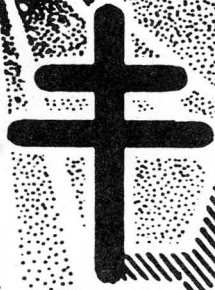


DALHOUSIE

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Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

STAFF

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

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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.

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

DR. AKSEL LARETEI — 1913-1973

SANATORIUM PHYSICIAN
By Eileen M. Hiltz



Photo, Bailey Studio

In 1961, in happier days, I undertook the pleasant task of doing a biographical sketch of my friend, Dr. Aksel Laretei. At that time Dr. Laretei had been a popular member of the Sanatorium Medical staff for eleven years, and I felt it would be of great interest to many to know something of his origin and early years. He submitted, with his customary kindly co-operation, to an interview. The following paragraphs are reprinted from the resulting article:

"The young doctor receiving his diploma from Tartu University, Estonia, in 1941 could not foresee that the winds of chance nine years later would bear him across the ocean to a new life in Canada. When the winds are blown into a storm of horrifying magnitude by an arch dictator, one's fate can be taken rudely out of one's own hands. So it was with Dr. Aksel Laretei, resident physician at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium.

"Dr. Laretei is a native of Estonia, a small country in northeastern Europe, now, unhappily, behind the Iron Curtain. He was born June 2, 1913, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Laretei. It is painful to record that since the time of the Russian invasion, when his father was an engineer in Tallinn, the capital of Estonia, no word has been received of either father or mother. In the family there was also a sister, Linda, who, making her escape from the country, pre-

ceded her brother to Canada and now lives in Halifax.

"It was in Tallinn that Dr. Laretei received his early education, attending public and academic schools there. In the good days, before the war, he enjoyed many sports, particularly basketball and soccer, in which he participated with enthusiasm. Upon graduation from High School he commenced the study of medicine at Tartu University, a small but renowned institution founded in 1632. During his medical course he worked at the University Hospital to obtain experience in his chosen field. And it was during these student years, in 1938, that he married Linda Kuuse, who had been a schoolmate in Tallinn.

"His final years at the University came at a very troubled time in the history of his country. In August 1939 a treaty signed by Germany and Russia assigned Estonia to the Soviet orbit, and one year later a puppet government voted to join the USSR. When Germany invaded Russia in 1941 Estonia came under German domination which occupation continued for the next three years. It was under this rule that the young doctor was appointed Medical Health Officer of the district of Kehtna and at which post he remained until 1944.

"In that year, with the defeat of Germany in the northeastern zone, the Russians returned, and Estonia once more came under Soviet control. Dr. Laretei, seizing the opportunity to leave his unhappy country, accepted a position on the staff of the General Hospital, Danzig. Then with the surrender of Germany in 1945 he was sent to Hanover to serve under the British as camp physician of a displaced persons camp. The following year the British Red Cross sought his services for their No. 1 Mobile Hospital in Bad Rehburg, sixty miles from Hanover.

"By this time Dr. Laretei was resolved to seek a new life in a new world, and as soon as the opportunity offered, he journeyed with his family to Canada." After arriving in Quebec in May 1949, they came on to Halifax, where sister Linda was already located. For the next several months Dr. Laretei worked with the Halifax City Department of Health and Welfare. In

(Continued on Page 2)

DR. AKSEL LARETEI—

(Continued from Page 1)

January 1950 he became a member of our Sanatorium medical staff, in which position, we are happy to say, he has continued ever since.

At the time of their arrival in Canada the Laretei family numbered two children; in the next year a baby girl was born. All three children have grown and developed in a manner to rejoice the hearts of their parents, doing excellently in both school and extra curricular activities. At present Martin, a tall young man of twenty-one, is studying engineering at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N. B.; fair-haired daughter Mary is student nurse in her second year at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax; and Anne, the baby, now a rising young lady of eleven, attends Grade 6 in the Kentville elementary school, and finds time for the study of piano.

An event of great importance took place in Feb. 1955 when Dr. and Mrs. Laretei, Martin and Mary, received their Canadian citizenship. Anne, having been born here, was already a Canadian.

If there should be any doubt that Dr. Laretei has become truly a Canadian, a Nova Scotian and citizen of Kentville, one has but to note the number of organizations and orders with which he has identified himself. He is a member of the Valley Medical Society, Nova Scotia Medical Society, Canadian Medical Association and American Thoracic Society. In the town he is a member of the United Church of St. Paul and St. Stephen, a director of the local Gyro Club, and finds pleasant recreation as a member of the Ken-Wo Golf Club. Perhaps his deepest interest among his outside activities lies in the Masonic Lodge, being High Priest and presiding officer in the local Cornwallis Chapter."

During the intervening years since the above article appeared in Health Rays, many and great changes have taken place in the annals of the Laretei family. The children grew and matured in a manner to delight fond parents' hearts. Martin, a graduate engineer, married and possessing a baby son, lives in Montreal; Mary, who became a registered nurse, is Mrs. Piet Allisma, and lives in Chicago with her husband and little daughter; Anne, who was graduated from Acadia University with a degree in Education, teaches at

Early April

The sun was warm but the wind was chill,
You know how it is with an April day:
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of
May.

But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sun-lit arch.
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the
middle of March.

—Robert Frost.

* * *

Now the lengthening twilights hold
Tints of lavender and gold,
And the marshy places ring
With the pipers of the spring.

Now the solitary star
Lays a path on meadow streams,
And I know it is not far
To open door of dreams.

* * *

Lord of April, in my hour
May the dogwood be in flower,
And my angel through the dome
Of spring twilight lead me home.

—Bliss Carmen

* * *

List to that bird! His song — what poet
pens it?

Brigand of birds, he's stolen every note!
Prince though of thieves — hark! how the
rascal spends it!

Pours the whole forest from one tiny
throat!

"The Mockingbird". by Ednah Proctor
Hayes

———:O:———

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

—Aristotle.

Preston, Halifax Co.

In October 1970 the family suffered its first tragic loss since coming to Canada when Linda Laretei, devoted wife and mother, died very suddenly. Now sudden death in the form of a massive cerebral haemorrhage has struck again, taking the honored father from the family. We who knew Dr. and Mrs. Laretei are happy to have counted them as friends, and were proud to acknowledge them as upstanding fellow-Canadians. We mourn their untimely passing with the grieving members of the family.

JOHN A. AKIN — BUSINESS MANAGER

(By DON BROWN)



Photo by C. A. Brown

Health Rays readers will be interested to hear that John A. Akin, known to his friends as "Bun," was promoted to Business Manager of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, effective March 1, 1973. Bun has served in the Business Office since August 7, 1956, since July, 1969, with a classification of Chief Clerk. On several occasions, and for varying lengths of time, he has assumed extra duties when we have been without a Business Manager or when we have been in between Administrators. It is gratifying that he has now been designated Business Manager himself, in recognition of the responsibilities which he has been carrying.

It has often been pointed out that many of our most dedicated and hard-working staff members have been former patients—and so it is with Bun. He had taken the rest treatment at home (in Falmouth) from 1942 to 1946, and had then worked at the Windsor Radio Station as a Records Librarian from 1947 to 1949. In 1949 he entered the Nova Scotia Sanatorium where he remained a patient until 1953. Upon his discharge he went back to the Radio

Station for three months, but then had to be readmitted to the Sanatorium in July 1953 and remained until March 31, 1954.

Bun had not been idle as a patient and completed Elementary Bookkeeping and Advanced Bookkeeping and Accounting Part 1 in 1951. From April, 1951, to March 30, 1952, he worked as Radio Operator at Station SAN, part of the time with Bob Ferguson.

On October 5, 1965, he began working full-time at the Sanatorium as Assistant Librarian and Assistant Radio Operator. Then, as mentioned above, Bun transferred to the Business Office on August 7, 1956, when Cecil H. Kennedy was Business Manager. Bun worked as a clerk bookkeeper until reclassified some years ago as Chief Clerk. He has been Business Manager of Health Rays for a good number of years as well. Several years ago he completed the correspondence course in Hospital Departmental Management.

On September 9, 1961, (a date which for similar reasons the writer does not forget), Bun was married to Bessie Adams, who also had "graduated" from patient to staff, and was Switchboard Operator at the time of marriage. With daughter Denise, they live at 14 Wade Street.

We feel that Bun is very deserving of his new appointment and we are sure that his many friends among our readers will be pleased to hear the news.

—:o:—

After being reprimanded for several spelling mistakes, the secretary exploded: "Well, all I can say is, I wish you could trade places with me and see if you could do any better."

"I probably could do better," replied the boss, "but I never could trade places I couldn't drink all that coffee."

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Merry Magic

A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

Twelfth Night, Act III, Sc. 2

From biblical times, and perhaps before, sages and poets have expounded on the wonders of a cheerful outlook as a means of lightening labor. It has also been widely observed that happy people not only are more comfortable to have around but that they don't seem to be sick as much as the sad sacks. Of course this raised the question of whether sickness disposed a person to glumness or glumness made one a pushover for germs. Which came first?

At Johns Hopkins University a study was undertaken which may clear this up. Though so far the count has been taken on only 26 persons the results point in the direction of depression helping sickness, rather than the other way 'round.

The researchers took the precaution of giving psychological tests to a group of students before the 'flu season began. Twenty-six of the students subsequently developed 'flu.

Twelve of the victims took three weeks to recover. You can guess it — they were students whose tests had shown they were depression prone. Not only were they sick for a longer time but they were more depressed during their illness than the normally cheerful.

The rest, though apparently about equally sick, recovered in from three days to two weeks. Quite an advertisement for buoyant spirits.

The hitch is that we have never found it did much good to lecture people on being cheerful. Sermonettes on joy and gladness are taken to heart mostly by those already joyful and glad. Evidently optimism has to be self-administered and self-started.

So we confine our comment to a "poem" on factual lines.

"Don't be blue

It helps the 'flu.

—TB . . . and Not TB
:O:

And then there was the little lad who was asked what we learned from the story of Jonah and the whale. He responded knowingly, "People make whales sick.."

Examine The Facts . . . Pneumonia

Pneumonia, an acute inflammation or infection of the lung was once a common cause of death, killing one out of every four victims. It is still a serious disease, but the general mortality rate has been drastically reduced because of new and modern methods of treatment. There are several types of pneumonia, but the two main types are lobar pneumonia and broncho-pneumonia.

Lobar pneumonia may affect an entire lobe or more of one or both lungs. Whole sections of lung tissues become solidified by inflammatory material so air cannot enter the alveoli. This disease hits suddenly, making the person quite ill, as characterized by high fever, pulse and respiration nearly twice their normal rate, severe chest pains and a cough that usually brings up blood streaked or brownish sputum. Today antibiotics and sulfonamides have greatly reduced the seriousness of lobar pneumonia.

Bronchopneumonia is less dramatic but more prevalent than lobar pneumonia. The inflammation is localized in or around the bronchi and causes the lung to be spotted with clusters of infected tissues. The symptoms appear gradually and are usually milder than in lobar pneumonia, but because the causes of bronchopneumonia are so varied it is more difficult to treat than lobar pneumonia. For example, if the disease is caused by a bacteria, antibiotics such as penicillin are usually effective but if the pneumonia is caused by a virus, then it usually runs its course regardless of the measures used against it.

If you seem to have symptoms of pneumonia call your doctor at once. Early diagnosis and treatment are very important. Follow your doctor's orders and take your drugs until told to discontinue them. You must be careful to avoid relapses as they can be far more serious than the first

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MAYFLOWER MOTEL

attack.

The microorganisms that give rise to pneumonia are always present in the upper respiratory tract but they cause no harm unless resistance is severely lowered by some other factor, such as a severe cold, disease, alcoholism or general poor health. Good health habits increase your general resistance to all illnesses including pneumonia and greatly increase your chances of a speedy recovery from colds and other respiratory diseases if and when they do occur.

—The Northern Light
From The Series of "Examine the Facts"
—:O:—

What's An Anthropologist?

One day a couple of months ago a lass who was typing looked up from the hand written script which she was following with some difficulty and asked "What's an anthropologist?"

We replied that when we were her age anthropologists were people who seemed to be looking into the origin of our species and comparing the skeletons found in caves here and there with the way human beings are put together today — or at least that is what we thought they did. Nowadays they seemed to be differently employed. They work overtime getting at the roots of why people in a certain locality do things in a certain way. Accurate knowledge of why people do something often helps newcomers who are trying to bring about some change.

It was the anthropologists, for example, who at the end of World War II told the generals that if they wanted the Japanese to stop fighting they would have to get the emperor to tell them. They would listen to no one else.

In an area in Africa women were forbidden by custom to drink milk. This was disastrous from a nutritional standpoint because it was the most readily available protein. The anthropologists were the ones who got at the root of this, which was the belief that those who drank the milk of an animal were in a position to bewitch it, and a wife who was not in very good humour with her husband might cast a spell over his cattle.

This knowledge enabled the nutritionists to plan a new course. They introduced powdered milk which came from cows many thousand miles away. This could be no threat to the local herds and improved the diet immensely. In time the idea that

a spell can be cast on the cattle will disappear. As any historian can point out, there was a time when in Europe and America quite a few people believed in witches.

So many thousands of people are travelling so many thousands of miles to do so many different kinds of jobs that it has become more important than ever before to understand the why and wherefore of customs that seem fantastic to a stranger.

Nobody needs the help of the anthropologists more than the health workers. They need to know why, for example, children are not to eat fish in a country where there is a great shortage of protein and the sea is teeming with plenty of fish, or why in some tribes individuals are expected to take care of the old people.

Of course, come right down to it, we could do with an anthropologist to explain a few things right here in Canada, such as why it is harder to get men to go to the doctor than women and why more men than women leave sanatorium against medical advice. If we could just get men to consult doctors sooner, and stay in sanatorium as long as they should, there wouldn't be twice as many men as women in the casualties.

—Valley Echo

—:O:—

During lunch, a local loud-mouth was bragging about being an expert on drinks. As he boasted, a co-worker slipped out and brought back a glass of colorless liquid.

"OK," he told the braggart, "take a swallow of this and tell us what it is."

The bigmouth took a sizeable swig, then sputtering and choking he said:

"That's gasoline."

"Yeah, we know," said the other fellow, "but is it premium or regular?"

* * *

A smile is a powerful weapon; you can even break ice with it.

* * *

The measure of a man is not whether he has pain, for this all men must have in common. The measure of a man is what gives him pain.

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THOUGHTS AT LARGE

(By SYDNEY J. HARRIS)

—Children have a keener sense of propriety than adults — they don't carry pictures of their parents in their pockets.

—What is "moral authority"? It is something in a person that, upon the first meeting, makes us care terribly that he or she form a good opinion of us.

—It may be true that the best things in life are free, but the poor are too anxious to enjoy them, and the rich too busy.

—When readers ask how I acquired the answers to the word-quiz columns, I quote Franklyn P. Adams' honest reply on the old "Information, Please" program: "A great part of the information I have was acquired by looking up something and finding something else on the way."

—Most arguments fail to persuade because they are exchanges of ignorance more than exchanges of opinion — and everybody prefers his own ignorance to somebody else's.

—When teachers strike, my sympathies are instinctively on their side, because nobody I ever heard of went into teaching for the money.

—A liberal is someone who doesn't believe the most depraved killer deserves capital punishment — but has the urge to murder someone who pushes in line ahead of him. (I know, because I'm that way). Which for some reason reminds me of Lillian Hellman's lovely line in her play, "The Autumn Garden," when a grown-up daughter asks her mother if she had ever thought of divorcing her difficult husband; the mother shook her head vigorously: "Divorce never — Murder, often!"

—"Give and take" is what I engage in; "compromise" is what my friends engage in; "appeasement" is what those I dislike to engage in.

—What most people fail to understand is that just as "age" gets younger as one grows older — so that 50 or even 60 is no longer "old" — so does "rich" get poorer as one grows older, and what seemed a vast sum in youth shrinks to a dubious security in middle age. ("Wealth," along with time and space, is a more relative term than we imagine).

—A politician who is eager to accept credit for the promises he kept is never willing to accept blame for those he broke; he attributes the former to his "principles" and excuses the latter as "a change of con-

ditions."

—Self-centered bores ought to recognize Montaigne's injunction that you can't win in talking about yourself: "For if you belittle yourself, you are believed; and if you praise yourself, you are disbelieved."

—The people most easy to fool in the world are those who believe in nothing but facts.

—The traditional defence against someone who seems to be our intellectual superior is the private conviction that at least we have more common sense.

* * *

When a recent Gallup Poll discloses that well over half of all adult Americans have not read a single book throughout since they were last forced to read a school-book, we are pathetically far from the "intelligent self-government of the consenting public" that our founders envisioned as the only permanent base for a democracy.

* * *

The most absurdly inconsistent man is the manufacturer who loudly asserts his belief in "free enterprise" while at the same time supporting tariffs to protect our industry from foreign competition. (If free enterprise is good within a nation, why isn't it equally good between nations?)

* * *

If there is anything cyclical in history, it is this: when a minority seizes authority, it turns itself into a majority and oppresses the minority; this is why all purely political revolutions are doomed to commit the sins of their predecessors, unless they are at the same time moral revolutions.

* * *

The current campaign to discourage school dropouts has got the cart in front of the horse: boys don't fail in later life because they're dropouts, but they're dropouts because they have already failed in some area of early life.

* * *

Any book about animals that pretends to convey some basic truths about human beings is no more and no less useful than a book about sound-waves and cycles of pitch in explaining Mozart's music.

(Continued on Page 7)

Editorial Comment

All of us were very much saddened by the unexpected and untimely death of Dr. Aksel Laretei at the Blanchard Fraser Memorial Hospital, Thursday, March 22, in the early hours of the morning. He had not been ill and had continued working until the end of the day preceeding his death. He was in his sixtieth year and had intended to work until retirement age.

Dr. Laretei is sadly missed, for he was consistently affable, patient, and courteous. He seemingly enjoyed good health and was an ardent golfer. It is well that he had his winter vacation at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, thus prolonging his golfing season.

Beginning on Page 1 is a biographical sketch of Dr. Laretei, written by Eileen Hiltz. Our readers may also be interested in a brief outline of his membership in fraternities:

Dr. Laretei was Past Master of Horton Masonic Lodge No. 132; Past High Priest of Cornwallis Chapter No. 26, Royal Arch Masons; Past Grand Steward, Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Past Thrice Illustrious Master of Adonirom Council No. 10, Wolfville, Royal Select Masons; Past Preceptor of Mount Zion Preceptory No. 73 Knights Templar; Knight of the York Cross of Honor, Eastern Canada Priory; member of the Kentville Gyro Club; Ken-Wo Golf and Country Club; and member of the United Church of St. Paul and St. Stephen.

Dr. Laretei was certainly known to a great number of former patients, as well as former staff members, having been at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium since January 1950. We share with the family the feeling of loss at his passing.

Patients' Party

On Friday evening, March 16, the Cafeteria was the scene of a St. Patrick's Day Bingo party. This was sponsored by the Olympic Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire (I.O.D.E.). This group provided a very good array of prizes, which were won by a good number of those present. There were extra ones as well, which were used for special awards for those daring enough to respond to such questions as "the eldest Lady present."

Mr. Jack Bowser was the very efficient and entertaining caller, and he kept the game going at a lively pace.

Refreshments were provided by the members of the I.O.D.E. and were very much enjoyed by all. Dr. Holden, who was present during the latter part of the evening, thanked the group on behalf of the Sanatorium. Mr. L. V. Lewis added thanks, on behalf of the patients who were present.

We appreciate the fine record of the members of the Olympic Chapter for years of extras provided for the comfort and well-being of patients at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium.

THOUGHTS AT LARGE—

(Continued from Page 6)

In every century, there arise forces that threaten to enslave mankind; the peculiar danger of our century is that, for the first time, they have arisen in the guise of forces that promise to "free" us.

* * *

Any so-called therapy that adjusts the patient to his environment is a perversion if the patient is superior to his environment.

—————:O:—————

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April
Laugh they golden laughter,
But, the moment after, Weep thy golden tears.

* * *

A practical nurse is one who marries a wealthy patient.

Ten Good Rules

Robert Louis Stevenson never allowed TB to conquer his spirits, even though it ruined his body. He believed "There is no duty we underrate more than the duty of being happy." It is unfortunate that few people think of being happy as a duty.

What is the secret of Happiness? A philosopher has made these suggestions:

1. Make up your mind to be happy. Happiness is mostly a matter of self-hypnotism. You can think yourself either miserable or happy. Learn to find pleasure in simple things. If you can't attend grand opera, if opera is your forte, turn on your radio.

2. Make the best of your circumstances. No one has everything. He has a lot to cry over and a lot to grieve over. The trick is to make the laughter outweigh the tears.

3. Don't take yourself too seriously. Don't think that somehow you should be protected against misfortunes that befall other people.

4. Since you can't please everybody, please yourself. Don't let criticism worry you or let your neighbors set your standards. Stay out of debt. Be yourself. Do the things you can enjoy doing if you want to be comfortable and happy.

5. Don't borrow trouble. Imaginary things are harder to bear than actual ones. Worry may give you a splendid figure, but it is ruinous to the disposition.

6. Since hate poisons the soul, do not cherish enmities and grudges. Avoid people who make you unhappy.

7. Have many interests. If you can't travel, read about new places. Cultivate many friends.

8. Don't hold post mortems. Don't spend your life brooding over sorrows and mistakes. Don't be one who never "gets over things."

9. Do what you can for those less fortunate than yourself.

10. Try to keep busy at something. A very busy person never has time to be unhappy.

—Copied

* * *

Fun is like insurance. The older you get the more it costs.

A Now Thing — Happiness

Happiness is now. It is not an "if only" or "as soon as" thing. Happiness is a very perishable product that must be used today, now, or it is lost forever. We cannot preserve it from yesterday, and we cannot "can" it or "freeze" it for tomorrow's use. It must be used as it is produced; and we need not worry about the supply running short. Seriously enough, the more we use happiness and divide it among people, the more it multiplies.

—from "Science of Mind"

—:o:—

A Short Course In Human Relations

The Six Most Important Words:

"I admit I made a mistake."

The Five Most Important Words:

"You did a good job."

The Four Most Important Words:

"What is your problem?"

The Three Most Important Words:

"If You Please."

The Two Most Important Words:

"Thank You."

The One Most Important Word:

"We"

The LEAST Important Word:

"I"

—:o:—

Definitions:

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER: The gust of honor.

SUBURBIA: Where the developer bulldozes out all the trees, then names the streets after them.

GRANDMOTHER: A very nice lady who makes good fudge and knits good sweaters and keeps your mom from hollering at you and your dad from hitting you.

MARRIAGE: A sort of graduation ceremony in which a fellow loses his bachelor's degree without acquiring a master's!

—:o:—

"A CERTAIN FRICTION between the generations is inevitable . . . That's because the young and the old have all the answers and those in between are stuck with the questions."

—Changing Times

Your Job Is Important

Wherever you're working—
in office or shop,
And however far you may
be from the top—
And though you may think you
are just treading the mill,
Don't ever belittle the job
that you fill;
For however little your job
may appear—
You're just as important
as some little gear
That meshes with others in
some big machine,
That helps keep it going—
though never is seen.
Your job is important—
don't think it is not—
So try hard to give it the
best that you've got;
And don't ever think you're
of little account—
Remember, you're part of
the total amount.
If they didn't need you,
you wouldn't be there—
So, always, my lad,
keep your chin in the air.
A digger of ditches,
mechanic or clerk—
Think well of your Company,
Yourself and your Work.
—Author Unknown

_____:o:_____

NO EASY LESSON—
Two things we must learn to accept,
Never mind what we'd prefer—
Other people the way they are,
And events the way they occur!
—Selected.

* * *

There's a special satisfaction in puzzling out how to work any new gadget. Once you master the thing, you can understand the instructions that came with it.

_____:o:_____

In the 18th century, German newlyweds were asked to plant a bridal tree after they left the altar—as an omen to a prospective flourishing life.

Now, the old custom has returned. In Hamburg, German ministers are asking the just-marrieds to do the same thing—only this time as an anodyne to air pollution.

Washcloths Go Walking



In nothing flat, you can whip up attractive house slippers — for yourself, as gifts, or as a group service project — using two colorful washcloths.

Fold the cloth in half. Sew one end all the way up (the heel), the other end a little more than half way up (the toe). Turn the top down about an inch at the heel and to the top of the seam at the toe. Stitch around the top, leaving a gap big enough to get a safety pin and piece of elastic tape through, and leaving two ends open. Run the tape through, cut off to the desired length (tight enough to stay over the foot, but not too snug) and hand-stitch the ends. Add a washable trim such as cotton lace, rickrack, braid, bias binding or ball fringe to the turned-down edge. (Bows, yarn dolls or jingle bells add interest for children, though they may make it necessary to hand-wash the slippers).

These slippers are ideal for travel, a hospital stay, or around the home. They afford the freedom and comfort of bare feet, protect the feet — and are machine washable.

_____:o:_____

The minister met an erring member of his flock and chided him gently: "You were not in church last Sunday," he said, smiling to take the edge of the reproof.

"Too wet," came the blunt reply.

"But it's always dry inside," replied the minister.

"That's another reason," was the brusque reply.



Chaplain's Corner

Rev. Thomas J. Kenna,
Kentville

"THE ONLY WAY OUT"

Read: Job 23: 8-17 and Matt. 12: 28-30

"In all their affliction he was afflicted

. . . Isaiah 63: 9

But he knoweth the way that I take:
when he hath tried me,

I shall come forth as gold. Job 23: 10

In a world of sorrow, trial and disappointment the human heart cries out for sympathy. This is well illustrated in a story I once heard concerning a little girl who in attempting to enter her father's study, caught her tiny finger in the swinging door. Being a very busy man, he was preoccupied with his task and so paid little attention to her crying. He stopped just long enough to call downstairs to his his wife and say, "You better come up here and look after your child." The mother rushed to the rescue and taking the sobbing little girl in her arms she planted tender kisses upon her brow while she massaged the aching finger. "Does it hurt so badly, dear?" she inquired. "Yes, mommy," said the child through her tears, "But the worst is that Daddy didn't even say, "Oh!""

How we need and appreciate compassion and understanding when the sorrows of life press us sore.

Have you ever found yourself in a situation where you could not see any way out? Were you ever driven to despair by maddening trial or trouble so that you didn't know the answer and just couldn't get hold of God? Then listen to the words of the patriarch Job in our scripture. In verse three he bitterly complains, "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" There seemed to be no escape. He says, in effect, "I am shut in, hemmed about on all sides by an impenetrable barrier. In front of me all is dark; in back of me it is no better. To the left I see no light; on the right it seems God is deliberately hiding Himself." Some of us have been where Job was. We faced some problem, some test, which made us feel almost helpless, and we too cried out, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" It was the same no matter where we probed for an answer. However, there is another direction besides forward, backward, right and left. It is the way up! Job was driven to abandon all hope in finding help AROUND

him; then he looked UP and a glorious light shone into the darkness of his despair. "Ah," says Job, as he takes this new perspective, "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

Job could see no way out, but faith took over and banished his fears. Faith begins where reason ends. When all your reasonings and efforts to solve your problems fail, then look up to Him who knows the way you take. Why does He know? Because He has gone the way before; He experienced every trial you will ever face. He has passed through it and knows the way out.

If you are at your wit's end, then take time to read Hebrews 2: 18.

"For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

Heb. 4: 15, 16, For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities: but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need.

"For Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be SAVED."

Stop looking AROUND; stop looking WITHIN; start LOOKING UP and let faith take over! HE KNOWS! turns it over to Him!

That: When there is no way OUT, the way UP is still open

————:O:————

The smell of burning weeds

Upon the twilight air;

The piping of the frogs

From meadows wet and bare;

O good earth, warm with youth,

My childhood heart renew.

Make me elate, sincere,

Simple and glad, as you.

From "The Good Earth" by Charles G. D. Roberts

————:O:————

WORTH QUOTING

"A man never really knows what he can do until he tries to undo what he has done," Sunshine.

OLD TIMERS

We will begin with a few notes from Anne-Marie:

Mrs. Lucy Damery and her daughter, June, who were patients here in 1956, were in for their check-up in March. Lucy works as receptionist for Dr. Myers in Amherst, and June is a secretary at Casey's Cement, also in Amherst. They both look the picture of health, and informed me that Audrey keeps well too. She is married, lives in Springhill, and has a six-year old daughter.

Margaret Briggs of Amherst who was a patient here in 1959 accompanied the Damerlys. She, too, keeps well and works in one of the factories in her home town.

While at the Ice Capades in Halifax in March Hector McKean saw Lorenzo Wolfe, his wife and two daughters. Lorenzo was a patient here in 1943. He and his wife operate a nursing home in Annapolis Royal.

Thank you, Anne-Marie. We haven't gathered notes on the many others who have probably been in for check-ups recently, but we must mention seeing Zeno MacDonald, who, with his wife, was visiting in March. They are both looking very well, and Zeno has been back at work for quite awhile. Many will remember that he was very active in making craft-stick lamps while a patient. He showed us a smaller version of the same lamp which he has developed into a night-light. A good deal of work goes into shortening the sticks and rounding the ends.

Next, we will make mention of some of the messages which have arrived with subscription renewals:

Daniel J. D. MacNeil of Trenton writes (about April 1st), "This is my first day out of doors since Christmas, as I have had to go to the Aberdeen Hospital twice-once for 22 days and the last time for nine days, but hope to get outdoors more often now. My kindest regards to the Hospital staff, especially Dr. Quinlan."

Catherine MacFarlane, Strathcona Place, Pictou, writes that she always finds something interesting and informative in

Health Rays, and sends her best wishes to all patients at the San., with the wish that you will be able to return to your home shortly.

Miss Madeline Spence, R.N., of Ellershouse sends her sincere greetings and best wishes to all at the San.

Marguerite H. Comeau, RR 1, Yarmouth, writes, "I find many interesting articles in Health Rays and follow the many changes that have taken place at the Sanatorium in the last two years. Thanks to the good care and treatment at the Sanatorium, I am still teaching and feeling well. Greetings to the staff and to any patients I might know."

David Y. Barrington, Box 944, Sydney, says "Keep up the good work," and signs himself as "Old Timer," 1942-1944.

A note from Ina Williams, Shelburne, writes: "I enjoy Health Rays very much; a very interesting magazine. I think of all of you folks so often, and speak to my friends about what a pleasant stay I had at the San. Everyone was so pleasant and friendly — just couldn't do enough for one. I am keeping well and hope you and your staff are enjoying the best of health. Please pass along my best regards to all the doctors, nurses and staff at the San. I hear there have been quite a few changes since I was there, but it really is a very nice hospital."

Faye Leach, 29 Brule St., Dartmouth, writes that the year has gone by fast, she has been working since July, still thinks of the friends whom she met here, and sends her greetings to all of them.

John Thompson, Upper Rawdon, sends his best wishes to the doctors and nurses, and will be seeing some of us when he comes for a check-up this month.

Grace Adams, RR 1, Debert, is well and hopes to visit some of her many friends in Kentville during the latter part of this month.

And we have had subscription renewals from: Mrs. Stella Wiggins, Young's Cove Road, Queens Co., N. B.; James J. MacKinnon, 108 Pinecrest Drive, Dartmouth, who was in for a check-up in March; Mrs. J. R. Black, R.N., Kentville; J. B. Gustave Comeau, RR 1, Saulnierville; Mrs. Catherine Boyle, R.N., Kentville; Mrs. Eleanor (Caldwell) Corkum, O.T.R., formerly Occupational Therapist at the San, and now still at Camp Hill Hospital; M. B. Myers, 14 Celtic Drive, Dartmouth; Mary Doucette, Kentville; Sydney Roberts, Kentville; Joseph MacKenzie, RR 1, North

(Continued on Page 12)

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OLD TIMERS—

(Continued from Page 11)

Sydney; Doug Hallamore, carpenter on the San staff, who is a frequent contributor to Health Rays; Mrs. Kathleen Spicer, Canning; Mrs. Barbara Taylor, Kentville; Budd Gertridge, RR 1, Wolfville; Mrs. Alice Nobie, Canso; J. Howard Cross, 37 Hillside Ave., Wolfville; Gerald Livingston, 4 Elmwood Drive, Amherst; Mrs. Walter Munroe, 42 Winston Ave., Amherst, and Jack Ripley who is a San staff member.

We have had a note from Mrs. Ethel M. Shaw, PHN, Health Nurse in Charge, Moncton Chest Clinic, subscribing to Health Rays and commenting that the publication is informative and helpful in the clinic work.

We will close, as we began, with a few notes from Anne-Marie:

Lillian MacMillan, formerly of Dartmouth, but now living at Deep Brook, visited Florence Beilben recently. Lillian was a patient here in 1965 and has been well ever since.

Another friend of Florence's, Caroline Arsenault of Halifax was down to see her one fine Sunday afternoon. Her son, Joseph, who was born at the Sanatorium in 1961 was with her. They all went down to visit Marg Morse in Kingston.

Florence also heard from Evangeline Way of Stellarton who was here in 1966. Vange is fine and still does sewing.

Mary Ross, formerly of New Glasgow and now of Winnipeg, was visiting in Kentville. She was here in 1952 and still keeps in touch with Florence.

—:O:—

Sign in front of Baptist Church in Tulsa, Oklahoma; "Help stop truth decay."

* * *

The boss, a real wheeler-dealer, raced into the office. "Quick!" he panted at his secretary as he looked wildly about him. "Find me a place to hide! My creditors are after me!"

"In here," said the secretary calmly, opening a drawer of the filing cabinet. "No one can ever find anything in here."

* * *

Secretary (after getting a new mink coat from her boss): "I don't know how such a beautiful fur can come from such a low, sneaking little beast."

Boss: "Now, dear, I don't ask for thanks, but I do insist on some respect."

What Is An Objective Attitude?

An objective attitude is to look at things as they are and not as we would like them to be. If present circumstances are unsatisfactory we may seek to change them. However, it isn't always possible to make that change. The next best thing is to come to terms with things as they are. That isn't being a quitter. It's what the psychologists would call a process of adjustment — a wise move when we have no choice. It is wise when in the sense that we save our strength and energy for things that will help us.

Resenting the deal that gave you illness and bucking the doctor would be examples. Here are a few others. Your TB may or may not prevent you from doing certain things in the future. This is a matter between you and the doctor. But for the moment let us suppose it does limit you. OK. Everybody at some time or other has had to give up something. The difference lies in the attitude that goes along with the giving up.

One way to meet your difficulties is to adopt a helpless attitude. The other way is to accept the situation, investigate the possibilities within your limits, and come up with the best that it is possible to achieve. In this complex world you will find there is still much to choose from and that choice is large.

One former patient who had to give up active sports of which he was very fond, reluctantly interested himself in quieter activities. One of these hobbies was collecting stamps. Not only did he find this an engrossing pursuit, but he was able to work it up into a profitable business. He now finds as much satisfaction and happiness in this as he had from his former pleasures. Maybe you do not and would not like stamp collecting. But it IS an example of how keeping your mind open will not cut off other possibilities when your first choice is denied.

—NTA Reporter via Firland and San-O-Zark

RON ILLSLEY
ESSO SERVICE STATION

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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MARCH 1 TO MARCH 31, 1973

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(Continued on Page 14)

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 13)

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* * *

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Health Rays Golden Jubilee Fund

Contribution 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 March 31, 1973:

Previously acknowledged:	\$4,519.36
Recent contributors:	
Century Patrons:	
Nil	
Patrons:	
John T Pye	
Maxine Stewart	
Miscellaneous	
Total	46.00

Grand Total	\$4,565.36
_____ : 0 : _____	

Now that the Newfoundland fishing areas are becoming more accessible, the influx of mainland trout and salmon fishermen would seem to be on the increase. Such visitors usually carry with them a goodly selection of expensive fishing gear. One such visitor was trying one of the famous salmon rivers on the west coast and was being watched rather intently by a local man. Despite his sophisticated equipment, his efforts were meeting with dismal success; whereupon the local gent was heard to remark: "I gets the feeling, skipper, that your riggin' is worth more than your hull."

* * *

"No one is a born storyteller, but with a great deal of effort, a person can avoid becoming one."

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Determined To Suffer!

Certainly there are enough disturbing events these days so that no one need go without a full quota of worries. Still, here and there, we do hear of mental anguish which seems based upon the most gossamer of foundations. These remind us of the hypochondriac who called his doctor, all ajitter. He had been reading the medical column of his local newspaper and he was convinced he had a fatal liver disease. The doctor listened to him patiently, then said: "If you had that particular disease, you'd probably never know it. There's no pain, no discomfort of any kind."

"I know it" gasped the patient. "My symptoms exactly!"

_____ : 0 : _____

Control Your Moods

At times, all of us are discouraged, perplexed, moody and even irritable, so to say.

Friends will tell us to snap out of it without telling us how. The first thing we should do is try to relax, face the fact that we have our moods and always will.

Every mood that makes us sad is our enemy. We have in our own power to dissolve our moods. We should refuse to become a moody person in spite of our occasional breakdowns.

It is surprising how moodiness departs from those who keep themselves busy. Did you know that a hearty laugh is a tonic for the system? Laughter is also necessary for maintaining good health. According to doctors, laughter is good for the lungs. A good, hearty laugh will set every part of the lungs in motion. Besides God made us to be cheerful; He never intended us to be moody.

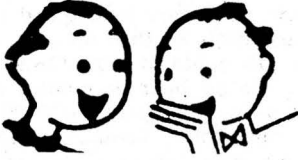
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A first grade teacher asked her young pupils to draw pictures of a space flight. The children worked hard for about 15 minutes and turned in their pictures.

In the corner of one youngster's drawing was the outline of a woman. Puzzled the teacher asked, "Tommy, who is this in your picture?"

"Oh," replied the child, "that's Kate Canaverall!"

Just Jesting



TERSE VERSE—

As soon as the day begins to dawn . . .
 The meadow lark starts singing . . .
 As soon as evening comes a star . . .
 The angel's lamp starts swinging.
 As soon as I am in the tub . . .
 The telephone starts ringing!

* * *

A very shrewish woman had her husband brought to court and charged him with desertion.

"Is it true, sir," asked the judge. "Are you a wife-deserter?"

"Your honor," the man replied, "if you know my wife, you'd know I'm no deserter . . .

I'm a refugee."

* * *

A little girl came home from school with her report card held firmly behind her back and with tears in her eyes.

"Now, honey," said her mother. "things can't be that bad."

She glanced at the card, and then gasped: "Darling, you have an 'A' in everything. Why are you crying?"

"You didn't look at the top," sobbed the child, "See where it says 'Sex?' They've marked 'F' after it, and I didn't even know we were taking it!"

* * *

NO DECEIVER—

A seven-year old boy wanted to send a birthday card to the little girl next door, so his mother selected one for him. Although he thought the card was pretty, the words were rather mushy, so, before mailing it, he wrote on the bottom of the card: "I really don't care this much for you".

Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book! a message to us from the dead — from human souls we never saw, we lived, perhaps thousands of miles away. And yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

—Charles Kingsley

* * *

The neighborhood kids were on the front lawn when a fire struck zoomed past with the station mascot sitting on the front seat. The children began discussing the dog's duties in connection with the truck.

"They use him to keep the crowd back at a fire," said a 5 year old girl.

"No," said another. "They carry him for good luck."

A 6 year old boy brought the argument to an abrupt halt . . . "They use the dog," he announced firmly, "to find the fire plug!"

* * *

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

—George Bernard Shaw

* * *

Ad in a newspaper: "Wanted—Clerk to work in a grocery store eight hours a day to replace one who didn't."

* * *

Beauty contest winner: "I'd sure be happy if they would put my face on dollar bills."

Boy friend: "I'd be happy if they'd let me put my hands on some."

* * *

Show me a man who understands women, and I'll show you a man who is in for a big surprise.

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The Meaning of the Peace Pipe

The meaning of the ancient ceremony of smoking the ceremonial peace pipe is sometimes forgotten and often times misrepresented by those who watch it or see it on display.

The ceremony begins with the purification of the pipe. A braid of sweet grass or sweet hay provides the incense for this purpose. Sweet-grass has always been considered special; even the buffalo held it in reverence and did not eat it. Tobacco was used originally for ceremonial purpose only, and the smoking of tobacco in religious rites, sealing bargains and as a sign of good faith, has come to signify the sacredness of the ritual.

The ceremony itself entails the offering of the pipe to the four directions. These represent the four elements — North, South, East and West; that the North American Indian had to contend with all his life. Many things in the ceremony are done in fours and this number, therefore, always had special significance in Indian life.

The pipe, after the initial prayers, is first offered to the east, the direction of the rising sun. For the newborn it represents the first day of their lives, and for others, the beginning of another day. We pray that each day our people and your people may understand each other better, and this understanding will reach out to the entire world.

Next the pipe is offered to the north — the land of the great, white fox from whence comes the bitter, north wind. This is the source of the

most vicious element faced by the people.

Now the pipe is offered to the south — from where the warm winds come. These are the winds that bring the start of new life each day of our lives. We pray now that this day will bring new warmth to all people's hearts.

We pray now to the Great Spirit, the giver of life to all things, for it is known that, though He animates all living things with a portion of His power, only He gave us the lakes and streams, the trees and plants, the fish and the animal, without which we cannot survive. For this we give thanks.

Lastly, the pipe is directed to the west — the direction of the setting sun. Perhaps, for some, it will be the last day of their lives. For most it is the end of a perfect day. This is the time when they would reflect on all the good things that have happened during their lives and give thanks.

We thank too the good Mother Earth who sustains the life-giving qualities of the trees and plants. Without her no beautiful flowers could bloom and the creatures that move upon this land could not live. When you and I will die, as it is ordained, it is our Good Mother, the earth, who will not forsake us but will, as all mothers will, even in death, envelop us lovingly in her arms.

Next time you see a peace pipe on display, think about it. (Taken from the speech given by Mrs. Helen Martin, President of the Nova Scotia Native Woman's Association, at the Cape Breton District Rally.)



Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., C.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P.	Medical Director
PETER S. MOSHER, B.Sc., D.H.A.	Administrator
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
A. LARETEI, M.D.	Physician
MARIA ROSTOCKA, M.D.	Physician
G. A. KLOSS, M.D., F.C.C.P.	Physician
E. W. CROSSON, M.D.	Physician
D. M. MacRAE, M.D., 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.	Physician
W. MacISAAC, M.D.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
D. B. ARCHIBALD, M.D.	Consultant Urologist
MISS KATHERINE MacKENZIE, R.N.	Director of Nursing
MISS B. JOYCE LEWIS, B.Sc., M.A., P.Dt.	Dietitian
MRS. ELIZABETH REID, R.N.	Supervisor of Rehabilitation

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain
Rev. Gary Tonks

PENTECOSTAL
Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

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

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

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

SALVATION ARMY
Capt. Pauline Banfield

CHRISTIAN REFORMED
Minister—Rev H. Vander Plaat

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.