

DALHOUSIE

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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HEALTH RAYS

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Sanatorium Visiting Hours

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

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ROOM FOR THE DEAD

This poem by Joseph Howe, the great Nova Scotia patriot, was read at the opening of the first Provincial Industrial Exhibition of Nova Scotia, October, 1854.

Room for the Dead! your living hands may pile
 Treasurers of Art the stately tents within;
 Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
 And Genius there spontaneous plaudits win.
 But yet, amidst the tumult and the din
 Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave:—
 Place claim I for the Dead — 'twere mortal sin
 When banners o'er our Country's treasures wave,
 Unmark'd to leave the wealth safe garner'd in
 the Grave.
 The Fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
 The Forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
 The mellow fruitage of the cluster'd Vine
 Mingle with flowers of every varied dye;
 Swart Artizans their rival skill may try,
 And, while the Rhetorician wins the ear,
 The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye.
 But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
 For those, and for their works, who are not here.
 Not here? Oh! yes, our hearts their presence feel,
 Viewless, not voiceless, from the deepest shells
 On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
 And names, which, in the days gone by,
 were spells,
 Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
 The spirit here our Country's fame to spread,
 While ev'ry breast with joy and triumph swells
 And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
 Bannea and wreath will own our reverence
 for the Dead.
 Look up, their walls enclose us. Look around,
 Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
 Whose sturdy hands the noble hghways

wound
 Through forests dense, o'er mountain,
 moor and lea?
 Who spanned the streams? Tell me whose
 works they be,
 The busy marts where commerce ebbs and
 flows?
 Who quell'd the savage? And who spared
 the tree
 That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway
 throws?
 Who made the land they loved to blossom
 as the rose?
 Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge
 defied,
 And trained the race that live upon the
 wave?
 What shore so distant where they have not
 died?
 In ev'ry sea they found a watery grave.
 Honor, forever, to the true and brave,
 Who seaward led their sons with spirits
 high,
 Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers
 gave;
 Long as the billows flout the arching sky;
 They'll seaward bear it still-to venture, or
 to die.
 The Roman gather'd in a stately urn
 The dust he honor'd — while the sacred
 fire,
 Nourish'd by vestal hands, was made to
 burn
 From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
 Honor the Dead; and let the sounding lyre
 Recount their virtues in your festal hours;
 Gather their ashes—higher still, and high-
 er;
 Nourish the patriot flame that history
 dowers,
 And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew
 your choicest flowers.

—:O:—

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify people for usefulness and happiness. The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the capacities, and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyages. The martyrs of ancient times in bracing their minds to outward calamities, acquired a loftiness of purpose and a moral heroism worth a life-time of softness and security.

FURTHER MEMORIES FROM A TURKISH HOLIDAY

By Eileen M. Hiltz

Turkey is a land of infinite variety; one that cannot be described as a whole or in a few words. I think the only way is to make a random selection of a few places or incidents about which to talk. Even that task is not easy; so many fascinating places and happenings come to mind.

For instance, Yalova, the town in which my friends had resided during their year in Turkey. When I asked Margot how large is Yalova? she replied: "20,000 people". I was astounded, as I should have judged it to be not much larger than Kentville. But Turkish families are apt to live in smallish apartments, or share duplex dwellings, which makes it possible for many people to be accommodated in a small area.

Yalova is slanted across the Sea of Marmara from Istanbul, and is served by great ferry boats, which daily transport hundreds from their homes in Yalova to their jobs in Istanbul. Travelling by Turkish ferry is an experience. People jostle and push their way aboard until you wonder if the boat might not sink from sheer weight of numbers. We joined the five o'clock rush from Istanbul to Yalova on the day of my arrival, and met the same mob scene at 6 a.m. going in the reverse direction when I was leaving. We were treated courteously throughout, and had no difficulty obtaining seats on each occasion. Turkish people are curious in a friendly, unabashed fashion, and we had amusing "conversations" conducted mainly by gestures to supplement our very few Turkish words and their very halting English.

To me there appeared to be quite a building boom going on in Yalova. On nearly every street and corner apartment buildings were in stages of construction. On some of them work was going on a pace, while others seemed to be at a standstill. It was explained that construction went on as long as the money lasted, then ceased until more was available. It was interesting to learn that the chief source of funds came from Turkish workers in Germany, who constitute quite a labor force there. We also noted that the

German mark was the favorite foreign currency.

The shops of Yalova were mostly rather small and specialized. I liked the ones that showed local craftsmanship in copper, alabaster, meerschaum, and, of course, leather goods of all kinds. The concourse leading from the waterfront, where the busy ferries plied to and fro, contained a massive statue of Kemal Ataturk, the father of modern Turkey. I believe there is not a town or village that does not boast a statue of Ataturk in its most prominent spot. He is truly venerated by his country.

Wherever I may be in my travels, the animals of the region command much of my attention, and I'm rather apt to judge a country by how they are treated. On an earlier visit to Turkey, to Istanbul only, I was distressed more than once by cruel or callous treatment of poor scrawny horses. Happily on this visit I saw very little ill-treatment. We were travelling in mainly rural areas on this occasion, where there exists a more natural bond between animal and master. It was chiefly the donkeys that caught my fancy. Numbers of these small sturdy beasts were met plodding along every road, sometimes all but invisible under their tremendous loads. Others would be tied or hobbled by the roadside, while their masters and families toiled in the fields. They stood stock still in the blazing sun, frequently with cumbersome wooden saddles still on their backs. I was moved to comment: "Patience is a Turkish donkey". As well as the donkeys, we saw great flocks of sheep and the handsome black, brown and white mohair goats. As we neared the Mediterranean area we met camel trains and their drovers. But the animal which in Turkey abounds in truly great numbers is the cat. Towns and villages are alive with cats! and wild, skinny and moth-eaten creatures they are. It is against the Moslem religion to kill a cat, hence they survive and proliferate in an appalling fashion.

We took to the road quite early each morning of travelling, but the day we left

our motel in Pamukkale was memorable because of a 6.30 a.m. swim in its pool. The water was at least 80 degrees F. Pamukkale has been famed through the centuries for its hot springs, where the calcium laden waters cascade and harden into gleaming solidified white falls. Very naturally Pamukkale (the name means "cotton castle") is a popular tourist centre. We were happy to be ahead of the hordes of visitors which summer brings.

Another memorable swim was our first dip in the Mediterranean. We had zig-zagged up the side of a great mountain, then descended, in low gear, round hair-pin turns down into a remote resort area called Marmaris. The sheltered bay ringed around by mountains reminded one of pictures of Norwegian fiords, yet this was the Mediterranean. We spent two relaxed days at Marmaris, where the trees and gorgeous flowers began to have a tropical look.

As it turned out, that was our only

swim in the Mediterranean. When we reached Manavgat, from where on a clear day you can almost see Cyprus, the water looked most alluring. The sparkling blue sea was edged by a wide sand beach, but, alas! pollution reared its ugly head, and the fine white sand was permeated with tiny beads of oil which had washed ashore. They were quite indiscernible, until you walked on them, and took a look at the soles of your feet. So, with the blue, blue Mediterranean stretching out in calm inviting beauty, we were forced to do our swimming in the motel pool.

But one must call a halt to travel tales before a reader is weary. In talking of a land where everything is new and different, it is easy to become over garrulous. I was most fortunate to have had such an intimate view of Turkey, a land of great and varied beauty, historical and archaeological interests, whose people in turning to the new have not lost all the charm and romance of the old.

THE HISTORY OF ANAESTHESIA

It is hard to believe that anaesthesia, a discovery so beneficial to society, encountered strong opposition from both the public and the medical men. Most of all, the equipment used to administer the gases, and the use of chloroform in childbirth, were criticized.

The first objection was overcome by John Snow. Equipped with a new and improved inhaler, he practiced anaesthesia widely in dentistry and surgery. Snow rapidly became the leading anaesthetist in London. He later abandoned ether for chloroform, invented yet another new inhaler, and gave over 4,000 anaesthetics without a death.

The second objection was largely due to public opinion. Sir James Y. Simpson, a Scottish physician, discovered the anaesthetic value of chloroform only to face a stubborn fight. For no sooner had he announced that the pains of childbirth could be relieved by anaesthesia than a storm of protests arose from the clergy, the people, and many doctors.

"It is unnatural thus to interfere with the pains of childbirth, which is a natural function," they cried. "But is not walking also a natural function?" replied Simpson. "And who would think of never setting aside or superseding this natural func-

tion?"

To the clergy's objection that anaesthesia was contrary to the Bible, he cited: "And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam; and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof."

The quarrel lasted several years. Then, on April 7, 1853, Queen Victoria accepted the use of Simpson's chloroform during the birth of Prince Leopold. This assured its continued use in obstetrics.

There is one particularly good story about Simpson's method of sidestepping awkward questions about the royal birth. A patient became very talkative under anaesthesia and declared she would inhale no more of the vapor unless she were told what the queen had said when she was taking it. "Her Majesty," replied Simpson, "asked no questions until she had breathed very much longer than you have; and if you will only go in loyal imitation, I will tell you everything." The patient followed Dr. Simpson's request . . . In a few moments she forgot about the queen!

— Sanatorium Outlook

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TB IN ANIMALS

Did you know that the 70 monkeys at the Como Zoo in St. Paul, Minnesota, were tuberculin tested and were 100 per cent negative? The monkeys are given physicals on their arrival to the zoo. The monkeys cannot transmit tuberculosis to the humans visiting the zoo, but the monkeys are capable of catching tuberculosis from the humans.

All animals in a zoo are capable of developing tuberculosis. Cold blooded animals such as fish, frogs, snakes, and turtles develop the disease from a germ known as the cold blooded type of tubercle bacillus. This type of germ does not cause tuberculosis in humans, therefore is only of economic importance.

Birds develop tuberculosis from the avian or bird type of tubercle bacillus. This germ can also cause disease in swine and other domestic animals and sometimes people. At least two species of birds, parrots and canaries, also develop tuberculosis from human and bovine type of tubercle bacilli.

Mammals develop disease from both human and bovine types of tubercle bacilli, and may transmit it to other mammals including man. An exception is the cat, which does not develop human type tuberculosis.

In this country from 1892 to 1917 the veterinary profession devoted a large amount of time and effort to establish fundamental facts about tuberculosis in animals, especially cattle. From 1917 to 1959 expenditure in tuberculosis cattle program was 326 million.

Decrease in incidence of children with tuberculosis in bones and joints was noticeable after pasteurization of milk and eradication of tuberculous cattle from herds.

Livestock used to get infected at livestock shows. In 1907 the International Livestock Show gave prizes only to cattle that did not react to the tuberculin test. This was made a requirement at the Utah State Fair in 1910 and the Iowa State Fair in 1921. From then other states also set up this standard.

Thirty years ago veterinarians were sometimes severely criticized for failing to eradicate tuberculosis in animals so they would not transmit it to animals. One dairyman lost 98 head of cattle before he found out he was infecting his own animals.

Other domestic animals including swine and pets such as dogs, cats, parrots, and

canaries may develop bovine type tuberculosis, become contagious, pass it back to cattle, other domestic animals or people. A case is cited of a herd of 65 pure bred cattle. Within a year and a half 60 of them had become tuberculin reactors. The source turned out to be the three year old dog which was intimately associated with the herd.

Animals deserve the same protection from people with tuberculosis as people do from animals, but animals are not afforded such protection. Just think of tuberculous people with positive sputum going to the zoo and coughing at the animals and spitting near their cages. Or people with tuberculosis going to country fairs and animals shows to look at (and cough at) the show animals. Or farmers with tuberculosis working around the dairy. The animals don't have much of a chance.

—ITAM

—:0:—

Smoking Them Out

Studies by pollsters show that men who smoke pipes watch TV the least.—News item.

What will the pollsters find out next
Of who and what and when?

By letter, phone, knock on the door

They learn nine out of ten,

Three out of four, or sixty-six

Percent do this or that,

And thus the pollsters, taking polls

Get everything down pat.

So now we learn pipe smokers tend,

In North, South, West, and East,

For reasons that are unexplained,

To watch TV the least.

I wonder why. Does smoke perhaps

Obscure the TV screen?

Or is a pipe a substitute,

An equal joy, I mean?

On this at least I know I'm right:

Smoke comes in only black-and-white.

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THOUGHTS AT LARGE

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Most people wrongly imagine that "faith" means "believing in God," when it really means acting out all the personal and social consequences of such belief; nothing is easier, or more conducive to apathy, smugness and self righteousness, than "believing in God" as a dim abstraction.

The most foolish and futile argument is between those who proclaim that man is "naturally good" and those who insist that man is "naturally bad"; man is only naturally free to be one or the other, or each alternately — and this freedom of choice is both the glory and the tragedy of the human condition.

To grab something is almost the surest way to lose it.

The so-called "Golden Mean" is ineffectual as a practical rule of life, because nearly everyone can point to his position as midway between two extremes he has selected.

When lovers talk incessantly to each other, they are engaging in two monologues under the illusion it is a dialogue; it is only in the long silences of marriage that they begin to recognize the truth.

We are all somewhat superstitious, inasmuch as we tend to move a little bit away from someone who is deemed to be "unlikely," is if it might be catching.

Some people seem to have adopted the vocation of remorse; they specialize in "being sorry" for what they failed to do, or did poorly, the way others specialize in doing things (I suspect that in their early childhood, nothing they did ever fully satisfied their parents.)

It is only the thinnest hair's-breadth that divides the master of words from their slave — and sometimes in the same speech.

Listening the other night to the lilting cadences of Dylan Thomas reciting his own poetry on a recording, I could understand and appreciate why, in old Welsh law, the harp was the one possession that could not be taken away from a debtor.

A thousand passably attractive people are dissatisfied with their looks, but not one in the thousand complains of his lack of sense.

The most utilitarian reason for continuing to learn as we age is that an ignorant man gets more foolish as he gets older.

If civilization is, as Ruskin had it, "the making of civil persons," we took a wrong turn somewhere.

Gambling is a unique activity in that, contrary to most other endeavors, it is in briefness rather than in perseverance that one can be successful; the compulsive gambler is inevitably betrayed not by the odds, but by the span of time he allots to his activity.

—:O:—

SELF PITY

Self pity is a familiar mood. We are all tempted to indulge in it; some by reason of physical health or perhaps an unhappy marriage or the color of his skin. Self pity is a harmful mood that eats away at the personality like a strong acid turning it resentful and jealous and gloomy. Besides ruining self it mars our relation with others and with God. Bitterness and distrust color every word we hear, every action made.

Doctor William Elliott gives some practical suggestions towards overcoming this mood in his book "A Cure For Anxiety." First get yourself a good biography. The world is full of great success stories of people with handicaps. Pierre and Eve Curie discoverers of radium, did their finest work with no money, no laboratory no help, yet Madam Curie wrote, "it was in this miserable shed that the best and happiest years of our life were spent entirely consecrated to work." Beethoven lost his hearing. Fanny Crosby was blind, Robert Lewis Stevenson was bedridden with tuberculosis. Helen Keller was blind, deaf and mute. Then remind yourself that like these great souls the situation that discourages you may really be your opportunity.

Woodrow Wilson once said men grow by having responsibility laid on them. They call out of us hidden abilities, deep inner resources. The last step is to yield ourselves to God, after all God must have some holy purpose in all that He allows to come into our lives. Instead of lamenting our unhappy lot, we can then accept it with assurance that God wants from us only the best we can give him from life where it finds us.

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Acupuncture In The News

"Acupuncture should be a priority item in Canadian Medical Research", Dr. Gustave Gingras said recently. Dr. Gingras, a Montreal physician and President of the Canadian Medical Association, recently led a fifteen-man delegation to China where they visited hospitals and observed several major operations, including brain and spinal chord surgery, in which acupuncture was used.

Recently there was a symposium on acupuncture held by the Emory University School of Medicine and National Acupuncture Research Society of New York where visiting doctors and newsmen gained insight into the potential of this treatment.

The president of the Canadian Anesthetists' Society, Dr. Gordon Wyant, said that he hoped that representatives of his organization would go to China to examine the practice of acupuncture. Dr. Wyant said that if the technique proved to be effective, the anaesthetists would have to consider incorporating it into their own practice. "But first we want to find out if it really works," he said.

And a comment by Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, from his Medical Column some months ago:

To an old physician like me, it is often amusing to see the tremendous excite-

ment over a "discovery" that I can remember was "discovered" a number of years earlier and then given up. Now that acupuncture is so popular, it may interest my readers to know that the first European physician to practice acupuncture was Louis J. Berlioz, the father of the musical composer of the 19th century. Acupuncture enjoyed a great vogue in France, but people gradually lost confidence in it, and during the 19th century it was completely forgotten.

Interest in acupuncture was revived by a French consul in China, who in 1934 published an article on it in French. Today, it is estimated that there are some 700 to 800 physicians practicing acupuncture in France.

The Paris Institute offers physicians a three-year course in using this technique, and England has an acupuncture society. The leading member of the English group, Dr. Felix Mann, has written much on the technique, but says he doesn't know how it works; all he knows is that an astonishing number of people get better when treated with it. Dr. Mann says that acupuncture is most successful in treating diseases that are "psychologically reversible" but not in treating diseases in which tissue damage exists.

Cough — Shortness Of Breath

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

Theodore L. Badger, M.D.

The stethoscope, long known as a symbol of the physician's diagnostic skill, has over the years become an instrument of even greater precision. In the mid-nineteenth century, when Laennec was forced to use his ear against the unclothed chest to hear the sounds within, he found his inherent modesty too great to listen to the ailing heart of a young girl. Nothing daunted, he coiled a piece of parchment and placed one open end over the area of her heart. When he placed his ear at the other end, he rejoiced to hear the heart-beat and its murmurs with extraordinary clarity. Such was the origin of the modern stethoscope.

Chronic cough and shortness of breath are often the "doctor's dilemma". These two symptoms have many causes. They may express many different underlying changes in the lungs, many alterations in the cardiopulmonary relationships and many bizarre afflictions of mind or body. Trouble in the lungs may belong to the lungs or come from trouble with the heart. Conversely, the heart can fail from trouble with the lungs. Indeed, these two vital organs, the heart and the lungs, are so intimately dependent upon each other that it is almost axiomatic to say that

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Editorial Comment

It is November 6 as I begin this column, and we had our first snow flurries of the season. Just enough to get the little ones excited, and to get the older folk wondering if it is time to get those snow tires on, or wait until the first storm (as the service station owners know is our usual inclination). It has been a lovely autumn and we should feel ready now for that which we know is on the way. Following a wetter than usual July, it has been a fine, dry summer and autumn. The apples on display at the fruit stands attest to the generous amount of sunshine we have had. Some of our acquaintances who are not normally apple pickers have been so employed this year in their spare time and have enjoyed their work. Some of our readers who will recall picking for about ten cents a barrel will be interested in hearing that pickers have been getting about five dollars per three barrel bin. Which is something which we keep in mind when shelling out what seems to be a fairly substantial price for the produce. Even though the price paid to pickers is as stated, there has been no surplus of workers, and part-time pickers have been very welcome. We are really fortunate to be living in this part of the world where air pollution is just something that we know about second-hand. Our local factory gives forth the delicate aroma of baked apples and, sometimes, pickles — far different from the noxious fumes of so many industries elsewhere. In fact, looking around us and seeing that things don't look at all bad, it is difficult to share with others the foreboding that our inhabitable sections of the world will soon be uninhabitable. Some young people, especially, express the view that there is little merit in planning toward a future. Perhaps it is because we have so much now that it seems unrealistic to expect, that things will get all that much better. The opposite held true for the previous generation, many of whom had it so difficult that a person with any optimism at all would expect that things could only remain as they were, or improve. I guess it is just fashionable, by times, to express pessimism. Take, for example, the following, which the publication, "Learning Resources", attributes to a nine-year

old girl (from Ontario):

This World Today

The whole world is terrible

The litter is unbearable

The bottles aren't returnable

The pop cans are not burnable

The sonic boom incredible

The tuna isn't edible

The phosphates aren't dissolvable

The problems don't seem solvable

The world is unforgivable

Let's face it — life's unlivable.

—Carole-Anne McFadden

I know that students are being made aware of the environmental problems besetting us, but that seems a tender age for being weighed down by life's burdens. It is difficult to suppress a certain feeling of buoyancy on a brisk autumn day — which tends to lead toward optimism, rather than pessimism. A great deal has been written about autumn, and I would like to close with this bit of prose written by Jim Clark in his column in the western Nova Scotia publication, "The Mirror":

"From the top of the hill smoke could be seen wafting up to join cumulus clouds, smoke-white, hovering on the low horizon. The smoke lifting itself to a point where it seemed to be reaching its sister undulated up and down, up and down looking like the off-white tail of a flicker in flight. Wafting up, then laying itself over and out, like a fish lazily turning over sunning its underbelly on a sun-dipped Autumn-day warm afternoon.

"The hills were flowing to a primitive rhythm uniquely their own, older than old. Rising slowly, then sharply only to plunge again and taper off to start the same pattern again. The hills were in various hues of purple from the sunlight and shadow created by green pines that looked black against the purple hills. The fields were like Brueghel paintings in soft and languid shades of brown, the color of the beach on a cool October day. Other fields were verdant green so that the fields themselves were an old-lady patchwork created by hand.

"The birches, slumping down as if in homage to Frost, yet the similarity didn't end there. The white birches were pitted

(Continued on Page 8)

THOUGHTS AT LARGE

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Some months ago, the respectable polling organization of Oliver Quayle took a poll in the Bronx borough of New York, to determine what public figures the people "trusted", and how much. They were asked to rank six names in order of trustworthiness; Mario Biaggi, a New York politician; President Nixon; Walter Cronkite, the CBS commentator; David Levy; Gov. Nelson Rockefeller; and Mayor John Lindsay.

Cronkite ranked first, with 68 per cent; Biaggi was second, with 54; Nixon was third, with 44; David Levy came fourth, with 42; Rockefeller was fifth, with 20; and Lindsay trailed with 14 per cent.

What is most interesting here is not that a news commentator was deemed more trustworthy than any political figure, or even that New Yorkers ranked their own governor and mayor last, but that David Levy beat the last two, coming in fourth, only a few points beneath President Nixon.

This is interesting because there is no David Levy — at least, no publicly known figure by that name. He was included in the list to find out how many respondents would say they trusted anybody they hadn't heard of — and nearly half the voters came through with more confidence than they displayed in either Rockefeller or Lindsay.

What can we make of this, what inferences can rightfully be drawn from "David Levy's" popularity? First, I think, despite political assaults on the media, the voters still find commentators more credible and trustworthy than any political voice. This is heartening when attacks on the media become more strident and irrational every day.

Second, it seems to indicate thorough public cynicism with all political figures, when someone totally unknown (who could be anybody or anything) rates in the upper half of the line-up, with more than double and treble the votes given to the governor and the mayor.

Third, to me at least, it is an ominous sign that we are more than ripe for some demagog to come along and wrench the power out of the palsied hands of the established political factions, purely on the grounds that he is not connected with, or indebted to, any of the extant organizations.

Finally, this breakdown in public confidence is what has provided the entering

wedge of fascism in every country: when the people are basically too conservative to vote for the left, but have been radicalized by the impotence and duplicity of the prevailing establishment. By supporting a populist demagog, they imagine they are getting the best of both worlds, when they are really letting themselves in for the worst. This is precisely how and why Hitler came to power.

Note: This item was written before the Watergate affair; a more recent poll might well show "David Levy" to rank even higher in popularity.

:O:

EDITORIAL COMMENT —

(Continued from Page 7)

with an intense blackness so that standing still, either straight or slumped, they too seemed to move, white on ebony-black, black on crystal white.

"And so it was with all life, either seen or felt, on that day. Patterns and rhythms, often primitive and unthought of, created and uncreated themselves on our consciousness until we didn't seem to understand the simplest components of Nature itself. For we too, like the rhythms of that Autumn day, existed inside an oft-unseen dance."

:O:

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA—

(Continued from Page 6)

what is good or bad for one is equally good or bad for the other.

What about cough? Some people do it to attract attention, some from habit, some from disease of the heart, but mostly it is nature's method of expelling strange humors from the lungs. Normally, the remarkably streamlined cleansing instruments in the bronchial tubes—wispy, microscopic hairs — sweep secretions and invisible foreign material beyond areas dangerous to the lungs. Smoking, poisonous fumes, pneumonia, and chronic bronchitis may irreparably destroy these delicate pulmonary brooms, thereby paving the way for a variety of chronic lung diseases.

What about shortness of breath? It may be a heart that has gone out of kilter, blood that has become unduly thin and anemic blood pressure that has mounted skyward, kidneys that function poorly, a mechanical obstruction to the flow of air into and out of the lungs, a thickening of the millions of breathing membranes called the alveolar walls, or a conscious or unconscious refuge of the neurotic. Or it may be just a very pregnant lady.

ENTERTAINMENT

On Saturday, September 15, we were pleased to have a show presented by Billy Whelan and his group. He has averaged two shows per year at the Sanatorium, and we very much appreciate this. His address is now R. R. 2 New Ross, which will make it easier to continue to include the Sanatorium in his schedule. He puts on shows at a number of hospitals, nursing homes, senior citizens' homes, and municipal institutions, as well as playing for dances and putting on shows for the general public.

* * * *

Bob Middleton, Head Gardener at the Sanatorium, presented an hour of slides of the Sanatorium gardens and grounds, on October 15. We have heard that quite a number of patients and staff would like to have seen them, having heard comments from those who were present, and it is believed that Bob will be willing to show them again, along with some additional slides. Our grounds are certainly beautiful — at any season of the year — and we are happy that the scenes are preserved on film.

_____:o:_____

On October 31 a Hallowe'en Party was held in the Cafeteria, and cards were played by a number of patients, and checkers by some others. In the absence of an outside sponsoring group, token prizes were obtained from the Canteen. Winners were: Joe Sanford (Men's Highest in 45's); Raymond Sheppard, Mary Joudrey (High Individual Scores); Mary Gray (Checkers); Charles Sherman, Sarah McLellan (Second Highest (45's)); Peter White, Emma Doucette (Consolation); Kathy Robichaud (Youngest).

Refreshments were provided and served by members of the Dietary Department. Joe Sanford expressed thanks on behalf of the patients, and Dr. Holden, Medical Director, expressed thanks. Thelma Chute organized the party, assisted by Mary Mac-Kinnon.

_____:O:_____

When you receive a reward for making a mistake it's probably called alimony.

_____:o:_____

A high school boy was earnestly filling out an applcton for employment under a part-time vocational training program. In the blank marked "Salary desired," he wrote "Yes".

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 October 31, 1973

Previously acknowledged:	\$4,790.63
Recent contributors:	
Century Patrons:	
Nil	
Patrons:	
John T. Pye	
Total	5.00
Grand Total	\$4,795.63
_____:	_____:

STRICTLY PERSONAL

There are two kinds of people in this world:

Those who believe that a regimen of strictness and discipline is the only way to bring up a child; and those who believe that easiness and freedom contribute more to a child's character.

Those who want the house filled with company at every possible opportunity, and those who find entertaining a painful burden and an invasion of privacy.

Those whose idea of "travel" is dashing about from point to point, moving frequently and taking in all the sights; and those whose idea of travel is renting a house on a secluded beach, and lying on the sand.

Those who look forward without fear to growing old, and those who dread it mortally and do everything to perpetuate the illusion of youth.

These are, basically, the two kinds of temperaments in the world — and it is the supreme irony of the human condition that almost invariably they are married to each other.

RON ILLSLEY
ESSO SERVICE STATION



Chaplain's Corner

Dr. J. Douglas Archibald
United Church Chaplain, N. S. Sanatorium

MEETING LIFE'S REQUIREMENTS

When we are well and strong we know our daily work demands the attainment of certain standards. We are expected to complete a certain amount of work within a given time, and to do it to the best of our ability and training. In the broad field of life, no matter what our vocation may be, we know that there are certain demands made on us. I want to speak of some of the common requirements of life if it is to be well lived. Strong demands it makes on us all if we are to know life at its best. Life will yield rich rewards when these requirements are fulfilled.

A paramount demand is that life expects us to have a good conscience. Paul could say before his accusers, "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." Life confronts us with many situations where we will have to say, "My conscience will not let me do that." Thank God there are many people who have a good conscience and will not take part in something they feel to be wrong and unworthy. On the other hand it is quite possible to be lacking in a conscience or to allow it to be so dull and inaudible we do not hear it any more. Kipling said of life in the far East, "where there ain't no ten commandments, and the best is like the worst." Be thankful if you have a conscience that is alive and well.

Life also requires us to meet many temptations. There are temptations peculiar to youth, to middle age, and to old age. They come to us in different, and often in subtle, ways — temptations always provide a choice. Jesus knew temptations and we know some of the choices He had to make, and many of them were difficult and costly. Christians choose when they are tempted, not because it is to their advantage outwardly, but because they believe God wants them to choose the highest and best.

Life may well ask us to face disappointments, suffering, and sorrow. Life can be a rough and uphill road at times. Many people forced to climb that road, discover certain insights that they never saw as they travelled the level road along the plain. It is doubtful if we can appreciate health until we have been sick, plenty

until we have known what it is to be in want, food until we have been hungry, joy until we know sorrow, and success until we have known failure.

Life requires that we give a good account of ourselves. "To whom much is given, of them is much required," Paul could say of his life, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." Studdart Kennedy pictures the final judgement when God will ask, "Well, what did you make of it?" Most of us have been given much to work with, and the question is, "What did you make of it?"

"You are building every day, in a good or evil way,

And its structure as it grows will your inmost soul disclose

Fill in every arch and line, all your faults and failures shine,

It may grow a castle grand, or a wreck upon the sand.

Build it well what e'er you do,

Build it straight and strong and true,

Build it clean and high and broad,

Build it for the eye of God."

—————:O:—————

The Art Of Getting Along

Sooner or later a person, if he is wise, discovers that life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take.

He learns that it doesn't pay to be overly sensitive — that he should let some things go over his head like water off a duck's back.

He learns that all people have bad days and that he shouldn't take the other fellow's grouch so seriously.

He learns that carrying a chip on his shoulder is the easiest way to get into a fight.

He learns that the way to become unpopular is to gossip about others.

He learns that most people are human and it doesn't do any harm to smile and say "good morning" even if the weather isn't good.

He learns that people are not any harder to get along with in one place than another, and that getting along depends about 98 percent on himself.

Help Yourself To Happiness

Everybody everywhere seeks happiness
it's true,
But finding it and keeping it seems difficult to do,
Difficult because we think that happiness is found
Only in the places where wealth and fame abound—
And so we go on searching in "palaces of pleasure"
Seeking recognition and monetary treasure,
Unaware that happiness is just a "state of mind"
Within the reach of everyone who takes time to be kind—
For in making others happy, we will be happy too,
For the happiness you give away returns to "shine on you".

Helen Steiner Rice

—:o:—

My View

When I wake up in the morning
And put my blind up high
I am awed at the beauty
Of the maple trees outside
* * * *

But, lo, the frost and wind comes
To take all the leaves away,
But they form a colored carpet
My eyes upon to gaze.

E. N. M.

Contributed by Mrs. A. Macdonald
Moncton, N. B.

—:o:—

In Appreciation

Vance Atkinson, Floor 1, posted a note saying how much he appreciated the special treat which the members of the Dietary Department prepared by way of the Thanksgiving Dinner. We know that he is speaking for everyone else as well, in saying that he appreciates the amount of work that went into that Dinner.

**THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
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Hope

Christ is soon coming, dare we deny it?
Coming in clouds as He promised He would.
Could we believe it, our hearts we'd make ready
Emptied of Self, as He said that we should;
"Born of His spirt, cleansed by His blood."
Telling this message to all who will listen,
It is there in the Book which He gave for our guidance,
Wisdom and Truth, as inspired by our God.

Anonymous

Contributed by Miss Mildred M. Porter,
Wolfville Nursing Home

—:o:—

The Meaning Of Friendship

What does it mean to be a friend?
A helping hand to the journey's end;
A loyal heart and a loving one, too,
No task too great to do!

What does it mean to be a friend?
A burden carried around the bend;
A hill to climb for another's sake.
There's nothing a friend won't undertake!

What does it mean to be a friend?
A tongue that is quickest to defend.
A friend comes through when the test demands;
A friend is a person who understands.

What does it mean to be a friend?
A life to keep and a purse to lend
The sort of friend I want to be
The kind of friend you are to me.

Anne Campbell

* * * *

A friend is the first person
Who comes in when the whole
World has gone out.

Mary Dawson Hughes

—:o:—

Anybody who thinks television has destroyed conversation in the American home probably doesn't pay the telephone bill.

—:o:—

I bought a bargain waterbed and now
I sleep like a baby. Wet!

Old Timers

We will begin with some of Anne-Marie's notes that did not quite make it in the last issue:

The former Annie J. Miller, now Mrs. Severin Lelievre, who was a patient here in 1936 and again in 1939, visited at the San over the Thanksgiving weekend. She was formerly from Margaree Forks and is presently the Postmistress at Belle Cote, N. S. She lives a full life and right now is preparing for her son's wedding which will take place in November.

Doug Rossong also visited over the weekend and renewed his subscription to Health Rays. He was a patient back in 1941, keeps well, and still drives a taxi in Halifax.

Mgr. J. H. Durney visited friends at the Sanatorium in October and it was certainly good to see him visiting the wards as he did for so many years. He is well and energetic as ever and everyone was happy to see him.

The former Marjorie Lawrence, now Mrs. Perry, was a patient here in 1948 and was visiting in Berwick while on vacation. Marjorie has been living in Oshawa for the past several years, is keeping well, and wished to be remembered to Pat McEvoy and other friends at the San.

Thank you, Anne-Marie, and perhaps we will have some further notes from you before this goes to press.

We have recently received a very welcome note from Mrs. Gordon A. Hogg (the former Anne Bower) of Baccaro. It was welcome because she was renewing her subscription and subscribing for two friends as well. It was doubly welcome because she expressed her continuing interest in Health Rays and in the news of the Sanatorium and its people, and the notes concerning Old Timers. Anne had the following news to share with us:

"Miss Marguerite MacLeod and Miss Barbara Ellis were callers one Sunday afternoon — it's always a joy to see Marguerite, and this was the first time I have seen Barb since being at the San, though we have always kept in touch. They both looked just grand and I enjoyed them so much.

"Reverend Murray Gardner of Blue Rocks called one afternoon. You perhaps knew that he preached his twenty-fifth anniversary service this summer in the

Mahone Bay United Church. We were in the same class in Sunday School, his mother was the choir leader and organist and taught the intermediate class. He has a lovely wife and three wonderful children — one a Physiotherapist and the other two attending Dalhousie University. He had always planned to be a doctor but then tuberculosis came along."

Anne also mentions that she sees Floris Smith occasionally. Floris is of course remembered by a good many of us at the Sanatorium. Thank you very much, Anne, for the interesting letter and for your kind encouragement.

We have had an encouraging number of renewals since our last issue:

Mrs. Veryl Starr is looking well and is still working part time as a Real-Estate agent for J. F. Stevens Ltd.

Mrs. Margaret Hurley, Amherst, was in for a check-up in early October. She enjoys keeping in touch through Health Rays and says, "Please give everyone there my best regards: to the wonderful medical staff, to Mrs. Dakin who was one of my charge nurses when I was a patient. All of the nurses were good and anyone saying otherwise is wrong! I am in pretty good health and enjoying life quite well."

A note from Joan Chamberlain, Halifax, says that she enjoys reading the San news and wants to send her best wishes to all the staff, especially Dr. Holden and Dr. Quinlan.

We had a renewal from Mrs. Sophie Spencer, 18 Dale Street, Kentville. Sophie lives around the corner from Mrs. Lorraine Smith, who is also a former staff member. They had previously been near neighbours when on Exhibition Street. We were, in fact, talking with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Blanche Mosher downtown recently. Sophie had been bitten by a dog awhile ago but has now recovered and is getting about as previously, and still active with the Salvation Army.

Some other renewals received are from: Louis T. Thibault, Saulnierville; Mrs. A. J. Roy, Hull, Quebec; Mrs. Malcolm Blaine, Port La Tour; Mrs. Phillip MacCreedy, Winnipeg; Clifford White, RR 1, Kentville; Miss Mary King, Wolfville; J. Murray Romkey, Bridgewater; David MacIntosh, Hopewell; Gordon Dechman, North Sydney; Andrew Doherty, RR 2, Baddeck, and Dr. J. B. MacDonald, Stelarton.

(Continued on Page 14)

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ADMISSIONS:

OCTOBER 1 TO OCTOBER 31, 1973

CARL WILFRED WATKINS, 123 Main St., Yarmouth; LEWIS IRA GATES, Port Williams; MRS. LEONA HUNTER, 173 Main St., Springhill, Cumberland Co.; HARRY LLOYD RICHARD FRENCH, 1032 Aalders Ave., New Minas; BUDD WHITMAN GERTRIDGE, Gaspereau, Kings Co.; JOHN WILLIAM LONERGAN, New Glasgow; CAMPBELL WILFRED MacGILLIVARY, Landsdown Drive, Antigonish; GUSTAVE CLIFFORD DEVEAU, RR 1, Yarmouth; ROBIE MESSOM, Hortonville, RR 1, Wolfville; HARLEN BORDEN BENT, North Williamston, Annapolis Co.; VICTOR HENRY MacDONALD, 1009 Commercial St., New Minas; MRS. CATHERINE LOUISE COVERT, 105 Exhibition St., Kentville; SHIRLEY GEORGE FORTSYTHE, 182 Chester Ave., Kentville; PETER McEWAN ANTON, North Williamston, RR 1, Annapolis Co.; MRS. DOROTHY ALTHEA PIERCE, Kingston; MRS. HILDA MAE GREENE, RR 4, New Glasgow, Pictou Co.; WILSON LEROY WHITE, RR 2, Caledonia, Queens Co.; MRS. JOYDA MARGARET PARRY, 55 Faulkland St., Pictou; WILLIAM ROBERT GILES, 18 Nova Terrace, Cole Harbour, Halifax Co.; DEBORAH ELIZABETH FAULKNER, 5 Kenwood Ave., Greenwood, Kings Co.; JOSEPH LEONARD MELANSON, RR 3, Middleton, Annapolis Co.; JOHN ALCIDE DEVILLER, 14 Mooney Lane, Yarmouth; GEORGE STANLEY JOUDREY, 29 1st Ave., Bedford; MRS. MARY ELIZABETH JOUDREY, South Brookfield, Queens Co.; DAVID McLEAN KINSMAN, Canaan, Kings Co.; PATRICK THOMAS RYAN, 6309 Jubilee Road, Halifax; MRS. FRANCES MILDRED SNOW, 11 Bay Street, Wolfville; HARRY CLARENCE PETERS, 263 Cornwallis St., Kentville; MRS. IRENE GRACE RICHARDS, River Hebert, Cumberland Co.; WENT-

WORTH JOSEPH HARVEY, Wolfville Nursing Home, Wolfville; CHARLES GUY SHERMAN, Box 800, RR 5, Chegoggin, Yarmouth Co.; MRS. SADIE MacKINNON, North Grant, Antigonish Co.; DANIEL RODERICK MacPHERSON, East Brinville, RR — Guysborough; EDMUND CYRIL HANNAH, Mapleton, Cumberland Co.; ROBERT BERNARD HIGNEY, Centre Burlington, Hants Co.; HARVEY VICTOR SMITH, 9 North St., Dartmouth; MRS. SARAH AMILA McLELLAN, East Walton, RR 1, Hants Co.; MRS. MARIETA GRACE IRVING, Canning, Kings Co.; ARNOLD FRANK O'NEILL, Greenwood Village, RR 2, Aylesford; MRS. CLAIRE SADIE CONNORS, Westville Road, Pictou Co.; ANDREW JACKSON MOOERS, Milton, Queens Co.; PERCY MICHAEL WALSH, 2141 Quin St., Halifax; MRS. DORIS MAY WALSH, Greenwood, Kings Co.; MRS. WINNIFRED SARAH BOURQUE, 655 Park St., Kentville; JAMES ALLISON SANFORD, Lequille, Annapolis Co.; WILLIAM MATHESON LEWIS, Belcher St., Port Williams; MRS. LINDA LOUISE VEINOT, Blockhouse, Lunenburg Co.

DISCHARGES:

OCTOBER 1 TO OCTOBER 31, 1973

MRS. MARIETA GRACE IRVING, Box 164, Canning, Kings Co.; MRS. BLISS MARIE MacKINNON, 3 Seaview Ave., Wolfville; JOSEPH FRANKLYN LLOYD, Lockeport, Shelburne Co.; HARDY DWIGH HEFFLER, North Alton, Kings Co.; MRS. MARY AMELIA CROSSMAN, 10 Davison St., Amherst, Cumberland Co.; MRS. HAZEL MAUDE PARKER, Bridgetown; MORRIS KENNETH CROWELL, 29 Nova Drive, Truro; FRANCIS WILFRED ARSENAULT, North Grant, Antigonish Co.; CHARLES LOCKHART FILLMORE, 17 Archibald St., Truro; CHARLES HENRY HOPPE, Box 81, Aylesford; HAROLD SINCLAIR KENNEDY, Boutlier's Point, Halifax Co.; CLARENCE EDWARD CALDWELL, Wilmot Station, Annapolis Co.; DELMAR RAY NICKERSON, Little River Harbour, Yarmouth Co.; MRS. FRANCES MILDRED SNOW, 11 Bay St., Wolfville; MRS. JULIA ANNIE MOSHER, Nictaux, Annapolis Co.; MRS. MARY CHRISTINE BAKER, 1856 Walnut St., Halifax; HARRY LLOYD FRENCH, 1032 Aalders Ave., New Minas; RAYMOND EVERETT BOND, Church St., Bridge-

(Continued on Page 14)

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 13)

town; LESTER CLIVE TURNER, Kingston, Kings Co.; MRS. GRET/ MARIE HERMAN, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co.; LEWIS EDWARD HENDERSON, 7 Skyway Drive, Wolfville; CARL WILFRED WATKINS, 123 Main Street, Yarmouth; JOSEPH WILLIAM DIXON, 254 Victoria Road, Dartmouth; JOSEPH DOWNEY, North Preston, Halifax Co.; MRS. EMILY ANITA SAUNDERS, 175 Victoria Street East, Amherst, Cumberland Co.; MRS. MUKTA KHIROYA, 20 Russell St., Dartmouth; DEBORAH ELIZABETH FAULKNER, 5 Kenwood Ave, Wolfville; ROBERT FREEMAN ROGERS, 22 Willow Ave., Wolfville (Expired); ISAAC DOUCET, Saulnierville, Digby Co.; DONALD GLADSTONE CROSBY, RR 2, Canning, Kings Co.; HARLAN BORDEN BENT, North Williamston, Annapolis Co.; EDWARD LEWIS "JACK" HANNAM, West Dalhousie, Annapolis Co.; BUDD WHITMAN GERTRIDGE, Gaspereau, Kings Co.; LEWIS IRA GATES, Port Williams, Kings Co.; MRS. LEONA IRENE HUNTER, 173 Main St., Springhill, Cumberland Co.; GUSTAVE CLIFFORD DEVEAU, Mavillette, Yarmouth Co.; MRS. IRENE GRACE RICHARDS, River Hebert, Cumberland Co.; CHESTER ERNEST JOUDREY, RR 1, Aylesford, Kings Co.; PATRICK THOMAS RYAN, 6399 Jubilee Road, Halifax; RALPH HENRY SURETTE, Surette's Island, Yarmouth Co.

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ADMISSIONS:

OCTOBER 1 TO OCTOBER 31, 1973

MICHAEL ERNEST CANNON, Port Hood; MRS. ELIZABETH BERTHIER, West L'Ardoise, Richmond Co.

DISCHARGES:

OCTOBER 1 TO OCTOBER 31, 1973

DANIEL JOHN MacDONALD, Little Judique Pond, Inverness Co., (Expired);

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OLD TIMERS —

(Continued from Page 12)

A note from Wilbert Marsters, Hantsport, sends greetings and best wishes to patients and staff; Mrs. Richmond Aalders, RR 1, Boutiliers; says that she enjoys reading Health Rays very much and wishes us continuing success, and Mrs. George Reekie, Westville, also says that she enjoys keeping in touch through Health Rays.

We have a change of address from Eugene Hamm from 1 Herbert Street, Yarmouth, to P.O. Box 354, Yarmouth, but no further news (and no further poems).

Mrs. Bliss Carter, RR 3, Amherst, also tells that she enjoys Health Rays.

We were pleased to see Mrs. Alice Levesque recently. She was helping out at a rummage sale and is looking fine.

We have a note from Earle Matheson, RR 2, Scotsburn, saying that he was a bit late with his renewal because he was on a trip to British Columbia, returning on September 30. He is feeling fine, we are happy to report.

We have renewals from Father Gerald Saulnier, Wolfville; Sister Marie Therese Arsenault, Cheticamp; Dr. Holden's mother, Mrs. J. B. Holden, Willowdale, Ontario, and brother (of mine) J. Laurence Brown, RR 1, New Glasgow.

Also, John Mosher Taylor, RR 1, Elmsdale; Mrs. W. J. Ross, 14 Hillcrest St., Antigonish; George Harris, RR 1, Timberly, and staff members Mrs. V. E. Hartlen; Miss Helen Morse; Mrs. Muriel Kay; Miss Margaret Potter and recent staff member Curtis Gaul.

Mrs. Hope Mack, former Director of Nursing, was visiting recently and we are told that she has made a good recovery from surgery.

A note from Herb MacQuarrie says, "During my stay at the San I made many friends (I hope), and Health Rays is my only way of keeping track. My regards to all the staff who were so good to, and for, me."

We have renewals from Jennie Fuller-

ton, RR 1, Parrsboro; Margaret Saxton, Halifax; Earl Gerhardt, Liverpool; Donald MacKinnon, New Waterford; Carrie Gillis, Kentville; Edward Stewart, Upper Musquodoboit, and Miss Mildred M. Porter, who has changed her address to the Wolfville Nursing Home.

Daniel Polson, RR 5, Kingston, in visiting his wife, who is a patient on East 1, left the message that we could mention the fact that he was a patient 'way back in 1918 for nine months "when the soldiers were living under canvas," and in 1921 for seven months, mainly in Pavilion 7. He took training in automobile repair, beginning while a patient, and continuing at Technical School. It is interesting to hear of those who "cured" when the old buildings were new, and when the Sanatorium was THE hospital and of paramount importance to so many people.

—:O:—

"Thus October Is Ushered In"

And nights are still now, hushed as in expectation. Summer is gone: not even in bush or glade does he linger. In this interregnum of seasons the night is the most beautiful time: not a breath seems to stir then; and the air, though it is not clear, turns cold: radiation has no longer anything to do with that: often now the thermometer dips below the freezing point.

. . . The woods all around stand aflame in yellow, red and brown. On a drier spot of the marshy lowland between the forest and the beach-fringe stands a small bluff of three or four poplars; strangely tall and pathetic they look in their brown-gold garment: like a protest they look against violation: like a trumpet-blast announcing the end On the side of the lake, in the east, the willows, too, stand pale-yellow, the paler the bluer the lake looks behind. Farewell, they whisper; soon, soon we shall stand in bare limbs like a fringe of brooms!

—From The Turn of the Year, by Frederick Philip Grove.

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FOR THE FALLEN

They went with songs to the battle, they
were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and
aglow.

They were staunch to the end against odds
uncounted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.
They shall not grow old, as we that are
left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the years
condemn.

At the going down of the sun and in the
morning

We will remember them.

As the stars that shall be bright when we
are dust,

Moving in marches upon the heavenly
plain;

As the stars that are starry in the time of
our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

—Laurence Binyon.

—:O:—

REMEMBRANCE

Soldiers, asleep in foreign field,
Whose voices long by death are sealed,
Who fought and died in anguished pain.
O comrades! Have you died in vain?

You joined the fray and took your stand
To end cruel wars in every land.
If you could speak, what would you say
To warring, faithless souls today?

Resting where flowers lift the head,
Enriched with blood that you have shed,
How you must murmur in your sleep
At promised vows men failed to keep.

F. H. MacArthur
Charlottetown

—:O:—

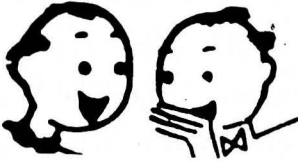
A man was wandering through a cemetery one day, reading inscriptions on monuments, when he came across this one:

"Where I am, soon you'll be; prepare yourself to follow me."

He thought about this for several minutes, then wrote, "To follow you I'm not content, until I find which way you went."

Contribute by Clifford R. White
R. R. 1 Kentville

Just Jesting



FRESH OUT OF LISTENERS

The teacher had impressed on her pupils the importance of knowing the meaning of new words. At home that night a child heard the word "extinct" on a television program and asked her mother what it meant.

"Well, it's like this," Mother replied, "If all the people in the world disappeared, you could say the human race is extinct".

The youngster thought for a minute and then asked, "But who would I say it to?"

Hey, diddle, diddle,
I left in the middle,
For the show was such terrible rot.
But the audience laughed to see the sport,
For the sex run away with the plot.

A doctor, called to a farmhouse one night, hurried across the yard, tripped, and fell heavily. An erascible man, he jumped up and swore loudly.

While he was blaspheming, the farmer opened the front door. For a moment he listened, in awe and amazement. 'I never knowed before them Hippocratic oaths you fellers go in fer was so much like ones us laymen use.'

"When I was a boy", he said, "if grand-ma or grandpa missed the stage-coach they patiently waited a week for the next one. Nowadays we make the air blue if we miss one section of a revolving door."

POT LUCK NOW

A young bride was annoyed by her husband's presence in the kitchen while she was preparing dinner. And when he accidentally knocked her cookbook to the floor, she flared up.

"Now look what you've done. You've lost the place and I haven't the faintest idea what I was cooking."

The man at the bar was trying manfully to down a rising feeling of depres-

sion, but his efforts were markedly unsuccessful. Each successive drink only managed to unlock a new secret unhappiness. In a dismal monologue he began to list his real and imagined frailties.

Fellow imbibers paid little heed until the bleary-eyed fellow straightened up, paused and in tones of deepest humility said:

"Gentlemen, I am a psychiatric smorgasbord!"

A wealthy but elderly spinster had finally taken the plunge and married a man some years her junior. After she returned from her honeymoon, she was telling some friends about the trip.

"And do you know," she related, "that on the third day of our honeymoon Bill won first prize in the Irish Sweepstakes?"

"Good gosh," exclaimed a male listener, "three days too late?"

A teen-ager was going on her first date with a new boyfriend. As always, her father was nervous. "Are you sure this fellow is a good driver?" he asked.

"Oh yes," the girl replied. "He has to be. One more arrest and he'll lose his licence."

BACK TO THE OLD GRIND

A tired-looking man dragged himself through his front door and slumped into a chair. "Busy day at the office, dear?" his wife asked sympathetically. "Terrible", he sighed. "The computer broke down in the middle of the afternoon and we all had to think."

Missionary: Do you people know anything about religion, Chief?

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

The secretary ran into a friend at the lunch room and noted that the friend was nibbling at a cottage cheese salad. "Trying to lose weight?" asked the secretary. "No", said the friend, "I'm on a low salary diet."

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WRIGHT'S CLOTHING LTD.

Nursing Staff Member Dies

Patients and staff of the N. S. Sanatorium were grieved to hear of the death of a popular young member of the nursing staff, Nellie Jane Cogswell, which occurred suddenly and unexpectedly at the B.F.M. Hospital on Friday, November 16. Nellie Jane graduated with the 1968-B Class of the Sanatorium School of Nursing Assistants as Nellie Jane Harding, and was married to Floyd Thomas (Tom) Cogswell. She joined the staff of the Sanatorium in October, 1968, and worked on West 3, East 3, and East 2. Since April, 1973, she had worked on Casual, on East 2.

Her funeral service was conducted by Dr. J. Douglas Archibald, at the H. C. Lindsay Chapel, and was attended by a large number from the Sanatorium, together with a great number of relatives and friends from elsewhere. It was a very moving experience, and one that will be remembered by us for a long time. All of us are very conscious of the change that this makes in the lives of the children, Jeffrey and Tammy, age three and six months.

Our deepest sympathy to the family and to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Harding of Morden.

—:O:—

There are only three steps leading to the place where perfect harmony lies, yet they are hard to climb. The first is to think kindly of one's neighbour. The second is to speak kindly to him. The third is to act kindly toward him. The reason they are hard to climb is that we are so busily engaged in thinking well of ourselves, speaking well of ourselves, and acting in a manner which we think will do ourselves the most good.

—:O:—

The most effective way of saving on winter fuel is to turn off the furnace, drain the pipes, and go on a three-month tropical cruise.

By a misplaced blow with a hammer, a man disabled one of his thumbs. "That's too bad," said a friend when he heard of the accident.

But the man replied, "No, it isn't. It is one of the best things that ever happened to me. It has taught me to appreciate that thumb, I never knew its value to me before. I found out by actual count the first day after I injured my thumb that there were two hundred and fifty-seven things I had been using my thumb for every day of my life, without giving it a thought. And I never realized that it is practically indispensable to me."

We never value our commonest blessings until we are deprived of them.

—:O:—

It is easy to quit. Anybody can say, "The hill is too high," or, "It's too far away." Anybody can say, "I'm too tired to keep on," and stop halfway there. But don't be that one. Whenever life gives you a task hard to do, don't stop in the middle, but see the thing through.

—:O:—

The able men are not those who are seeking the easy things to do, but rather those who take delight and pride in seeking and carrying out to a finality the things that are difficult.

—:O:—

UNDERSTANDING

Words are pictures of thoughts and facts which have become mental concepts. Unless the words used convey the same meaning to the mind of the reader as they do to the mind of the writer, confusion and misunderstanding will be the result. Lack of appreciation of the finer meanings of words and their shadings leads to haziness and error. There is often misunderstanding where there is no real difference of opinion.

—:O:—

ADVERSITY

To the thorns of life I'm more indebted
Than I am to the roses sweet;
They will not let me lie inactive
While round me there are tasks to meet.
They spur me on to nobler action,
Nor long allow me quiet ease,
But keep on pricking at my conscience,
And often drive me to my knees.

—Ruth Smeltzer

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., C.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P.	Medical Director
J. T. BETIK	Administrato
J. J. QUINLAN, M.D., C.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., C.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., C.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.,	Physican
W. MacISAAC, M.D.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
D. B. ARCHIBALD, M.D.	Consultant Urologist
MISS KATHERINE MacKENZIE, R.N.	Director of Nursing
MISS B. JOYCE LEWIS, B.Sc., M.A., P.Dt.	Dietitian
MRS. ELIZABETH REID, R.N.	Supervisor of Rehabilitation

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain
Rev. Gary Tonks

PENTECOSTAL
Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

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

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

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

SALVATION ARMY
Capt. Sidney Brace

CHRISTIAN REFORMED
Minister—Rev H. Vander Plaats

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

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

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ANGLICAN
Rev. Weldon Smith

UNITED CHURCH
Rev. Robert Jones

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

PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

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