

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
VOL. 55 DECEMBER, 1974 No. 11

DALHOUSIE

Dalhousie Medical Library,
JAN 2 1975
Dalhousie University

W. K. KELLOGGS.

HEALTH SCIENCES LIBRARY



Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

STAFF

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

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES 25 cents per copy \$2.00 per year

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
GREETINGS	1
CHRISTMAS — TIME OF GOING HOME, by Caroline Fabius	2, 3
BOREDOM	3
NEARER HOME — ANOTHER COINCIDENCE?	4
AT WIT'S END, by Erma Bombeck	4
THE GREAT EXAMPLE, by Joseph Howe	5
OUR CHRISTMAS TREE	5
THE JOY OF GIVING	5
EDITORIAL COMMENT	6
THE OLD CYNIC, by H. Gordon Green	7
CHAPLAIN'S CORNER, Msgr. J. H. Durney in The Veteran	8
OLD TIMERS	9
A NIGHT AT TREETOPS, by Eileen M. Hiltz	10
JUST JESTING	11, 12
INS AND OUTS	13, 14
HEALTH RAYS GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND	14
HOWE WROTE POEM FOR HIS BIRTHDAY	14
NOTHING FOR IMAGINATION A TV BYPRODUCT — NOSTALGIA	15
FRIDAY 13TH CAN BE LUCKY	16
HEARTBEAT OF CHRISTMAS	16
A NOTE OF GREETINGS	17
COUNTRY CHRISTMAS	17
'ON GIVING	17

Sanatorium Visiting Hours

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

DAILY: 10:15 — 11:45 A.M.
DAILY: 3:15 — 4:45 P.M.
DAILY: 7:30 — 8:30 P.M.

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

Monday — Saturday: 3:30 - 4:30; 7:30 - 8:30 P.M.
Sunday and Holidays: 3:00 - 4:30; 7:00 - 8:30 P.M.

Absolutely NO VISITORS permitted during

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

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



GREETINGS

Dear Reader:

This is the first occasion I have had, as Minister of Public Health of the Province, to bring personal greetings to patients and staff members, both past and present, of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium and Point Edward Hospital.

May this festive season rekindle in your hearts the true meaning of Christmas and may the New Year afford you improved health, increasing happiness and a bountiful portion of God's Blessings.

Sincerely,

Bill MacEachern

It was in June, 1904, that the first patient entered the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, and therefore 1974 marked the 70th Anniversary. Originally, this hospital was devoted exclusively to the care of patients with tuberculosis. However, there has been a change in recent years. Indeed, in 1974, we find a large proportion of patients with conditions such as chronic bronchitis, emphysema and other chest conditions. A number will be discharged or at least returning home for Christmas. However, some patients will be remaining here. To one and all — but particularly to this group — I wish to extend wishes for a Happy Christmas and a return to health in the New Year.

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

It is my pleasure at this time on behalf of the management and staff of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium to extend to all our readers best wishes for a Blessed and Happy Christmas. During this festive, holy season, let us all be thankful for God's many blessings. May the New Year bring you good health and happiness.

*J. T. Betik,
Administrator,
Nova Scotia Sanatorium*

BOY AND A DOG WAIT

CHRISTMAS — TIME OF GOING HOME

By CAROLINE FABIUS

Mrs. Fabius is a Dartmouth writer of children's stories.

This is the time of going home with a smile.

All over the country people travel in trains, planes, cars and buses, stand hitchhiking along the roads, walk those last snowy streets — with smiles on their faces.

They're going home. Going home to be welcomed with shouts of joy by their families, friends and neighbors.

One day, on another Christmas, the welcome was different. The welcomer was a dog, an old dog, and his welcome was silent.

It was the Saturday before Christmas, and the old dog had been dozing in his basket.

He was a large, brownish dog of no particular breed, rough-coated, with pointed ears and a face-mask of many colors. His tail was coarse, a brush of great size and vitality which ended with unexpected elegance in a white silken tassel.

When he had come in, earlier, from the iced-over snow in the backyard, he had curled up so tightly that there had been room for at least two more dogs in that basket. He had tucked his nose under the white tail-tip and gone to sleep.

Ten minutes later, the chill gone from his old bones, he had unrolled his tail and loosened one leg after the other, until now he spilled all over the sides, away from the too-great warmth of his cushion. He lifted his head a couple of inches and stared lazily at the small boy playing with cars on the carpet beside him — then he dropped back with a sigh and closed his eyes in luxurious comfort.

Too late! The boy had sensed the old dog's awakening.

"I saw you! You're awake!" The conglomeration of small cars was shoved aside and the boy hunched down in front of the basket and grabbed one of the dog's legs. They stuck out stiffly like drumsticks from a Christmas turkey and the comparison reminded the boy of the importance of the day: Saturday before Christmas, and his big sister was coming home!

"Hey, Butch!" shouted the small boy. "Butch! Guess who's coming home today!" The dog kept his eyes closed tightly.

With both hands, the boy shook the stiff, unyielding legs.

Karin is coming home," he shouted. "Do you hear me, Butch? Karin's coming today! Karin!"

The dog stirred. The name pulled at his sleepy brain, waking him up in spite of himself. Karin. He knew that name and suddenly he sat up, ears cocked, foot pawing towards the little boy who was now dancing in front of him. How well the dog knew that name!

He had grown up with Karin. He had been the younger children's puppy and playdog, but he had been cared for by Karin. It was she who had fed him and given him clean water and taken the burrs out of his tail and banded his leg, that day when he was struck by a car.

It had been a slow-moving car, someone looking for a house number. Butch, still a pup, had come racing out of an open door to bark too close to the rear wheel. He had escaped with a cut, but the scare had sent him trembling behind the neighbor's toolshed — and it had been Karin's coaxing which had finally brought him out to have his bleeding leg tended and his nerves soothed.

It had also been Karin who, afterwards, had talked to him severely about the dangers of cars and the sins of barking at them, and who had made sure that the lesson would be imprinted on Butch's mind forever.

Butch had received the scolding with drooping head and tail and, in return, mysteriously, had given her his puppy heart for always.

That was many long years ago, and Butch had been happy until last spring.

In spring Karin had left, and for a week the old dog had lain waiting, ears alert, eyes questing. The remaining children had explained patiently that now Karin was grown up, had left for work and study in Montreal. In the end, Butch had seemed to understand. But the departure of Karin had changed him. All at once he had grown old.

Butch had become Old Butch and the children had learned to leave him in peace — sunning in the backyard, snoozing in his basket, sniffing slowly along the curb, close to home. Old, sleepy Butch had become as much a part of this new life as the much anticipated, but not too frequent letters from faraway Karin.

But now it was the Saturday before Christmas and the little boy was still doing his solo dance in great excitement. For weeks both he and Butch had heard that his big

Continued on page 3

Continued from page 2

CHRISTMAS — TIME OF GOING HOME

sister would be coming home. Heard, yes, but not until this very moment had they understood the tremendous, the marvellous, the wonderful reality of it.

Later that afternoon, with the small boy and his family gone off to the station to meet the Ocean Limited, the dog lay down in the middle of the room, nose on outstretched paws in front of him, eyes fixed on the door. Thus he had lain during that one week in spring when Karin had gone for good and he, Butch, had become an old dog.

He was waiting.

Hear!

There was the honk of the car, the noise of the kids tumbling out, the slam of the trunklid, the grunting of the little boy carrying the stuffed, heavy travelbag, and then at last — at last! — the swish of the door.

Karin, her voice so sweet, so remembered, but her way of talking so different! Her words were as foreign as her clothes, but what did it matter? Her laugh was still the same. Karin!

It was too much for the old dog. The great happening took his strength away.

He could not move, not bark in greeting, not use his tongue in welcome, not shout in joy as at that moment, all over Nova Scotia, other families and dogs were doing.

Butch could do nothing but remain silently where he was, right there in the middle of the room where everyone stumbled over him. He was half-sitting, his frontlegs awkward and stiff, his nose twitching and his eyes pleading to have his mute behavior forgiven. He simply could do no more than let his love and welcome shine out from his old eyes.

Karin!

She understood. Already she was beside him, helping him gently down, easing his happy head against the glowing colors of her travel-outfit, cuddling him with both arms. When she whispered her own love and joy into his eager ears, Butch slowly lost his tenseness and relaxed in pure bliss.

Later, much later, when the great strain of emotion would have all drained away, Butch would bark and caper like a pup on the very first day of spring.

Now, there was only this moment of wordless reunion. Karin had come home for Christmas and Butch's old heart welcomed her in silent, overflowing happiness.

—Chronicle-Herald

BOREDOM

People who study people are concerned about the boredom syndrome. It's a serious disease, rampant in these times, and there's no medical cure for it.

Can this be? In a world where there's so much variety and life itself such a precious gift, boredom is really a sacrilege.

One doctor had this to say, "The boredom process begins in early youth, often where we find a reluctance to show natural feelings — crying, laughing, ebullience, enthusiasm — for fear of ridicule. This process may turn out to be a rather superficial, sporadic kind of boredom which is an assumed, rather than natural, indifference to everything."

Other experts in the behavioral field agree that anger and hostility are exaggerated by boredom. It leads to nothing good.

Skeptics don't enjoy life. Cultivated boredom, the desire to seem cool and contemptuous, masks a serious problem that needs more than study — it needs solving. Apparently we have blazed ourselves into a corner, and a return to naivete might be an improvement, out-of-fashion though it is.

Here are some suggestions to put some sparkle back into life: 1) Develop the courage to show natural feelings; 2) Use your inner resources, these being imagination, contemplation, perception; 3) Respect your true self, not an image; 4) Learn to rekindle enchantment; develop the ability to observe and appreciate little things; 5) Do some independent thinking and acting; take a chance.

NUGGETS

After the first of school, officials required teachers to fill out forms about their new classes. One question was: "Have you any abnormal children in your class?"

"Yes," wrote the teacher. And in the blank space for explanation, she wrote: "Two of them have good manners."

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY

HILTZ BROS. LTD.

PETER CLEYLE LIMITED

J. W. STEPHENS LIMITED

THE BERWICK BAKERY LIMITED

NEARER HOME — ANOTHER COINCIDENCE?

“With the change in smoking habits of the Labrador native or settler from pipe to the ubiquitous cigarette, we are getting complete changes in the pattern of other respiratory disease and also in coronary heart disease. Except for TB, the majority of northern Labrador residents had good lungs until twenty years ago, and the noisome ‘Better Beaver’ plug tobacco of those days, smoked in a pipe, did infinitely less harm than the ready-made cigarettes of today; even the ladies are now getting chronic bronchitis, emphysema and myocardial disease along with their husbands.”

Dr. W. A. Paddon,
Superintendent, I.G.A. Hospital
North West River, Labrador.

From THE NORTHERN LIGHT
Newfoundland TB. and
R.D. Association

The lovely little island of Jersey (size 28, 717 acres; population 75,000) is one of the Channel Islands which were once part of the Duchy of Normandy but now form part of Great Britain. Half Jersey's income results from agriculture — potatoes, tomatoes, dairy and cattle; the other half comes from the large influx of summer tourists, mostly from Great Britain.

There is little air pollution since there are no major manufacturing firms, and relatively few motor vehicles.

But, due to a long-standing agreement, the island enjoys tax sovereignty and it may be the low cost and ready accessibility of French cigarettes that accounts for the fact that Jersey Islanders have the highest rate of consumption of cigarettes per head to be found anywhere. They also have the highest incidence of lung cancer in the world for male smokers. (From the “Daily Express”) March, 1970.

RON ILLSLEY
ESSO SERVICE STATION

AT WIT'S END

By Erma Bombeck

On the first day of Christmas my husband gave to me a car with a dead battery.

On the second day of Christmas my husband gave to me two suits for pressing, one dog for worming and a car with a dead battery.

On the third day of Christmas my husband gave to me three names for drawing, 50 cards for sending, one gift for mailing and a car that would take till Saturday.

On the fourth day of Christmas my husband gave to me three kids for shopping, walnuts for baking (with Mom's recipe), one house for cleaning, eight doorbells, one Avon call and a paper route for delivery.

On the sixth day of Christmas my husband gave to me one garage attendant, one hostile doorman, two window washers, one errand boy and three single secretaries.

On the seventh day of Christmas my husband gave to me one instant party, one broken punch bowl, one littered carpet, three pounds of chip dip and three unemployed secretaries.

On the eighth day of Christmas my husband gave to me a driveway for snowing, red nose for blowing, long list for going and a stinking home cold remedy.

On the ninth day of Christmas my husband said to me, “I have chipped tooth,” “Did you get my rented suit?” “Hope you brought enough loot” for the annual Christmas charity.

On the tenth day of Christmas my husband gave to me a pageant by the wee tots, a gift of a flu shot, a bird that looked better off than me.

On the eleventh day of Christmas my husband gave to me a bike for construction . . . where are the instructions? . . . these are for a wagon . . . my spirit is draggin' and besides it's a quarter past three.

On the twelfth day of Christmas my husband gave to me gifts of a steam iron, half a water heater, plunger for the bathroom, a blouse size 43, two scented soaps, one paperback, three hair nets and a toothbrush with a dead battery.

This year, one hundred and seventy years since he was born, Nova Scotia staged a significant Joseph Howe revival. It seems fitting to offer here some thoughts on Christmas by this great Nova Scotian.

THE GREAT EXAMPLE

By Joseph Howe

Not quite 2000 years ago, in a small village of Judea, a poor carpenter's wife was blessed with a son, who grew to manhood beneath this reputed father's roof, who wrote nothing which has been preserved, who died young, and who but for four or five years appeared in conspicuously upon the stage of public life.

This divine man so lived, for that short space of time, that by the dignity of his person, the grace and fascination of his manner, the purity and simplicity of his life, the splendour of his eloquence, the novelty of his doctrines, the miraculous power which he displayed, he so alarmed the hierarchs and bigots of his day that they put him to death, to extirpate what they conceived to be a pestilent heresy dangerous to existing institutions.

A few short discourses—one new commandment—some exquisite parables—a few noble bursts of righteous indignation—a fervent prayer here and there—two or three touching lamentations—some simple reproofs—and a few beautiful illustrations of his courtesy to women and children and of his sympathetic consideration for the wants and weaknesses of his fellow men, are all that remain to us of the biography and recorded speech of this poor youth.

Yet every Sabbath, all over the Christian world, millions of people assemble to do honour to this person, to repeat his words, to ponder upon his life and to endeavour to mould the growing generations by his example. We, in view of the miracles he wrought and of the wisdom of his teaching, acknowledge his divine origin and attributes; but millions who regard him only as a man are yet won to daily and weekly recognition of the holiness of his life, the wisdom of his words, and of the self-sacrificing spirit in which he died for the redemption and security of his fellowmen.

How many emperors, kings, conquerors, tyrants, have lived and died within these two thousand years for whom no festivals are kept, whose example no man quotes, whose wisdom no man ponders! Their mailed figures, as they appear in history, seem to shake the earth, their pride to flout the skies, their policy to cover the globe. Yet there they lie, the best of them, with their marble or bronze hands folded on their stone sarcophagi, looking up to the Heaven they outraged, and challenging from the earth

which they devastated but scanty notice or recognition.

From all of which we gather, shutting divinity out of the question, that the world knows and will ever know its benefactors from its oppressors—that the beauty of holiness outlasts mere earthly splendour—that the still small voice of wisdom will go echoing through the hearts of successive generations, whom the hoarse command of authority cannot stir.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE

(with apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I know that I shall never see
 A sight as lovely as that tree,
 That tree with garlands gaily drest
 With bells and tinsel adding zest.
 That tree which stands in proud array,
 A symbol of the Christmas Day.
 That tree which may in secret wear
 The answer to a patient's prayer.
 Upon whose bosom gifts are laid,
 Around whose feet are parcels sprayed.
 Poems are things we often see,
 But only once a year, that tree!

Selected

THE JOY OF GIVING

For somehow, not only for Christmas,
 But all the long year through,
 The joy that you give to others
 Is the joy that comes back to you;

And the more you spend in blessing
 The poor and the lonely and the sad,
 The more of your heart's possessing
 Returns to make you glad.

Whittier.

**THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
 ATLANTIC WHOLESALERS LTD.**

**L. ST. CLAIR BAIRD LTD.
 MAYFLOWER MOTEL**

Editorial Comment

Several days after I had received some material for last month's Health Rays from Eileen Hiltz I learned, to my surprise, that she was travelling in East Africa! She visited briefly at the San upon her return (and en route to an appointment with the hairdresser), and we are happy to have this article, "A Night at Treetops." Who knows, there may be further articles on the trip, which must have been a memorable one. There is also the promise of a continuation of the "History of Health Rays" in the future. Contributed articles are, indeed, welcome, as you would well believe — if you could see my last-hour attempts to find somewhat—appropriate material to fill up the empty spaces!

x x x x

Some months ago we published an article on Keilor Bentley, regarding his position as curator of the National Geographic museum in Washington. Some of those who commented upon the article wondered by what process he may have achieved this position. We are therefore borrowing the following item, written by David Lewis in his weekly column in The Mirror (covering The Bridgetown Scene — (in the broadest-possible sense), together with a wide variety of topics which are dependably interesting). Here is the item:

I have an article in December's issue of MacLean's about a friend of mine (perhaps I should have said exfriend of mine). It is on Keilor Bentley, who was curator at the Alexander Graham Bell Museum in Baddeck for years.

Bell's daughter married Gilbert Grovensor, the president of the National Geographic magazine. Every summer they come down to Baddeck, where Bell's home is, and that is how they met Keilor.

They were so impressed with him that they offered him the job of curator of the magazine's new museum in Washington. Keilor owns a lighthouse outside of Baddeck, where he spends his vacations every summer. It is an idyllic location, although one has to be a commando to get down to it and a Spartan to live in it.

Keilor believes in leaving things in their

natural state. I asked him once where the toilet was. "The bushes," he said with excessive dignity, "are just behind the building." I woke up once to find a giant spider on my stomach. I yelled in horror, and Keilor rushed in. "Oh," he said, "you've met Hector." He proceeded to tell Hector about a gnat he knew in Moschelle.

x x x x

Also of interest to a good many of our readers would be an item in The Mirror, The Register and The Advertiser regarding a Testimonial Dinner held in the Berwick Legion Hall in November honouring James F. Durno for contributions made as Chairman of the Western Kings Memorial Hospital for 25 years, and for numerous other community services. Guest speaker was Peter Nicholson, who paid tribute to Mr. Durno's dedication to the Liberal Association, and his contribution to health services and "just about every worthwhile organization in the Annapolis Valley." Mr. Durno will be remembered as a former Business Manager of the Sanatorium for many years until his retirement in mid-1950's (in 1956, I think.)

x x x x

Another item of interest I saw recently is a promised increase in the rate of Provincial Social Assistance payments, beginning January 1, "affecting all 15,700 recipients in the Province." As examples: the new maximum for a single disabled person will increase from \$175 to \$213 per month, and for a widow with two dependent children, from \$267 to \$326 per month.

x x x x

We continue to be bombarded by such a flow of advertising on radio and TV that we so often think how difficult it is for families on marginal incomes who have barely enough for some of the necessities of life. The commercials always show the children having

Continued on page 7

THIS HALF PAGE SPONSORED BY

Hiltz Dry Goods Ltd.

Continued from page 6

EDITORIAL COMMENT

such a wonderful time with the toys and games that it must have a greater impact on the young viewers than merely seeing the same merchandise in stores. That, however, is probably one of the least of the questionable influences of prolonged over-exposure to TV, according to some authorities. There is no doubt about it; children do learn a great deal from TV that seems to put them ahead of children of similar age in the days before TV

x x x x

The deadline is upon me, so I will close by wishing all of our readers a Very Merry Christmas and much happiness in the New Year.

THE OLD CYNIC

By H. Gordon Green

Back in the early 20's when chocolate bars weighed as much as a quarter of a pound and were still selling at a nickel, some of them carried premiums of some sort as well. And I particularly remember one brand which offered real money along with the bar. You opened up the wrapper and there next to the candy itself was a sure enough official German mark. I don't remember now whether it was a one mark note or a hundred marks. It didn't matter really because Germany was then in the throes of an inflation cycle which was of such severity that the German mark was hardly worth the paper upon which it was printed. At the height of the crisis an egg cost 80,000 million marks, a newspaper 2,000 million, and a single match 900 million.

One of the sad jokes to come out of Germany of that time is about the man who went down town shopping with a suitcase full of marks. But his worries were such that he absent mindedly left the suitcase in the lavatory of the railway station. When he went back to get it, the suitcase had been stolen, but the thief had left the banknotes in a pile on the floor.

There may be a lot more stories of that kind resurrected this winter as our own inflation rate keeps soaring. Here in Canada the rate of inflation is already 14 per cent per year, and our economists warn us that after we reach 20 per cent inflation may be so far beyond our control that our currency system may be virtually destroyed.

The sad fact of the matter is that our government is as yet in no mood to begin the ruthless budget-balancing that our economists advocate as the starting point for a program to check inflation. Our government, like that of the U.S. is taking steps to reduce consumer demand, but it seems to be making no move at all to reduce its own spending.

As of this moment, 1.4 million Canadians — one in every seven of the total labor force — works in some kind of a government job — In the three years ending in 1973 the number of people employed in public administration of some kind or another grew by 20 per cent. No other part of the labour force could match that rate of growth. Manufacturing added only ten per cent to its work force, construction employment had a boom year but it added only 16.5 per cent more men to its payroll.

And how are these facts made known to us? Well here now is just one example of how drastically a branch of the Civil Service can grow without anyone in the government seeming to be alarmed by it. Just eight years ago Statistics Canada had 2500 on its staff. Today, in spite of all the new tabulating devices and the most modern of computers, Statistics Canada has a staff of 5,500 and is still growing.

Seems to me that until our government looks into the reasons for such cancerous growth in its own Civil Service, it will be pretty hard to convince the man on the street that it intends to come to grips with this jet-propelled inflation rate till next election time. from "The Mirror."

After a long dreary Saturday during which our two sons had been particularly rambunctious, my wife had reached the end of her patience.

"Get ready for bed!" she commanded.

The boys headed for their room and I overheard Tom—eight-year-old—say, "We'd better get a move on. She's on the countdown and ready to blast off."

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY

MUTTART'S LTD.

ROCKWELL LTD.

CORNWALLIS DAIRY LTD.



Chaplain's Corner

MSGR. J. H. DUNEY
IN THE VETERAN

THE TIMELINESS OF ADVENT

The season of Advent comes just at the right time. Summer is gone. The brilliant days of fall are just a memory. For several months to come, all we have to look forward to are short, bleak, uncertain days. There will be days of biting, cold rain. Ice will form on rivers and ponds. Snow will bank the roads and walks. Heavy clouds will hold us in dark brooding moods. We need something to lift us out of the mourning of nature. Just when we are at the lowest point of all, Advent comes along.

To be sure, Advent comes in purple; but beyond the purple is the suggestion of glorious white, the celebration of the birthday of Christ. We do not mind the penance when we know that there will be a day of joy, a feast. So this preparation for Christmas is a spur to the soul. Looking within ourselves, we tend to forget what is outside ourselves, that is, the slanting rain, the icy walk, the stinging bite of the wind. Advent hints of Christmas, so we plunge ourselves into the necessary preparations.

True enough, some people miss the meaning of the true preparation. They prepare in terms of cards, gifts and food. These are only fringes of the feast. They are the accidents, satisfying to the body, but leaving the soul as bare of joy as the ice-crusted field. The real warmth of the soul comes from its lively desire to welcome Christ, to make a place fit for Him on His birthday.

Advent reminds us that the birthday of the Son of God is only a few weeks off. St. Paul tells the Romans "... to rise from sleep ... cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light." (Romans 13: 11-12) The works, or the ways, of darkness are opposed to the ways of the Lord. Following the ways of the Lord provides fuel for the warmth of the soul. What are His ways? CHARITY: the love of God and neighbor; JUSTICE: giving to each man what is due to him; COURAGE: standing up for principles and willing to die for them. When a man lives the way God wants him to live, then wind and weather, rain and snow, fog and hail do not bother him. In his soul he is above the elements. When a man lives as he should, knowing the paths of the Lord, then he does not fear the judgement of God; rather he welcomes it. During Advent he looks at his soul to see how much attention

he has paid to what God has taught him.

GIFTS OF THE MAGI

When the Magi came to Bethlehem to find "the newly born king of the Jews" they brought gifts as was customary in their country when they visited one they respected. Their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, had a special meaning for them and have a special significance for us.

Gold has always been precious. The Magi felt the royalty of Christ and so they gave Him the best gift they had. It was also a practical gift as it would, no doubt, come in handy on their flight into Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod.

The gold signifies the charity of Christ. Charity is a virtue infused in us by God, by which we love God above all things for His own sake and our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God. It is a virtue which is one in principle but two-fold in its object, for it extends to God and to one's neighbor. Charity to our neighbor is passive when we refrain from injuring him, but it is active when we do good for him. Our Charity should love God in the person of His beloved children.

The Magi showed their realization of the divinity of the Child by their gift of incense. Frankincense is an aromatic gum or resin which was burned as an act of worship. The use of incense recalls to our mind that form of communication with Almighty God which we call prayer. It is the elevation of the heart and mind to God, to adore Him, to thank Him for favors received, and to ask Him to fill our needs now and in the future. Prayer is necessary for us because we need daily help to be saved, and Christ has decreed that we shall not receive help unless we pray.

The third gift of the Magi was myrrh, which signified their realization of the humanity of Jesus. Myrrh was used at the time of Christ in the preparation of bodies for burial. An inseparable union has existed between the cross of Christ and the followers of Christ. Our cross may be one of mortification or of resignation. We have to mortify ourselves and accept the cross that God sends us.

As the Magi came with gold, we can offer our love to God and to His creatures for His sake. We can give the frankincense of prayer by being faithful to our daily prayers. Our gift of myrrh will be the swallowing of pride and acceptance of the trials that now or at a later date may trouble us.

OLD TIMERS

The holiday season is fast approaching as we begin this — and will likely be past by the time you read it. We are looking forward to receiving the annual notes from friends far and near, but have not yet gotten down to composing our own. There are a few well-organized people, fortunately, who have everything done for Christmas and will be able to enjoy the weeks ahead! For now, we will delve into our mail bag and report on messages received from friends of the Sanatorium and Health Rays:

Miss Mabel C. Moseley, 5222 Green St., Halifax, writes: "I enjoy Health Rays more as time goes on. This quotation was attached to a piece of my mail one day this week: 'No love, no friendship, can cross the path of our destiny without leaving some mark' (Francois Mauriac). True! How true of our "San visit" and of those we met there."

Albert Longuephy, former patient and staff member, L'Ardoise, says that he enjoys keeping in touch with the San, and sends his best wishes and best of luck to everyone.

Mrs. Richmond Alders, R.R. 1 Boutilliers Point, sends greetings with a two-years renewal, and comments that she looks forward to receiving our magazine; Mrs. Joseph J. Melanson, RR 3 Middleton, enclosed a contribution to the Fund; and renewals from Mrs. Frances MacLeod, Tarbot, South Haven, Victoria Co.; Mrs. Mukta Khiroya, 20 Russel St., Dartmouth; Hazel Tipert, P. O. Box 55, Sub. "A" Division, Goose Bay, Labrador; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. MacKinnon, 1114 Placetas Ave., Coral Gables, Florida; and Mrs. John Lawrence, RR 1 Maitland.

Mrs. Charles (Jean) Wambolt, 99 Slayter St., Dartmouth, sends the following note: "Enclosed is renewal for Health Rays which I enjoy reading through the year. I especially like the "Old Timers" to hear news about friends I made while at the Sanatorium. Since my last renewal I lost my beloved mother on July 10, 1974. It is an awful feeling to lose someone you love so very much, but "time heals all wounds" I'm told. My sympathy goes out to Dr. Crosson's wife. I didn't know about his death until I received Health Rays. Please give my warmest regards to Dr. Quinlan, Mrs. Zirkel and Miss Skerry. I wish a speedy recovery to everyone at the San."

Here is a note from Mrs. J. (Vivian) Talamini, 826 Virginia Ave., No. Bellmore, N.Y.: "Sorry to have been so long in renewing my subscription. I've been battling a bout with pneumonia. Was feeling much better when pleurisy set in, so once more I'm back in

bed and resting up again. Had to give up a wonderful job, but hope it won't be too long before I can go back to it. Hello to all my friends at the San, and also to all those who remember me by reading Health Rays." This was dated Nov. 22, so we hope that you were feeling well enough to enjoy the holidays.

Continuing with the renewals, we have heard from Miss Margaret Sexton, 2490 Arm-crescent West, Halifax; Earl Gerhardt, Jubilee St., Liverpool; Hildred McGillivray, 338 Main St., Bridgeport, C. B.; Mrs. Russell Keddy, R. R. 1 Lawrencetown; Mrs. Eric (Veryl) Starr, 10 Regency Park, Dartmouth; Mrs. Theodore Amirault, R. R. 1 Weymouth; Mrs. Floris Smith, R.N., Shelburne; Clifford R. White, RR 1 Kentville; and Mrs. Violet Silver, Kentville, who dropped in for a visit and told us of her travels to the West while visiting with her "children." Vi is looking very well, indeed, and looks young for "approaching retirement age!"

We have a note from Chesley Spracklin, 2406 Gottingen St., Halifax, commenting that he has been enjoying Health Rays for many years to keep up to date on news of the Sanatorium.

The following is a note from Mrs. Evelyn LeBlanc of West Pubnico: "Enclosed please find cheque for renewal of Health Rays magazine; I always look forward to getting it. It's been ten years since I left the Sanatorium and during these years I have been very active in arts and crafts. I have travelled from Nassau to Florida, all parts of New York, Northern Ontario, etc. We have a big trailer and enjoy meeting trailer club members. I still do leather work and pottery. A tip to anyone entering the Sanatorium: keep faith in the ones who are helping you. A very Merry Christmas to everyone in the SAN."

We have renewals from Mrs. Hugh Chisholm, RR 3 Merigomish; Mrs. Duncan Greene, RR 5 New Glasgow; Tom L. MacDonald, 307 Embassy Towers, 5959 Spring Garden Rd., Halifax; Austin Amirault, RR 1 Kentville; Henry R. Courtney, 67 Brookland St., Glace Bay; staff members, Miss Margaret Potter, R.N.; Mrs. Gertrude Cook, C.N.A.; Mrs. Charles (Joan) Fox, R.N.; Johnny Madden; and former staff member, Mrs. L. A. Jackson, 1082 Commercial St., New Minas.

Well, that seems to be all of our little messages for this month. All that remains is to wish all of our readers a Very Merry Christmas and good health and good fortune in the New Year. Also, Nollaig Chridheal and Blaidhna Mhath Ur.

A NIGHT AT TREETOPS

By Eileen M. Hiltz

"Yes, I spent a night at Treetops," — that statement I make in reply to the question frequently asked when I mention I had been travelling in East Africa. Treetops Hotel, in the Aberdare forest of Kenya, has gathered an aura about its name that seems to make it a symbol of all the romance and adventure of being "on safari."

Much of this interest in Treetops stems from a night in February 1952, when, as a sign there states it: "In this Mguma tree Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth and his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh spent the night of February 5, 1952. While here Princess Elizabeth succeeded to the throne through the death of her father King George the sixth."

It was late in the afternoon when the tour with which I was travelling arrived at Treetops. We had left Nairobi, the beautiful city which is Kenya's capital, that morning by minibus. These minibuses were to be our secondary homes for the next twelve days, all the "game drives" being made in them. They are three-seater vans, with wide, sliding windows and a top which can be opened for stand-up viewing and picture taking. We were five passengers and a driver to each bus; in that way everybody had a window seat, giving each one an equal chance at animal spotting, which was the name of the game.

Treetops on first sight looks like nothing so much as a long warehouse on very high stilts. These "stilts" are a double row of Cape chestnut trees, and are forty feet high. The next thing you notice is that the whole place is infested — I think no other word will do! — with baboons. There they are, by the dozen, squatting, leaping from tree to verandah, or stalking about with aloof dignity. The smaller ones looked so quaint and friendly that it is a great temptation to put out a hand to pat them. We had been sternly warned, however, that would be an excellent way to lose a finger or two. The man in charge of Treetops is called "the hunter," and he looks every inch of it, in safari garb and with his rifle under his arm at all times. He shouted at the baboons, who retreated a few feet and watched intently to see if an unwary visitor might chance to drop or lose some bit of his paraphernalia. Baboons are inveterate thieves, and make off with any article laid down for a moment.

We clambered up several flights of outside stairs and entered Treetops for the night. Until we left next morning, no one was allowed to touch the ground again.

We had been directed to bring only a minimum of overnight gear to Treetops, and certainly there would be no room for much luggage. The sleeping quarters are bare of all luxuries. Each room has two bunk beds, with a small table between. Toilets and washing facilities are located down the long corridor, off which the bedrooms open.

The lounges and viewing rooms, on the other hand, are large and very attractive in design and decor. It is in these rooms that all visitors assemble, gazing hopefully through the great windows that comprise one full side of each room. These windows look out upon the waterhole and salt lick to which the animals come. One may go up also on the long verandah roof, from which a wonderful view of the surrounding country can be had. Up there you took your chances amid the ubiquitous baboons, who are checked from becoming too bold by the presence of a native boy with a long stick.

As the daylight started to fade, animals began to emerge from the woods and bushes, drawn by the water pool and the salt lick. There would be a burst of excitement as each new specie appeared, and considerable competition to be the first to sight a new one was evident. My first sighting was a warthog, trotting calmly out from the bushes. To my proud gaze that hideous animal seemed beautiful! Then came the Cape buffalo, with tremendous horns extending across their heads and far out on either side of it. The Cape buffalo is regarded as perhaps the meanest and most dangerous animal in the African wilds, but from our lofty viewing stand they looked like great fat black bulls.

I cannot now recall the order in which the various animals made their appearance. As the night closed in, they moved from the darkness into the spotlighted area around the waterhole. Several gazelle types came gracefully and timidly into view; a hyena slunk by; mongooses slipped silently about. There was a surge of excitement when a rhino with her young one at her side waddled up to the pool. The Cape buffalo resented her presence, and there was a brief confrontation until she decided to try the other side of the water hole.

Late that evening we were served an excellent dinner at long tables in the dining room. Not too long after dinner most of our party, still rather weary from the long flight to Nairobi the day before, retired to our sleeping quarters. After all, we knew we had days ahead in the great national parks and game reserves, to which Treetops was a most happy introduction.

Just Jesting



Daughter: Oh, Dad, how wonderful to be alive! The world is just too much for words! How can there be anyone who's sad!

Dad: O.K. Who is it this time?

x x x

Overheard: "That man of mine! He's been going around telling just everyone that he's going to marry the most beautiful girl in the world!" Sympathetic reply: "And after all the time you've been going with him!"

x x x x

This story was told to us by one of the Chaplains at the San: Traffic in New York was being interrupted by a man walking a penguin slowly along the sidewalks and across the busy intersections. Twice a patrolman on traffic duty ordered him to take it to the Zoo. The man maintained that it was not only a pet but a friend. However, the officer won the argument, stopped a cab, and man and friend departed. Some time later, there were the two again slowing up traffic. "I told you to take that to the Zoo!" shouted the officer. "And I want to thank you for it," replied the man. "He liked the Zoo so well that now I'm going to take him to a movie!"

x x x x

Little Girl, "Daddy, why does an editor refer to himself as 'we'?"

Dad: "So that the fellow who doesn't like what he's printed will think there are too many for him to beat up."

x x x x

A minister who told his congregation there are 700 different sins has already received 46 requests for the list.

The average number of times people say "no" to temptation is once, weakly.

x x x x

Even with the price of everything going up, writing paper remains stationery.

x x x x

Customer in supermarket: "Give me 20 cents' worth of potatoes, please." Clerk: "Why don't you take a whole one?"

x x x x

OFF BASE

While watching a movie heroine's struggle to find true love, a husband became more and more annoyed with his wife's sniffles. Finally he demanded: "Why is it you cry over the imaginary woes of people you never met?"

"For the same reason," his wife snapped back, "that you yell and scream when a man you don't know hits a home run.

x x x x

"Don't panic," the building superintendent called up to the passenger stranded in the old building's only elevator. "We'll have you out of there soon. I've called the elevator repairman."

A few moments of ominous silence followed, then the choked reply. "I am the elevator repairman!"

x x x x

"Oh, boy, look at them purty pigeons!" "Them's gulls!"

"Boys, or gulls, them's the biggest pigeons I ever saw."

x x x x

First drunk: When he said he was going to step off the top of the building onto a cloud, why didn't you stop him?

Second drunk: Man, I thought he'd make it.

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY

DON CHASE LTD.

MANSON'S DRUGS LTD.

A small girl was given to asking questions. One of the things she wanted to know was why objects tossed into the air always fell to the ground. Papa answered this puzzler as best he could.

Soon afterwards the little girl was romping on the beach, and became annoyed because her trunks kept slipping down, hampering her busy little legs. Finally she halted and said sternly: "Listen, gravity, you quit pulling my pants down!"

x x x x

It was in the hills of Kentucky that a traveller saw a farmer holding a pig in his arms so that the creature could eat the apples right off the tree.

"Won't it take a long time to fatten your pig that way?"

"I s'pose so," replied the farmer, "But what's time to a durned old hog."

x x x x

Circus man: "Say, Uncle, have you seen anything of an elephant that escaped?"

Uncle Ezra: "Nope, but I did see a great big bull eatin' my corn with his tail."

x x x x

Lady (holding abone for her dog): "Speak, Rover."

Rover: "What'll I say?"

x x x x

Coming upon a football which the farmer's son had dropped in the yard after school, the rooster promptly called the hens around him.

"Now, ladies," he said diplomatically, "I don't want to appear ungrateful or to raise any unnecessary fuss, but I do want you to see what is being done in other yards."

x x x x

Wife to husband: "This year let's give each other sensible presents, like ties and mink coats."

x x x x

There's nothing wrong with the younger generation that becoming taxpayers won't cure.

Sandy was walking home quite pleased with himself, as he had a flask of whisky in his hip pocket. The sidewalk was icy and Sandy was quite unaware it was slippery, so without warning, both feet went from under him and he landed on his hip. When he finally stood he felt something trickling down his leg. "Oh Lord," wailed Sandy, "I hope that's only blood!"

(Submitted by Clifford R. White)

x x x x

The highly inebriated individual halted before a solitary tree, and regarded it as intently as he could, with the result that he saw two trees. His attempt to pass between them resulted in a near-concussion of the brain. He reeled back, but presently sighted carefully, and tried again, with the same result. When this had happened a half dozen times, the unhappy man lifted up his voice and wept.

"Lost, lost!" he sobbed. "Hopelessly lost in an impenetrable forest!"

x x x x

Boss: Jones, did you push a wheelbarrow down the street last night after the party?

Jones: Yes, sir, I was pretty well loaded.

Boss: Well, how do you think I feel over the possible loss of prestige that your actions may have brought upon our business?

Jones: Gee, Boss, I never thought to ask you. You rode in the wheelbarrow.

x x x x

Three ragged little urchins were playing in the gutter in the slums of London, when a Rolls-Royce stopped on the opposite side. The cuauffeur opened the door and from it emerged a stunning blonde, beautifully and expensively dressed. She rushed over to the boys, picked up the youngest and kissed him affectionately. The chauffeur followed laden with toys and boxes of candy. After giving them to the lad the girl kissed him again and departed.

There were a few moments of stunned silence. Then one of the boys piped up. "Gorblimey, Tommy, woz that yer fairy godmother?"

The beneficiary looked at him with scorn. "Naw, stoopid, that woz my sister wot was ruined."

Ins And Outs



ADMISSIONS:

NOVEMBER 1 TO NOVEMBER 30, 1974
 MRS. ROBERTA JULIANA WARBURTON, 34 Jordan Road, Greenwood, Kings Co.; MRS. DOROTHY ALTHEA PIERCE, Kingston, Kings Co.; MRS. BARBARA ELLEN WEBSTER, RR 3, New Glasgow; WALTER EARL PORTER, East Amherst, Cumb. Co.; MRS. OLIVIA ELEANOR SMALL, Tiverton, Digby Co.; ROLAND MARR HOOPER, Pictou Landing, Pictou Co.; JAMES HARVEY SWALLOW, 6354 Edinburg St., Halifax; EDMUND JOSEPH THIMOT, Freeport, Digby Co.; GORDON WILBERT CORBETT, Lakewood Road, Kings Co.; JEROME BROOME LEOPOLD, New Ross, Lun. Co.; GEORGE STANLEY JOUDREY, 29 First Ave., Bedford, Halifax Co.; JOSEPH BERNABE LeBLANC, Grosses Coques, Digby Co.; DR. JEAN EUDES COMEAU, Weymouth, Digby Co.; WILLIAM GERALD WOODWORTH, Nictaux Falls, Anna. Co.; JOHN AUSTIN ROACH, Lockeport; WILSON LEROY WHITE, Kempt, Queens Co.; MRS. STELLA MARIE GOLAR, White Rock, Kings Co.; DANIEL LAWRENCE MacDONALD, Steam Mill, Kings Co.; IRA EMMERSON SNYDER, New Germany, Lun. Co.; WILFRED EARL BARKHOUSE, Medford, Kings Co.; MRS. GERTRUDE LORENDA BROWN, 411 Main St., Kentville; EMERY ASHTON KING, Pearl Road, Canning, Kings Co.; DANIEL WHYNDER, North Preston, Halifax Co.; ROBERT ANTHONY WHYNDER, North Preston, Halifax Co.; ELIZABETH ANNE WHYNDER, North Preston, Halifax Co.; ELAINE WHYNDER, North Preston, Halifax Co.; MRS. JUDITH IRENE LEEMAN, Great Village, Col. Co.; DONALD LOMER SPENCER, 198 Exhibition St., Kentville; MRS. MILDRED MADELINE MYLES, Avonport, Kings Co.; MRS. LAURA BLANCHE SPINNEY, RR 6, Kingston, N.S.; GEORGE WILLIAM JONES, South Alton, RR 2, Kentville; MRS. DELLA JUNE YUILL, Old Barns, Col. Co.; STANLEY

JOSEPH COMEAU, Meteghan, Digby Co.; ALFRED JOSEPH DIGOUT, River Bourgeois, RR 1, Richmond Co.; ARTHUR CALEB ARENBURG, Coldbrook RR 1, Kentville; GEORGE OGDEN ARMOUR, 11 Maple Ave., Middleton, Anna. Co.; ALFRED LAURIER KING, Kolbeck, Cumb. Co.; MRS. GAIL ROBINA ROBBINS, 479 Pictou Road, Truro; MAURICE GUY ROBAR, Weston, Kings Co.; WILFRED LAURIE HUDGINS, Waterville, Kings Co.; MRS. ELLA JANE MOORE, 86 Main Ave., Fairview Halifax Co.; ANDREW JACKSON MOOERS, Milton, Queens Co.; JOHN ALFRED HERBERT, Coldbrook, Kings Co.

DISCHARGES

NOVEMBER 1 TO NOVEMBER 30, 1974
 ROBERT FREEMAN HUNT, Seaview Boarding Home, Little Harbour, Shel. Co.; JOSEPH PIUS BELLIVEAU, Belliveau's Cove, RR 1 Church Point; ALLAN AUSTIN WOOD, Durham, Pictou Co.; BURLIN WELLINGTON SWEET, RR 2 Berwick; ANGUS PATRICK PENDERGAST, Box 182 North Sydney; MRS. ROBERTA JULIANNA WARBURTON, 34 Jordan Rd., Greenwood; ROY JAMES ARENBURG, 86 School St., Kentville; MRS. ALICE MAUD McNEIL, 105 Frederick Ave., Halifax; MRS. JEWEL LORRAINE SMITH, 9 Regent St., Amherst; KENNETH GEORGE PERRY, East Chester; JOSEPH RALPH LeBLANC, Salmon River, Digby Co.; JOHN EBER LEGGE, Lakeville, RR 1 Kentville; MRS. JEAN MARIE POTTER, Clementsvale, Anna. Co.; PERRY SIMMONS, North Preston, Box 22, Site 7, S.S. 2 Dartmouth; WALTER EARL PORTER, RR 4 Amherst; MRS. HATTIE ALICE ROSE, Port Williams; ELIAS REGINALD PIGGOTT, 12 Leverett Ave., Kentville (Expired); WALLACE LEO SIMPSON, RR 2 Centreville, Kings Co.; MRS. OLIVIA ENEANOR SMALL, RR 1 Tiverton, Digby Co.; DR. JEAN EUDES COMEAU, Weymouth; PETER ANTHONY COPAGE, Micmac, Shubenacadie; EDMUND JOSEPH

Continued on page 14

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
 WILLETT FRUIT COMPANY LTD.
 BALCOM - CHITTICK LTD.
 BROOKFIELD CREAMERY
 J. M. DUGUID, JEWELLERS

Continued from page 13

INS AND OUTS

THIMOT, RR 1 Freeport, Digby Co.; GORDON WILBERT CORBETT, Lakewood Road, RR 1 Kentville; JEROME BROOME LEOPOLD, New Russell, Lun. Co.; MRS. MARGARET STELLA McEACHERN, 26 The Heights, Ant. Co. (transferred to Point Edward Hospital); MRS. ANNETTE MARY MAY, Halls Harbour, RR 3 Centreville; MRS. LILA ELEANOR PICK, White Rock, RR 1 Wolfville; MRS. BARBARA ELLEN WEBSTER, Westville Road, RR 3 New Glasgow; DELILLE JOSEPH THIBODEAU, Weymouth (Expired); ROY JOSEPH CHEVERIE, Chapel St., Pictou; MRS. DOROTHY ALTHEA PIERCE, RR 6 Kingston; CARLETON ELLIOTT RAPP, Ingomar, Shel. Co. (Expired); MRS. WANDA MAUREEN JACK, Milton, Box 1353 Liverpool; CHESTER HERBERT COLEMAN, 1015 Bonavista Drive, New Minas; MRS. STELLA MARIE GOLAR, White Rock, RR 2 Wolfville.

HEALTH RAYS GOLDEN

JUBILEE FUND

Contributions to this Fund may be addressed to:

HEALTH RAYS JUBILEE FUND
Nova Scotia Sanatorium
Kentville, N.S.

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

The standing of this Fund as of November 30, 1974:

Previously acknowledged: \$5,036.11

Recent contributors:

Rupert H. MacNeill
Mrs. Joseph D. MacKenzie
Mrs. Helena K. Nickerson
Mrs. Joseph Melanson
Bank Interest
Miscellaneous

Total 105.09

Grand Total \$5,141.20

THE REGISTER, BERWICK

HOWE WROTE POEM FOR HIS BIRTHDAY

Joseph Howe wrote a poem marking his 59th birthday Dec. 13, 1865. It follows:

My Birth-day is it? Take a kiss,
Thou junior of my line;
The thirteenth! yes, by George it is;
And I am fifty-nine.
Come hither, Boy, and let us dream
Of birth-days long gone by;
Cloudless and merry many seen,
And some that make me sigh.

My first was stormy, wind North-west
The gathering snow-drifts piled;
But cosy was the Mother's breast,
Where lay the new-born child.
And ever kind and ever true
That Mother was to me,
As yours has ever been to you,
And will for ever be.

And thirteen times the day came round,
Within that happy home;
The "North West Arm's" enchanted ground,
Ere I began to roam.
'Midst Trees, and Birds, and Summer
Flowers,
Those fleeting years went by;
With sports and books the joyous hours,
Like lightning seemed to fly.

The Rod, the Gun, the Spear, the Oar,
I plied by Lake and Sea—
Happy to swim from shore to shore,
Or rove the Woodlands free.
To skim the Pond in Winter time,
To pluck the flowers of Spring,
'Twas then I first began to rhyme,
And verses crude to string.

You see the Picture o'er the fire,
That smiles upon us now,
That pleasant face we still admire—
The broad and noble brow
Stamp'd by the Maker's hand with lines,
That he who runs may read,
The Christian Patriarch, there he shines,
In thought, in word, in deed.

He was my playmate in those years,
My Father, friend, and guide,
I shared his smiles, and dried his tears,
Was ever at his side.
And oh! my boy, when Death shall come

Continued on page 15

Continued from page 14

HOWE WROTE POEM

And close my eyelids dim,
May you, where'er your footsteps roam,
Love me as I loved him.

My next ten Birth-days Labor claimed,
And hard I worked, my son;
But still at something higher aimed
Whene'er my toil was done.
I work'd the Press from morn till night,
And learn'd the types to set,
And earn'd my bread with young delight,
As you will earn it yet.

In tud dull metal that I moved
For many a weary hour,
I found the Knowledge that I loved,
The Life, the Light, the Power.
But something more turned those young days
Of steady toil to joy—
Something we both may kindly praise,
Your Mother's smile, my Boy.

And now that I am growing old,
My Lyre but loosely strung,
For God's best gift my thanks be told,
I loved while I was young.
For five-and-thirty years that love
My varied life has cheer'd,
Through all its mazes deftly wove,
The light by which I steer'd.

Each birth-day brought its glad increase,
Whatever fortune came;
In storm or sunshine—war or peace,
That smile was still the same.
Birth-days there were when both were sad,
When loved ones went to Heaven;
On this, thank God, our hearts are glad,
To Joy let this be given.

And, youngster, when in after years,
Your son sits on your knee,
Half smiling through the starting tears,
Then think of '63. —Chronicle-Herald

NOTHING FOR IMAGINATION A TV BYPRODUCT — NOSTALGIA

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

At a recent luncheon, I was sitting next to a man who had illustrated a forthcoming book. Nothing unusual about this, except that the book was a collection of old Vic and Sade radio scripts. Who would have believed, only a few years ago, that this kind of book would

be in demand?

Nostalgia for the old radio shows has swept the country recently. New recordings and tapes have been made, scripts have been revived, and "remember - when books" are glutting the market. The public displays a vast yearning for the entertainment of the past.

Why should this be so? In my view, it demonstrates the power of mind over eye, of imagination over reality. Television has failed to trip the audience the way radio did because it leaves little, or nothing, to the work of the imagination. In such cases, more is less.

When we listened to the old radio shows, our minds collaborated with the characters. We visualized them internally, and lived along with these creatures of the imagination. It is no accident that when some of the shows were transferred to early television, their appeal quickly dried up.

No program on television has commanded the long-term loyalty of dozens of old radio shows, when a whole nation paused to listen.

For one thing, television doesn't give shows enough time to win a loyal audience; the "numbers game" is so ruthless and competitive that a show that doesn't make it in a few weeks is marked for the axe. But, more importantly in my belief, the very visual aspect of TV over-exposes the characters and leaves no room for fantasizing on the part of the audience.

Entertainment shares with art the necessity for being a "co-operative" venture. The more an audience can put into it, the more enjoyment is paid back. In radio, the audience was asked to do much of the work — to project its imagination into the lives of the characters; and, by so doing, the audience was incorporated into the gestalt of the program. Television, by its very explicitness, asks nothing of the viewer except his passive receptivity — and this grows boring very quickly.

Stan Freberg, that genius of specialty advertising, has shown that TV advertising, despite an immense audience, is not nearly as effective per capita as the old radio advertising — for, again, the radio commercial stimulated the imagination, while the TV commercial crushes it to a pulp. Whether we are trying to entertain people, or persuade them, we must get them to participate in the imaginative act; else, the more we bombard them with visual bits, the more resistant they become.

FRIDAY 13TH CAN BE LUCKY

Sixty-seven years ago, in 1907, December 13th came on a Friday. Those who, when the salt is spilled, reach for a pinch to throw over their shoulders or who won't pass on the stairs, could have told the pioneers who launched their continent's first Christmas Seal campaign that they and a columnist on the North American were making a mistake to break their story in Philadelphia on Friday, the 13th. They could have told them — but then people like Emily Bissell and Leigh Mitchell Hodges do not go around asking advice of those who worry about a black cat crossing their paths.

They went ahead with the story on the Friday. True, it was on an inside page. The front page had rather more lurid headlines. Four of them were **Capitalist Shoots Mother for Thief** (which is open to more than one interpretation), **Freezes to Death Under Falls as Crowds Look On, Wins Insurance of Husband She Slew, and Hugs Pretty Girls: Teacher Now Jailed.**

The inside page story grew and grew. It was soon making the front page — with pictures.

The following year it was also making the front page of Canadian papers because Toronto and Hamilton were looking for some way to get the public interested in doing something to check tuberculosis, at that time the leading cause of death.

It is worth noting that the two first sponsors of the Christmas Seal campaign in North America were impressed by different possibilities. Miss Bissell, who initiated the campaign had been moved to do so because a little sanatorium with eight patients was about to close for lack of \$300. It does not seem credible now that such could have been the case but it was. Eight very infectious patients were to be thrown back into the community for lack of \$300.

Leigh Mitchell Hodges was struck and his enthusiasm aroused by the educational potential of the seals. "Look at them," he said passionately to the managing editor who had never seen the seals before, "think of the opportunity to tell people about tuberculosis. Only a penny apiece. Anyone can help—"

The dreams of both for the Christmas Seals have long since gone far beyond their fondest hopes. That first campaign saved the little sanatorium on the Brandywine River because \$3,000 was raised and a fund started for a modern sanatorium. In Canada the following year Toronto raised \$6,114.23 and Hamilton \$1,244.40.

Year after year the campaign has offered an opportunity to attach the deeply entrenched but mistaken ideas about this disease. When the Christmas Seal campaign was young the general opinion was that tuberculosis was hereditary, not infectious, that it was incurable and that nothing could be done about it. It is now accepted that it is infectious, preventable and curable.

Despite these changes tuberculosis is still a major public health problem. In the meantime, however, other threats to life and breath are growing at a frightening rate. A wide range of other respiratory diseases are causing an increasing number of deaths and appalling disability.

Tuberculosis associations are aware that the increases in such non-infectious but crippling diseases as bronchitis and emphysema are a challenge that they must face. Respiratory diseases are claiming more and more victims because of environmental factors which can be controlled, either at the personal or community level.

Informing the public of what can be done and persuading people to take action is the new job of the Christmas Seals. It will be a big job for many years.

— CANADIAN TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

HEARTBEAT OF CHRISTMAS

Feel the heartbeat of the season,
How it vibrates through the years,
Touching all the hearts of people
With joy and love and tenderness.
Hear the heartbeat gaily singing,
Chanting carols to the sky,
See the candles in the windows,
Shining rainbows on the snow.
Reflect the glow of happy children,
See the glory in their eyes,
Hear the echo of their voices
Wafting from a chapel door.
Listen: it's the laughter of the people,
Ringing out on misty air,
Hark to the music of the choir,
Sacred, solemn, soft and low.
Sense the praises to the Christ Child,
Who brought his heartbeat to the world,
With a prayer that hope will bring us
Love and peace forever more.
Hear the heartbeat of the season,
Tuned in harmony divine,
Telling us a Gift is given,
Saviour, Lord for all mankind.

ANNE KAYE
Digby

A NOTE OF GREETINGS

I always look forward to receiving my copy of Health Rays, which I read from cover to cover. I am enjoying my work as a C.N.A. at (the Hospital) in Cheticamp.

Greetings to all Medical Staff, Nursing Staff, and other Staff, all those I met including patients who were at the San when I was there. It was an enjoyable year for me. If I have the chance to visit Kentville I wonder if I will recognize the Sanatorium after all the changes that are being made.

I was so sorry to hear about the death of Dr. Crosson.

Best Wishes,

Sister Therese Arseneault,
Box 219,
Cheticamp, N.S.
B0E 1H0

COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas in a country school house
In the days of long ago,
Held a wonder and a rapture
That we ne'er again will know.

Santa Claus upon the black board . . .
Christmas angel atop the tree . . .
Paper chimes along the windows . . .
What a glorious sight to see.

O, the stringing of the pop-corn
For the trimming of the tree . . .
And the making of the presents . . .
How it filled our hearts with glee!

And the giving of the program . . .
How we worked for days and days,
On the singing of the carols,
And the acting of the plays!

Presents stacked upon the table,
Waiting for each girl and boy . . .
Bags of candy, nuts, and popcorn,
Helped to swell the Christmas joy.

Now the old deserted school house
Sits amid the winter snow,
Dreaming of the vanished glory
Found in Christmas long ago.

—Anna J. Buttrey

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,

But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music, breaks forth on the air

When the song of the angels is sung,
It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,

And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight,
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

O, Father may that holy star
Grow every year more bright,
And sent its glorious beams afar
To fill the world with light.

—William Cullen Bryant.

He who has not Christmas in his heart will
never find it under a tree.

—Roy L. Smith.

'ON GIVING

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

An age-old Christmas custom: Cut an onion in half, peel off 12 layers (one for each month to come) and fill each with salt. On the next morning, the peelings containing damp salt indicate rainy months.

Some years ago at our Sunday school the teachers took turns addressing the pupils. Usually they rounded off a fine, well-told with, "Now, children, the moral of this story is . . ."

Came the day when one teacher did an extra-fine job. The youngsters were delighted—so much so that one asked if that particular teacher might talk more often.

"We like Miss Brown very much," explained the boy, "because she hasn't any morals."

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ACTIVE STAFF

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C) F.C.C.P.	Medical Director
J. J. QUINLAN, M.D., F.R.C.S. (C), F.C.C.P.	Surgeon
F. J. MISENER, M.D., F.C.C.P.	Radiologist
MARIA ROSTOCKA, M.D.	Physician
*G. A. KLOSS, M.D., F.C.C.P.	Physician

CONSULTANTS

S. V. ANAND, M.D., F.R.C.S. (E & C) F.A.C.S.	General Surgery
D. W. ARCHIBALD, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)	Psychiatry
S. F. BEDWELL, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)	Neurology
J. C. CROSBIE, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)	Pediatrics
T. DOK, M.D., D.O.M.S., D.L.O. (Eng.)	Ophthalmology & Otolaryngology
P. P. GEORGE, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)	Psychiatry
J. A. HYNES, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)	Internal Medicine
C. E. JEBSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. (C)	Urology
*D. H. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.	Anaesthesiology
B. F. MILLER, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Ed.) F.R.C.S. (C)	Orthopedic Surgery
D. M. MacRAE, M.D., F.R.C.S. (C), F.C.C.P.	Bronchoscopy
G. M. SMITH, M.D., D.P.H.	Preventive Medicine
P. W. S. WATTS, M.D., M.R.C.O.G., F.R.C.S. (C)	Obstetrics & Gynaecology

*Certified by P.M.B.

ADMINISTRATIVE

J. T. BETIK	Administrator
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., Ch.B.	Assistant Medical Superintendent
D. B. ARCHIBALD, M.D.	Consultant Urologist
R. G. CHOKSHI, M.D.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
E. C. McDONAGH, M.D.	Consultant Psychiatrist
H. R. CORBETT, M.D.	Courtesy Consultant, radiology
R. MATHIESON, M.D.	Courtesy Consultant, pathology
H. M. HOLDEN, M.D.	Courtesy Consultant, cardiology
MISS KATHERINE MacKENZIE, R.N.	Director of Nursing
MRS. JOAN CHIASSON,	Dietitian

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ANGLICAN

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

BAPTIST

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

CHRISTIAN REFORMED

Minister—Rev. H. Kuperus

PENTECOSTAL

Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Parish Priest — Rev. J. A. Comeau
Asst. Priest—Rev. J. C. Thibau

SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Sidney Brace

UNITED CHURCH

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

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

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ANGLICAN

Rev. Weldon Smith

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Pariest Priest—Father Angus MacLeod

UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Allan MacIntosh

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Alex Swan