

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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*Health  
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# HEALTH RAYS

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## Sanatorium Visiting Hours

DAILY: 1100 - 2030 Hours      11:00 a.m. - 8:30 p.m.

## Health Rays Through The Years (continued)

By Eileen M. Hiltz

January 1951. The year opens with a brief article entitled "Pulmonary Tuberculosis in a Rural High School," and it relates the sorrowful findings in a small one-room school in Kings County, when the death of two young children necessitated a thorough investigation into the health of the area. The closing paragraph gives a grim picture of what havoc undetected tuberculosis could work in a small community: "To make a long story short, the total score was — nine cases of active pulmonary tuberculosis among the school children, one suspected case of pulmonary tuberculosis, two active primary infections and two advanced pulmonary tuberculosis infections (one of them an open case) among the family contacts." This article was reprinted from the Canadian Tuberculosis Association Bulletin, so on this occasion we achieved national notice, albeit for a most regrettable circumstance. We might ask, Could it happen today? At least the means for prompt and effective treatment are at hand to deal with such a dread possibility.

The Editorial Comment has its own touch of gloom — the Health Rays' financial situation is growing critical due to mounting costs and stationary receipts. A subscription contest is inaugurated, offering small cash prizes. Maybe we'll find a progress report on this hopeful venture in a later issue.

The account of the traditional Christmas Dinner reprints the message spoken by the Medical Superintendent on that festive occasion. In the process of thanking those responsible for the feast, Dr. Hiltz cites Mrs. Northup, head dietitian, and her assistants, one of whom is "Miss Quinlan". The reference is to Miss Eileen Quinlan, long the San. head dietitian, who has made the good San. meals unique among hospitals in the province.

In the February issue we learn that the Dental Department was established at this time, with Dr. Stanford in charge. Dr. Stanford carried on this excellent and much needed clinic until his retirement a few years ago. I still meet him frequently driving about Wolfville, looking hale, and hearty at the wheel of his busy Volkswagen camper.

San. Activities has this happy note: "Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. F. J.

Misener, on the arrival of a son. Eric Dennis, a brother for Francine, was born on January 12."

With winter looming — and painfully early this year! — the April Editorial Comment raises wistful hopes for a repetition of 1951, weather-wise, that is: "I never saw a March like it." Even our most venerable citizens have been saying it! March came in like a lamb, had pursued a uniformly lamb-like course, and at the time of writing was going out still very much the same".

Only real Old Timers will remember George Boyle as a San. patient. George, a gifted thinker and writer, whose promising career in journalism was rudely shattered by Tb., had fought the good fight for many years, enduring and surviving early forms of surgery. The May issue proudly heralds the appearance of his second book, which is based on the theme of Co-operatives, a burning interest with George during his all too brief life.

While speaking of real Old Timers — Health Rays masthead for the next two months carried a notable San. name. Joe LeBlanc replaced editor Mary Muirhead, who retired to devote her full time to the medical records office. Joe was also a budding newspaper man when the Tb. bug caught him, so Health Rays held more than a passing interest for him. I think it no exaggeration to say that Joe LeBlanc was one of the best known and most popular patients ever to tread San. corridors. Happily he recovered in health sufficiently to return to his interrupted newspaper career in his home town, Yarmouth.

June 1951, and another new editor, Keilor Bentley, who held the post for all of two months. Keilor was a young man of multiple talents, and just a few numbers back this year, Health Rays featured an article on him and his career; he is now with the National Geographic organization in Washington.

And a lady takes over as Business Manager, the capable Miss Hazel Mac-Michael, now better known as Mrs. Joe LeFave, and a valued member of the Records Department.

Sanatorium Activities congratulates

(Continued on Page 2)

## HEALTH RAYS THROUGH—

(Continued from Page 1)

Dr. Aksel Laretei on successfully passing the examinations for his Nova Scotia license. Here may I break in with a note from 1974, and mention having attended on October 19 the wedding of the late Dr. and Mrs. Laretei's younger daughter, Pia. It was a truly beautiful occasion, and one's deep regret was that the fond parents were not there to witness it.

In September Joyce Oglivie takes over the editorial chair, and she stays on for the rest of the year.

The October issue features an article by Dr. Hiltz in which he describes a journey up the coast of Labrador conducting a survey for tuberculosis among the inhabitants, many Indians and Eskimos. We (I was lucky enough to be taken along, and signed on crew as assistant register of names — which frequently was a real spelling test!) traveled for four weeks on the motor vessel "Christmas Seal", which belonged to the Newfoundland Tuberculosis Association, and was so named because it was purchased with money obtained from the sale of Christmas Tb. seals. The whole trip was an experience of a life-time, indeed.

The October Editorial Comment mourns the passing of a beloved monarch, King George VI.

In 1951 Health Rays was a largish magazine, and was able to devote the opening page wholly to an appropriate poem. In November the poem is called "Remembrance Day," and the author was Marie Moran. Marie, a San. patient, had very definite poetic ability, and from time to time Health Rays was pleased to print a work of hers. Marie, now married and mother of several children, lives on the West Coast.

The Staff Recreation Club was still in full swing, and the December Sanatorium Activities recounts action on many fronts: badminton, bridge, glee club, dances, book clubs, painting class — How did anybody get any work done !!

More next time.

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## Remembrance Day

(This is the voice of the almost forgotten, who died, hoping that their death would heal the world.)

We shall be well extolled today,  
We thousands, sleeping under foreign skies.

It shall be said that we went forth to die  
As martyrs do, with gay songs on our lips,

With joyous hearts, in that our cause  
was just.

But flying flags and beating drums and  
words

Shall ne'er rekindle Life's immortal  
spark,

Nor give us back again to hearts that  
loved

And waited our return through lonely  
days—

Yet our eternal sleep would restful be,  
Unburdened of each nightmare of regret,  
If Peace, of which our grave's white  
cross is pledge,

Would settle on the troubled hearts of  
men

And hands late red with blood insanely  
shed,

Would clasp in Unity and Brotherhood.  
Until that day "our" distant graves shall  
be

But homes of restlessness and hopes  
unfilled,

And blood we shed and sacrifice we  
made,

Because a false, forgetful World's re-  
proach,

Unless the universal hearts of men

May sing the songs of Freedom in all  
lands,

The last great agonizing gesture of our  
lives

Has been an idle, mock-heroic thing,  
And vain the crosses in a thousand fields  
Lift mute, white arms beseechingly to  
God.

Marie Dolores Moran, 1951.

:o:

A young mother was bathing her baby  
and a neighbors little girl watched the  
proceedings. The child was holding a doll  
minus an arm and a leg.

"How long have you had your baby?"  
asked the little visitor.

"Three months," replied the mother.

And the little girl said: "My but you've  
kept her nice."

## Isoniazid Preventive Therapy — A New Look

In our nation at this time, tuberculosis transmission is at such low rates — even in our areas of highest prevalence — that infection is likely to occur only by close contact with someone who has tuberculosis in a transmissible stage. Thus, present tuberculosis control measures for our nation revolve around two basic objectives. They are: 1. Detection and adequate chemotherapy of patients with tuberculosis disease; and 2. Identification of infected persons and preventive therapy with isoniazid of those at risk of developing disease and becoming transmitters.

It is readily apparent that our readers are personally involved in both of these control parameters, because tuberculosis has moved rapidly from being a categorical, isolated disease to one within the continuum of medical care. As this has developed, it is of even greater importance for our readers to be familiar with recently updated recommendations regarding who should receive isoniazid preventive therapy.

Changes in the recommended categories of candidates for preventive therapy are necessary because of recent information regarding hepatic dysfunction in persons on isoniazid preventive therapy. Data indicate that age is the predominant factor increasing risk of liver disease among individuals receiving isoniazid. Progressive liver damage is observed rarely under the age of 20. It occurs in 0.3 per cent in ages 20 to 34; 1.2 per cent in ages 35 to 49; and 2.3 per cent in persons 50 years old and up. Development of liver disease is not predictable in any individual by any screening or monitoring method other than this age differential. It is, however, a fact that daily use of alcohol may increase the risk.

Because of the necessity to weigh risk of hepatic injury against the anticipated benefits of preventive therapy, the following changes have been made in recommendations for preventive therapy. For positive tuberculin reactors under age 35, the benefit of isoniazid in preventing tuberculous disease clearly outweighs the risk of hepatic damage—even in the absence of additional risk factors; thus, isoniazid preventive therapy is clearly recommended. In positive tuberculin reactors age 35 and over, however, the risk of hepatitis precludes use of routine preventive therapy. The exception is the existence of additional risk factors

for developing tuberculosis that clearly outweigh the risk of liver disease. Such increased risk groups to whom isoniazid should be administered, regardless of age, in order of priority, are as follows: 1. Household members and other close contacts of persons with recently diagnosed tuberculous disease; 2. Positive tuberculin reactors with findings on the chest x-ray consistent with nonprogressive tuberculous disease, who do not have positive bacteriology, and have not received an adequate course of chemotherapy in the past; 3. Newly infected persons whose tuberculin reaction has converted to positive within the past two years; 4. Positive tuberculin reactors in the following clinical situations: undergoing prolonged therapy with adrenocorticoids, undergoing immunosuppressive therapy, having hematologic and reticuloendothelial disorders such as Hodgkin's disease and leukemia, having diabetes mellitus or silicosis, and following gastrectomy.

The age differential is a major change, and observance of it is strongly advised to allow preventive therapy programs to continue, at the same time minimizing the real risk of hepatitis. Identification of candidates for isoniazid and delivery to them of a preventive therapy program is often the responsibility of the primary care physician. For this reason, we request our readers' determination to help our nation reach its goal in tuberculosis control. You can help to do this by following these recommendations as outlined.

Donald C. Kent, M.D.  
From "Journal of the  
American Lung Association"

—:O:—

Doctor: Your trouble is that you're burning the candle at both ends.

Patient: I know my problem. What I want you to tell me is how I can get more wax!

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## Is Primary Drug-resistance To Major Antituberculous Agents Increasing?

A marked increase in the frequency of resistance of *M. tuberculosis* strains to streptomycin was incidentally observed in a clinical trial in which 106 patients with tuberculosis were screened. The percentage of resistance to isoniazid and PA were, however, comparable to those found in a national survey carried out in 1966.

The incidence of primary drug-resistance was noticeably higher among immigrants, particularly those arriving in Canada in or after 1960, and in the age groups up to 40.

Attention has been drawn to the observation that in Canada the new migration pattern increases the incidence of diseases common to tropical areas. Among other illness, reference is made to tuberculosis which is more prevalent in immigrants than in the Canadian-born white population. At the end of the last decade (1961-1970) Asian immigrants exhibited a morbidity rate nearly twenty times higher than that of the Canadian-born. Of the European newcomers those from south, southeastern, and eastern Europe evinced increased incidence of tuberculosis.

Probably not only the morbidity rates, but the frequency of primary resistance to certain antituberculous agents has also increased among immigrants. This is an incidental observation of a clinical trial carried out to evaluate the efficacy

of various drug regimens in the chemotherapy of pulmonary tuberculosis. The investigation was conducted under the auspices of the Canadian Tuberculosis and Respiratory Disease Association in collaboration with the Laboratory Centre for Disease Control, Health and Welfare Canada. . . .

In the study, the drug-resistant immigrants belong mostly to the younger age group (up to 40 years), while the Canadian-born resistant cases, except for one who had contracted tuberculosis during a one-year stay in India, belong to the older age bracket. . . .

A considerable increase of primary resistance to streptomycin, particularly in recent immigrants, calls for further investigation. A survey designed to determine the prevalence of drug-resistance in a representative number of newly diagnosed tuberculosis cases would be of great assistance in planning control and treatment programs. Since streptomycin is an important component of several regimens, careful consideration should be given to selecting drugs for the newcomers.

The above is from an article in the Canadian Journal of Public Health, September/October 1974 issue, under the authorship of: A. G. Jessamine, M. B., Ch.B.; L. Eidus, M.D.; and V. Narasimhan, M.A., B.Sc.

An astronaut, assigned to a 20-year orbital flight around our solar system, phoned his stock-broker before blasting off and told him to invest \$1,000 for him.

Twenty years later, his spaceship returned. As soon as he could get to a phone, he called his broker.

"Glad to hear you got back safely."

"Thanks, how'd my stock do?"

"Great. You made three million dollars.

The astronaut was excited. "Oh boy, I'm set for life, I can retire. Buy a new house, car, my own airplane..."

The long distance operator interrupted. "Your three minutes are up. Please deposit another million dollars."

We like the story of Uncle Willie, a small business man, who sold out lock stock and barrel. He promptly reinvested the money in a skunk farm. Upon taking possession of his newly acquired business, Uncle Willie remarked: "Now, maybe, the government will keep its nose out of my business."

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## Free As The Breeze

It is a while since we have heard anyone say "Free as the breeze" meaning one can go any place he likes.

The phrase is probably not going to be revived because though the breeze can still go where it wishes that adjective "free" is now likely to be questioned. Is the breeze free of soot, fumes of noxious chemicals, smoke, dust?

If the breeze where you live is free of all those things give thanks. There are regions where the dust can't be helped. The other pollutants of the air could be controlled but the control would cost money and the question being asked is "Whose money?"

It is no idle question. It will cost money to get rid of muck and stink. Where is the bite to come?

(Of course it also costs money to put up with air pollution. According to a Toronto newspaper there are two million tons of air pollutants descending on that city per year and repairing the damage done by them costs \$130 million. The story does not say over what period of time this cost is spread. It does mention that this is only the repair to buildings and other material possessions. It does not include damage suffered by the people of Toronto).

It's easy to demand that the manufac-

turers foot the bill. They reply that if they undertake this expense they will have to raise the price of their products and competitors will undersell them. They will then have to close up shop and where will the local employees be? Probably in the ranks of the unemployed — and the community does not want that.

Well then, what about the community undertaking the expense and paying the shot out of taxes. After all, since the air is something we all use 24 hours a day, shouldn't we all contribute to the cost of keeping it clean.

Well ! ! ! Have you ever been on a town or city council when it was necessary to tell the ratepayers that the mill rate was going up? It is not the most agreeable position to be in.

We are not raising these points because we intend to follow them up with a solution. Frankly, we think it is an urgent problem but it is not one to which we think we have any readymade answer.

What we do think is that a good many more thousand citizens are going to be insistent that something be done before we get any action that amounts to anything. A time to start thinking is now — before things get worse.

—Selected

The married exec went to Miami Beach on a short business trip and liked it so well he decided to make a vacation of it.

Thinking the scene too good not to share, he wired a bachelor friend, "JOIN ME FOR A DELIGHTFUL WEEK. BRING MY WIFE AND YOUR MISTRESS."

The other chap wired back, "SHE'LL BE WITH ME—HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN ABOUT US?"

\* \* \*

Girls who have no luck finding pearls in their oysters should try getting diamonds out of old crabs.

\* \* \*

Bill: "A tomato, some lettuce, and a pail of water had a race. How do you suppose it came out?"

Herb: "The lettuce came out a head, the water kept on running and the tomato tried to ketchup."

Sometimes it takes a lot of scratching around to get out of a situation you were just itching to get into.

\* \* \*

An optimist laughs to forget and a pessimist forgets to laugh.

\* \* \*

There are many complaints about the weather, but not so many as there would be if the government regulated it instead of predicting it.

\* \* \*

Never put off until tomorrow what you feel like doing today — tomorrow it may be against the doctor's orders.

\* \* \*

Cafe sign: Our Silverware Isn't Medicine — It's Not To Be Taken After Meals.

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## Medical Column

By **DR. WILLIAM J. WELCH**  
 (Dr. Welch is a practising physician  
 and an Associate Professor of Clinical  
 Medicine.)

There is a great deal of talk in the public-health press about shortness of breath. Many are unduly frightened by what they think is shortness of breath, but really is not. What is often confused with true shortness of breath is in fact only a sudden sense of need to take a deep breath, followed by a feeling that the breath was not satisfactory, not, as it were, nourishing as a proper deep breath should be.

The result is a series of forced deep breaths that may still seem to be somehow unsatisfactory. These deep, sighing respirations may even bring on a sense of faintness, but this kind of breathing is not to be confused with what we doctors mean by shortness of breath.

Anyone who has been caught in a tense or threatening situation — alone in the night perhaps, startled by the footsteps of an intruder — can remember the hardly sensible shallow breathing of fear, at length followed by a deep and exaggerated inhalation.

Something like this, without the footsteps of an intruder, but all the same triggered by some inner anxiety, produces an unnoticed period of the shallow breathing of fear, followed at length by a deep, hungry sighing inspiration, which seems to run off without being a really satisfactory breath.

Simple rapid breathing, as when you are upset or find yourself in a hot, humid room, is sometimes also confused with abnormal shortness of breath, but panting in these circumstances is quite normal.

Real shortness of breath is present when you are aware of labored, uncomfortable, gasping respirations, as if you had just run two blocks to catch a bus, when you haven't.

Such breathing is normal enough if you have run for a bus, especially if you are out of condition or if you have undertaken abrupt heavy exertion that you are not accustomed to.

This true shortness of breath under normal circumstances disappears after a few minutes' rest. If it does not, something may be wrong that ought to be

looked into by a doctor.

If you are truly short of breath on little or no exertion, there is very likely something wrong and you should see your doctor for a thorough examination.

Sometimes the cause is related to inefficiency of the heartbeat with congestion in the circulation. Sometimes, it may be related to the capacity of the lung tissue to be well ventilated and to pass oxygen into the blood. Sometimes anemia, with a drop in the blood count, will cause shortness of breath.

True shortness of breath may occur abruptly but more often it develops gradually and one often slows down without being wholly aware of it to accommodate to it. Only when you think back over weeks or months do you realize that you are more "winded" by less exertion than you used to be.

Heavy smokers (you qualify if you smoke a pack or more each day) are particularly subject to shortness of breath because most heavy smokers have some degree of chronic bronchitis. This is evidenced by frequent coughing with production of sputum and a recurrent necessity to clear the throat. Smokers who give up their little white pacifiers usually find that their bronchitis clears up.

The investigation of shortness of breath should never be put off when it occurs with a pain in the chest, an insistent cough, blood-spitting, wheezing or a sudden gain or loss of weight.

From The Chronicle-Herald

:O:

The trouble with most of us is that we would rather be ruined with praise than saved by criticism.

\* \* \*

A Kentucky first-grader recently proved how practical school children can really be. He slipped in the hall of his school and skinned his knee. A teacher proffered psychological first aid with, "Remember, big boys dont cry, sonny."

The boy replied, "I'm not gonna cry, I'm gonna sue."



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## Editorial Comment

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November 1974 marks another milestone for **Health Rays**, which had its beginning with the November issue of 1919. I am sure that all of us who have worked with **Health Rays** have continued to experience a feeling of pride in its past record. A bit of research into the past volumes leaves me feeling that the editorial staff of former years could justifiably feel that their job was well done. We are pleased that Eileen Hiltz is continuing **Health Rays Through the Years**. The present installment deals with 1951, which is getting up to "my time", for it was in May of that year that I came to the San for one week to learn from Cecil H. Kennedy something of the Rehabilitation program, prior to beginning my service, June 1st as Rehabilitation Supervisor at the Halifax Tuberculosis Hospital. Surely the situation pertaining to tuberculosis has changed more greatly than anyone would have imagined. Each treatment centre in the province was filled to capacity, and there was usually a waiting list. Those were, indeed, busy times at the Sanatorium which, in the present year, is celebrating its 70th Anniversary. The warm feelings expressed by so many former patients toward the care received while at the Sanatorium is a tribute to the dedication of the staff. In earlier years the San was always something of a self-contained community, and life revolved around the patients — who were the reason for the Sanatorium's existence.

Changes take place faster than we realize and, often, much faster than we are ready to accept. For example, I have just been reading the October issue of the Nova Scotia Government Employees Association Newsletter, and can recall the views expressed when the Association was in its infancy. It appeared almost "too much like a Union" for many of the more conservative minded. I wonder where they are now, and will they be out on sympathy strike the next time the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Workers ties up the ferry service to P. E. I. and Newfoundland. I also see that the N. S. "Government" is Rich, and instead of paying "only \$3.5 million" for an across-the-board cost of living bonus, have increased salaries only 16 percent

and "have searched for places to unload revenue, such as universities, municipal jails, gravelling of roads, and retirement of debt." I foresee a conflict of interests when, in the future, a "Taxpayers' Association" recruits union officials, who are also taxpayers. . .

But I have strayed from my topic. I was speaking of the 70th Anniversary of the Sanatorium, and it is apparently also the 70th Anniversary of the Canadian Tuberculosis and Respiratory Disease Association (formerly C. T. A.), and of the Nova Scotia Department of Public Health. It was in the special May/June 1954 **Health Rays** that the 50th Anniversary was commemorated. We would like to reprint the Editorial of that issue, written by the Managing Editor at that time: Miss Robina Metcalfe. Change the 50th to 70th, and the words are still appropriate:

1954 appears to be a year of great anniversaries for those affiliated with the work of tuberculosis in Nova Scotia and Canada: the 50th Anniversary of the National Tuberculosis Association; the 50th Anniversary of the Department of Public Health, Province of Nova Scotia; the 50th Anniversary of our own Nova Scotia Sanatorium. These are big names, big years and big meaning which afford us ample opportunity to reach out in any direction and offer the sincere pat on the back to these great "organizations" which have devoted half a century to the alleviation of human suffering and to the life-giving program of their great works.

Individually each has obtained its own measure of success; but jointly, the accumulation of their efforts has transformed that dreary outlook in the tuberculosis world of fifty years ago to one which offers and maintains the blessing of life; the sureness of a cure; the rightful place of the handicapped in society and the recovery of the trends of a normal, useful and happy existence.

To the patients in our Sanatorium, perhaps the most appreciated attributes in the varied and versatile work of these organizations are those which concern us personally. We think of the National

(Continued on Page 8)

## EDITORIAL COMMENT—

(Continued from Page 7)

Tuberculosis Association as the champion of the workable and inexpendable TB Christmas Seal program in our country.

We cannot think of the Department of Public Health without extending our worthy sentiments to a kind and thoughtful group of public servants, who made the initial movement for government owned and operated sanatoria in Canada when they opened the Provincial Sanatorium at Kentville in 1904. Neither can we forget the gift of free treatment which bestowed, on those of us afflicted with tuberculosis, a democracy of medical science.

Looking at our own Nova Scotia Sanatorium, we are primarily grateful to a man, who overcame his own physical handicap, to pioneer the treatment and prevention of tuberculosis and built the institution we have today. In so doing, he added abundant honors to our Province, to our Sanatorium, to the group of men and women who worked hand-in-hand with him, and to the patients who have been beneficiaries of his courageous work and success.

During the past thirty-five years, "Health Rays" has been the voice of the patient without and within the Sanatorium. We might add there have been some mighty strong voices throughout these years in the annals of our publication, but none stronger than those of the Sanatorium patients of today, who offer their sincere congratulations to the Sanatorium, the Department of Public Health and the National Tuberculosis Association on this, their Fiftieth Birthdays.

Our congratulations are no shallow display of "protocol," enclosed in our greetings is our opportunity to honor, to thank and pay tribute to those who have given us a front seat to the performance of regained health.

To those, also, who occupy the present offices of these organizations and carry on the tradition of their great works with

assurance and ability, we extend greetings with the anticipation that the future years will be a continuation of the same type of progress which has successfully marked the past fifty years, and have made them indeed Golden Anniversaries.

\* \* \* \*

There is a great deal of interesting material in that 50th Anniversary issue, and I am sure that you will be hearing more about it when the "Health Rays Through the Years" features 1954.

I would like to mention now a one-day conference which was held at the Wandlyn Motor Inn on October 25. This was the Continuous Learning Association of Nova Scotia (CLANS) Regional Conference, which convened to assess the resources in the Valley and South Shore areas, identify areas of concern, determine unmet needs, and discuss ways and means of meeting unmet needs. A great number of community agencies and departments were represented and discussions proved very interesting. I think that what impressed me most was the realization that there are a great many resources available and that training plans can be expanded and altered as needs change. Discussions centred around such topics as determination of needs, who can best co-ordinate programs for special needs groups, and how to motivate people to use the training resources that are, and will be, available.

I was reminded of the meetings that we used to have some years ago on the need for vocational training for those who could not compete, without assistance, on the "labour market". Resources at that time were practically non-existent, compared with what is now available.

—:o:—

On her first train trip, a little girl was put into an upper berth by her mother, who told her God would watch over her.

As silence descended over the car, the little girl became alarmed and called softly: "Mother, are you there?"

"Yes, dear," the mother replied.

A little later, in a louder voice, the child called: "Daddy, are you there, too?"

After this had been repeated several times, one of the other passengers lost patience and shouted: "We're all here! Your father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts and cousins! Now go to sleep!"

There was silence for a minute, then in a hushed voice the child called: "Mother, was that God?"

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## Notes And News

We have a report from Miss Bonnie Keirstead, on behalf of the Sanatorium Recreation Committee: "The annual Interhospital Five Pin Bowling Tournament was held in Shelburne on Saturday. The Sanatorium team headed by Shirley (Herd) Kennedy, with Wilson Brown, Betty and Earl Bigelow, Marion Johnson, Larry Wagner and Gerald Wentzell, travelled to Shelburne and returned with the first-place trophy for the second time in as many years. Our team did really well; the only game lost was by two pins, and the final play-off game was won by over 200 pins. The team had a great time, and commend Roseway Hospital for a well-organized, fun tournament."

Congratulations, team! Keep up the good work!

On October 18 a birthday party was held in honor of our youngest patient, Astrid Lyon, age two. Mary MacKinnon and Madelon Misner, of the Rehab Department, shopped for treats and favours for all of the children (there were but four young patients at the time), and the nurses on the p.m. shift looked after the partying.

At least one other birthday was commemorated in October - that of Mrs. Winnifred Bourque. Mrs. Bourque does not hold the distinction of being our youngest or our eldest patient, but is confined to bed because of arthritis and so, the party was held in her room, by the nursing staff on East III.

A number of readers have commented favourably on the item regarding Freeman Douglas Knockwood, September issue. We are pleased to have received a letter from Doug's father, Freeman B. Knockwood, Box 188, Oxford, N. S. He says, in part, "May I take the pleasure of giving you a big Thank You for giving space in Health Rays in regards to the wonderful write up that was given to our son Douglas Knockwood. It really was appreciated, as you well know that we are proud of the good work our boy has done toward helping in many ways the Mic Mac Indian of Nova Scotia. And now it seems that he is working with other Indians of different tribes, which is a great commendation from the people who are in contact with him. It was a

wonderful neighbor, Mr. Leslie Asbell, who brought me the Health Rays. That was a very generous gesture on his part. And there were more neighbours who showed much interest in hearing of our son's progress as a Social Counsellor when they read it in the newspaper. One of my neighbours telephoned me on the morning it was in the paper and asked if I had already seen the morning paper, and he said there was a great piece of reading for me and Mrs. Knockwood. So I just had to go down to the store and get the paper, and there it was! Our thanks to the interviewer and also to you at the Sanatorium and God bless you all, doctors, nurses, and the staff of the Sanatorium, and a special Thank You for the staff of Health Rays."

During a ceremony at Government House sixty-six persons were recently honored with 25-year Long Service Awards, presented by Lieutenant Governor C. L. Gosse. Among our acquaintances and fellow workers are the following: Bernie Robinson, Maintenance Supervisor and Safety Officer; Garnet Adams, Dietary Department; Miss Laura Eileen MacDonald, Dietary Department; and Mrs. Annie Florence MacKenzie, Point Edward Hospital. Our congratulations to all of you. There was a good photo of the latter two recipients in the October 31 issue of The Advertiser.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Audrey Hansen, R.N., left the San staff on October 5, having previously been a charge nurse in the West Infirmary. She and her husband, Capt. J. H. Hansen, have sold their home in Wolfville and are moving to Halifax.

First man: "The greatest person who ever lived was Huggins, brilliant, broad-minded, tolerant, generous, temperate; yet he died with his talents unsuspected."

Second man: "How did you manage to find out about him?"

First man: "I married his widow."

If you want the world to make a path to your door, try taking a nap.

It's a curious world when you can be in a jam at one time and in a pickle at another and can't tell the difference.



## Chaplain's Corner

MSGR. J. H. DURNEY  
IN THE VETERAN

### REMEMBRANCE DAY

Today we commemorate the end of the War to end ALL WARS, and as we pay tribute to the Memory of those who made the supreme SACRIFICE in that struggle, it becomes more and more evident that we have won the war — BUT LOST THE PEACE. Certainly since November 11th, 1918, there has been very little real peace in the world. Within twenty-five years the world was involved in another titanic conflict for world supremacy, and since the Second World War there has been an almost unbroken series of wars and battles and conflicts between nations and peoples. Where is the peace for which such a terrible price was paid? Where are the rights that were guaranteed to all nations and all peoples to live in freedom, without fear of oppression? They have been forgotten or sidetracked in the race for power.

Certainly there have been tremendous advancements made in the fields of technology and science, but instead of using them for the comfort and welfare of people they have been used to invent more powerful and more terrible ways of destroying mankind and the good earth.

It seems that man has reached such tremendous heights of achievement in so many fields that he has begun to think he is as great and powerful as God Himself, and so has forgotten and neglected

God and taken all credit for what has been accomplished to himself. Man has forgotten the one most important fact that WITHOUT GOD WE CAN DO NOTHING, that all the achievements which have been made in the various fields have been made only by using the talents and gifts given us by God. Even then, these successes would never have been realised without the help of God Himself.

If man wishes to save the world from utter destruction he must return to God. He must remember and practise the laws of God. He must love God above all things and his fellow-man as himself for the love of God. He must remember that he has obligations to God and to his fellow-man. He must remember that while he has rights and privileges his neighbor also has rights and privileges and he must respect these. Only by striving constantly for peace himself will there ever be peace in the world among nations and among peoples, and that peace must be based on the peace with God which exists in the heart of each and everyone of us.

As we pay tribute to those who have died let us ask ourselves what we have done as individuals to bring peace to the world? Are we at peace with ourselves? Are we at peace with God? Only when there is peace in the heart, in the home, in our community, in our country, will there BE PEACE IN THE WORLD.

### Tribute To Dr. Crosson By An Ex-Patient

I feel in writing this I am expressing fully the feelings of all the patients and ex-patients who were still seeing Dr. Crosson at the time of his death.

To me he was one of the most wonderful people I've ever had the privilege of knowing, both as a doctor and a friend. He was never too busy to be cheery and always had that special smile and a little twinkle in his eye. I was at the Sanatorium for some time before I knew he was an ex-patient and on finding this out I realized why he had such a special quality among all the patients. He always seemed so understanding, no

matter what the situation, and could always seem to cheer you. I happened to be on "whisper treatment" for some time after entering the Sanatorium and during this period he was my doctor. I especially remember him greeting me each morning with, "Stop yelling at me!" which of course always gave us all a laugh.

To paraphrase John Donne, truly the bell tolls for each of us when such a fine man leaves the world.

—(Mrs.) Marjorie Smiley  
Port Dufferin  
Halifax Co., N. S.

## Try Being Thankful For You

By Norman Vincent Peale

Thanksgiving Day—what a great invention! Historically it's an American tradition, and that's as it should be because we Americans have so much to be thankful for. Despite all the critics, this is still a Heaven-blessed land—not only beautiful but productive, generous, religious, basically decent, and free.

This year I have a faintly startling proposal to make. When you get around to counting your blessings on Thanksgiving Day, why not add one more to the list? Why not be thankful for you?

This is not an invitation to be smug or self-centered. It's a thought based on the very strong probability that day in and day out you don't appreciate yourself as much as you should. My old friend Smiley Blanton, the eminent psychiatrist, once told me that the most common emotional ailment that he was called upon to deal with professionally was low self-esteem. "You'd be amazed," Smiley said, "at how strong the tendency is in many people to exaggerate their faults and minimize their virtues. Very often, in such people, self-confidence is weakened until they can't cope with the tensions and pressures and problems of everyday living. And so they end up in my office."

Smiley thought of low self-esteem as a disease that is epidemic. If it is, one way to avoid it might be to follow the simple suggestion that forms the title of this article: Try being thankful for you.

Why shouldn't you be thankful, wherever and wherever you are? Almost certainly there are other people who appreciate you and rely on you. Your husband. Or wife. Your children, if you have any. Friends who admire or love or care about you.

If you're a self-deprecating soul, perhaps you think you're a bit selfish at times. And perhaps you are. But what about all the other times? If you're a housewife, cooking, cleaning, making beds, doing the laundry, chauffeuring children all day long, how much of this effort is other-person directed? Most of it, right? If you're the family breadwinner, how much of the money you earn goes into things that benefit you exclusively? Ten per cent? Five? Not

much, certainly. So be thankful for yourself as a contributor to other people's happiness, because you undoubtedly are.

Be thankful for yourself, also, as a unique child of God. Be aware of the fact that nobody else in the whole human race is exactly like you. Be thankful for the eyes you see with, the ears you hear with, the marvelous senses of taste and smell and touch. But be just as grateful for the smile, the sense of humor, the gestures, the tone of voice, the thousand little characteristics and mannerisms that make you so unmistakably you.

Be thankful, also, for the age you are, whatever that age may be. If you're young, give thanks for energy and vitality, for the spirit that challenges everything, for the determination to make the world even better than it is. If you're middle-aged, be thankful that you're at the peak of your productivity, that you've learned to be a problem-solver, that you have the will and the strength to carry heavy burdens cheerfully. If you're past middle age, be thankful that you've reached the point where you can truly be yourself, say what you think, give others the benefit of your wisdom and experience, watch the passing parade with affection—or march with it as long as you can keep time to the music.

Does this kind of thankfulness involve self-love? Yes, so to some extent it does, but there's nothing wrong with that. We can never function successfully in life, or even love other people properly, unless we have a healthy amount of self-esteem. That's what the Bible is saying when it tells us to love our neighbor as ourselves.

"This is the day which the Lord has made," the psalmist sang. "We will rejoice and be glad in it." On Thanksgiving this year, why not alter that just a little and say to yourself, with quiet pride and satisfaction: "With all my faults, I am the living, breathing, feeling, caring, helping, struggling, loving creature that the Lord has made—the only one that He has made in exactly this way. Today and every day henceforth I will rejoice in this knowledge—and be glad in it!"

From "Guideposts"

## Old Timers

We have the following note from Mrs. C. Phillip MacCready, 102 Wildewood Park, Winnipeg: "Thoroughly enjoy the magazine each month, and find the "Old Timers" section of particular interest. I was there for a year in 1947 at age 15 (nee Irene Richards) and remember many fine people I met there. I correspond with Gertrude Kurdziel (nee Kaulback) who also cured at that time. Gertie now lives at 70 Epworth Ave., Ottawa, and has four teenage children. (Thanks! We'll send her a copy of this issue).

We have a note from William Hines, formerly of 185 Edmonds Grounds, Armadale, and now at a new address: RR 1, Porters Lake, Halifax County. He has words of praise for the treatment received during the eight months that he was here in '71. He is enjoying good health, has been retired for two years, and is still doing wood working. He mentions seeing Sinclair Young from Dover often, and was recently talking with James Stroughan who was here in '71.

Mrs. Larry Flynn, Meteghan River, writes to express her sorrow at hearing of Dr. Crosson's death. She says that she was also shocked to hear of the death of Edward Moulaison, Surette's Island, husband of Annie Moulaison who was at the San at the same time as Mrs. Flynn. Mrs. Flynn wishes to say hello to all those whom she met at the San in 1970.

Mrs. Mary Amelia Crossman of Amherst has words of praise for the treatment at the San and says that it is a wonderful place to be when you are sick. She hopes that the present patients will make a good recovery, as she has done.

Mrs. Gordon R. Dechman, North Sydney, renewed her subscription and included a note, saying that her husband has built up a general insurance business in North Sydney and uses their home for his office. She no longer has her hat shop, and she comments: "When the women stopped wearing hats they put me out of business." She says that their son, Robert, is with the Department of Agriculture, with his office in Lawrencetown. He is married to the former Betty Redden of Kentville, and they have two daughters. (I seem to remember that Betty Dechman is interested in weaving and other craft work and visited our Rehab workshop some time ago).

Mrs. George Reekie, Grant Street, Westville, writes, "Although I was never

a patient at the San, my late husband spent a year there and then went back and forth for check-ups, and I still enjoy reading the magazine each month."

We have renewals from: Edward Stewart, Upper Musquodoboit; Mrs. Andrew Doherty, RR 2, Baddeck; Mrs. Wylie White, RR 1, Ayre, Ontario; John J. Campbell, 75 North St., Glace Bay; Father Gerald Saulnier, Wolfville; Dave Barrington, Sydney; Mrs. Anne Dube, 2094 Elm St., Halifax; Malcolm Beeler, RR 2, Granville Ferry; Mrs. Roblin Garrison, RR 1, Enfield; Mrs. Sophie Spencer, 18 Dale St., Kentville, whom we frequently see actively engaged in her Salvation Army service; Miss Clara Quinlan, Mahone Bay; Desire D'Eon, West Pubnico; Joseph Dominix, Lunenburg, and three staff members: Miss Eileen Quinlan, Miss Helen Morse and Mrs. Hazel LeFave.

We are sorry to hear that another of our former patients has passed away: Harold A. Murphy, East Ragged Island, Shelburne County.

A recent visitor to the San was Russell Lowell Hines, 1 Willow St, Yarmouth, who was a patient from April '64 to April '65 He brought treats for the children — as he used to when a patient, and is looking very well.

Another visitor was Charles Cotteau of Wedgeport who found our office and chatted for awhile. He was a patient at Roseway Hospital in 1959 and then came to the San for surgery. He and his wife have two children, now 18 and 14 He had been well and worked as a fisherman until he suffered an injury last year. We hope he will soon have completely recovered.

A note from Mrs. Hope Mack, former Director of Nursing, reads, in part, "There should be no need to tell you that I enjoy reading Health Rays for it allows me to keep up with some of the changes that take place each month and year. So many changes since I left in '69, but still seems like home." It is good to hear from you, Mrs. Mack.

Herb C. MacQuarrie, Stellarton, enclosed a note with his renewal: "Sorry I didn't attend to this sooner because I sure wouldn't want to miss a single issue of Health Rays. It is the only way I have of getting the San news. I was particularly impressed with Dr. Quinlan's tribute to my friend Dr. Crosson. He was a great chap. I still see him scooting across from the Medical Section to the Canteen and his smock flying in the wind, as he never buttoned it. I will also miss Dr. Laretei, even if I never was able to

understand him. I just said 'Yes' to everything. Mrs. Hiltz's column is also very interesting, even if she hasn't yet caught up to my period as a patient. Pat McEvoy's passing was a shock to me as he seemed pretty good the last time I saw him. We were friends since 1918. Say hello to my friends at the San. P.S. Due to cataracts growing on both eyes my writing may be hard to decipher."

Mrs. Jane DeWolfe, 27 Ochterloney St., Dartmouth, says that she looks forward to Health Rays and reads it though. She hopes the folk at the San are well, and asks to be remembered to her friends.

Mrs. Stella Brown, Scott's Bay, who works as one of the heads of the house-keeping department, renewed her subscription while at the San recently. We were sorry to report that she is continuing on sick leave.

We have renewals from Patrick J. Connors, RR 1, Hopewell; Miss Carrie Gillis, Kentville; Ronald Forsythe, 17 Henry St., Kentville, and I will close by mentioning that we recently saw Mrs. Helen May Carter when she was in for an x-ray early in November. Her husband and children moved to this area when she was a patient in 1965 — or at the time of her second admission in 1967 — and they have been living in Pereaux for the past several years.

Anne-Marie reports the last two items: Sinclair Young, who was here in 1971, was visiting at the San recently and was talking with Dr. Holden. He is getting along well and was glad to see the place again. Needless to say, he saw many changes in that short time.

A former patient and staff member, Anne Rebecca (MacDonald) Wadden of Glace Bay was visiting Madeline Spence in Ellershouse recently and the two of them paid a visit to the Sanatorium. They also drove down to see Edna (Downey) White in Lawrencetown, Adelaide Munro in Kingston, and Mrs. Hope Mack in Hantsport. Anne Rebecca looked extremely well — I had not seen her in 18 years.

————:O:————

Dave: "It must be one of my teachers driving that car ahead."

Fran: "How can you tell?"

Dave: "He won't let me pass!"

\* \* \*

When a Texas school class was told that the next day they would learn to draw, eighteen youngsters showed up with pistols.

## My Garden

(By Haile Chisholm)

The author of this fine poem began writing poetry in his later years and died at the age of 99 in 1951. His niece, Catherine Chisholm, Apt. 9, 10416 Fawcett St., Kensington, Md. 20795, sent it to the editor.

While cruel wars distress the world,  
Blasting the hopes of youth and age,  
I drop dried seeds beneath the sod,  
Unmindful of the warriors' rage.

While kings and captains plot and plan  
To overthrow and slay the foe,  
I stir the slumbering soil, to coax  
To quickened life, with spade and hoe.

The seeds I cover with the mold  
Are not disturbed by gods of war:  
They wait in patience God's full time,  
Nor tremble at the cannons' roar.

I plant a garden in the hope  
Of benefit to hungry men.  
Wars crush the world in loss and pain,  
My garden brings new life again.

In this small plot I work with God;  
The soil is fragrant with His breath;  
And there is raised a glorious growth,  
With quick'ning life, from seeming  
death.

O garden plot! O God's sweet earth!  
O soil that eases weary feet!  
God's ample cushion for bruised life,  
A cooling balm for blist'ring heat.

—Sunshine Magazine

————:O:————

Boss: "Do you know what the motto of our firm is?"

New employee: "Sure, it's 'Push' "

Boss: "What gave you that idea?"

New employee: "I saw it on the door when I came in."

\* \* \*

A gentleman farmer is one who has more hay in the bank than in the barn.

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## Ins And Outs



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—:o:—

## Health Rays Golden Jubilee Fund

Contributions to this Fund may be addressed to:

Health Rays Jubilee Fund  
Nova Scotia Sanatorium  
Kentville, N. S.

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

The standing of this Fund as of October 31, 1974:

Previously acknowledged:	\$4,990.61
Recent contributors:	
Herman Cochrane	
Miscellaneous	
Total	45.50
Grand Total	\$5,036.11

Received after the Fund total was tallied for the month was a contribution from Mrs. Joseph MacKenzie, RR 1, North Sydney, which will appear in the November total. This was a contribution to the Jubilee Fund in memory of her late husband, Joseph Donald MacKenzie, who died September 1, 1974, in St. Rita Hospital, Sydney. Born August 20, 1903, he will be remembered by many as a former patient, as well as a staff member at Point Edward Hospital.

We extend our sincere sympathy to members of his family.

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## Wake Me Gently

Wake me gently.

Let not a harsh-toned voice disturb my dream!

Nor bid me rise with cautious words of fear!

Let whispers softly fall upon my ear.  
The years are long, yet they seem but a day.

And hopes and dreams so swiftly fade away!

Wake me gently!

Wake me kindly.

Let me hear neither tumult, nor the din,  
Nor brass bands heralding the dawn!

The vivid hopes of youth, so quickly gone,

And life, a fleeting moment, must dispose

And yield its dreams to time, and calm repose.

Wake me kindly!

Wake me gently.

Let hushed, sweet music be my reveille!  
The sound of loving voices in the air,

The tender, quiet touch of hands that care,

A bluebird's song to rouse me from the deep.

So late! So late! . . . and I, so long asleep!  
Oh, wake me gently!

—Winnifred Mitchell Protheroe

—:o:—

## The Night Cometh

Cometh the night. The winds fall low,  
The trees swing slowly to and fro:  
Around the church the headstones grey  
Cluster, like children strayed away  
But found again, and folded so.  
No chiding look doth she bestow:  
If she is glad, they cannot know:  
If ill or well, they spend their day,  
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;

They do not see the shadows grow;

"There yet is time," they lightly say,

"Before our work aside we lay;"

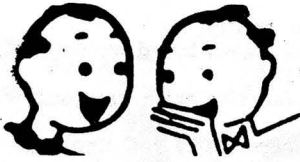
Their task is but half-done, and lo!

Cometh the night.

—John McCrae

The above poem is by the Canadian soldier-poet of the First Great War, whose "In Flanders Fields" is so well-known.

## Just Jesting



A job seeker filled out an application form thusly:

Date of Birth: Aug. 5, 1940

Weight: 6 lbs., 10 ounces.

Height: 20 inches.

A little boy had taken his mother's powder puff and was powdering his face when his small sister, age 5, snatched it from him. "You mustn't do that," she exclaimed, "only ladies use powder. Gentlemen wash themselves."

At a party a woman remarked to her husband: "That's the fifth time you've gone back for more punch. Doesn't it embarrass you at all?"

"No," he answered, "I keep telling them it's for you."

A farmer in Texas sent a 24-lb. watermelon to a friend who had moved to Alaska. "Just thought you'd like to see an example of the cucumber crop this year." His friend sent him a 10-lb. cabbage and a note: "Cucumber crop terrible up here ... but we're having luck with our brussel sprouts."

Mary walked up to the bank clerk's window and said: "I would like to buy some traveler's checks." The clerk asked: "What denomination, please?" Mary replied, "Methodist."

Teacher: "Now, can anyone give me a sentence using the word 'diadem'?" Elmer: "People who drive carelessly across railroad tracks diadem sight quicker than those who stop, look and listen."

"John! I hear burglars in the kitchen—they may be eating the new recipe I prepared!"

"Let'em. Just so they don't die in the house!"

Did you hear about the Arab who came home early and his wife let out a terrific sheik?

"This liniment makes my back smart!"  
"Then I'd rub some on my head!"

Barber: "Your hair is getting very gray, sir." Customer: "I'm not surprised. Hurry Up!"

Foreman (testing the wall of a new house): I'm speaking quietly, Bill. Can you hear me?

Bill (on the other side): Hear you? Gee, I can see you in three places.

The elderly man, having taken to his bed with an illness, was fussing at his doctor over the long recovery.

"Listen, Mr. Jones," said the doctor, "I'm no wizard. I can't make you any younger."

"Who said I wanted to be younger," replied the elderly man, "I just want to be sure I'm going to keep on getting older."

Wife: Let's have some fun this evening:

Husband: Okay, but leave the light on in the hallway, just in case you get home before I do.

### THE NEW ANATOMY

A school boy was asked to write a description of the human body. "The human body," he wrote, "is divided into three parts: the brainium, the borax, and the abominable cavity.

"The brainium contains the brains, if any.

"The borax contains the lungs, lights and heart.

"The abominable cavity contains the bowels, of which there are five: a, e, i, o, u."

The father was reluctant to tell his little son Johnny of the impending visit of the stork, but as the months went by the secret grew more difficult to conceal. Finally the stork dropped his bundle from Heaven, and the father broke the news to the boy.

"The stork has been flying over our house, Johnny," he explained, "He's been swooping around, and finally landed here."

"Gee, I hope he doesn't frighten Mommy," replied the youngster, "She's pregnant, you know."

Son: "What does 'university bred' mean, Dad?"

Father: "The cream of youth and the dough of old age."

The great art of learning is to understand but little at a time. — John Locke.

## How Young Are You?

The twenties are the molding years when the young person forms those habits that will direct his career. Then he finishes his schoolwork, stands before the altar, establishes a home, and looks the world in the face.

The thirties are the years of discouragement. It is a hard and trying time. It is a time of battle without the poetry and dreams of youth.

The forties are the years of vision, when a man finds himself, finishes his castles in the air, and knows the value of his dreams.

In the fifties life comes to its ripening. These should be the years of jubilee, and a man should do his best work then.

At sixty a man has committed enough mistakes to make him wise far beyond his juniors. He should live better and do better work than in any decade of his life. No man has a right to retire in the sixties; the world has need of his wisdom.

And in the seventies some of the best work in the world has been done. It is the time when talent, experience, and insight combine to make a worthy and memorable life.

—Robert George

—:o:—

## A Thank-You Note

I would like to thank all the doctors and the nursing staff on first floor of the Sanatorium for their wonderful care while I was a patient at the Sanatorium. Thanks to the administrative staff and other staff of the Sanatorium, other patients and their relatives and members of the clergy for all their kindness shown to me. Special thanks to the person or persons who left a gift for me at the nurses' office the day I was discharged.

My wife adds her thanks to mine.

Sincerely,  
Vance E. Atkinson  
Stoney Island  
Shelburne County

—:o:—

1st guy: "What's the difference between a fly and a mosquito?"

Wise guy: "You can't sew a zipper on a mosquito."

## A Little Work

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going — and, so, good day!  
A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and, so, good night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing — and so, good  
morrow!

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! And, so, good-bye!

Geo. du Maurier

—:o:—

## Wishing

Enough happiness to keep you sweet,  
Enough trials to keep you strong,  
Enough sorrow to keep you human,  
Enough hope to keep you happy,  
Enough failure to keep you humble,  
Enough success to keep you eager,  
Enough friends to give you comfort,  
Enough wealth to meet your needs,  
Enough enthusiasm to look forward,  
Enough faith to banish depression,  
Enough determination to make each day  
a better day than yesterday.

—:o:—

"What kind of a saddle do you want?"  
the dude ranch cowboy asked the dude.  
"With or without a horn?"

The dude pondered a moment before  
answering. "Without one, I guess. Doesn't  
seem to be much traffic on these prairies."

\* \* \*

Two married men were talking. One  
said: "I'm perfectly happy. I have a wonderful  
home, a good job, and the finest wife  
in the country."

The second one countered with: "Who  
wouldn't be happy with his wife in the  
country?"

\* \* \*

A fisherman who was caught with 15  
more black bass than the law allowed  
was taken to court and fined.

"Do you have anything to say?" asked  
the judge.

"Yes, your Honor," smiled the fisherman.  
"I'd like six copies of the court record  
to show my friends."

# 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

#### PENTECOSTAL

Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

#### BAPTIST

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

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC

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

#### CHRISTIAN REFORMED

Minister—Rev. H. Kuperus

#### SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Sidney Brace

#### UNITED CHURCH

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

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

### POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

#### ANGLICAN

Rev. Weldon Smith

#### UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Allan MacIntosh

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC

Priest—Father Angus MacLeod

#### PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. E. H. Bean

#### SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Alex Swan