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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.

Merry Christmas

I am pleased to have the opportunity to once again wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all patients at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium and Point Edward Hospital.

May the joyous holiday season bring you peace of mind and the new year bring restoration of health to all of you.

Sincerely,
SCOTT MACNUTT
 Minister of Public Health

Halifax, Nova Scotia
 December 10, 1973

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

H. M. Holden, M.D., Medical Director

The 70th Christmas at the Sanatorium will be celebrated on December 25, 1973. When I first became a member of the staff there was no chemotherapy and a relatively small group of patients was judged to be physically fit to spend Christmas at home. Probably few other factors bring home the effect that modern drugs have had on the outcome of tuberculosis as the large number who nowadays are able to spend the Yuletide Season with their families.

To all of you, I extend my best wishes. For the few who will be remaining for Christmas, I feel sure that we shall be able to make the day memorable for you. May this Christmas be a particularly happy one and may the New Year bring to all of you Health and Happiness.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE — 1973

The Christmas Season is a very joyous one. As we renew acquaintances and remember old friends with each Christmas card that we send or receive, let us not forget those unable to share completely in our joys. This is the season filled with the spirit of giving and receiving, happiness and hope.

Christmas is a time of thanksgiving for the gifts and blessings bestowed upon us during the past year. For all of us, but especially for the infirm and less fortunate, it is a time filled with hope — hope that the coming New Year will relieve them a little of their misfortunes (and miseries). It is only fitting, as the New Year approaches, that we make a resolution for 1974 — that we remember in our own very personal way those less fortunate than we are.

On behalf of the Administration and Staff at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, I would like to wish you all a blessed and Merry Christmas and a healthy, happy and holy New Year.

J. T. BETIK
 Administrator
 Nova Scotia Sanatorium

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

A brief Discussion of the Origins and Sources of Some Favorites

By Eileen M. Hiltz

In the December 1972 issue of Health Rays I undertook to trace the origins of certain all-time favorite Christmas carols, discussing in all eleven carols, hymns and songs, which number, of course, scarcely scratches the list of cherished Christmas-time melodies. So again this year, let us consider the story behind certain others that rank high on the Christmas "hit parade". By way of introduction to this discussion, I quote the opening paragraphs written in 1972:

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.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

This gentle and highly spiritual Christmas hymn is a truly American one, as we know it. The words were written by Phillips Brooks, the beloved Bishop of Massachusetts, and it was intended for a Sunday school song. Legend has it that Bishop Brooks had been given a trip to the Holy Land by fond parishioners; so moved was he by his presence there, that he penned the words we now know as "O Little Town of Bethlehem". The melody we commonly sing was composed by an American, Lewis Redner, but there is an alternate English tune called FOREST GREEN, arranged by Vaughn Williams.

THE FIRST NOWELL

A shepherd carol, whose origin may be French or English, but it is at least 400 years old. The verses are in narrative form, but the chorus is supposed to have been sung by angels to the shepherds.

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMAN

And never forget that the comma comes between "merry" and "gentlemen". This song, too, has its origins beclouded by time, but it is considered to be an old London Carol, some versions of which go back to the early 16th century. It was undoubtedly used by "the Waits", and now a word about them. The English Waits made up roving bands of musicians who went about the street at night during Christmas and the New Year. They sang to passers-by on the street corners and serenaded the homes of the well-to-do in hopes of receiving alms. The tune we sing to this carol is a late 18th century one, arranged by Sir John Stainer, the great English composer of oratorios and sacred music.

WASSAIL SONG

While on the subject of the Waits, it is a good time to introduce another of their traditional songs, the jolly old English carol: "Here We Come a-wassailing". We've spoken of "waits", now what is "Wassailing"? One could get into a long discussion of the wassail bowl, which has been a part of English tradition for 1500 years. The word is a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon "waes hael" meaning "be of health", and the word is now used for both the ceremony itself and the drink. In fact, the tradition

of toasting someone's health or good luck while offering him a cup of hot, spiced wine or ale was recorded as far back as 500 A.D. The punch bowl is our modern adaptation. The words probably developed as folk songs do. The tune is from Yorkshire, and should be sung in a quick and rollicking manner.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT

This was a shepherd carol from England, and now a favorite hymn with us. The verses, based on St. Luke 2:8-14, were written by Nahum Tate, an Irish Protestant clergyman around 1700. The melody now in favor is an old Psalm tune known as "Winchester Old", which was already 100 years old when Tate wrote his verses for it.

GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN REJOICE

This one stems from a very beautiful old German carol which can be traced back to the 14th century. Then partly sung in German, partly in Latin, it was known as "In Dulci Jubilo". It's present-day form, translated by John Mason Neale, is sung to an arrangement by Sir John Stainer.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

To many of us, Christmas isn't Christmas without a sprig of holly. A number of carols testify to its popularity, especially in combination with ivy. There is an ancient significance to all this, which we will simplify by saying that evergreens were regarded as a symbol of enduring life. Holly was thought to be masculine, while ivy was feminine, and both, therefore, should decorate the house at Christmas time. The words and music of this old carol were collected by Cecil Sharp. Some authorities claim the air originated in France.

O HOLY NIGHT

The musical direction says: "Slow and majestic", as indeed it should be. "O Holy Night" is not as well-known nor as commonly sung as its better known counterpart, "Silent night, holy night". It is, in fact, more frequently heard sung as a solo than in unison. It was written by a distinguished French composer, Adolphe Adam (1803-1856).

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

This is an American carol, both words and music written by John Henry Hopkins, an Episcopalian rector, in 1857. It is a carol which lends itself well to dramatization, with the three Wise Men speaking in turn, and is widely used in Christmas entertainments.

LO, HOW A ROSE E'ER BLOOMING

Scarcely known to us a few years ago, but gaining in popularity, it has been described as a musical gem of the early 17th century. Michael Praetorium, a German composer, is its author.

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

I was tempted to omit this one entirely, because I feel that the touching and romantic story of its origin is too familiar to need repeating: How in a small Austrian village in the Alps the parish priest was in sore need of a new song for his Christmas music, one that could be sung without organ accompaniment, because mice had damaged the church organ. The priest, Joseph Mohr, wrote the inspired words, took them to his friend Franz Gruber, the village teacher and organist, who in a few hours composed a tune for them that could be sung to guitar accompaniment. At midnight Mass in the village of Oberndorf in 1818 the world's most loved Christmas carol, "Silent night, holy night! All is calm, all is bright", was heard for the first time.

But now "Christmas Carols" encompasses much more than the carols and hymns of old, such as we have been discussing. A whole new catalogue of favorites have evolved, which through the medium of radio and TV seem to be winning an enduring place in the world of Christmas music. To list but a few, we have: "White Christmas"; "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town"; "Rudolph, the Red-nosed Reindeer"; "Little Drummer Boy", etc. and etc. No doubt we all have our pets among this modern lot, and I will confess to a great fondness for one of them: "Silver bells, silver bells, It's Christmas time in the city".

—:o:—

Our souls are like the sparrows
Imprisoned in the clay;
Bless Him who came to give them wings,
Upon a Christmas day.

—Elizabeth Ward

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Your Pet May Be A Health Hazard

"Although pets bring much pleasure and companionship," the authoritative medical publication *Medical Letter* said, "they also occasionally transmit such diseases as visceral larva migrans, toxoplasmosis, psittacosis, cat scratch fever and salmonella gastroenteritis."

Americans own nearly 70 million cats and dogs, and while only a few transmit diseases to humans, the article said, some can cause birth defects and even death.

The dog and cat population in the United States is increasing at an alarming rate, reports Dr. Robert Schirmer, director of the small animal clinic at Michigan State University.

The problem is so severe that 60,000 dogs and cats must die or be killed each day to maintain a stable population, he said in a report released recently.

The pet population increased about 40 percent during the 1960's, compared with only a 10 percent increase in the human population, he said.

"Pet owners allow their animals to breed without giving thought to the consequences," he said. "It may be wonderful to have kids witness the miracle of birth, but what happens to the puppies or kittens when there aren't enough good homes for them?"

—:o:—

Excerpt From Church Bulletin

(Christian Reformed Church, Kentville)

Letters were received from Prime Minister Trudeau and from Justice Minister Otto Lang, in reply to the anti-abortion petition sent to them recently. Part of the latter's views were reprinted on the church bulletin. A small quote from this follows: "While the federal government enacts the criminal law, it does not administer or apply it. The provinces administer all provisions of the Criminal Code . . . Our government has steadfastly refused to accede to the many representations we receive, both inside the Commons and out, to remove abortion from the criminal law and we have no intention of widening the law to allow abortion except where the continuation of a pregnancy is a real threat to a woman's life or health."

Masters In This Hall

Masters in this Hall, hear ye news today,
Brought from over sea, and ever I you
pray:

Nowell! Nowell! Nowell! Nowell sing we
clear

Holpen are all folk on earth; born is God's
Son so dear.

Going o'er the hills; thro' the milk-white
snow,

Heard I ewes bleat, while the wind did
blow.

Then to Bethlem town, we sent two by
two,

And in a sorry place, heard the oxen low.
Therein did we see a sweet and goodly

may,
And a fair old man; upon the straw she
lay.

And a little child on her arm had she.

"Wot ye who this is?" said the hinds to
me.

This be Christ the Lord, masters be ye
glad

Christmas is come in, and no folks be sad.

—Old French carol,
with words by William Morris

—:o:—

Child Jesus came to earth this day,

To save us sinners dying;

And cradled in the straw and hay,

The Holy One is lying.

The stars shone down the Child to greet

The lowing oxen kiss the feet.

Take courage, soul so weak and worn,

They sorrows have departed;

A child in David's town is born,

To heal the broken-hearted.

Then let us haste this Child to find,

And children be in heart and mind.

Words by Hans Christian Anderson

—:o:—

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

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Rechargeable Heart Pacemaker Developed

Successful development of a lightweight, rechargeable heart pacemaker, using power cells patterned after those carried by space satellites, was announced here by the John Hopkins University in Baltimore, Md.

Doctors and scientists at the university's applied physics laboratory said the new device does away with the need for patients to undergo surgery about every two years to replace their conventional pacemakers, usually because of battery failure.

Because the new pacemaker is half the weight and thickness and one-third the volume of conventional units, it can easily be hidden inside the patient's body for the first time.

An estimated 150,000 persons in the world, including Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, now use pacemakers — Which emit electrical impulses to stabilize an erratic or weak heart beat.

Dr. Kenneth B. Lewis, a cardiologist at the university's school of medicine who developed the new device with physicist Robert E. Fischell, said the long-lasting new pacemaker should be recharged for 90 minutes each week although it stores enough energy to keep working for about eight weeks without a new charge.

"The patient need not be concerned if he misses a week or so, since he can make up the skipped charges at a later time," Lewis said.

It is recharged by placing a triangular vest over the pacemaker's location in the body and activating an attached portable console which the patient receives when he leaves the hospital.

The charge is transmitted without sensation through the skin to the device and the console automatically indicates by colored lights and sounds signals whether the charge is working properly and when it is completed.

—:O:—

VIOLENT MOVIES

Watching violent movies like "Clockwork Orange" and "Soldier Blue" will cause a viewer's heart to slow down, doctors say. This is a common reaction to anything sickening or revolting, they add.

THESE ARE THE BRAVE

I love the sort of courage that drives an
Autumn leaf
To paint itself with color and hide away
the grief,
Because its hours of pageant must be so
very brief
Joy cannot last forever, the heart must
sometime cry
Before the shock of sorrow. But that's no
reason why
We have to tell our troubles to every pas-
senger-by.
Give me the valiant people who're not
afraid to go
Serenely on their journey and make a
gallant show,
With painted banners flying to cheer the
world below!

—Frances M. Morton

LITTLE THINGS

Little things that so annoy
Might be polished into joy.
Frowns are not becoming, yet,
Do not let yourself forget
If you turn it upside down.
Any smile becomes a frown!

—Christine Grant Curless

ON GIVING

It is not the weight of jewel or plate,
Or the fondle of silk or fur.
'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gift of the wise ones were,
And we are not told whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.

—Edmund Vance Cook

—:O:—

Pray that the very gift of God might be
Amongst us yet, as once in Galilee,
Talking of lilies, and the birds o'er head,
Of little children and our daily bread.
To us, His humble fisher folk, make plain
The shining wonder of Himself again,
That we may touch His seamless gar-
ment's rim,
And be made whole, through the dear
grace of Him!
Across the centuries that seem so far,
How close the Christ-child comes! How
near the star!

—Selected

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I Heard The Bells On Christmas Day

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said.
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

I went to the throne, with trembling
heart;
The year was done.
"Have you a New Year for me, dear Master?
I have spoiled this one"
He took my year, all soiled and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted;
Then into my tired heart He smiled:
"Do better now, my child!"

—Unknown

—:O:—

A woman had lived far beyond her allotted three-score-and-ten years. Her friends always remembered her at Christmas with little gifts of knick-knacks and the like. Finally at the age of ninety, she was asked what she wanted this year for Christmas. "Give me a kiss," was her reply, "so I won't have to dust it".

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

And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then re-united and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual goodwill, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken!

From Pickwick Papers,
by Charles Dickens

* * * *

The real measure of a man's resources, the true test of one's genuine worth, is not in the fact that he can be fair and square with those who trust him, but that he can be big enough to rise above those who are unfair to him.

* * *

He used to dream of the things he'd do when grown to be a man, beguiling boyhood years away with many an idle plan. And now, when grown to be a man he knows no greater joy than dreaming of the things he'd do if still he were a boy!

—Thomas Nunan

* * * *

Mary had a little lamb,
A lobster and some prunes,
A glass of milk, a piece of pie,
And then some macaroons;
It made the naughty waiters grin
To see her order so,
And when they carried Mary out
Her face was white as snow.

* * * *

BETHLEHEM

It isn't far to Bethlehem town!
It's anywhere that Christ comes down
And finds in people's friendly face
A welcome and abiding place.

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Editorial Comment

Christmas is not only upon us but, by the time that you read this it will likely be over for another year. I am writing this on December 4, and we have just had our first group of carollers on the wards. They were Rev. Charles Taylor and his group of students from the Acadia University School of Divinity, and they had gotten in practice at the Kings County Hospital earlier in the afternoon before coming to the San. We wish to thank this group for their singing, and for distributing the cookies and doughnuts as well. Several other groups have offered to visit as well, including the ever-popular Barbershoppers, and we will make mention of our entertainment in the next issue.

Christmas certainly means different things to us as it changes, and as we change. Unfortunately, to many people it is an added worry and something of a relief when it is all over. There are the decorations to obtain and install indoors and out. There are the cards, the gifts, the baking, the children's costumes for the school plays, and all the many, many other preparations which now seem to go along with the present-day observance of Christmas. And how much more is added to the pressure if a lack of money makes it impossible to give the family those things which others have.

It can be, and is, a sad time for all too many people. For those now alone who have happy recollections of Christmasses of the past, with parents, grandparents, and children. And something of sadness, too, in the realization that the little things that once filled us with such a feeling of joy and wonderment can be recaptured only in fleeting glimpses. We still see it in the eyes of the little ones as they take in the beauty of the decorated Christmas tree. We see it, too, when they discover what to us are common-place things, a tiny flower, a little moth, the smooth and shiny surface of a newly-opened horse-chestnut.

When we think of having lost much of the ability to experience wonder and awe, we often forget that, by the same process, we lose much of the sensitiveness that makes most children acutely aware of the opinions of the group, and the need to

conform to group patterns. Nature is kind in this way. We lose something and we gain much. So it is with many who look back on their early days of "taking the cure" for tuberculosis. There was a marvelous feeling of fellowship shared by those who were facing the common enemy. It is what draws people closer together in times of crises. We tend to push into the background the memories of the long days and endless nights, and the recurring sense of hopelessness that had to be repeatedly reconquered. And it is so, especially at this time of the year, that the thoughts of so many "Old Timers" return to the great communal "Christmas Dinner" that had become something of a cherished tradition at the Sanatorium. Some will remember quite a few of them, in fact, before that year when they had the emotion-packed Christmas-at-home. Indeed, this time of year is packed with so many memories.

To further remind ourselves of how thankful we should be for the progress made toward defeating tuberculosis, I have chosen a selection from an earlier edition of **Health Rays**, entitled "My Christmas Eve Trip To A San."

Now, from all of us to all of our Readers, our very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and for good health and good fortune in the New Year.

—————:O:—————

POPULATION GROWING AT FASTEST RATE

The world's population is growing at the fastest rate in history, according to the World Bank, and by the year 2,000 it will be increasing by a billion every eight years.

The World Bank added that the world's population will reach 15.3 billion within a hundred years if growth rates remain unchecked.

—————:O:—————

Remember this when you can't find a ready place to park: it took old Noah forty days to find one for his ark.

My Christmas Eve Trip To A San

By J. HOLT

In the late twenties I was graduated from University in engineering. Despite a warning given some years earlier following a bout with pleurisy that I should watch my health, I undertook a rugged job on a government survey in northern Quebec. For three years I waded streams, climbed mountains, slept in the open and cooked my own meals. As a result I came out into civilization again in the Fall of 1931 with about \$5000 in hard earned cash, and a serious case of tuberculosis.

The doctor who examined me advised immediate sanatorium care, and straightway applied for a bed for me in the Mountain Sanatorium. Their long waiting list, however, made it impossible for me to gain admission until many months later.

I waited as patiently as I could in my hotel room for a number of weeks. The closest relative I had was an uncle in Vancouver, whom I hadn't seen since I was seven years old. I felt quite alone. Then feeling myself growing weaker almost daily, I became desperate and decided to go to the San and try personally to persuade them to let me in.

I packed my belongings into an old Essex car that I had and started out. The day was December 24th. Driving along, I couldn't help but contrast the happy time of year with my unhappy condition and unfortunate destination. But somehow, when I thought of that first Christmas Eve, when there were other travellers on the road seeking refuge for the night, I felt comforted. But I wondered if I, too, would be turned away.

As I drove along, passing through villages and towns, I saw preparations for Christmas everywhere. People bustled about with armloads of parcels; bells were ringing; stores and homes were gaily decorated. A light snow was falling and gave the whole landscape a clean whiteness. Occasionally I would see someone dragging a Christmas tree home on a bobsled. And as I started the actual ascent on the mountain road to the San, I could see thousands of homes in the valley below in the dusk, with smoke rising straight up from their chimneys, their lights coming on one by one, and snow covering their roofs. In the sky above a few stars twinkled between

the light cover of clouds. It made a perfect winter scene. I drove on in silence and alone.

It was ten p.m. when I arrived at the San. Instead of stopping at the main entrance, I drove directly to the Superintendent's residence, guessing that the largest house in the vicinity would be his. I turned the car into the driveway and stopped. Then, leaving the headlights on to light up the path, I got out and laboriously plodded my way to the front verandah. Suddenly I realized how weary I was. Snowflakes falling against my flushed cheeks melted instantly. I coughed a couple of times from breathing the frosty air. Noticing a large brass knocker adorning the door, I gave it a couple of bangs, and waited.

Through the living room window on the left I could see a warm fire flickering on the grate, and a man and two women were decorating a Christmas tree. The chill outside reached my bones. Presently I heard the sound of an inner door being opened, and some shuffling of feet, then a large middle aged woman appeared at the door. She had a slightly worried look on her face. I took her to be the housekeeper. "Yes?" she said, "Could you tell me where the Sanatorium is, please?" I asked.

As she started to give me directions, the doctor came to the door. No doubt he knew from a glance at my thin face and sunken eyes that I was far from well. He asked what I wanted. I told him that I wanted to enter the Sanatorium, that I had money for my treatment, and other details that I thought important.

He questioned me a bit more, then paused a minute or so and looked at the floor. "I'm very sorry", he said. I didn't listen too closely to what he said after that, something about "the long waiting list", "unfortunate situation", "can't walk up to a San and expect to walk right in", routine to follow".

I didn't pay much attention to the exact words; I had my answer. Now that it seemed I had made my trip in vain, a tremendous disappointment and exhaustion weighed me down. I felt like dropping into the nearest ditch and dying there. Someone else would have to move me. I felt too

tired to go anymore. I turned away from the door and started down the steps.

"Wait", called the doctor. "Dammit, you're in no condition to drive back home. I'll call the San and have them arrange a bed for you. Go over there now before you cave in altogether."

The next morning I awoke to find myself in a porch with four other patients. It was Christmas day. They greeted me cheerily, opened presents, joked, asked questions, and generally seemed in a gay mood. They told me the doctor would make his rounds just before dinner. This news kept me silent the rest of the morning.

Outside it was a beautiful Christmas day. The sun was shining brightly, and just enough snow had fallen to decorate the window sills and the boughs of the spruce trees. Sparrows were flying about the San grounds looking for crumbs. Meanwhile the delicious aroma of roast turkey and stuffing, along with other flavors, was seeping through the building. The San kitchen was preparing for a sumptuous Christmas feast. It seemed to put everyone in good spirits but me—I was waiting to get kicked out.

Before long I heard the heavy steps of the doctor in the hall. He was making his rounds. My heart started to thump a little louder. My hands broke out in a cold sweat. Then with a swish of his white coat, the doctor swept into the room, followed by one of the nurses. He chatted with the other patients, exchanged greetings, then noticing my bed in the corner he came over to me.

"Oh, here you are", he said. "Feeling better?"

I nodded my head. My mouth and throat were dry and sounds weren't coming out too good.

The doctor turned away for a moment to look out the window at some sparrows fighting for crumbs on the grounds. I guessed that he was finding it difficult to tell me that I must leave. He turned around and spoke to me again.

"It's not a bad view from this window, is it?" he said.

"No", I mumbled.

"Well, Mr. Holt, since you're here I guess we can arrange to keep you. Alright?" He smiled. "Merry Christmas", he said and left.

I spent three Christmasses at the San before I was well enough to leave. That was nearly thirty years ago, and I have been well and prosperous in those years.

Many changes have taken place since then. However, as each Yuletide season approaches, I cannot help but recall my Christmas Eve trip to the San and the critical condition I was in at the time. And I remember gratefully the kind understanding of the doctors and nurses, who, motivated by a Christian conscience, displayed a compassion and sympathy at Christmas time and throughout the year for all human kind in need, whether it be a newborn babe in a manger, or a sick man in need of a bed.

—:0:—

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, 1973:

Previously acknowledged: \$4,795.63

Recent contributors:

Century Patrons:

Nil

Patrons:

Fred Hill
Matilda Burke
Interest
Miscellaneous

Total 53.28

Grand Total \$4,848.91

—:0:—

Sing with joy, 'tis Christmas morn,
Unto us a child is born,
Christ hath come on earth to dwell,
God with us, Immanual.

Thousand, thousand angels raise
Songs of glad triumphant praise;
Singing through the starry sky,
"Glory be to God on High!"

Joyously the shepherds ran,
Knelt to Jesus, God and man
"Come," they bid us haste with them,
"See the Babe of Bethlehem."

—Author Unknown



Chaplain's Corner

By Rev. Ralph Duffner

I once heard it said, 'Faith is what you run out of in life.' These words indicate a feeling that all men know well, even if they cannot describe it for themselves. There are times when things pile up and one's spirits sag, dark hours when a man wonders if his strength has not been mined out at last. He has been running the race, he would like to finish the course, but can he possibly keep the faith?

One of the basic facts of human experience is that usually you get what your mental attitudes indicate. That is, if you believe you can, you can. If you believe you cannot, you cannot. Think negatively, and you will get a negative result, because by your thoughts you create a negative atmosphere which is hospitable to negative reactions. On the contrary, think positively and you create a positive atmosphere which makes positive results a natural.

There have been profile work-ups on successful men in America who started with almost less than nothing. One of the characteristics outstanding in their lives is that they never even so much as entertained the thought of failure in any undertaking.

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale lists seven ways on how you can go about shifting from a negative to a positive thought pattern.

1. For 24 hours deliberately speak hopefully about everything, about your job, about your children's marks in school, about your health and about your future.

2. After speaking hopefully for 24 hours, continue the practice for one week, then you can be permitted to be 'realistic' for a day or two. You will discover that what you meant by 'realistic' a week ago was actually pessimistic, but what you now mean by 'realistic' is something entirely different: it is the dawning of optimism. When most people say they are being 'realistic' they delude themselves, for they are being simply negative.

3. Feed your mind even as you feed your body, and to make your mind healthy it must be fed good nourishing, wholesome thoughts. Therefore now, today, start to shift your mind to positive thinking. One helpful way to do that is to start at

the beginning of the New Testament and underscore every sentence that has to do with FAITH. Continue this until you have marked every such passage in the four books, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Commit passages that appeal to you to memory, emphasizing passages dealing with faith. But before starting this process, turn to St. Mark, chapter II, and commit to memory verses 22, 23, and 24. They will serve as samples of the verses you are to stress.

4. Commit one passage each day until you can recite the entire list. This will take time, but remember—you have consumed much more time in becoming a negative thinker than this will take you, and it will require effort to unlearn negative thought patterns.

5. Make a list of your friends and determine who is the most positive thinker among them and deliberately cultivate his society. Do not abandon your negative friends, but get closer to those with a positive point of view for a while, until you have absorbed their spirit. Then you can go back among your negative friends and let your newly acquired thought pattern rub off on them.

6. Avoid argument, but whenever a negative attitude is expressed counter with a positive and optimistic opinion.

7. Pray a great deal and let your prayer take the form of thanksgiving on the assumption that God is giving you greater blessings than you can believe in. He wants to give you great things, but even He cannot make you take anything greater than you are equipped to receive . . . Take as your motto: 'If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed . . . nothing shall be impossible to you.'

Positive Faith lets you face the world. Try it, you'll like it.

—SAN-O-ZARK

——:O:——

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

It's The Season Of The Bells

REV. W. LEE TRUMAN

This is the season of bells! They are hung over our city streets, from lamp poles, in store windows, on our name tags, and across the front doors of our homes.

Bells will soon peal out their glad tidings from cathedral steeples and hand bells will ask us at street corners to drop a coin in the pot for some worthy cause. Bells are a part of our American heritage and of our joyful Christmas celebration.

The history of bells goes back as long as men have been recording their events. Hand bells were used in religious services in Egypt centuries before Abraham.

The Jewish high priests wore gold bells on the borders of their robes and used hand bells in choirs in their ceremonies of worship. Because they were used exclusively by churches, they were considered to be sacred. Often prayers were engraved on them, such as the plea "Pray For Us" or the shout of faith "Glory To God."

A great deal of magic is tied in with the history of bells. Many were said to have the ability to stop a fire, the plague or a thunderstorm, and were used at these times of community or personal crises.

They were often christened, even baptized in elaborate ceremonies, and given the name of a saint as they were anointed with Holy oil.

The poor began to use hand bells to ask for alms, saying that by doing this they were asking in the name of the Almighty.

For a time the tradition was that old St. Nick carried a hand bell on his visit, and this is the reason for his sleigh bells. Befana, the Italian gift-bringer, rang her bell as she went about the task of going down chimneys to bring the joyous announcement of the season.

In England the belief was born that Christ had been born exactly at the stroke of midnight. Therefore the custom has been that the bells do not ring, but rather mournfully toll from eleven to twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve. This was given the name of "Tolling the Devil's Knell"

to warn the powers of darkness of Christ's approaching birth.

At the exact moment of midnight the tolling stops, and the bells break into the joyful ringing announcing the season's great event. Longfellow's familiar lines no doubt came from hearing the bells being run in this tradition.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day,
The old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet, the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Charles Wesley is said to have penned the majestic and immortal "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," after hearing the joyous ringing of the bells at midnight of Christmas.

Whether the bells for you this year will be imitation ones hung on your outdoor wreaths, glass bell ornaments hung on your Christmas tree, or the bells on Santa's sleigh for an excited child, or the bells of your church calling you to worship, they are a part of our national expression of this season of the year.

In your haste and rush as time grows short, remind yourself to listen to the bells pealing out the world's greatest message, the birth of The Saviour.

Thomas Carlyle said that such music must be the speech of angels. Take time to pause and hear the bells this Christmas as have your forefathers for so many generations before you.

—:o:—

FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS

I've four and twenty golden hours

To spend just as I choose,

With no one but myself to blame

For minutes that I lose.

I must then remember that

Lost minutes, lost remain.

No earthly power can bring them back;

They're not mine to reclaim.

—Scrap Book

* * * *

"My little son hates to hear Santa Claus called a myth."

"Why, because he still believes in Santa Claus?"

"No, he says Santa is not a myth, he's a myth-ter."

**THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
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Old Timers

It was interesting to have several conversations with William Robert D. Lugar, who was a patient on East 3 from November 11 to December 2. He worked at the Sanatorium immediately following World War I when the returned soldiers were mainly housed on the hill in temporary quarters, under canvas, or partially so. He was Lieutenant Lugar at that time and was Administrative Officer with the Department of Veterans' Affairs, with his headquarters across from where the East Infirmary now stands. Mr. and Mrs. Lugar now are residents of the Grand View Manor, Berwick.

We were talking with Mrs. Violet Silver recently — she is known to a great number of readers as a former Handcrafts Instructor with our Rehab. Department. Her news is that she is soon going to British Columbia for about two months, during which time she will be staying with her daughter Laura-Ann, and will be attending the marriage of her younger son David.

We are always pleased to have notes enclosed with subscription renewals, and here is one from Mrs. Jean (Charles A.) Wamboldt, Dartmouth, who says in part: "I look forward to receiving Health Rays every month and especially like the Old Timers column. I still correspond with the many friends I made while at the San. My daughter celebrated her fourth birthday and my son his second birthday during my stay at the Sanatorium. Now my daughter will be entering Junior High next year and my son goes into Grade V. The time sure has flown since 1966 — the year I was a patient. To the patients there I say "cheer up" — the time will pass, slowly but surely. I would like to say a special hello to Dr. Quinlan, Mrs. Zirkel, and Miss Skerry. I was very sorry to hear about Dr. Laretei passing away. The family and I are well. I am working two or three nights at the Telephone Company and have been there over a year. I am also a volunteer librarian at my children's school, so I do keep busy. Best wishes to everyone at the Sanatorium."

We have a renewal from Miss Hazel Tippert, who has been employed at the American base at Goose bay for ever so many years. Her letter is postmarked New

Germany, so we assume that she is home on vacation.

We have renewals from: Frederick F. Hill, Great Village, Colchester Co.; Chesley Spracklin, Halifax; Miss Floris Smith, R.N., Shelburne; Mrs. Vivian Talamini, North Bellmore, New York, who says "Hi to everyone at the San! I do enjoy reading Health Rays. All is well by me. I am working part time and enjoying it very much. The best to everyone, and happy holidays."

Continuing, we have heard from Allan Wood, RR 2, Pictou; Mrs. Evelyn LeBlanc, West Pubnico; Miss Frances Gates, New Minas; Mrs. John Lawrence, RR 1, Maitland, and John Henry MacKinnon, 59 Bomber Drive, Truro, who says that he is keeping very busy with the leathercraft that he began while a patient.

We have a kind note from Miss Mabel Moseley, 5222 Green St., Halifax, who says that she enjoys the poems, giggles over the jokes ("undignified of course, but it does me good") and absorbs all the worthwhile articles. Thank you for those words of encouragement, Miss Moseley.

And what think you of this for a note bearing glad tidings, "Health Rays magazine means more to me than Life. If I had to choose between the two — I'd gladly give up my Life (magazine)" This was written by someone from (earthly) Paradise (whom I won't identify but whose initials are . . .)

We have a renewal from Wilfred L. Fraser, RR 2, Aspen, who sends his best regards to all the medical and nursing staff, also to Anne-Marie, and says that he has happy recollections of his stay at the San.

We have renewals from Mrs. Lois Kitson, Stellarton; Miss Hildred McGillivray, Bridgeport; Mrs. Mary Durno, R.N.; Ralph Leander Mason, Lunenburg, who dropped in to the office while at the Sanatorium for a check-up; Mrs. Sophie LaPierre, Dartmouth; Mrs. Jean Ells, former head of the Housekeeping Dept., and Joe LeFave of the San Post Office.

We are thankful, too, to have a good number of new subscribers each month which is a source of satisfaction and encouragement.

—————:o:—————

I'm not overweight,
I'm glad to report;
According to charts
I'm just three inches short.

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ADMISSIONS:

NOVEMBER 1, to NOVEMBER 30, 1973,

MRS. LILLIAN NEARY, Ocean View Manor, Eastern Passage, Halifax Co.; WILLIAM LAWRENCE SHEA, Five Islands, Colchester Co.; BERTRAM ORAN GOUCHER, Cambridge Station, Kings Co.; MRS. RUTH FOX SORGE, 70 Havelock Street, Amherst; MRS. PRISCILLA MARY BELLIVEAU, Church Point, Digby Co.; THOMAS RODERICK McNEIL, 22 Sunnysdale Drive, Westmount, Cape Breton; LESLIE STUART ASBELL, Oxford, Cumberland Co.; MRS. ELIZABETH MARIE FLYNN, Meteghan River, Digby Co.; ROBERT LYMAN TAGGART, RR 1, Bass River, Colchester Co.; MRS. HAZEL MAUDE PARKER, Bridgetown; FRANK Henry Ward, Melvern Square, Annapolis Co.; MRS. MARGARET LOUISE CLARKE, Mahone Bay, Lunenburg Co.; KAREN KATHLEEN KENNEDY, Avonport, Kings Co.; MRS. DOROTHY JENNET MacKINNON, Berwick, Kings Co.; EDWARD DONALD STONE, High Street, Trenton, Pictou Co.; ANGUS RONALD MacEACHERN, Craigmere, Inverness Co.; ERIC FRANCIS BARRY, Blockhouse, Lunenburg Co.; JENNIFER CLAIRE PINKHAM, Coddles Harbour, Guysborough Co.; AUBREY LAURIE ELLS, Sheffield Mills, Kings Co.; KAREN LOUISE BARKER, RR 1, Wilmot, Annapolis Co.; WILLIAM ROBERT BAULD LUGAR, Apt. 115, Grand View Manor, Berwick; REGINALD VINCENT COLLICUTT, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co.; MRS. JOAN WARNER FOX 51 Main St., Kentville; MRS. CATHERINE ESTHER BOWEN, 5 Maine St., Pictou; PAUL DOUGLAS MacDONALD, 25 Inverness Court, Greenwood; MRS. GRETA MARIE HERMAN, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co.; ALONZO PETRIE, 91 Clayton Park Drive, Clayton Park; GERALD MacDONALD, 105 Denoon St., Pictou; NELSON ARNOLD LEVY, Lunenburg; MRS. HOPE

MUNROE MACK, Williams St., Hantsport; ALLISTER ROSS MARSHALL, Woodville, Kings Co.; JOSEPH SHIRLEY BISHOP, 1049 Commercial St., New Minas; JOSEPH DANIEL McCARTHY, 61 Victoria St., Truro; LEMUEL JOHN HIMMELMAN, RR 1, LaHave, Lunenburg Co.; JAMES BENJAMIN GOUGH, 16 Park St., Amherst; GORDON MacLEOD, Roseway St., Louisburg; MRS. NELLIE MAE WAMBOLT, Nictaux Falls, Annapolis Co.; HARRY WATSON BURGESS, Curry's Corner, Hants Co.; THERESE DEBORAH CAMERON, RR 5, Salt Springs, Antigonish Co.; DARLENE MAE MORGAN, Kingston; FREDERICK GORDON SANFORD, Grand View Manor, Berwick; MRS. NETTIE ETHEL CHISHOLM, RR 3, Merigomish, Pictou Co.; MRS. MYRNA CLARE ISAAC, RR 2, New Germany, Lunenburg Co.; MICHAEL ISAAC SACK, Miemac, Shubenacadie; MRS. LAURA JEAN DORMAN, 299 Cornwallis St., Kentville; REGINALD FREDERICK DAVIDSON, Gaspereaux Ave., Wolfville; EUGEN FREIDRICH GMEINER, Maplewood, Wolfville; GEORGE PHILLIP CORBIN, Kentville; ARCHIBALD JOSEPH BURGESS, Upper Dyke, Kings Co.; JOSEPH BERNABE LeBLANC, Belliveau's Cove, Digby; DR. BEVERLY DeWOLFE LAYERS, Kingston; PAMELA MAY SPENCE, Comp. 27, Site 6, SS 2, Lower Sackville, Halifax Co.; RONALD GORDON DOLLIVER, RR 1, LaHave, Lunenburg Co.; ARNOLD FRANK O'NEILL, Greenwood Village, Kings Co.; MRS. BERTHA VINDORA PENNY, RR 1, Kingston, Kings Co.; MRS. ETHEL MAUD BALTZER, Dempsey Corner, Kings Co.

DISCHARGES:

NOVEMBER 1, to NOVEMBER 30, 1973,

CAMPBELL WILFRED MacGILLIVARY, Landsdown; MRS. JOYDA MARGARET PARRY, 55 Faulkland St., Pictou; RAYMOND HUNTLEY SHEPPARD, Lincolnville, Guysborough Co.; ROBIE MES-SOM, Hortonville, RR 1, Wolfville; DAVID MacKENZIE ROSS, RR 1, Scotsburn, Pictou Co.; SIMON FRANCIS NEVIN, Miemac Post Office, Hants Co.; JOSEPH WENTWORTH HARVEY, 518 Main St., Kentville (Expired); MRS. MARIETTA GRACE IRVING, Box 164, Canning, Kings Co.; ARNOLD FRANK O'NEILL, Greenwood Village, Kings Co.; HARRY WOLMONT PREST, Upper Musquod-

(Continuing on Page 14)

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 13)

boit, Halifax Co. (Expired); WILSON LEROY WHITE, Kempt, Queens Co.; WILLIAM MATHESON LEWIS, Belcher St., Port Williams; PETER HENRY PET-TIPAS, Linwood, Antigonish Co.; RUSSELL PRINCE HOPKINS, Clark's Harbour, Shelburne Co.; MRS. LILLIAM MARY WRIGHT, Middleton; SHIRLEY GEORGE FORSYTHE, 182 Chester Ave., Kentville; MRS. SARAH AMILA McLELLAN, East Walton, Hants Co.; DANIEL RODERICK MacPHERSON, East Erinville, Guysborough Co.; CARL EVERETT SAWLER, Western Shore, Lunenburg Co.; KENNETH DAWSON SPIDLE, Box 1225, Lunenburg; MRS. MYRTLE ALICE BURTON, Kentville; MRS. EMMA DOUCETTE, Box 402, Little Brook, Digby Co.; EDMUND CYRIL HANNAH, Mapleton, Cumberland Co.; MRS. ELIZABETH MARIE FLYNN, Meteghan, Digby Co.; REGINALD AUBREY CAMPBELL, Bear River, Annapolis Co. (Expired); ALONZO PETERIE, 91 Clayton Park Drive, Halifax; EDWARD DONALD STONE, Trenton, Pictou Co.; DELISLE JOSEPH THIBODEAU, Weymouth, Digby Co.; LLOYD MALCOLM BALCOM, 32 Oakhill Drive, Rockingham, Halifax Co.; LAVIN ALEXANDER DORION, Pomquet, Antigonish Co.; MRS. HOPE MUNROE MACK, Williams St., Hantsport; FRANK HENRY WARD, Melvern Square, Annapolis Co.; ELLEN DUNHAM, 16 Lakeside Ave, Ottawa, Ont.; MRS. KATHLEEN ANNIE LeBLANC, Cambridge Station, Kings Co.; MRS. CATHERINE LOUISE COVERT, 105 Exhibition St., Kentville (Expired); WILLIAM ROBERT GILES, 18 Nova Terrace, Cole Harbour; BERTRAM ORAN GOUCHER, Cambridge Station, Kings Co.; MRS. DOROTHY KENNETH MacKINNON, Berwick (Expired); ROBERT BERNARD HIGNEY, Centre Burlington, Hants Co.; MRS. MARY ELIZABETH JOUDREY, South Brookfield, Queens Co.; LESLIE STEWART ASHBELL, Box 100, Oxford,

Cumberland Co.; MRS. MARGARET KATHERINE TAYLOR, 102 King St., Dartmouth; DR. BEVERLY DeWOLFE LAWERS, Kingston; GERALD COLLIN GARRON, Barrington, Shelburne Co.; MRS. PRISCILLA MARY BELLIVEAU, Grosse Coques, Digby Co.; GORDON PETER WHITE, Water Street, Westville, Pictou Co.; KAREN KATHLEEN KENNEDY, Avonport, Kings Co.; MRS. HILDA MAE GREENE, RR 4, New Glasgow, Pictou Co.; PAUL DOUGLAS MacDONALD, 25 Inverness Court, Greenwood; HARRY WATSON BURGESS, Curry's Corner, Hants Co.; WAYNE DOUGLAS MUNROE, Kin-sac, Halifax Co.; JOSEPH LEONARD McLANSON, Nictaux, RR 3, Middleton, Annapolis Co.; ALLISTER ROSS MARSHALL, Woodville, Kings Co.; NELSON ARNOLD LEVY, RR 1, Lunenburg; KAREN LOUISE BARKER, Wilmot, Annapolis Co.; MRS. DORIS MAY WALSH, Greenwood, Kings Co.; ARCHIBALD JOSEPH BURGESS, Upper Dyke, Kings Co.; GEORGE STANLEY JOUDREY, 29 1st Ave., Bedford.

—:O:—

CHRISTMAS

The Business side of Christmas sometimes disturbs those who feel that the spiritual import of the day may be forgotten. There is no danger of that. People fill their churches for the special Christmas services so many of them hold. In fact, the spiritual significance of Christmas is so dominant that many people who are ordinarily indifferent to religion go out of their way to find a religious service.

Really, the business side of Christmas ought not to disturb anyone. It is the natural outgrowth of the desire to share gifts, to decorate homes, to brighten stores, and to add color to drab streets. Does not Christmas giving go back to the first Christmas when the Wise Men from the East brought their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh?

The holly, the fir trees, the lights, the ornaments, and that vast variety of holiday merchandise, which includes children's toys and more durable things for adults, must be made readily available for Christmas giving. That is the business side of Christmas—an essential service in no wise contrary to the spiritual import of the day.

—The Link

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY**MUTTART'S LTD.****ROCKWELL LTD.****CORNWALLIS DAIRY LTD**

Notes And News

Our congratulations to Dr. Francis Joseph Misener, radiologist at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, on having received his 25-year long service award. He was among 45 persons who were so honoured at a ceremony at Government House on Tuesday, November 13. The awards, in recognition of 25 years service with the province of Nova Scotia were presented by the Lieutenant-Governor Clarence L. Gosse. This was the first such investiture by the new Lieutenant-Governor since taking office. Assisting the Lieutenant-Governor was Mr. S. J. Rudolph, Civil Service Commissioner, and Premier Regan and members of the Cabinet were in attendance.

Dr. Frank Misner was originally from Glace Bay and has worked at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium for all of his 25 years. For a number of years he combined anesthesiology with his present radiology.

Dr. Misener and his wife, Margaret, live at 28 Fairview Street in Kentville. Their two children, Eric and Francine, have grown up and have left home.

* * * *

Avard Murray Bishop passed away at the Blanchard Memorial Hospital on Saturday, November 17. His name and his voice will be remembered by a good number of former staff members and ex-patients, for he was the founder of the Annapolis Valley Radio Network. It was in the early 1940's that he and his son, Willard, instigated Radio Station CFAB in Windsor. The station had its beginning in a bedroom of the family home at 7 Clifton Avenue, from where a brief afternoon programming schedule was piped to homes along the street. The first broadcast license was granted on November 13, 1945. From its part time beginning it has developed into an extensive five station network which links the studios in Windsor, Kentville, and Digby, including CKWM-FM in Kentville.

It is also of interest to us to know that Bun Akin worked with the Bishops in the

early 1940's when Station CFAB in Windsor was in its infancy.

* * * *

In the October issue we mentioned that Floor 1 of Miller Hall was to be put to "other uses". Vacant space in Miller Hall has now been occupied—the Administrative and Business offices having been moved there from the former Nurses' Residence on Friday, November 23. The former classroom number one has been divided in the middle, with the west half being used for meetings. It is in the east half that the Business offices are now located with Mr. Betik occupying the former office of the Director of Nursing Education, and Miss Helen Smith of the Payroll and Personnel office, now in what was the Nursing Library and office of Eleanor Aalders.

* * * *

A tea was held in the cafeteria on the afternoon of November 23, in honour of Miss Mary Spinney, R. N., who had recently retired. Miss Spinney has worked on the third floor as Recovery Room Nurse since 1936. Although retired, we are pleased that she is able to work on a casual basis for several days a month.

We know that the great number of post-operative patients who have been in Miss Spinney's gentle and capable care will join with us in expressing our deep appreciation for her services and wishing her many years of good fortune and good health.

* * * *

While on the subject of moves we meant to mention that Mrs. Mary MacKinnon moved her office and classroom from the former Nurses' Residence to the Annex on December 4. She is now established in the southwest porch—a bright and cheery room which is well known to a good number of our readers. We have only a small number of school aged children here at the present time, but the turnover is considerable and this should be a more convenient teaching setting which does not involve dressing for outdoors. Previous occupants of this porch may disagree as to the amount of clothing required for living there in some degree of comfort!

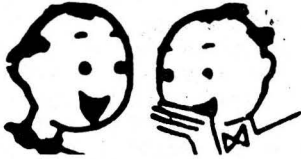
—:o:—

Employer: "It looks to me as if you've been fired from every job you've ever had."

Applicant: "Well, you've got to admit I'm no quitter!"

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Just Jesting



One poor guy in town owed a sizable debt. One of his debtors sent him a letter. "Dear sir: We are surprised that we have received nothing from you." He wrote back. "There is no need for surprise. I didn't send anything."

* * * *

The only man who could checkmate his wife about "fooling around" was Adam. He came home late one night. Eve was furious. "You're not true to me," she wailed, "there's another woman!" Adam looked at her calmly. "O.K. you want evidence? — count my ribs!"

* * * *

A woman and her husband went to their dentist. The woman said, "Look, I want to have a tooth removed immediately. I don't care about the pain, or expense. Just pull it out because we both have to get out of here right away. We have a very important date. So no novocaine, no sodium pentathol. Just pull out the tooth."

The dentist looked at her amazed. "You're a very courageous woman. Now, which tooth is it?"

She turned to her husband and said, "Show him your tooth."

* * * *

ROUGH SCHOOL

The other day my daughter came home with her report card and she was angry. She told me I should sue her teacher for defamation of character.

* * * *

Two mice were launched in a Cape Canaveral missile.

"I'm scared," said the first mouse as they whizzed along. "This space travel is dangerous."

"Yeah," said the second, "but it beats cancer research."

A successful prizefighter named his son Dorothy. "I want him to be a top fighter," he explained, "and with a name like that he's bound to get lots of early experience."

* * * *

A newly inducted member of a local service club in Newfoundland was endeavouring to make a success of one of the club's projects, the sale of Christmas seals. He came to the house of an elderly gentleman who lived alone and who was generally regarded as the local skinflint. He hesitated, but then decided to give it a try. The response surprised him. The old gentleman was most anxious to obtain a couple of sheets of "dey seals". The seller suggested that the old gentleman must send out quite a number of Christmas cards, whereupon the old lad replied: "No, me son, I buys a couple every year, sticks them to me chest, and you know, I never caught tuberculosis yet".

* * * *

"When we were out walking my brother fell down and broke his toe."

"Did you call an ambulance?"

"No, a tow truck."

* * * *

Getting Started Right

Story with a moral: A young woman, a decided blonde, decided about everything, married a tall taciturn lieutenant in the Army. Everyone who knew them said he would soon be the world's most henpecked husband. Instead the marriage worked out perfectly.

Finally their friends asked the young wife how it happened. She told the following story:

"The first thing I saw after he carried me across the threshold was a pair of trousers thrown on a chair. I started to put them away, but he stopped me.

"Put them on," he said.

"But what for?" I asked.

He just smiled. So to find out what he had in mind I put them on. They were about six sizes too big.

"Do they fit?" he asked.

"Oh, you know they don't," I answered

"Then," he said, his face perfectly deadpan, "don't forget who wears the pants in this family."

White Gift Legend

At the turn of the century, many people were concerned that Christmas observances in Sunday Schools had degenerated into an elaborate concert with lavish refreshments, a bouncing Santa Claus and nothing more. They did not say this was evil, they just said it was not enough. They tried having parties where gifts were brought to be shared by others, but somehow it had a hollow ring because some were able to bring expensive gifts, while others were only able to bring a little, and some brought nothing or stayed away altogether, because they were unable to come with a worthy gift.

One day in 1904, the wife of the minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Parnesville, Ohio, was thinking about the "White Gift Legend" of the mighty Kublah Khan, the warrior ruler of the kingdom of Cathay. He, unlike many kings of his time, was just, benevolent and wise. He treated the rich and poor alike and was especially tender to little children. His subjects decided to hold a great birthday celebration to honour their king. This in itself was not new but the way they did it was original and made the king glad.

Just as he showed no favourites in his kingly rule so they showed no difference in their gifts, for the gifts of all looked the same and were wrapped in white. They brought the white gifts for the king, while one may have only been able to bring a handful of rice, and another a beautiful ivory or jewels, the king valued not one more highly than another, because they were given of pure motive, a glad heart and all bore the same degree of devotion and love. Not only so, but in a white book persons who had no material gifts could offer their time or talent to serve the king, by entering their names.

In like manner, in this little church in Ohio, the suggestion of the minister's wife was put into practice. It was not only substance, but substance, service and self the people offered in a twilight service on Sunday evening. From this small beginning many beautiful White Gift Services have grown.

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P.	Medical Director
J. T. BETIK	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
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 in Anaesthesia
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.,	Physician
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

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. C. D'Eon

CHRISTIAN REFORMED

Minister—

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. 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.