund

Contributions to this Fund may be addressed to:

Health Rays Jubilee Fund
 Nova Scotia Sanatorium
 Kentville, N. S.

An official receipt will be sent to all contributors, and all contributions are tax deductible. Your contributions will help Health Rays to remain healthy.

The standing of this Fund as of November 30, 1972:

Previously acknowledged: \$4,234.35
 Recent contributors:

Century Patrons:
 Nil

Patrons:
 Ernest Taylor
 Miscellaneous
 Total: 28.48

Grand Total \$4,263.01

Oidhche Challuinn

O leave the quern behind the churn,
And close the shed and bin;
A merry throng with shout and song
Must beat the New Year in!

Now let no window fail its light,
But shine from but and ben;
No bochdan-sprite may lurk tonight —
Then beat your New Year in.

Smite strong the walls as evening falls;
Wish luck to all within.
With carol shrill to banish ill,
We sing the New Year in.

To hearth and happy festive board
With welcome none may win,
Unless he chime the ancient rhyme
That rings the New Year in.

The priest in snow-bound glebe might
groan
Od superstition's sin,
But we must hold our custom old,
And beat the New Year in.
— From "Oidhche Challuinn", by R. V.
Bannon.

R. V. Bannon was born in Antigonish. He studied at St. Francis Xavier University, at Laval and at Harvard. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1924.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—

(Continued from Page 3)

Within a lodge of broken bark
the tender Babe is found,
a ragged robe of rabbit skin
enwrapped his beauty round;
but as the hunter braves drew nigh,
the angel song rang loud and high:
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
in excelsis gloria.

O children of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou,
the holy child of earth and heaven
is born today for you.
Come, kneel before the radiant boy,
who brings you beauty, peace and joy:
Jesus your King is born, Jesus is born,
in excelsis gloria.

As to the melody, there is very little I know of it, beyond the bare statement that it was arranged by H. Barrie Cabena, 1933.

QUESTION BOX—

(Continued from Page 6)

cated. By respiratory distress, I presume the reference is to bronchial asthma or similar conditions which are causing shortness of breath. There is no feeling more distressing than the inability to get enough air into the lungs, and some patients become unduly terrified in such situations. Here, a tranquilizer may be of considerable benefit. However, I cannot see that any tranquilizer will mask early symptoms of a respiratory condition to the extent that they will prevent a diagnosis being made. It should be remembered that in some of these respiratory conditions, particularly in bronchial asthma, it is extremely difficult and sometimes impossible to discover why the asthmatic attacks occur, and the best that one can do is treat them empirically. Frequently, tranquilizers constitute an important part of such a treatment.

Q. What is it that you refer to as an "asthma cocktail"?

A. This is the intravenous preparation that we frequently give to patients with severe asthmatic attacks. Usually, an intravenous infusion is begun with the drugs to be used mixed in 1000cc of 5% glucose in water. The mixture usually contains a sedative, a bronchodilator such as aminophylline and, always, a substantial dose of an appropriate corticosteroid such as hydrocortisone. In most cases, the effects of the cocktail are dramatic, and the individual who is literally gasping for breath is quickly able to breathe quietly and normally.

Man fortells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow
bright;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of
Death
Come unforwarned.
—From An Evening Prayer by Wm. C.
Bryant.

* * *

After a heavy snowstorm, the handymen in our neighborhood were always out with their shovels. A neighbor was trying to back out of his driveway one such morning when he heard a familiar voice call out, "Hol' it, boss, hol' it! You can't back up, an' you can't go ahead — dey's about five dollahs' wuth a snow round you, suh!"



Chaplain's Corner

Rev. Gary Tonks
Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain
Nova Scotia Sanatorium

Once again that joyous season of the year is here, with all its hustle and bustle. A happy season in which we share with one another, not only gifts but experiences. Most of us look forward to reunions of some type with relatives and friends, if only for a short time.

While Christmas is a very happy time for most of us, it is also a very lonely time for many. For those whose families have moved too far and for those who remain while their loved ones have moved from this earth; to a better land we know. For them, Christmas in one sense is the saddest time of year, for they can not share it with anyone. This points out the fact that we do not live unto ourselves, in a vacuum, rather we are social beings living in community.

Too often we forget the ones we should remember, or on the other hand we smother them for a day or two so that we can forget them the rest of the year, without too much concern. Christmas is a time that demonstrates God's divine love for his creations, for you and for me. As Christians we would do well to, in some way, demonstrate this love to others at this time, "That they may see your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven." Not only should we do it, but it is perhaps expected of those of us who are able, not so much by other people, but surely by the Saviour we profess, whose birth we celebrate at this time. Let's not forget the less fortunate this Christmas.

Not only do we forget other people but we often forget the main reason for this glorious celebration, and the one whose birthday we celebrate. Modern man has almost succeeded in taking the Christ out of Christmas. We get lost in all the hustle, or being bustled, so that we are frozen in feeling and thought to the physical and external trimmings of the season. If all Christmas means to western society is an opportunity to explode our charge accounts, then not only are we giving gifts for the WRONG reasons, but our whole culture and society is sick.

For us to understand the real meaning of the season we need to go deeper than the gifts under the tree on December

25th. We need to understand why and for what purpose it all came about. Christmas signalled the earthly birthday of the one through whom the real nature and purpose of God in creation is most clearly seen. Christmas does not end with the birth of a baby boy in a stable outside of Bethlehem. Christmas ends at Easter with a sacrifice one and for all, in which God in Christ did for you and me that which we are unable to do for ourselves. In the thirty-odd years between, a body of teaching of knowledge was given to men by God's Son. That, if accepted and believed, is sufficient to enable us to cope with life and, by grace, to receive life eternal. Christmas: For me it is the beginning of Gods' ultimate revelation. What is it to you?

Here is a program you may wish to make use of to help you clarify and find some spiritual answers to this day, this season.

Scripture Readings:

Isaiah 9:2—7
Isaiah 11:1—9
Matthew 1:18—2:12
Luke 1:26—35
Luke 2:1—20
John 1:1—18
John 3:16,17

Prayer:

Dear God, thank you for this day. For the wonderful gift of your son. Sometimes we have forgotten just how wonderful it is and have contented ourselves with other things. For this we are sorry and humbly ask your forgiveness, that we may have the true spirit of Christmas fresh in our hearts.

Dear Father, as we come to this year's end we thank you for our life and the joys we have been privileged to share. Prepare us now for a new year through your Holy Spirit that we may have your son with us in our hearts and thereby experience newness and freshness of life.

Amen

Today's tragedy is not the nosiness of the bad people, but the silence of the good people.

The Road To Bethlehem

Above the road to Bethlehem
When I was very young,
A twilight sky of tender blue
With golden stars was hung.

And kneeling at the stable door,
I happily confessed
My humble worship of the Child
Who slept at Mary's breast.

But now the road to Bethlehem
Seems cold and steep and far;
It wanders through a wilderness
Unlit by any star.

The earth I tread is frozen hard;
The winter chills my breath;
On either hand rise evil shapes
From valley dark with death.

The air is tense with moans of pain,
Mingled with cries of hate;
Where bloodstained hills and shattered
stones
Lie black and desolate.

How can the sacred heart of God
Heal all this guilt and grief?
Lord, I believe. And yet, this night,
Help Thou mine unbelief!

Purge Thou mine eyes, that they may see
Thy Stars across the gloom!
Touch Thou my heart, that it may lose
These agonies of doom!

Now in the darkness guide my feet,
Give holy strength to them
To walk with childlike faith once more
The road to Bethlehem!

— Watson Kirkconnell, President
Emeritus of Acadia University.



RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

PROTESTANT

Worship Service (Chapel)
Sunday: 10:00 a.m.

Vesper Service (Station San)
Monday through Saturday: 6:25 p.m.
Sunday: 5:45 p.m.

Communion is served quarterly in the
East and West Infirmaries.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

The Sacrifice of The Mass (Chapel)
Sunday: 9:00 a.m.

The Rosary (Station San)
Monday through Saturday: 6:45 p.m.
Sunday: 6:15 p.m.

The Hour of the Crucified (Station San)
Sunday: 6:30 p.m.

once in a while and there is little need for most of us who experience shortness of breath to go into a panic but normal shortness of breath disappears after a few minutes rest. When shortness of breath persists after resting, it may be a sign that something is wrong and you should see a doctor. Remember, shortness of breath on little or no exertion is never normal.

Shortness of breath is not a disease in itself but rather a symptom of some underlying disease. The conditions most likely to cause shortness of breath are:

- . . . asthma — an allergic reaction in the lungs
- . . . emphysema — damage to the delicate small air passages and air sacs
- . . . bronchitis — inflammation of the large air passages
- . . . pneumonia — an infection of the lungs
- . . . heart disease — with lung congestion due to a failing heart.

About the only thing you can do for shortness of breath, except for resting, is to see your doctor. Most conditions causing shortness of breath can be helped by treatment if it is begun early enough.

Reprinted from the Northern Light

Shortness Of Breath

As long as you are breathing easy, you don't give it a thought, but when you do become aware of your breathing it is usually because you are short of breath. Shortness of breath for no particular reason may indicate a health problem that calls for medical attention.

It is true that everyone gets out of breath

OLD TIMERS

A note from Miss Catherine MacFarlane informs us that she is now living at the Senior Citizens Home, Strathcona Place, Box 235, Pictou. Her note says, "The lady I live with has sold her house and while we were waiting for "Strathcona" to be finished—they were behind schedule—We stayed at the "Bedford" motel for five months. We had a wonderful summer—we met so many interesting people. My health is quite good—have an ex-ray this week.

In closing may I wish all of our readers a very Merry Christmas and a Healthy and Happy New Year."

A note was received from Ernest Taylor, 5 Henry St., Truro, with a subscription renewal and a gift for the Jubilee Fund.

A note from Mrs. C. Philip MacCreedy, 102 Wildwood Park, Winnipeg, says, "Thoroughly enjoy reading Health Rays each month, and look forward to reading the Old Timers to hear news of those who were patients during my curing days of 1947." Mrs. MacCreedy is the former Irene Richards.

William A. Hines, 185 Edmonds Grounds, Armdale, writes that he is feeling very well "Thanks to the good care given at the Sanatorium."

H. C. "Herb" MacQuarrie writes "Hi folks! sorry you had to remind me regarding Health Rays. I wouldn't miss this little publication for any money, and thank you for keeping it coming as it helps me keep track of many of the friends I made while a guest from 1967-69. Everyone on the staff was certainly good to me and I shall always feel indebted to them all."

Mrs. Richmond (Evelyn) Alders, R.R. No. 1 Boutiliers Point, writes that she continues to enjoy reading Health Rays.

Hubert Surette sent us a renewal and a change of address from Pinkneys Point to Box 1520, R.R. No. 1 Arcadia, Yarmouth Co.

Doug Rossong informs us of his change of address from 2561 to 2581 Beech St., Halifax.

Mrs. Larry Flynn in renewing her subscription, writes that she still looks forward to receiving Health Rays. She says, "I was at the San for three months in 1970 and have to go back every six months for check-ups, but I feel very well. I was on a trip recently to visit my brother in Philadelphia to attend my niece's wedding. Also to see my sister in Quincy, Mass., and had

a wonderful visit. A special hello to the doctors and nurses and all the patients whom I met at the San."

Among those renewing their subscriptions recently were: Msgr. J. H. Durney, 2267 Brunswick St., St. Patrick's Church, Halifax; Miss Jennie Fullerton, R.R. No. 1 Parrsboro; John M. Romkey, 216 Empire St., Bridgewater; James Edward Straughan, 6438 Rosylan St., Halifax; David L. MacIntosh, Hopewell; Mrs. John Hurley, 9 Ottawa Ave., Amherst; Mrs. Frances MacLeod, R. R. No. 1 Southaven, Tarbot, Cape Breton and George E. Allen, 1133 Tower Rd., Halifax.

We have also had renewals from Mrs. Sophie LaPierre, Grand Desert; Earl Matheson, R.R. No. 2 Scotsburn; Amidee Dugas, R.R. No. 1 Church Point; Hilbourne Redden, R.R. No. 2 Kingston; Mrs. Pauline Schofield, Kingston; Miss May King, Box 581, Wolfville; James Victor Jefferson, R.R. No. 2 Wilmot; Mrs. Charles Settle, Wilbert Marsters, Hants Port; Father Gerald E. Saulnier, Wolfville; Edward Stewart, Upper Musquodoboit; John Mosher Taylor, R.R. No. 1 Elmsdale.

Others we have heard from are: Gordon L. Dechman, Mrs. G. M. MacDonald, Boutiliers Point; Ronald Forsythe, 17 Henry St., Kentville; Miss Margaret Saxton, 2490 Arm Crescent, West, Halifax; Mrs. Raymond Longley, Paradise; and Mrs. Andrew Doherty, Baddeck.

Closer to home, we have renewals from Miss Carrie Gillis, 21 Oakdene Terrace, Kentville; Mrs. V. E. Hartlen, 654 Main St., Kentville; Miss Helen Morse; Mrs. Mary Durno; and Mrs. Sophie Spencer. There is also a renewal from Margaret E. MacDonald, post marked Tatamagouche; and Miss Floris Smith, R.N., whose address is now General Delivery, Shelburne.

We wish to thank all of you for your continuing support, and for the many messages received.

Merchandise manager to department-store Santa: "Just tell the customers 'Merry Christmas' — not 'Many happy returns.'"

— Bo Brown in The Wall Street Journal

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(Continued on Page 14)

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 13)

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Magic Carpet

Just before Christmas a few years ago a middle-aged man appeared in the offices of the New York Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund, which provides country vacations for underprivileged city youngsters. "I happened to be passing," he said, "and, well, I'd like to make a contribution." The man hesitated, mopped his brow. "I . . . er . . . that is, I once went on a Fresh Air trip myself — a long time ago, during the Depression. If you have a moment I'd like to tell you about it . . ."

"Of course," said the interviewer.

"We lived on Bank Street. In the Village, you know. My father was a writer. We had a large family, and my parents had to sacrifice a lot during those days. Everything went, silver, furnishings, savings — even the rugs. The house was bare and sometimes cold, but we managed to stay together.

"My brother and I went on the Fresh Air trip together for a whole month, and we were invited back — for Christmas in the country! My mother cried, I remember, when we left. But we had a great time. The family where we went couldn't do enough for us. Wonderful food, toys, presents of clothes. When we got back to Bank Street I wanted to be the first to tell Mother about the presents. I pushed past my brother at the front door and ran into the living room. I stopped dead. There, on the floor, was a beautiful, turkey-red Oriental carpet. My mother sat across the room looking straight at us. 'It's silly,' she said, 'but this is my Christmas present to us.'"

"The rug was painted. Painted on the floor. My mother — she was an artist — did it while we were away. This was her gift, sort of, for our cold feet. I put my stuff down and ran over to her. I'm afraid I cried. And I've cried about it since. All that winter, when we ran across the painted rug, our feet seemed warmer. That's why I am making a gift to Fresh Air, a little gift in memory of my mother."

The bill he proffered, ordinary paper currency, seemed warm to the touch.

— Richard F. Crandell in New York Herald Tribune

Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

— Carlyle.

In Appreciation

I was a patient in the Sanatorium on two different occasions. My thoughts very often linger around the hospital, and the care given the patients — the ultimate goal being to restore them to complete health, if possible, as a Tb patient or respiratory patient in general needs a guiding hand to make him understand the care given is to his own advantage. It is in many instances hard on doctors, and especially on nurses, to have to put up with so many different attitudes of the patients. During my stay I often saw patients ignoring the doctors' orders and giving the nurses a hard time, wanting to do things their own way.

I therefore know what patience both doctors and nurses had to have and by their inspiration, dedication and determination, succeed in restoring patients to normal health. Through knowledge and patience, both the medical and nursing staff give the patients, in most cases I saw, confidence as to their ability and willingness to do anything to help restore them to health and happiness.

I therefore can truthfully say that the care and well being of the patients cannot be matched by another hospital, because a Tb or respiratory patient is given such care as no other hospital can give.

So on this festive occasion, I beg to be allowed to wish each and everyone a Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year and wish that all of you may be able to continue your humanitarian work to restore health to the needy and make them once again able to enjoy life to the fullest.

Yours truly,
Bert Lundgren
Milton, Queens Co.

* * *

"Why is that dog so unhappy?"
"He's been confronted with four hydrants,
and hasn't a leg to stand on."

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Former O. T. Dies

Miss Margaret Edith Hope Markham, 66, of 268 Portland St., Dartmouth, a retired school teacher, died Saturday, Nov. 18, 1972, in Victoria General Hospital, Halifax.

Born in Quainton, England, she was a daughter of the late Rev. J. H. Markham and Mrs. Katherine (Eggleton) Markham.

She was a graduate of Kings College and the University of Toronto. She was a teacher in various schools in the province, spending the last 11 years before retirement teaching in Dartmouth schools.

She was a member of Christ Church, Dartmouth, and the IODE.

Surviving are one sister, Florence (Mrs. H. B. Johnson), London, Ont.; and three brothers, Harold, Toronto; Frank, Cornwall, Ont.; and John, Windsor, Ont.

The body was at Mattall's Funeral Home, Dartmouth. Funeral service was held Tuesday at 11 a.m., in Christ Church, with Rev. Peter MacDonald officiating. Burial was in St. James Anglican cemetery, Bridgetown, at 3 p.m.

Miss Markham, known to many former patients, was Occupational Therapist at the N. S. Sanatorium from April 16, 1948, to October 31, 1956. This was just prior to the appointment of our first Supervisor of Rehabilitation, Mr. Cecil H. Kennedy, who took up his duties at the Sanatorium on October 1, 1949.

Miss Markham's father, the Rev. J. H. Markham, was Anglican Chaplain at the Sanatorium for many years.

Gifted Thinking

A veteran father says he intends to assemble a Christmas toy this year using nothing but the extra parts he has left over from toys he assembled on other Christmases.

— Bill Vaughn in Kansas City Star

* * *

Sign in a Glasgow, Scotland, bookstore: "Buy your Christmas gift books now, so you can read them before mailing."

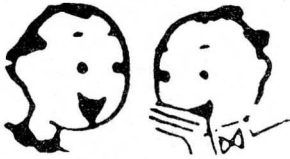
— The Victorian

* * *

For years my mother and aunt had exchanged ten-dollar bills at Christmas. When they both became widows, they reduced the exchange to five dollars. This year, to cut expenses even more, they decided not to exchange gifts at all!

— Contributed by Jack I. Kibben

Just Jesting



Musical Scores

We were out caroling to raise funds for a holiday church project. As the group sang in front of one house, the solicitor rang the door-bell and gave her usual appeal.

"Oh, sure, I'd be happy to help you," said the lady of the house — and she darted out the door to join the carolers in singing "Silent Night."

— Contributed by Mrs. C. E. Dudley

* * *

The Traditional English folksong, "The Twelve Days of Christmas," was revised for a school Christmas program in Donna, Texas. The gift list: Twelve fields of cotton, eleven owls a-hooting, ten deer a-running, nine jacks a-jumping, eight bonnets-blue, seven doves a-mourning, six armadillos, five oil wells, four prickly pears, three ruby reds, two Brahman bulls and a mockingbird in a magnolia tree.

— Contributed by J. Bailey

——:O:——

In the canine shop of a New York department store, the clerk was approached by a haughty fashionable who asked to see a rhinestone collar for her poodle. The salesman obligingly brought out the most glittering collar in the showcase and asked what size the poodle wore.

"Why, I haven't the faintest idea," the woman answered.

"In that case, madam, I suggest that you measure your dog's neck," the clerk said.

"Oh, I couldn't do that!" the woman exclaimed. "It's to be a Christmas present."

— Contributed by Philip V. DeCamp

——:O:——

Depart, ye sophists, for I'm about
To perpetrate a pun:

"A man once took his nose apart
To see what made it run."

* * *

"A snake just snapped at me."

"Snakes don't snap."

"This was a garter snake."

Moses Updated

Asked by his mother what he had learned in Sunday School, Bobby launched into an exciting tale! "Teacher told us about when God sent Moses behind the enemy lines to rescue the Israelites from the Egyptians. When they came to the Red Sea, Moses called for engineers to build a pontoon bridge. After they had crossed, they looked back and saw the Egyptian tanks coming. Moses radioed headquarters on his walkie-talkie to send bombers to blow up the bridge, and the Israelites were saved."

"Bobby!" exclaimed his mother, "Is that the way your teacher told you that story?"

"Naw," admitted Bobby, "but if I told it her way you'd never believe it!"

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A small boy in kindergarten was assigned by his teacher to make a Christmas drawing of the Three Wise Men riding their camels across the desert. When the drawing was finished, the youngster took it to the teacher for her approval. She studied it and then pointed to an item — a square box with a couple of wires sticking out of it — that was being carried by one of the men.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh, that," said the boy. "That's the portable TV set. I didn't want them to miss 'Gunsmoke!'"

——:O:——

On Christmas morning I was telling the story of the Nativity to a group of youngsters in an armed-forces Sunday school. To test their attentiveness, I began to ask questions. Expecting a reply of either "the shepherds" or "the Wise men," I asked, "Who was the first to know of Jesus' birth?"

Immediately a five-year-old waved her hand and shouted, "Mary!"

— James L. Jensen

——:O:——

You know your feathered friend, you claim;
But have you ever thought

How frequently the stork gets blamed

For what a lark has brought?

— Selected.

The Seven Joys Of Mary

The first good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of one;
To see the blessed Jesus Christ,
When He was first her Son,

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of two;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
Making the lame to go.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of three;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
Making the blind to see.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of four;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
Reading the Bible o'er.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of five;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
Raising the dead to life.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of six;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
Upon the Crucifix.

The next good joy that Mary had,
It was the joy of seven;
To see her own Son Jesus Christ,
Ascending into Heaven.
— 15th century Carol.

The Great Astonishment

Whoever on the night of the nativity of
the young Lord Jesus
in the great snows shall fare forth bearing
a succulent bone
for the lost and lamenting hound, a wisp
of hay for the shivering horse,
a cloak of warm raiment for the stranded
wayfarer, a bundle
of fagots for the chattering crone, a flagon
of red wine for him
whose marrow withers, a garland of bright
berries for one who
has worn chains, gay arias of lute and
harp for all huddled birds
who thought that song was dead, and div-
ers lush sweetmeats for such
babes' faces as peer from lonely windows—
To him shall be proffered and returned
gifts of such an
astonishment as will rival the hues of the
peacock and the
harmonies of heavens so that though he
lived to the great age when
man goes stooping and querulous because
of the nothing that is
left in him, yet shall he walk upright and
remembering, as one whose
heart shines like a great star in his breast.

Source unknown.

The joy of childhood would
Have been unknown
If Christ had come to earth
A man full grown.

* * *

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and
vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn
and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and
bright.
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-
night.

— Phillips Brooks.

* * *

Take time this Christmas day to go
A little way apart
And with the hands of prayer prepare
The house that is your heart.

Brush out the dusty fears, brush out
The cobwebs of your care,
Till in the house that is your heart
It's Christmas everywhere.

.. And now the time is nigh at hand
In which our Saviour came;
Let us rejoice and merry be
In keeping of the same.

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P.	Medical Director
PETER S. MOSHER, B.Sc., D.H.A.	Administrator
J. J. QUINLAN, M.D., F.R.C.S. (C), F.C.C.P.	Surgeon
F. J. MISENER, M.D., F.C.C.P.	Radiologist
A. LARETEI, M.D.	Physician
MARIA ROSTOCKA, M.D.	Physician
G. A. KLOSS, M.D., F.C.C.P.	Physician
E. W. CROSSON, M.D.	Physician
D. M. MacRAE, M.D., F.R.C.S. (C), F.C.C.P.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
B. F. MILLER, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Ed.) F.R.C.S. (C)	Consult. Ortho. Surg.
DOUGLAS W. ARCHIBALD, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)	Consultant Psychiatrist
D. H. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.	Consultant Anaesthesiologist
C. E. JEBSON, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C)	Consultant Urologist
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

D. S. ROBB, M.D.	Medical Superintendent
T. K. KRZYSKI, M.D., F.C.C.P.	Physician
W. MacISAAC, M.D.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
D. B. ARCHIBALD, M.D.	Consultant Urologist
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. Charles Broughton

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.