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Health Rays



THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
Vol. 56 January, 1975 No. 1

HEALTH RAYS

STAFF

MANAGING EDITOR DONALD M. BROWN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR EILEEN M. HILTZ
BUSINESS MANAGER JOHN AKIN

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

Published monthly by the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Kentville, N.S., in the interests of better health, and as a contribution to the anti-tuberculosis campaign.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES 25 cents per copy \$2.00 per year

Please address all communications to: The Editor, Health Rays,
Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Kentville, Nova Scotia

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Sanatorium Visiting Hours

DAILY: 1100 — 2030 (11:00 a.m. — 8:30 p.m.)

A PAGE FROM HISTORY

To the Editor:

It seems to me that you once stated in "Health Rays" that you were interested in stories about the old San.

I realize that the enclosed material deals with an event which occurred so long ago that few, if any, of your readers would be interested. Perhaps a few would, for I can't believe that I am the only old-timer around.

In any event, if you do not use it I shall understand, and of course I will not mind. But I would appreciate it if you would return the original poem to me, either at Room 313, if I am still a patient, or to my home address.

P.S. On looking back, I would be the first to admit that in retrospect the whole thing seems a bit childish. But please! Fifty years ago we were all a lot younger!

In 1924-25 I was on the cure at the San for 8 months, most of which I spent in Section 2, Pavillion 5, on the Hill. Some of my porchmates were Harry Haggarty, Lester Giffin, Jamie Collie, Roy Grant, Herb Embree, and Allen MacGillivray. One of the best friends I made was a Lunenburg native, Fred Silver, who cured in Section 1 of the same pavillion. My brother Ralph, who was on the cure a year before me, and Fred and I spent a wonderful month the summer of 1925, camping at a very beautiful lake at Midville Branch in Lunenburg County. Fred will be remembered by many for his years of service to the San after his disease was arrested.

The event described in the enclosed poem took place in 1925. The San at that time was a little town in itself. Pavillion 3 stood where the present Infirmary stands. And of course it was a ladies' pavillion - and visiting between the male and female pavillions was strictly taboo. Pat McEvoy came to the San in 1925 and remembered the

"Raid" very well. I met him in 1973 in West 1 when I was a patient there, and he told me that he was in the trunkroom of 3, playing bridge, when it occurred. He said he never ran so fast in his life.

I do not remember who wrote this masterpiece, except that she was a patient in Pavillion 3. Nan Ross, or Nola MacElmon, or Sue Embree would know if they are still around. But I doubt if there are many who recall this stirring event!

I should note in passing that with few exceptions the patients of that time were much younger than those of today. Many were returned soldiers in their 20's. I, myself, was 17. T.B. seemed to be a disease of the young. And so we were stirred to our very bones by the dastardly act on the part of Authority. But I must say that to my knowledge, no more male patients ventured inside the doors of Three, or any other ladies' pavillion - at least for a long, long time.

Now, at the time of writing I am a patient in 313. A breathing problem has slowed me up, but I am still in pretty good shape. I hope to return home very soon.

George S. Joudrey
P.O. Box 116
Bedford, N.S.
January 4, 1975

And now "Gentle Readers", the promised poem, entitled:
THE RAID ON PAVILLION III

Tales have been told since days of old
Of deeds on land and sea -
But none are so bold as the tale that is told
Of the raid on Pavillion III.

'Twas on a bright and starry night
The air was calm and sill -
Just the kind of a night when all seemed right
In our home upon the Hill.

A PAGE FROM HISTORY

(Continued from Page 1)

But soon, Alas! It came to pass

That all wasn't well with us

And the home of the free, Pavillion III,

Was the scene of an awful fuss.

We were hid from sight and the starry night

And all was dark inside

For it takes some spunk to sit on a trunk

With a he-male by your side.

We were talking of "Bridge" - and other things

When we got a Hell of a fright!

For out of the dark came an awful bark

And the glare of a bright flashlight.

"My God!" I cried - "The Nurse! The Nurse!"

And pushed him down the stair

For what did I reckon, if he broke his neck

As long as he wasn't there!

An obstacle race then took place

Great guns! How those boys could run!

But in my fright at the terrible sight

I didn't notice who won. -

Our little trunk room (now spot of gloom)

Is bright with light once more

And as long as we stay, it will be that way

Henceforth ----- forevermore

Now Pavillion III is a hennery

As it was in days of yore

"Cause how in Hell can we folks tell

They ain't gonna raid no more."

-A Pavillion III Patient

N.S. Sanatorium

CANADA PENSION PLAN

The Federal Government has fixed January 1, 1975 as the date for bringing into effect, by proclamation, the comprehensive amendments to the Canada Pension Plan that were recently enacted by Parliament. This was announced by Health and Welfare Minister Marc Lalonde.

The most significant of these amendments are:

1. provision for full equality for male and female contributors and beneficiaries under the Canada Pension Plan;

2. removal of the retirement and earnings tests so that, after January 1, 1975, contributors 65 or older may draw all of their CPP retirement pensions whether or not they work and receive earnings after that date;

3. creation of a new formula for determining the Plan's earnings ceiling (the amount up to which a person may contribute) so that the ceiling will increase by 12½ percent a year until it catches up with average earnings, as reflected by the Industrial Composite, published by Statistics Canada, after which it will be kept in line with this average. This change, in turn, will lead to larger pensions in future years since these are related to earnings. Under this new formula, the earnings ceiling (the yearly Maximum Pensionable Earnings) will increase from \$7,400 in 1975 to \$8,300 in 1976;

4. modification of the Plan's exempt earnings feature (the yearly Basic Exemption) to provide a greater opportunity for people at lower income levels to participate in the Plan. This has been done by reducing the basic exemption (the amount on which contributions are not made) from 12 percent to 10 percent of the yearly Maximum Pensionable Earnings, subject to a rounding formula. In 1975, the yearly Basic Exemption will be \$700;

5. provision for members of certain religious groups to exclude themselves from the CPP; and

6. introduction of a large number of technical changes to improve the Plan and make it more effective.

Mr. Lalonde stated that, under the Canada Pension Plan legislation, major changes to the Plan that are enacted by Parliament can only be implemented if two-thirds of the population signify their consent has now been formally granted by all the provinces, thus clearing the way for the January 1, 1975, proclamation date.

-Public Service Release

SAFARI IN EAST AFRICA

(While I was wondering in some dismay when I would find time to write a further article for "Health Rays" on my experiences while "On Safari" in Africa, there arrived the annual Christmas letter from Dr. Frank Maresch, which delineated such similar travels as I had experienced, and which is written so very well, that I decided to let it tell the story. At a latter date, without Christmas flurries of travels and visitors filling the days, I would like to write of some personal experiences in Africa. E.M. Hiltz.)

JAMBO GREETINGS FROM THE AFRICAN EXPLORER MARESH:

With some 25 "rich" University of Wisconsin alumni I traveled - Chaucer fashion - some 2,200 miles in a new Datsum minibus - decorated with zebra stripes - with four lovely American ladies over the dusty, dirt roads of Kenya and Tanzania among the Big Game of Africa. In a few days I began to "Jambo" meaning "Greetings" and "Ashanti" for "Thank You" in the Swahili language even when speaking to fellow travelers. Although the Weather Bureau arranged a long drought of merciless severity, it also provided the pure luxury of sunny days and cloudless skies. In order to carry an appropriate regional mood, I wore a bleached safari jacket and an absurd campaign hat. With us were the graduates from the University of Pennsylvania, showing that that institution also attracts many fine persons.

Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, is a relatively new city, about half as old as the State of Wisconsin. Fortunately it is not encumbered by much history. The modern buildings, the many airline offices, hotels as elegant as any in London give the city a cosmopolitan air.

Although Nairobi is near the equator but a mile high it provides cool evenings, refreshing mornings but warm afternoons. The wide avenues of tropical trees with vivid violet bouganvilleas, bright rose hibisci and cool blue jacarandas were a pure Matisse. Like modern explorers we stayed in the Nairobi Hilton Hotel, a cylindrical structure of recent design but representing an enormous Wisconsin silo with a flat roof and with many windows. It is a self contained resort with arcades and shops, offices, arts and crafts, shoes made of elephant hides but without the presence of Henry Kissinger.

Not far away the large and well kept coffee farms recalled for me the book "Out of Africa" by Isaak Dinesen, whose clumsy typewriter on which she wrote such beautiful prose, I saw in the Danish exhibit at the World's Fair in New York City. The soil, covered with so much coffee, must be irritable. I shall re-read "The Flame Trees of Thika" by Elspeth Huxley, who immortalized the Nandi trees. Gradually I began to relish the fragrant aroma and the savory taste of a cup of Kenya coffee, usually served in the lobby of hotels after a meal to prolong the companionship of agreeable travelers. It seemed as though the striking figures and the lovely people in these books accompanied us on the tour.

After a sumptuous lunch at the Outspan Hotel in Nyeri, we admired the lovely gardens, lawn, walks, flowers and trees. Later we transferred

(Continued on Page 2)

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SAFARI IN EAST AFRICA

(Continued from Page 3)

to Safari trucks and drove through the Aberdare Forest. We traversed the final distance on foot escorted by Jim Wilson, an armed hunter, who came from Ireland. The Treetops Hotel, perched on high posts, soared among the branches of Cape Chestnut trees rich with pink blossoms. On the observation roof, the numerous nimble baboons behaved as though they were life members of the Wisconsin Alumni Association. They mingled among the spectators and even tried to open the windows of bedrooms. Wart hogs of an inelustable ugliness swarmed in large numbers over the grounds suckling their young. Later came the processions of water buffalos, waterbucks, gazelles, zebras, and gnus to the waterhole. At night seven gray rhinoceri - tick birds perched on their shoulders - stood at the pond for hours. Their single horn reminded me of the steeple on the cathedral of Saint Stephen in Vienna. Only Tarzan and his Afrodisiacs failed to appear.

At the private Mount Kenya Safari Club, a swank hostelry of colonial pretensions, the temperature was cool enough for a fire in the fireplace. In the evening eleven Chuka dancers performed a series of tribal dances spiritedly on a lawn before the swimming pool vacated by pelicans, sacred ibises, crested cranes, and Egyptian geese. The black bodies of the Chuka dancers wearing white miniskirts and carrying long, slender drums arranged themselves in double rows or in circles. The music lacked both melodies and harmonies, for the speakers shouted or recited some narrative. The powerful rhythm lacked the pulsating beat of the tomtoms of Wisconsin Mohicans. In the morning Mount Kenya etched itself on a spectacular, rosy sunrise. During breakfast in the Safari Tent, we

watched proud peacocks strut on the grass before the windows.

From a distance the thousands of pink flamingoes standing in the shallow waters of Lake Nakuru resembled an effervescent froth. From the shore their rhythmical feeding on algae in sweeping motions carried the airy elegance of a corps de ballet. The display of willowy necks and delicate steps in a purity of style left a feeling of wonder and of revelation. In a superb use of massed groups the invisible choreographer added a marvelous touch of grace to the ritual of ordinary eating. Without the entrancing music of Chopin or a Delibes the watery stage provided a performance of almost ceremonial reverence. A herd of waterbucks and a dozen submerged hippopotami seemed untouched by the poetry of motion engendered by the lovely feathered sylphides.

The Massai Mara Preserve had the likeness of an arid Wyoming with parched, short, wiry grasses. The large herds of Brahma cattle followed by a solitary herdsman on foot were a contrast to the beasts in our Wild West, which will attack anything on foot and compels the cowboys to be on mounts. In this precarious existence, we wondered how the animals found enough nourishment for a sustenance on the withered fields? Still, the throngs of zebras seemed well fed. The soil was as red as the clay of Georgia and had enough iron to produce a black spoor in the animals. A country without billboards advertising cigarettes or a whiskey! In such an austere landscape life is only a dream. With similar ruminations we reached a convenient resort, the Keekorok Lodge out in

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nowhere.

David Waraunga, the Kikuyu chauffeur, was a marvel. He knew not only where the game was but also what the travelers should photograph. With reckless confidence he drove into a herd of 16 reticulated giraffes to demonstrate the rocky motion of their flight. At another time he rode among the impalas to show how they leave the ground in prodigious leaps or sail without any apparent effort over rocks, bushes or ravines. He charged a cluster of unwieldy elephants until the bull decided to stand his ground, but David managed to elude the attack. On another occasion he raced with a flock of young ostriches, necks erect, moving over the grassy plains in a body like a locomotive with many wheels, and changing direction frequently. After a long ride he crossed a stagnant creek and there were the lions; a male, two females and four cubs devouring the carcass of a zebra. Although they had committed a violent murder, the lions ignored the fervid camera men only ten feet away.

At the Ngorongoro Crater we stayed in cabins on the rim of a huge extinct volcano and at the awesome height of 8,300 feet. During the day we descended to the bottom of the crater, where a shallow lake and auxiliary pools provide water for lush pastures of green grass and consequently an abundance of wild game. The menagerie was varied and enormous. Zebras, wildebeest, impalas, antelopes as well as hyenas, jackals and batedared foxes lived in a symbiosis. Life seemed to be only a surrealistic dream. After the grotesque shapes of the rhinoceri I would not be surprised to encounter a sylvan satyr. The ten mile crater reminded me of the stadium at Camp Randall during a football game; so in the evening I sang "On Wisconsin" from the brim of the volcano to the sleeping collection of animals at the

bottom of the concavity.

At the Olduvai Gorge we saw the house where the widow, Mary Leakey and her son, continue their search for the ancestry of man. In this nature's museum of antiquity - an untinted Grand Canyon - I became thoughtful. Man preceded me to this impressive valley by nearly two million years. Where will my seleton be in two million years? I marveled at how Zinjanthropus divulged his name to the scientists? I wondered if he could be a relative, distant of course? Did he drink Schlitz or did he play with the Green Bay Packers? The fossils at Olduvai indicate a certain nobility to a man aroused from his long sleep in eternal peace. Why am I here? In these reluctant inquiries has life over the span of eons shown any logic, justification or ultimate meaning. Perhaps I came two million years too late?

To reach the Amboseli Lodge we drove for miles over a dry lake bottom without trails but with the skeletons of unlucky animals. Elephants and maribou storks stayed at the lodge too. Mount Kilimanjaro with a white crest recalled Hemingway's "the Snows of Kilimanjaro". Dusty trails and heat mirages contrasted with the blazing flames in the fireplace at night. The stars in the sky had an African aspect with the North Star below the northern horizon and the Southern Cross high in the austral sky. I was happy because my Mount McKinley in Alaska is taller than Kilimanjaro! Like Wisconsin the country does not abound in ruins of fortresses nor castles.

Today it seems almost strange to ride across the entire State of Wisconsin and not to encounter a herd of Thompson's gazelles, a drove of elephants or a group of reticulated

(Continued on Page 11)

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STOP SMOKING — TRY ORANGES

People who want to quit smoking can try oranges instead.

A research psychologist at the Outspan Organization in Britain conducted an experiment with two groups of confirmed smokers. There was only one requirement. When they felt the urge to light up, the smokers would eat a piece of orange, preferably sucking the juice out first. After three weeks of controlled orange eating, the number of cigarettes smoked by the groups dropped an average of 74 percent. Twenty percent of one group quit smoking altogether.

Dr. Edward Hernandez claims the evidence suggests that orange eating is a good substitute for cigarette smoking during the initial period of withdrawal. The effect of citrus fruit, particularly oranges, on the palate is similar to the "bite" experienced by smoking a

cigarette, he says.

There's another interesting fact about smoking and oranges. Smoking reduces the supply of Vitamin C in the body, while oranges build it up. Some studies show the vitamin contributes to a feeling of well-being and also reduces the duration of colds.

Dr. Hernandez, like every other expert in the field, says the basic requirement for quitting smoking is a strong wish to quit. Oranges are a technique, but the determination to quit is essential for success. When that's there, people find their own way to quit. With oranges or without.

The overwhelming majority of smokers now say they want to quit. Oranges are worth a try. - Health for All.

(Via: Sask. Anti-T.B. League News)

PROTECTION

Our bodies have a defense system almost as complicated as our country's. How our cells send out defense alerts and fight off invaders is a subject captivating medical researchers.

What happens when we breathe in invaders like TB germs, cigarette smoke, cold viruses, pollutant particles? One researcher - Dr. Richard W. Leu of the University of Oklahoma - is investigating the activities of one major line of defense in the lungs, the macrophages. Macrophages are scavenger cells that literally eat germs, viruses and other assaulters. Dr. Leu is trying to find out exactly how they spring into action and why they often fail to digest and conquer.

Another researcher, Dr. N. Mark Richard of the University of Illinois Medical Centre, is exploring how the

macrophages fight off TB germs, in particular. When the macrophages alone gulp down the TB germs, the germs simply keep on multiplying inside the macrophage. But when the macrophages join forces with smaller, white blood cells, then the macrophages develop the power to digest the TB germs and keep them from reproducing. Dr. Richard's research suggests that the joint defense action is triggered by some kind of chemical messages or cell-to-cell contact.

"If you can determine by cellular structure which people will have trouble fighting off TB", Dr. Richards, says, "you can single out those people ahead of time as high risks and take steps to protect them".

-Health Column No. 253

Courtesy of "The Northern Light"

Editorial Comment

Judging from the appearance of my office I must have nearly enough material on hand to make up another issue of "Health Rays". At the time of writing we are not certain what change will take place in the outward appearance of "Health Rays" magazine. The present plan is to print it by Gestetner machine, using electronic stencils, beginning with this issue. This was brought about because of the sharp increase in the price of printing. This had been expected for some time, the "Berwick Register" having maintained the same price from the time that they first undertook to do our printing for us. The "Register's" new owners, "The Lunenburg County Press Limited", have quoted us a price that is beyond our means and we are, therefore, about to see what kind of product we can obtain by the Gestetner.

The December issue, by the way, was printed by the Lunenburg "Progress Enterprise". Because of time and distance, one step was eliminated. We did not have the pleasure of reading the proofs and clipping and pasting the material in the book. Thank you, Progress Enterprise! You got us through Vol. 55, and to the beginning of a new year.

We are grateful to a number of individuals and groups who contributed time and energy in order to help make Christmas more pleasant for our patients. The Kentville Rotary Club members brought approximately 65 gifts which they delivered, as they have annually for a good many years. There were also gifts from some of the Church groups, and from some of the local units of the N.S. TB and R.D. Association.

For entertainment we had a visit from the Ladies' Chapter of the Society

for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Singing, on December 10. The menfolk were not able to include the San in their busy schedule this year, but will try to make it next December.

On December 17 the Kinnettes came for the singing of carols.

On December 18 our Christmas Party was held in the Cafeteria, with refreshments being provided by the Dietary Department. I had the privilege, not of being Santa, but of bring Santa - courtesy of the Kentville Retailers' Association. Really excellent entertainment for the party was provided by Father d'Entremont, Berwick. He is talented, versatile, and will be much in demand as an entertainer. We hope that he will favour us with a return visit in the future.

On December 19 the Junior Choir of the New Minas Baptist Church provided a program of singing and recitations in the Patients' Lounge and on the Nursing Units.

On Friday, December 20 the Salvation Army Band presented a program of Christmas music, while the ladies delivered "sunshine packages."

Our sincere thanks to the above groups, as well as to Towers Limited for sending their own Santa to distribute treats to the children.

Eileen Hiltz was caught up in the Christmas rush and did not have a chance to write another installment of the History of "Health Rays", or to write further on the topic of her travels in East Africa, in this issue. She has, however, sent along an article written by Frank Maresh, M.D., whose writings we have been pleased to publish previously - the last being on his travels in Asia.

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NOTES AND NEWS

A Wine and Cheese Party was held for Sanatorium staff members, former staff, and invited friends, on the evening of December 15, at the Glooscap Curling Club. It was well attended and provided a good opportunity for staff and spouses to get together informally.

This took the place of the traditional Christmas Tea which, through the years, had become something of a highlight for the pre-Christmas season.

On December 31, Mrs. Catherine Boyle, R.N., retired from the Nursing Department, where she had served as Nursing Instructress from 1957 to 1960, and Director of Nursing Education from 1960 until her retirement. An earlier period of employment was from 1938 to 1939.

Her associates and other friends at the Sanatorium presented her with an engraved silver tray and a gift of money. From a thank-you note on the bulletin board I see that she is purchasing a table-top broiler with some of the money.

Mrs. Boyle has made a lasting contribution to nursing education and we know that her former students wish her all the best - as we do. Her home address was 46 Churchill Avenue, Kentville and we believe that she will be residing at 47 St. Thomas Avenue, Sydney.

Clayton Myra, chief cook, or head chef at the Sanatorium, retired on December 31, having worked at the San since October 1950. He took his

training at the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, and was head chef at the Lakeside Inn, Yarmouth, during the summer seasons of 1936 - 39. Just prior to beginning employment at the San he was a chef at the Cornwallis Inn until shortly before the Inn was sold by the CPR.

Mr. Myra was presented with an engraved tray, together with matching silver goblets. Mr. Betik, Administrator of the Sanatorium, presented him with a public service award. Dr. Holden, Medical Director, spoke of his service to the Sanatorium, and spoke on behalf of all of us in wishing him well in his retirement.

Mr. and Mrs. Myra will continue to live in Kentville, and their address is 113 Canaan Avenue.

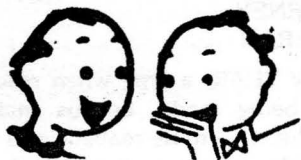
Your Editor chanced to meet the Rev. Gary Tonks, while shopping at Towers shortly after Christmas. Rev. Tonks was Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain at the Sanatorium, until that position was declared "redundant". He is now a Chaplain in the Canadian Forces, with the rank of Captain, is attached to CFB Stadacona, and was on leave from his place of training in B.C.

Some of you will remember Father H.J. MacPhee, who was here two summers ago on the Clinical Pastoral Education Course. We have had a note from him saying that he had changed his address from Loyola Jesuit Community, Montreal and is now Chaplain, General Hospital, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

Those readers who are interested in Amateur Radio, or who have any experience with our Sanatorium Station VE 1 ZH will have noted the recent obituary of Frederick Ernest "Fred" Bath, Middleton, who died at the S.M. Hospital on January 8, at the grand age of 99. He was generally acknowledged as being the oldest active amateur radio operator in North America.

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Just Jesting



Twas a bitter cold night and as the nurse trudged her weary rounds she came upon the lanky patient, teeth chattering and over-size feet sticking out from under the blankets. "Are you crazy?" she screamed, "You want to catch your death? Put your feet under the blankets!"

"Course I'm not crazy. You think I want them cold things in here with me!"

A detective was trying to get a description of a suspect. "Tell me", he asked a witness, "does the man have a moustache?"

"I don't thing so", the witness said, "if he does he keeps it shaved off."

The trio of fellows stopped for a few martinis before heading home. After a few rounds, one of them slid off the barstool and slowly slumped to the floor.

A friend commented: "That's one thing you gotta say for Charlie - he knows when to quit."

It was a magical moonlit night and they were very much in love. And after many tender words were exchanged, she said: "Will you love me when I'm old and gray?"

"Love you?" he asked, and then in rapturous dulcet tones went on, "I shall always love you - worship the very ground under your dainty feet - I shall always and forever adore you - I shall never cease wanting to gaze upon your lovely face - I shall - say, you aren't going to look like your mother, are you?"

Highway Sign: "Watch out for school children - especially if they're driving cars."

One woman complimented another: "That dress is the most perfect fit I have ever seen."

And the other replied: "You should have seen the one my husband had when he saw the bill".

An asylum patient who had been pronounced cured was saying farewell to the director of the institution.

"And what are you going to do when you go out into the world?" asked the director.

"Well," said the patient, "I have passed my bar examinations, so I may practice law. I have also had quite a bit of experience in college dramatics, so I might try acting."

He paused for a minute, lost in thought.

"Then, on the other hand," he continued, "I may be a teakettle."

After lunching together in Chicago, a couple of Texans decided to take a walk. They wandered into an auto showroom. One of them saw a luxurious model that he liked. It had a built-in TV set, bar, hi-fi and two telephones. "How much?" he inquired.

"Fourteen thousand dollars," the salesman informed him.

"I'll take it," said the Texan and reached for his wallet.

"No", protested the other Texan, "let me get this - you bought lunch."

Question: "What would happen if a glass blower breathed in?"

Answer: "He'd end up with a pane in his stomach."

You're never so much at a loss for words as when you've put your foot in your mouth.



Chaplain's Corner

MSGR. J.H. DURNEY
From THE VETERAN

I JUST WANT TO BE ME!

In a recent Television Program, a young man who had the talent to compose a homey-type of music that pleased people and made them feel happy, was convinced by a new girl that he was wasting his time, and that he should devote his time and efforts to writing a symphony. He listened to and followed the suggestion of the young lady, but his effort was a complete flop. At the end of the program a young boy in the cast sang a song in which he expressed what he would like to be when he grew up. Finally he concluded by singing: - "I just want to be me!"

There was a wonderful moral in that show, one that could be taken to heart by everyone who tries to do anything in this world. So many times good ideas and determined efforts are ruined because we try to be somebody else. We try to imitate the mannerisms of somebody else; we try to use a style completely foreign to us, and the result is complete failure. We seem to forget that when God called us to a certain vocation in life He supplied us with the tools and equipment necessary to accomplish the tasks of that vocation, in the form of special talents and abilities and gifts. We seem to forget that when we try to follow the plan God has laid out for us we have His help in our efforts, help which is not guaranteed when and if we try to follow another plan which we have made. We also fail to experience that satisfaction felt when a job is well done, that pride of accomplishment. And we wonder why. We blame our failures on everything and everybody but the right person, ME.

WE are now at the beginning of a

NEW YEAR, a time when resolutions are being made. Let us make this resolution: - to be realistic and sincere in 1975. Let us realize that there are limits to what we can do, and it is a wise man who knows these limits, and sets his sights accordingly. Stay within the limits of the talents given us by God. Use those talents intelligently and prudently, determined to follow the plan God had when He gave us our vocation. They we will find satisfaction in our work, and we will not be upset by the apparently greater successes of others in fields to which we have not been called.

TODAY

by Robina Metcalfe

Today leads up to the hilltops that are kissed by the radiant sun!

Today is the chance of a lifetime, success to be lost or won.

What matter the past with its troubles that prey on the aching mind -

Tomorrow, a mist of the future, let Fates with their spinning unwind.

Regrets are a symbol of weakness; why bother with their vain repose -

The "if" and the "could be" of yesterday are withered like leaves of a rose.

Time vanished will not conquer sorrow, or lend itself once again

It is buried - a measure of madness - to retrieve such lost wishings of men.

The wondering of what holds Tomorrow is measured by cowards galore,

Oblivious of chances unawakened, why choose from their meagre store?

Time scoffs at the weaklings who wonder, the key to the answer holds

Sealed tight in the door of revelation, which only the future unfolds.

Give heed to Today with its wonders, and blend yourself with its sway.

Relax in its buoyant behavior - God gave you this chance called "Today".

Let kindness and thanks be your watchwords; rejoice in the knowledge you've won.

Today leads up to the hilltops that are kissed by the radiant sun!

Coming Home

by Joseph Howe

Mantled in snow, my native land,
I hail thee from the sea;
Cheerless to others looks the strand,
But oh! how dear to me.

My fellow-voyagers gaze and shrink,
As blows the breeze from shore
With raptured pulse the air I drink -
The Northern breeze once more.

They, thinking of their Southern homes,
And of the trellised vine;
Wonder from icy shores there comes
Excited thought like mine.

As landmarks, they, thy headlands view,
Right glad to pass them by;
To me they're pictures, stern, but true,
That charm and cheer the eye.

They cannot see the scenes beyond,
Of happy household mirth,
The skaters on the glittering pond,
The children round the hearth.

They cannot hear the peasant's axe
Sharp ringing through the groves,
Nor see the blazing fire he piles
To gladden those he loves.

The sleighs go through the crowded street,
Like swallows on the wing;
Beneath the furs warm fingers meet,
Hark! how the sleigh-bells ring.

There's not a sound that cleaves the air
But music has for me;
Nightly the warm hearts beating there,
Have blest me on the sea.

The stately piles of old renown
With reverent thought I've trod,
Where noble hearts have laid them down
With History and with God.

The crowded mart, the busy throng,
The gay and brilliant halls;
The tramp of steeds, the voice of song.
The many-pictured walls,

Are all behind; but, all before,
My native land I view;
A blessing on her sea-girth shore,
Where toil the good and true.

January 25, 1862.

IN APPRECIATION

May I take this opportunity to say many thanks to the Nurses and Staff of the N.S. Sanatorium for their kindness while I was a patient there, and a special thanks to Dr. Holden and Dr. Kloss. Also, special thanks to the friends who visited me and who went out of their way to help Mrs. Whitman to make frequent visits.

To all -- many thanks.

J. Hector Whitman,
Kingston, N.S.
(From: THE MIRROR)

SAFARI

(Continued from Page 5)

giraffes. I have to be content with a skunk, a marmot or a stray tomcat. After names like Mombasa, Makamanga, Olodovalo and Arusha the words Oshkosh, Kickapoo, Iowa and Waupun seem assimilable. If you should feel the chill and fever coming from malaria come over for a treatment with a "gin and tonic". And if you do not feel even prodromal symptoms come over for a gin and tonic as well as for the frenzied details of my excursion, which I did not include in this frantic manuscript. I may even find some animal crackers with which to illustrate my conversation.

Mnogaja Ljeta!
Frank Maresh

EDITORIAL COMMENT

(Continued from Page 7)

We wish to thank George S. Joudrey for his article. How much the situation has changed since that 1925 event!

Now, I feel as if there must surely be enough material for this issue so will "end it all" and see what the procedure is for printing in the manner mentioned above. Hope to see you all next month.

Old Timers

The holiday season is now passed and we are sorting out our thoughts, as well as our correspondence, and recapturing some of the feelings of pleasure experienced at the time of reading for the first time some of the annual messages from old friends. We will begin with a message and notes from Miss Marguerite MacLeod, Box 381, Liverpool, who used to work so energetically as co-editor of "Health Rays" until her retirement:

"Once again I've made a few notes, mainly from my Christmas mail, which you may (or may not) be able to use in the Old Timers column.

"There has been so much sad news this year, and perhaps you may prefer not to use some of the items. You do, I think, remember Olive Wessell of the Roseway Hospital staff, but did you know that she lost both parents in July - exactly two weeks apart? Mrs. Wessell had been in reasonably good health, and her death was quite unexpected.

"For the second Christmas now, there has been no word from Dagny (Anderssen) Svenlin. I should like to believe that the old adage "No news is good news" is true in this case, but I am a bit apprehensive. Dagny has been a faithful correspondent, and always made me feel she was glad to receive my letters.

"You will notice that my news is not about recent ex-patients, but chiefly of those whose curing days fall somewhere within the thirty-year period of the thirties to sixties, inclusive.

"I am quite active again after a long, hard struggle with pneumonia and its aftermath, though not doing quite so much as before. However, I do enjoy my home duties and work with the Senior Citizens' Friendship Club, which consists mainly of preparing fortnightly programs and writing reports for the local paper. I still was

able to do those things during my illness, but worked the telephone hard! I could not attend meetings in person, so the telephone brought me the information I needed.

"I delight in Eileen Hiltz's articles in "Health Rays". In fact, I enjoy the little magazine just as much as if I were still working on it!"

And now, the notes which were enclosed with the above letter:

Mrs. Peter McCarthy (nee Joan Daurie of Clearland, Lunenburg County) sent greetings from her home in Nottinghamshire, England. Joan and husband Peter have moved into a new (to them) house (unfortunately, I mislaid their new address) and are busy with renovations. They find time to travel some, and in October they spent a long week-end on the Island of Jersey - one of the Channel Isles, described in the December issue of "Health Rays!" They like Jersey, and that was their second visit there.

From Baccaro, Shelburne County, came a cheery greeting from Anne (Bower) Hogg. Anne had a "wonderful August" with many of the family home to visit. In September she had an attack of arthritis, but is now sufficiently recovered to resume work in the Post Office.

From Martock, Hants County, Ada (Collicut) Church writes at length, and very interestingly, about her many home activities. Son Peter (a San Baby) is ten years old and in grade five. Time flies!

Evelyn Hiltz of Chester (an ex-Roseway Hospital patient) is another busy, happy housewife. Three of her children have reached adulthood - one of which is married - the fourth is still in school. Evelyn and her husband continue to make improvements on their house.

Another ex-Roseway patient whose family is grown up, and one married, is the Rev. Oland Kent, currently pastor

of Grace Wesleyan Church, Halifax. "Olie" is well and happy in his pastoral duties.

In a brief, but very kind note, Dorothy (Hubbard) Muise of Yarmouth, speaks of her happiness, and considers herself most fortunate in this age of confusion and instability.

Mrs. Robert Learmouth (nee Alberta Vidito) of Halifax was expecting her son and daughter home for Christmas. She and husband Bob still have seven racing horses which they keep out in Sackville.

Occasionally, I meet Murray and Nora Norman who always stop for a chat. Both are well and Murray has been employed at Stenpro in Liverpool for the past several months. Other ex-San patients who are well and long-time employees of Stenpro are Barbara Ellis, Clare Simms, and Max MacLeod.

Emilie Pothier of Lower Wedgeport (also ex-Roseway) was in Toronto for three months (August, September, October) undergoing eye surgery. She spent a very happy Christmas at home.

Anne (Mrs. Albert) LeBlanc of Halifax has been in and out of the VG during the fall, but was feeling better at Christmas time.

Shirley Williams of Lockeport was hospitalized (V.G.) during the summer, and is at home in Lockeport trying to regain her strength in order to return to her secretarial duties at Roseway Hospital.

Catherine (Mitchell) Tucker of Framingham, Massachusetts, was in Nova Scotia last April to attend the funeral of her aged mother, then again for a visit in August. Her son Marty is in grade five.

Marjorie Bain of Liverpool lost both parents in 1974, within a few months. Both were in their nineties. Marjorie writes an interesting news column, "Round the Town", for the local weekly, "The Advance."

Marie (Leger) Morehouse, former handcraft worker at the Sanatorium, has moved back to Fredericton, N.B. During the years she and her husband and two boys lived in Lower Sackville, they learned to love Nova Scotia, but are rather glad to be back in their native Province. Marie lost her father on New Year's Day, 1974.

And from Sydney Rita MacKenzie (former secretary in the Sanatorium Nursing Office) writes that she lost her mother last September.

Thank you, Marguerite for the notes - and for sending the pages in printable form, so that we didn't need to re-type them. We see what you mean by your reference to the amount of sad news this year. We join you in expressing sympathy to all those who have been saddened by the loss of a loved one. Christmas, being a family time for so many, becomes the time when we most miss those who are no longer with us.

Some of the messages from friends of the Sanatorium were posted on bulletin boards: Mrs. Hope Mack; Cecilia Rose; Lilah Bird; Linda Veinot, who wrote, "Will never forget the wonderful care I received as a patient. You're a terrific group, and I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." A note from Mrs. Anna C.H. MacLean, Shelburne, reads, "Dear Friends at the San: I haven't forgotten the three Christmas seasons I spent at the San. Everyone did so much to make those days happy ones for me. Wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous 1975". Also posted, was a beautiful hand-engraved card from George Kinsman, Digby. It is a pleasure to see such attractive script.

(Continued on Page 15)

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Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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DEC. 1 TO DEC. 31, 1974

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DEC. 1 TO DEC. 31, 1974

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Murray McInnon, 27 Elm St., Greenwood; DONALD LOOMER SPENCER, 198 Exhibition St., Kentville; William George Totten, 116 Elm St., Springhill, Cumb. Co.; MAURICE GUY ROBAR, Weston, Kings Co.; WILLIAM GERARD WOODWORTH, Nictaux Falls, Anna Co.; EPHRAIM JOSEPH PETTIPAS, East Chezzetcook, Hfx. Co.; STANLEY JOSEPH COMEAU, Box 41 Meteghan RR 1, Digby Co.; MRS. MILDRED MADELINE MYLES, Avonport, Kings Co.; FRANCIS XAVIER DECOSTE, East Tracadie, Ant. Co.; VERNON WELLINGTON CLARKE, 136 Foster St., Berwick; MERVIN EUGENE COX, Walton, Hants Co.; CHARLES HENRY HOPPE, Box 81 Aylesford; THOMAS AQUINAS HAYES, 21 Ash St., Sydney; PAUL JOSEPH COMEAU, RR 1 Meteghan Sta. Digby Co.; FLOYD CLARK COGSWELL, Lovett Road, Coldbrook; PETER ALOYSIUS MACDONALD, Ardness, Pictou Co.; IRENE MARCELLA MALCOLM, Baddeck; GEORGE WILLIAM JONES, South Alton, Kings Co.; MRS. ELLA JANE MOORE, 86 Main Ave., Fairview; ARTHUR BERNARD MACKAY, 16 Coll Ave., Stellarton, Pictou Co.; JAMES HECTOR WHITMAN, 12 Spring Garden Road, Kingston; MRS. LAURA MAY RANKIN, Cowan St., Westville, Pictou Co.; ALFRED JOSEPH DIGOUT, River Bourgeois, Rich. Co.; RAYMOND ROBERT LESLIE, 8 Oakland Drive, Middleton (Expired); WILLIAM EDMUND ROSE, 2620 Windsor St., Halifax; ALVINUS JOSEPH FLOOD, Cornwallis St., Kentville; MRS. MARION GERTRUDE ROCKWELL, Auburn, Kings Co.; MRS. MARION VIVIAN COLLINS, RR 1 Aylesford; BENJAMIN POULETTE, Castle Bay, Cape Breton Co.; JOHN ALBERT STYCHE, Lake View Ave., Springfield Lake, Hfx. Co. (Expired).

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OLD TIMERS

(Continued from Page 13)

Here is a note from Mrs. Joseph D. MacKenzie (formerly Annie Veinot), R.R. 1 North Sydney. "Have enjoyed receiving "Health Rays" and wish to renew the subscription. I have many memories of the San, having been a patient 1942 - 1944, and a staff member 1947 - 1949."

Mrs. Carl (Marguerite) Spidle, R.R. 1 Barss Corner, writes, "I enjoy the magazine very much and wouldn't want to miss a single issue. It's very enjoyable reading; lots of information, inspiration and lots of humour. Keep up the good work, as many a dull day (weatherwise and sometimes otherwise) is brightened by finding "Health Rays" in our mail box."

Mrs. Mildred Shields, Box 255, Stewiacke, renewed her subscription and wrote, "My husband joins me in wishing all at the San a Happy New Year. Have been quite well, and we had a trip in September and called to see all the renovations, and met some of the nurses I knew while a patient there."

Greetings were also received from James Stroughan, 6438 Roslyn Road, Halifax, with a renewal for three years; from Leonard Patriquin, 836 Summer Street, New Glasgow, with a renewal and a contribution to the Fund; John Henry MacKinnon, 59 Bomber Drive, Truro; Clyde O. Boutillier, Seabright, enclosing a contribution for the Fund; David M. Ross, R.R. 1 Scotsburn; Daniel Polson, R.R. 5, Kingston, whom we remember had told us earlier that he was a patient way back in 1919; Raymond MacKinnon, R.R. 3 North Grant; and Sister Christine Forbes, St. Mary's Convent, Port Hawkesbury.

Renewals have been received from: Hubert Surette, R.R. 1 Arcadia; Mrs. Evelyn LeBlanc, West Pubnico; Hubert Harnish, R.R. 1 Hubbards; Mrs.

(Continued on Page 16)

OLD TIMERS

(Continued from Page 15)

Gordon (Anne) Hogg, Baccaro with gift subscriptions for two others; Mrs. Jeannette Lutz, R.R. 1 Berwick West; Mrs. Kathleen LeBlanc, R.R. 2 Cambridge; Mrs. Pearl Penny, James Street, Florence; Alastair MacDonald, Box 73 Pictou; Mrs. Connie Townsend, R.R. 2 Truro; Archie McArthur, 14 Idlewilde Road, Armdale; Mrs. Albert (Rosilda) Deveau, Box 3640, R.R. 1 Yarmouth; George L. Geddes, 30 Foster Street, Stellarton (for 5 years); Zeno MacDonald, Arisaig, Antigonish Co.; Pauline Schofield, Kingston; Hilbourne Redden, R.R. 2 Kingston; and two former nursing staff members; Mrs. Alice LeVesque, with a new address, 55 Oakdene Ave., Apt. 55, Kentville; and Mrs. Nora Cheesman, 710 West Main Street, Kentville.

Robert Taggart sent a note with his renewal: "I would like to renew our subscription to "Health Rays". We enjoy everything about it and look forward to receiving it each month. Keep up the good work. Wishing you all the best for 1975". Kind words and greetings were received also from Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Levy, R.R. 1 Lunenburg; Mrs. Charles Settle, 943 Cole Harbour Road, Dartmouth; James J. MacKinnon, Apt. 5, 78 Evans Ave., Fairview; and from Mrs. Fran Gates, 1011 Jones Road, New Minas, who sends greetings "to all those old enough to remember me."

Renewals were received from: Miss Faye Sanford, Cambridge Station; George Allen, 1133 Tower Road, Halifax; Miss Margaret Briggs, 2 Queens Ext. Amherst; and nursing staff member Mrs. V.E. (Florence) Hartlen.

Former nurse of the Out-Patient Dept., Mrs. Harriett Robertson, writes from Bradford House, G-4, Porter's Island Road, Ottawa: "Dear People: I

do enjoy reading about the changes taking place in the San where I enjoyed working so many years. Mrs. Hiltz's account of the San's history has been most interesting to me; and now a new building has been erected. I'll be watching for the news of the opening. I was very sad to read about the death of Dr. Crosson whom I found so very pleasant to work with. It was so good to have a short visit here with Dr. Holden when she was up for a conference this summer. My best regards to all my old friends."

From Mrs. Murray (Gladys) MacDonald, Boutilier's Point, we have the following message: "Please renew my subscription; sorry I am late, but with my husband in the V.G. Hospital for three operations, and having therapy every day myself for arthritis it was forgotten. I do enjoy the magazine so much, and it helps me keep in touch with the patients I knew in 1971, as well as those I met in 1973. I correspond with quite a number. I'll be forever grateful for the excellent care given me both times I was a patient. The doctors, nurses and staff were so good. Meeting so many of the staff who remembered me and came to my room just to visit, made my stay so comfortable. I'll close hoping the year 1975 will bring happiness and prosperity to all the patients and staff."

We must mention, too, that we received season's greetings from Vance Atkinson of Stoney Island; Mrs. Mary G. Doucette, who was a patient nine years ago; and Alex and Jane Cummings, 123 Park Drive, Saint John. Mrs. Cummings was the former Jane Brown who was on staff at the San as a Handcrafts Instructor.

We have a change of address card from Mrs. Stephen Stephens (the former Linda Phillips), who has returned from Orillia, Ontario to her former home area: R.R. 3 Newport, Hants Co.

We have a note, change of address, and a poem from Eugene L. Hamm. We will fit the poem in elsewhere, and here is the note: "Enclosed is my cheque - also a scrap of rhyming which may bring a bit of summer to some one sweating out the winter. I have just about finished my little house here on the mountainside, which I built entirely. Still able to hobble around and partake of liquid nourishment! With pleasant memories of unparalleled coddling received at the San. My personal greetings to Dr. Quinlan." The change of address is from 20 Cumberland St., Yarmouth, to Owl-hoot, Clarence, Annapolis County. Really! Mr. Hamm! Is that an address recognized by the Postal Department?

We will close with the following three notes from Anne-Marie:

The laboratory staff were delighted to hear from Glen Gates during the Christmas Season. Glen works in the hospital in Fredericton, N.B., and was spending the holidays with relatives in Springfield, N.S. He reports that his health is good.

Television viewers were quite surprised to see a familiar face on the Norm Perry Show on January 4, 1975; that is, that of Peggy Reinhardt who was a patient here in 1944. She was in her teens then but, following discharge, took a business course and now lives in Toronto. She was taking part in a panel discussion regarding the inadequacy of social services towards children from broken homes. From all reports, she was an excellent panelist.

Friends of Mrs. Harriet Campbell's will be happy to learn that she is recovering nicely from a fracture of the pelvis following the fall. She is still a patient at the BFM Hospital.

And that, Friends, is the end of our column for this month.



HEALTH RAYS GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND

Contributions to this Fund may be addressed to:

HEALTH RAYS GOLDEN 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 December 31, 1974:

Previously acknowledged: \$5,141.20

Recent contributors:

(Will appear in January report)	
Miscellaneous	
Total	23.00
Grand Total	\$5,164.20

We received a very generous cash donation from Elizabeth McEvoy whose brother, Pat, passed away at the Sanatorium last May. Miss McEvoy wanted to show her appreciation for the good care Pat received here during his last years. As he was always concerned about the patients, we felt the money could be used most advantageously for the benefit of the patients. It is always a pleasure when people remember the good work the Sanatorium is doing. We thank Miss McEvoy for her kind remembrance.

Good-bye, kind year; we walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And from the wreath of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ANGLICAN Rector -- Archdeacon Dr. L.W. Mosher San. Chaplain -- Rev. William Martell	PENTECOSTAL Minister -- Rev. T. Kenna
BAPTIST Minister -- Rev. A.E. Griffin Lay Visitor -- Mrs. H.J. Mosher	ROMAN CATHOLIC Parish Priest -- Rev. J.A. Comeau Asst. Priest -- Rev. J.C. Thibau
CHRISTIAN REFORMED Minister -- Rev. H. Kuperus	SALVATION ARMY Capt. Sidney Brace
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. Allan MacIntosh
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