

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM  
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# Health Rays



# HEALTH RAYS

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## Sanatorium Visiting Hours

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## Dr. Ernest William Crosson

### 1921-1974



During the early evening of July 30, 1974, death came to Dr. Ernie Crosson. He had returned from his annual vacation only the day before in excellent spirits and, as usual, happy to be back with his patients. In the early afternoon of July 30, while seated at his desk ready to begin the Outpatient Clinic, he sustained a massive heart attack and a few hours later on the Third Floor, where over the previous years he had done so much for so many others, he passed away.

Dr. Crosson was born in Springhill, N. S. When he was quite young, his family moved to Dorchester, N. B., and he received most of his early schooling in that town. Two days after the outbreak of war, September 5, 1939, he joined the Canadian Army. He served with distinction all throughout the Second World War in the Infantry. With the Canadian Forces he was on the Normandy Shore on D-Day. He took part in all the campaigns in Europe from then on, serving with great distinction, receiving the Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery Award. He came through the war safe and sound, only to find that a film of his chest taken while he was being discharged from the Army in early 1946, disclosed the presence of tuberculosis in both lungs. For the next four years, he was on the "cure", for the most part at the Tuberculosis Hospital of H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. Modern chemotherapy had not

yet arrived; his treatment consisted of pneumothorax on both sides, and the results were excellent. At Cornwallis, he met his future wife, Vienna Harding, of Yarmouth, who was a member of the nursing staff. They were married in 1950.

He was never the type to submit meekly to unfortunate circumstances and, while he was under treatment for tuberculosis, he decided that his career would be medicine. First of all, he had to finish High School, and most of the necessary preparation for this was carried out while he was still taking treatment for his tuberculosis. In fact, he obtained his Senior Matriculation at the University of Western Ontario, having been transferred to the D.V.A. Hospital in London, Ontario. So it was that he was able in 1950 to enter Dalhousie University and complete both his science and medical studies with distinction. He received his Medical Degree in 1957 and, with it, several prizes. At that time, he planned to do postgraduate studies in General Surgery. Once again, however, he was slowed down by the discovery that he had rather severe diabetes mellitus. With this new illness under control, he did complete two years of postgraduate work at the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax, not in surgery but in Internal Medicine and Radiology. In 1959, he was appointed to the staff of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium.

It goes without much question that having had the experience of being a patient himself, he was an ideal tuberculosis physician. But in addition, with the benefit of his postgraduate training in internal medicine and his very enquiring mind, he became a most complete chest physician and, when necessary, his judgment and manual dexterity made him an excellent surgical assistant. Probably the highlight of his experience with the management of tuberculosis was the sudden influx in 1967 of the 37 students who had developed clinical disease during the Clare District High School epidemic. These young people were placed in his personal charge, and it is not surprising that all of them recovered their health fully.

Even more outstanding than his work

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## DR. E. W. CROSSON—

(Continued from Page 1)

with tuberculosis was the contribution he made to the subject of nontuberculous pulmonary disease. He became most interested in pulmonary physiology and was frequently away on special courses in such places as Boston, Mass., and Denver, Colorado, bringing back to the Sanatorium the newer concepts and techniques. He became most interested in chronic obstructive pulmonary disease, and the very busy department of Respiratory Technology at the Sanatorium remains a monument to him. After studying in Philadelphia, he became an expert bronchoscopist, and a few years ago when fibroptic endoscopy was introduced, he was instrumental in obtaining the necessary highly sophisticated and expensive equipment for use at the Sanatorium and quickly became proficient in the study of the esophagus. He became most interested in the relationship of esophageal reflux with many cases of bronchial asthma, and repair of esophageal hiatus hernia became a rather common operation in our Surgical Department.

Mainly at his urging, appropriate equipment was obtained to set up our pulmonary intensive care units, and probably he was at his best in the management of the acute chest problem whether it was a result of trauma or a medical emergency.

As a teacher, he was superb, and throughout the entire 15 years of his service at the Sanatorium he gave many hours of formal lectures and demonstrations to nursing and paramedical classes. Even of more importance, he was easily approachable; he was never too busy to explain to his nurses the nature of the condition he happened to be treating and the various modalities of therapy he was employing. He was a firm believer in informing his patients of the nature of their various diseases, what he was doing to help them and, more important still, what they themselves had to do to regain and maintain their health.

The specialty of chest medicine in general and the Nova Scotia Sanatorium in particular has lost a great physician; his colleagues and his patients, a great friend.

To his widow, his mother, his brother, and his sister we extend our sincere sympathy. (J.J.Q.)

## AUTUMN

The cheery Spring may come,  
And touch the dreaming flowers into life,  
Summer expand her leafy sea of green,  
And wake the joyful wilderness to song,  
As a fair hand strikes music from a lyre:  
But Autumn, from its daybreak to its  
close,  
Setting in florid beauty, like the sun,  
Robed with rare brightness and ethereal  
flame,  
Holds all the year's ripe fruitage in its  
hands  
And dies with songs of praise upon its  
lips.

—Charles Sangster

\* \* \*

I used to think a garden  
With every smiling flower  
Was made for pleasure seekers  
To spend a happy hour;  
But when I came to till one,  
To dig and weed and hoe,  
To plant a little seedling  
And watch it sprout and grow;  
I learned so many secrets  
From nature's friendly sod—  
But best of all encountered  
The healing hand of God.

—Anon.

\* \* \*

O sun and skies and clouds of June,  
And flowers of June together,  
Ye cannot rival for one hour  
October's bright blue weather,

—Helen Hunt Jackson

\* \* \*

John Wesley, who travelled on horseback through all parts of England preaching, wrote in his Journal: "I shall pass through this world but once; any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show, let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

\* \* \*

Today's tragedy is not the noisiness of the bad people, but the silence of the good people.



## Health Rays Through The Years (Continued)

EILEEN M. HILTZ

Resuming the history of **Health Rays** we now consider the year 1948. The January issue starts off with a fine article by Dr. Holden on Collapse Therapy in the Treatment of Tuberculosis, in which she discusses pneumothorax, phrenic nerve operations and thoracoplasty, now outmoded but then very valued surgical procedures. Another article discusses the pros and cons of Streptomycin, the first "wonder drug."

Mary Muirhead has been elevated from typist to editor, and has the mast-head all to herself. "Sanatorium Activities" reports: "As always, Christmas at the San this year was a most heart-warming celebration." In February Avite Bourque joined the editorial staff, and proceeded to set a high standard for **Health Rays** editorials.

The March issue carried an In Memoriam tribute to George Brennan, who had lost out in his battle with tuberculosis. George, a one-time **Health Rays** editor, was possessed of a cheery outlook and ready wit, and had been an all-around favorite during his long stay at the San. This month sees **Health Rays** go up to fifteen cents per copy, but the yearly rate stands at one dollar.

These were the days when the Sanatorium Recreational Club existed and performed many interesting functions. One of them was a weekly bridge party held in the Nurses' Home (now of fond memory). We read that first prize at the St. Patrick's party was won by Joan Walker.

The annual report letter of the Medical Superintendent was printed in the April-May issue. One or two quotes from it shows the trend of treatment at the Sanatorium in 1948: "It is regrettable that so many of our patients are readmitted for further treatment. This is not unique at this institution, but reflects the general tendency at most sanatoria ... Some of these readmissions we can lay to the spirit of restlessness so prevalent during the war years and the immediate post war period. During the present year, 39, or 12%, of our discharged patients left the institution against medical advice, and 10 were discharged on account of misconduct. It is to be expected

that a fair number of these people will return to us as readmissions, many, unfortunately, in an advanced stage of the disease." "The work of the Rehabilitation Department has been enthusiastically received by the patients and staff. From this modest beginning we hope may come something of lasting benefit to our patients in their attempt to re-establish themselves as useful and welcome citizens in their home communities." "At this time a few words regarding lung resection is in order. ... Only during the past few years has it been attempted for tuberculosis of the lungs. It is a major surgical undertaking for which there is only a very limited field. Since November 1944, we have performed ten such operations with 50 per cent very satisfactory results. When we realize that the majority of these patients were ones in whom other collapse measures had been tried and failed, the results are quite gratifying." And lastly, "This year has seen the advent of Streptomycin to this institution. Although this drug will not perform everything that had been hoped for it when its discovery was first announced, it has a very definite place in our armamentarium."

The Sanatorium Activities column tells of a farewell party for a very popular staff member. Mary McKenna, Admitting Clerk at the San for many years, and before that a patient, left to be married and to make her home in the United States. Upon the death of her husband she returned to her native land, and now resides in Halifax, still very interested in her old Sanatorium friends.

From the July "Sanatorium Activities" we glean this interesting item: "We extend a welcome to Frank Misener, M.D.,

(Continued on Page 4)

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## HEALTH RAYS THROUGH—

(Continued from Page 3)

and Clarence Young, M.D., who have both accepted positions on the Medical Staff of the Sanatorium. Dr. Misener will concern himself mostly with Anaesthesia and Radiology, while Dr. Young will do general duty as one of our resident physicians." Dr. Young is now in general practice in his hometown of Pictou, while Dr. Misener continues here as one of our most senior and popular San doctors.

The August cover bears a picture taken at the annual San picnic, which was held as usual at Delhaven, on the Fundy shore. It shows a group consisting of Pat McEvoy and a bevy of girls, among whom we recognize Joan Walker, Mary Muirhead and Hazel Tipert. Other faces are familiar, but memory fails to supply the names. The following is a quote on the roaring baseball game, which was always a highlight of the picnic. "The only casualty of the entire day was Dr. J. J., who came up with a swollen finger after stopping a line drive from the bat of a hitter who took a liking to his high hard one. Pitching his team to victory though, was enough compensation for the San's number one ball fan."

The October **Health Rays** of 1948 pays tribute to Dr. F. R. Davis, who died on September 17, while serving as Nova Scotia's Minister of Health. We quote words written by Dr. Hiltz for the In Memoriam: "Under the guidance of Dr. Davis, the tuberculosis services in Nova Scotia were tremendously expanded ... The clinic services are enlarged under the supervision of eight Divisional Medical Health Officers covering the entire province; a new institution, Roseway Hospital, with 120 tuberculosis beds was opened in Shelburne in May, 1946; free treatment for the tuberculous of the Province was announced on July 1, 1946 ... Point, Edward Hospital at Sydney with 200 beds for the care of tuberculous has been acquired..."

And to prove that the editors of that day had a way with the jokes, too, try on this one:

"I've just been bit by a dog and I've worried, cause I hear whenever a dog bites you, whatever the dog has, you get."

"Boy! Then you have a right to worry!"

"Why?"

"That dog just had eleven pups."

**Health Rays** for 1949 opens with a bit of history, the reprint of an article by Dr. W. S. Woodworth, who was the visiting physician for the Provincial Sanatorium from its inception in 1904 until 1910 and the appointment of a full-time medical superintendent, who was, of course, Dr. A. F. Miller. Dr. Woodworth presents a most interesting resume of the tuberculosis scene in 1906, ending with these pungent comments: "In conclusion let me say, that as a public educational factor, the Provincial Sanatorium is of incalculable benefit to Nova Scotia. From the physician's practical standpoint it is inadequate to the demand. As viewed from a scientific standpoint it is nil."

April 1949 sees some changes on the editorial staff. Mary Muirhead is still Managing Editor, but she has with her two Associate Editors, namely, Eileen M. Hiltz and Claudia MacCallum. And here let me interject the comment that the former name, which has appeared before, will continue to recur with the persistence of a bad case of hay fever. Avite Bourque writes the April editorial for his **Health Rays** swan song, as he departs from the San to take up life in the outside world.

May 1949, and the Ed. Comment hails "with pleasure and enthusiasm" the report that the Provincial legislature is appropriating a half-million dollars for construction at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, the major item to be the building of an infirmary. This mirage, like others to follow, stayed elusively out of reach until 1973, when a much reduced building program did actually get started.

May 1949 also heralds the formation of the Sanatorium Fire Department, which held weekly training meetings under the direction of Mr. Fire Chief himself, Bev Wade. The knowledge that fire equipment and trained fire fighters were on hand eased the worry over the annual rash of Spring bush fires.

The June-July cover bears a picture of the San float, which won second prize in the Annapolis Valley Blossom Festival

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parade. The float depicted the eventual meeting of Evangeline and Gabriel, Evangeline being represented by editor Mary Muirhead, while Johnnie MacLellan played the part of Gabriel.

August **Health Rays** offers "best wishes and congratulations to Eleanor Smith and Carl Wagner, who recently embarked on the road of matrimony." At the time Eleanor, or "Smithy," as she was popularly known, was a valued member of the nursing staff, and Carl, now Stores Manager, was in charge of the San Canteen. Happy Silver Wedding, Eleanor and Carl.

In October a welcome is extended to Cecil H. Kennedy, who came to take over the post of Supervisor of Rehabilitation. Some years earlier Cecil, an ex-patient, had been the capable editor of **Health Rays**.

The November issue of **Health Rays** 1949 devotes a page to express birthday congratulations to — itself! **Health Rays** had completed 30 years of continuous publication. A two-page write-up of the annual Hallowe'en party makes one realize what wonderful fun was had on these special occasions, when staff and patients combined wits and talent in all-out entertainment.

See you next month, when history class convenes again.

—:O:—

## Patrick McEvoy Scholarship

Patrick B. McEvoy, who passed away at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium on May 11, 1974, bequeathed a generous sum of money to the PRESENTATION SISTERS of St. John's, Newfoundland. We have recently learned that the bequest has been placed in a fund with the interest being used to provide an annual scholarship. It will be called the Patrick B. McEvoy Scholarship and will be awarded annually to a student at Presentation Elementary School.

Pat's sister, Mother Mary Bernard McEvoy, who passed away in 1965, was Superior General at the Presentation Convent. We are sure Pat's many friends at the Sanatorium will be happy to learn of this scholarship.

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## Notes and News

Two events mentioned in the last issue as "on the agenda" came off somewhat as planned. The picnic for patients was held at Blomidon Park on July 23, and those who attended enjoyed the outing. On the following day, July 24, a staff and family picnic was held at the Research Station's picnic grounds. The turn-out was not really as great as it could have been — I believe that the number was in the mid nineties — and there were beans and wieners and ice cream enough for a considerably larger number. It was interesting to see the children of the various staff members. It makes one all too aware of the passing of time, however, to see how much they have grown since we last saw some of them.

Another outing for patients was held on August 20, which was a drive to Huntington Point, and a lunch at the Hall's Harbour Community Hall, where the ladies of the community very kindly served tea.

A country and western musical program was presented in the Patients' Lounge on August 31 by Ora and Earle J. B. Wentzell of Barss Corner, and Dale and Clell Jodrey of Elmwood.

\* \* \*

Jim Craig, Student Chaplain during the summer months, left the San at the end of August to continue his theological studies at Acadia University. We appreciate his helpfulness and we all wish him continued success in his chosen vocation.

\* \* \*

We are sorry to see Father Cleo d'Eon leave St. Joseph's Parish, for he has spent a good deal of time at the Sanatorium, with Thursday afternoon Mass, and with regular visitations. A farewell gathering was held at St. Joseph's Church on August 28, at which time Father J. A. Comeau and representatives of the various church organizations expressed their appreciation and their best wishes. Father d'Eon has been transferred to St. Patrick's Parish, Digby.

Very Rev. J. C. Thibeau is being transferred here from Yarmouth, where he has been Parish Priest of Notre Dame of Fatima. Father Thibeau was Curate of St. Joseph's, in Kentville, in the early 1950's.

## A New Role For Aspirin

Aspirin, one of the safest medicines known, may prove to prevent heart attacks, strokes, and fatal blood clots after surgery. To understand this new role for aspirin, you must understand something about your blood. Every cubic millimeter normally has a quarter to a half-million irregular disc-shaped granular specks, about a third the size of a red blood cell. These are the platelets that contain a variety of chemicals, the most important of which makes blood clot, so you won't bleed to death every time you cut yourself. When a blood vessel is cut or damaged, blood platelets stick together and to the exposed tissues, to form a plug, sealing the opening. Then a gel-like substance, fibrin, forms in the dammed-up blood so that the fibrin and platelets make a tough composite seal that can withstand the full force of arterial blood pressure. Unfortunately, such a clot may also form on any injury or roughness of the blood vessel lining.

Bits of blood clot can break off and be swept along in the blood stream until they plug a blood vessel whose bore is smaller than the clot. This prevents blood and oxygen from reaching the tissues supplied, which can then die. If the clot lodges in the brain the condition is known as a "stroke" and can cause temporary or permanent paralysis, blindness, or whatever, depending on the part of the brain affected and other factors.

Should the plug stick in a vessel supplying the heart muscle, it is a "heart attack" and some muscle will die, leaving less to do the work. Should the clot (it is called an embolus) lodge in the lung vessels, it cuts down on blood oxygenation. When clots find their way into the eye's retinal blood vessels, vision can be temporarily lost. Traveling clots, or emboli, are also thought to have a role in spreading cancer.

It is in relieving such conditions that aspirin has burst upon the medical scene with sudden promise: as little as an aspirin or two a day may prevent heart attacks and stroke, and offer a range of other aids with relatively few problems and little expense.

Exactly how aspirin works is not fully clear. While researchers say that a single dose affects all the platelets permanently, there is no hazard since one in ten plate-

lets is replaced by your body every day. Hence the effect is steadily diminished. Dr. Edward W. Salzman, Harvard professor of surgery, explains one type of case in which aspirin must be used with caution: a hemorrhagic disorder which may complicate otherwise straight-forward operations. In most cases a bleeding tendency is mild, but occasionally one encounters a patient who is unusually susceptible and the problem may become a serious one.

As reported in the British Medical Journal, a test group of 1200 men who have had heart attacks have been given a single daily dose of aspirin. While further trials are clearly essential, the finding, as reported is: "Aspirin reduced total mortality by 12 percent at six months and 25 percent at twelve months."

There has also been a report on the Boston University's Collaborative Drug Surveillance Program, which has been carrying out intensive monitoring of some 9000 medical patients in eight hospitals in four countries, as well as a special study of 25,000 patients admitted to medical and surgical wards in hospitals in the Boston area. Findings are consistent with the hypothesis that aspirin does protect against myocardial infarction.

Studies are also being undertaken by the Veterans Administration and the National Heart Lung Institute.

It is reported that Dr. Lee Wood, of California's City of Hope Medical Center wrote recently in *Lancet*: "I suggest that men over the age of twenty and women over the age of forty should take one aspirin tablet . . . a day on a chronic, long term basis . . . Exceptions to this would be people with bleeding disorders, aspirin allergy, uncontrolled hypertension and . . . bleeding lesions of the gastrointestinal tract or other organ system." While he admits there is a chance this may prove ineffective, still "the rationale seems sound, the risks small, and the possible benefits enormous." However, before you try this, check with your doctor, we are advised.

Exerpts from *Science Digest*, with reference to *British Medical Journal*, March 9, 1974: "Regular Aspirin Intake and Acute Myocardial Infarction"; *The Lancet*, September 9, 1972: "Treatment of Atherosclerosis and Thrombosis with Aspirin."



## Editorial Comment

Patients and staff of the Sanatorium were shocked and saddened to learn of the sudden death of Dr. Ernest W. Crosson, popular Sanatorium staff physician. He was stricken while at work, on Tuesday, July 30, was admitted to East III, and died that same night. The Sanatorium has lost an able and highly valued member. The unexpectedness of it has made it all the more difficult to realize, for Dr. Crosson seemingly enjoyed good health and worked tirelessly for his patients.

Dr. Crosson was an outstanding example of what can be accomplished by those who have the determination and self discipline to make full use of their time and opportunity. While hospitalized for tuberculosis at Cornwallis he continued his studies, leading to his completion of High School and preparation for university and subsequent medical studies I will not endeavor to write more about Dr. Crosson, because "Dr. J. J. Q." is writing a tribute. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his wife and to his mother.

\* \* \* \*

The following poem has been clipped from a recent issue of our local weekly newspaper. It is appropriate, in that we so often hear elderly (and some not so elderly) patients speak favourably of the special care and attention given to them at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, in contrast, unfortunately, to the more impersonal hustle of some of the general hospitals. I sometimes hear aging and aged people say that inwardly they feel they are the same person they were at any given age. Only their limitations, and the image in the mirror, remind them of the years that have passed by - all too fast. Now, here is the poem.

### SEE ME

In the Geriatric Ward of a hospital in Scotland an old woman died and among her pitifully few possessions the nurses found this poem—

What do you see nurses, what do you see?  
Are you thinking when you are looking at me—

A crabbit old woman, not very wise,  
Uncertain of habit, with far-away eyes.

Who dribbles her food and makes no reply

When you say in a loud voice—"I do wish you'd try".

Who seems not to notice the things that you do

And forever is losing a stocking or shoe.  
Who unresisting or not, lets you do as you will

With bathing and feeding, the long day to fill.

Is that what you are thinking, is that what you see?

Then open your eyes, nurse, you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,  
As I use at your bidding, as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother,

Brothers and sisters, who love one another.

A young girl of sixteen, with wings on her feet,

Dreaming that soon now a lover she'll meet.

A bride soon at twenty — my heart gives a leap

Remembering the vows that I promise to keep.

At twenty-five now I have young of my own,

Who need me to build a secure happy home.

A woman of thirty, my young now grow fast,

Bound to each other with ties that should last.

At forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,

But my man's beside me to see I don't mourn.

At fifty, once more babies play round my knee,

Again we know children, my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead,

I look at the future, I shudder with dread.  
For my young are all rearing young of their own,

And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm an old woman now and nature is Cruel—

(Continued on Page 8)



## EDITORIAL COMMENT—

(Continued from Page 7)

'Tis her jest to make old age look like a fool.  
 The body it crumbles, grace and vigour depart  
 There is now a stone where I once had a heart.  
 But inside this old carcass a young girl still dwells,  
 And now and again my battered heart swells.  
 I remember the joys, I remember the pain,  
 And I'm loving and living life over again.  
 I think of the years all too few — gone too fast,  
 And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.  
 So open your eyes nurses, open and see  
 Not a crabbit old woman, look closer—  
 see ME!

—————:o:—————

## Bucking The Bronchoscope

Always having been a healthy individual until the t.b. germ ambushed me, I was somewhat intrigued when told that I was to have a bronchoscopy, about three weeks after my arrival at the hospital. Having only the faintest idea of what a bronchoscopy was, I was rather more interested than otherwise, and had visions of myself being pale and brave — a la Camille! — with the aid of a dash of lipstick and perhaps a fluffy bed jacket.

Came the dawn and disillusionment! The charge nurse said, "Remove all your makeup please, and take off that nail polish." Broken in spirit and looking like something that came in with the tide, I was wheeled down to Surgery, groggy but still able to look about. I cheered up a bit when I saw that the nurse helping the doctor was one of my favorites. My joy was shortlived, for she was a traitor and not to be trusted. Before I had hardly sat down she grasped my tongue with the grip of an Amazon and pulled it out to a length I wouldn't have thought possible before (I'm interested in what you'd have thought) while the doctor sprayed my throat with something I'm still convinced was fly spray. "Quick, Henry, the Flit." I thought in a hazy flash of originality. When he had finished, I staggered

up and, determining to be brave to the end, said "Well, a bronchoscope isn't so bad after all." With a pitying glance for my ignorance they informed me that I hadn't had it yet, that my throat was just being anaesthetized and the best was yet to come. They sat me down again, firmly. It was then I began to have doubts about the wisdom of my coming down.

The operating room was full of people in white gowns and masks, and I began to regain my sense of importance. But it turned out that most of them had just strolled in to watch the fun. Before I had time to think further someone got a half-Nelson on my neck, and when I opened my mouth to scream in protest, three feet of steam pipe appeared from nowhere and was rapidly crammed down my throat. For one wild moment I thought I'd made an error and gotten in on a plumbers' convention until a soothing voice said, "Just relax, please," Relax! Was he indulging in a bit of irony? I reverted back to the primitive and kicked violently with both feet. Well anyway, I tried to kick, but they must have been expecting something of the sort, for my legs were quickly quieted by several pairs of strong hands, and of course I was convinced by sheer muscular superiority (the cowards) that this would avail me nothing.

After everyone present had had a look and a few passerbys from the hall had been called in for a peek and a cup of tea, the bronchoscope was hauled up, unimpaired. Defenseless and furious, I was wheeled back to my room, but my scary ego lay crushed and quivering somewhere on the Surgery floor. Someone should have told me that Science has rough manners!

Later I found comfort in the thought that at least I would have an interesting topic of conversation. But every time I mentioned it to my new friends, I learned that they had had at least three or four bronchoscopies, and one had even had eighteen! Foiled again!

But praise the Lord and pass the anaesthetic! For even if a bronchoscopy is considered a mere trifle at N. J. H., when I go home I intend to get even with the friends who have bored me for years with stories of their operation. They probably don't know what a bronchoscopy is, but they shall not long remain in ignorance after my arrival! — N. J. H. Fluroscope.

## Former Patient Is Now Social Counsellor

Douglas Knockwood, a native Nova Scotia Indian, is relying on experience from his own life in his new role as social counsellor at Manitou Community College, La Macaza, Quebec.

Mr. Knockwood has just returned to Quebec following a recruitment tour of Eastern Canada to find native students interested in attending the college.

The college, just entering its second year of operation, is devoted completely to native people — status, non-status and Inuit.

Mr. Knockwood describes it in an interview as a step between high school and university levels.

At this stage of life, he said, native youths face special problems. Many are used to living on reserves, and the changeover to the city way of life can be "hectic."

The long-term dream, he said, is to build the college to the stage where it has full university status. It is hoped graduate students will go on to university and, after training, return to teach at Manitou, allowing this growth.

Mr. Knockwood says he feels Canada's large and growing native population can benefit greatly from the two-year program offered at the community college.

"The students really enjoy going to college here ... they have developed unity tackling any problems which arise."

Courses offered include training as teachers aides and nursing assistants, and a large percentage of community development courses.

Through such programs, he said, the young Indian student has more fields open to him than ever before.

And because it is the young people who will be the leaders of tomorrow "it is necessary that they have a chance for a good education."

Mr. Knockwood said it is his feeling Canada's native people are stronger now than ever before.

This, he said, had come about as a result of greater unity. "It has taken many years for the different nations to begin working together, but this is the only way we can make headway."

He said a lack of education, understanding and communication had kept this unity out of reach in the past.

In his role as social counsellor at the college, Mr. Knockwood relies heavily on his personal background in life.

Born in Springhill and brought up

there and in Shubenacadie, he took a course at Nova Scotia Institute of Technology and worked as a chef in the Boston area for several years.

He has also served in the army and worked as a laborer, farm hand and woodsman.

During his younger years, he wrestled with an alcohol problem, and since that time has donated hundreds of volunteer hours working with native people in drug and alcohol education programs.

Mr. Knockwood went to Manitou in February of this year because of his interest in working with young people.

"If I can help our youth through my life experiences to better themselves, I am fully prepared to spend the rest of my life to do so in any way I can."

He feels Canada's native people can remain strong, whether individuals choose to live on a reserve or in the city, "as long as they are willing to help their fellow man."

—From the Chronicle-Herald

Ed. Note: Doug was a patient at Roseway Hospital in 1955 and at the Sanatorium for surgery in 1956. His friends will be pleased to hear of the work that he has been doing in helping people with drug and drinking problems, and we wish him every success in his present position.

—: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 August 30, 1974.

Previously acknowledged: \$5,044.61

Recent contributors:

John T. Pye  
Fred F. Hill  
Miscellaneous  
Total

\$25.00

Grand Total

\$5,069.61



## Chaplain's Corner

MSGR. J. H. DURNEY  
in The Veteran

### PRAY WITH FAITH

"Lord, my daughter has just died; but came, place thy hand on her and she shall live." In these words, recorded in St. Matthew's Gospel (9:18-26), a father, moved by grace and by a spirit of faith, asks Our Lord for the unspeakable blessing of restoring his daughter to life. Christ took the maiden by the hand and spoke the words, "Maid, arise." The Master of life and death had restored life in response to the simple faith of a devoted father.

In like manner God has promised to answer our prayer if we pray perseveringly and with faith. But what does it mean, to "pray with faith"? It means that we pray, firmly believing, on the word of God, that God is both able and willing to answer our prayers; that God is all powerful, all knowing, all good; that He who in the beginning created the world remains master of the universe; that He is no absentee God who, having once created, is unconcerned about the earth and those of us upon it.

We must be convinced that God knows us and our needs as perfectly as though we were the only ones in the entire

universe. For his knowledge is infinite; it is not, then, fragmented among all the billions in the universe to whom it extends. He can say with absolute truth: "I know mine and mine know me." Because His knowledge is infinite, we are never out of His mind. And so He can urge upon us: "Be not troubled about what you shall eat, or what you shall drink, or with what you shall be clothed." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

How then shall we grow strong in the faith? By praying like little ones. In comparison with the infinite God, all of us are but children. If we pretend to be more, we shall be left with our empty pretensions. If we gladly proclaim that, of ourselves, we can do nothing, God will come to our aid, reminding us: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

Another means to growth in faith is keeping the Commandments which will enable us to live constantly united to God, to do His Will at all times and to follow the path He wishes us to follow. This path will lead us into eternal life with Him in heaven.

### Be A Friend

Be a friend! You don't need money,  
Just a disposition sunny:  
Just a wish to help another  
Get along somehow or other,  
Just a kindly hand extended  
To the one who's unbefriended;  
Just the will to give or lend —  
This will make you someone's friend.

There's no free gate to anything worth while . . . Not to skill, nor health, nor to success nor friendship, nor even to the lasting love and respect of those who are nearest and dearest to us . . . These are the items that make up the best income that any human being can have, and the sum of that income will be measured by the sum of what we are willing to pay to get it.

—Selection

### Tiny Tokens

The memory of a kindly word  
For long gone by,  
The fragrance of a fading flower  
Sent lovingly.  
The gleaming of a sudden smile  
Or sudden tear,  
The warmer pressure of the hand,  
The tone of cheer,  
The hush that means 'I cannot speak,  
But I have heard.'  
The note that only bears a verse  
From God's own Word —  
Such tiny things we hardly count  
As ministry;  
The givers deeming they have shown  
Scant sympathy;  
But when the heart is overwrought,  
Oh, who can tell  
The power of such tiny things  
To make it well!

— Frances R. Havergal

## Strictly Personal

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

There is no "cause and effect" in human relations as there is in the world of physical nature. There are only "causes and effects."

Is "dope addiction" the cause of much crime? Not at all: it is the legal system that compels addicts to steal in order to satisfy their expensive need. Where dope is cheap and easy to get, as in the Far East, there are no 'addict-related' crimes.

Is "poverty" the cause of much crime? Only in part: there are poor sections of the world that have virtually no crime at all. But poverty in the midst of affluence, slums near high-rises, extravagance next to penury, help create a fertile soil for crime.

Is "genetic inheritance" the cause of much crime? Only in a few instances: it is mostly cultural conditioning that propels people into crime, and the rural areas which have the lowest IQs are usually the most law-abiding.

Is "the prison system" the cause of much crime, as reformers insist? Only in part: the system assuredly makes men worse, but it doesn't bend them in the first place. Reforming prisons may lower the rate of repeaters; it won't necessarily reduce the number of first offenders.

What we call "problems" — especially social problems — are created by "convergent causes," not by a single cause. And this is what most of us refuse to accept, because it is easier to assign the blame to a single cause and concentrate our efforts (or our complaints) on that.

In physics, or natural science, we ask "why" does something happen. In human affairs, we need a plural word like "whys" to ask how something happens. If we ask a simple question, we get a simple answer that does not really help us. Offering a simple answer to a complex question may make us feel comfortable and righteous, but does little else.

Would kids be better if they had more "old-fashioned discipline"? Well, some would and some wouldn't. In Grandpa's day, it was often the clergyman's son — who presumably had the most discipline — who went wrong; a generation later, it was the psychiatrist's son — who presumably had the least discipline — who went wrong.

Simple, one-valued answers are static: complex, multi-valued answers are dynamic. And human problems are always

dynamic, never static. You can't draw a chart, or a table of organization, and make anything work from that, whether a corporation or a marriage; it is the feelings, the tensions, the living relationships of the people within the corporation or the family that make all the difference — the "whys" and not the "what."

The next time you're tempted to downgrade a child of yours — or anyone's — try to keep in mind a fascinating experiment made by some educational psychologists at Harvard not long ago.

They selected an average public school near San Francisco and conducted intelligence testing at one of the grade levels. Then, wholly at random, they picked a group of children that included the dullest through the brightest — and told the teachers that this group comprised the highest element in intelligence, studiousness, alertness, and so on.

A year later they returned and gave the whole grade level another intelligence test. And it was found that the special group had raised its IQ by 20 to 25 points in that time, far in excess of the rest of the grade.

What made the difference? It was what psychologists grandly call "the theory of fulfilled expectations." The teachers expected these children to do well, gave them special attention, encouraged and praised them, treated them with affection and respect. And even the dullest children in the group responded remarkably to these expectations.

(A similar experiment later in Oklahoma confirmed that these results were not accidental or unique).

Within their limits — which are broader than most of us imagine — people live up, or down, to the expectations of those around them. If these expectations are low, performance will be low. Children, especially, are influenced by the way they are perceived by the adults nearest them; they take their intellectual and emotional cue, as it were, from the attitudes and reactions of authority figures such as parents and teachers.

Now, what is vicious about the theory of fulfilled expectations is its circularity: when the child is perceived as low, he is treated as low, and the more he is treated as low, the lower he feels, and the less motivated to raise himself against these odds. Many simply give up in desperation and proceed to act out the worst expectations of them.



## OLD TIMERS

Mrs. Madelon Misner tells us that two "Old Timers" have visited the Library this past month: Mrs. Margaret Morse, Kingston, who was a long-time resident of the Annex; and Fred F. Hill, Great Village, who is a seasonal resident of Daytona Beach in sunny Florida. Both expressed interest in the Sanatorium and in the changes that have been made.

Mrs. Jean Jordan, East 1, showed me photos received from her former porch mate, Mrs. Mary Perry of Ingomar, Shelburne County, showing her grandchild's christening, and scenes of her home and garden. Mrs. Jordan had visited their other porchmate, Mrs. Sadie MacKinnon, at her home in North Grant (R. R. 3), Antigonish Co., and found her well.

We have a cheery note from Mrs. Ruby Charlton, 5 Windsor St., Kingston, sending greetings to her friends, as well as optimistically renewing her subscription for a further three years. We must try to publish an article which she wrote for us when a patient in 1971. It had not been lost - just misplaced - as I tend to say about anything that I haven't been able to find for a few months (or years). The references made to fellow patients are dated, but we trust that the time lapse will be overlooked.

A note from Mrs. Lydia Clerk, Milton, in July, says that she had been to Massachusetts for a visit. Stan and Arsena Robichaud were visiting in Massachusetts at about that time, but Stan didn't mention seeing you there!

Mrs. Evelyn Clark of Enfield tells us that she had been in Hospital. We hope that you have fully recovered.

Another "Old Timer" mentioning hospital is Albert P. Melanson of Church Point who says that he had a "siege of pneumonia starting the last week of April, and was hospitalized from May 3 to June 20 at the Digby General Hospital. After two months at home recuperating I am only now getting somewhat back to normal. I consider myself lucky that it did not do anything to my old trouble. With having been broken in from 1936 for a period of eight years with TB, and two to three years at the Sanatorium, I was not worried with my having to stay in the hospital longer than usual.'

Miss Marguerite MacLeod of Milton renewed her two subscriptions. We hope that you, too, are feeling much better

now following your struggle with pneumonia.

We have renewals from Mrs. Mildred Schofield, R.R. 1 Centreville, who is remembered by many as a former Canteen Manager. Also from Roland Comeau, 3179 Connaught Ave., Halifax; Mrs. Anna C. McCarthy, 56 Normandy Ave., Truro; Mrs. Mildred Romain, 422 Main St., Yarmouth; Mrs. Lucie Neveu, Downsview, Ontario; Mrs. Mary E. Pippy, with a change of address from Port Dufferin to Sheet Harbour; Mrs. Willard MacDonald, R.R. 2 Pictou; Mrs. John Durant, North Grant; Dr. Ruth S. Faulkner, Halifax; Dr. D. H. Kirkpatrick, Kentville; and Arthur C. Pettipas, Secretary-Treasurer of the Halifax County Anti-Tuberculosis League.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Ross, 14 Hillcrest St., Antigonish, writes, "Sorry I am so late in my subscription - blame the fine weather for it. I was so sorry to read of Dr. Crosson's death. I am sure he will be missed at the San. He was a very lovely, kind man - like everyone else at the San. I have never regretted my year there; I got such wonderful care from the doctors and nurses, and the meals were always so good. Is Mrs. Zirkle still on duty? She was a remarkable woman and I admired her so much. Please remember me to Dr. Rostocka and Mrs. McKean as well. I feel quite well now, excepting that I am terribly troubled with arthritis, especially in my hands, which makes it hard for me to write." It is good to hear from you, Mrs. Ross. Few of us, I fear, can hope to be in as good condition when, or if, we reach your age.

We have a note from Mrs. Mildred MacLean, 520 Little Harbour Road, New Glasgow: "Dear Good People, I look forward to the end of each month for this little book, and usually read it from cover to cover. I am still enjoying the very best of health, and now working three days a week. I still think about the San quite often. We paid a visit to the beautiful grounds last summer after spending the weekend in Kentville. Things are still as beautiful as ever. The weather has been nice and hot, and we're enjoying every minute of it. Before closing, I must say I was very sorry to read about Dr. Crosson's death."

From Lester P. Gratto we have a change of address to: Comp. 52 Lively Sub., R. R. 2 Lower Sackville, and the following note: "I was very shocked to hear of Dr. Crosson's death. He was my floor



doctor for 27 months on West II, 1969-1971. Have been enjoying good health since I was in for a check-up a year or so ago. I am just getting around now following surgery for a torn ligament and bone splinter in my heel. Best wishes to all the staff."

We have renewals from H. Noble Ayer, 30 Spring St., Amherst; Stanley Brown, Upper Musquodoboit; Miss Hazel Carleton, Pictou; Milton B. Myers, 14 Celtic Drive, Dartmouth; George G. Stevens, River Hebert East; Arthur Williams, Hauve Boucher; Dave Barrington, Sydney; Miss Mary King, Wolfville; Mrs. Daisy Mah, 83 Church St., Amherst; and two staff members, Mrs. Mary Durno, R.N., and Mrs. Velena Lloyd.

A note from Mrs. Helen M. (Donald G.) Grant, R.R. 3 Truro, sends "best regards to all those at the Sanatorium who were so good to me during my difficult stays in the past."

Mr. A. Milton Darrach enclosed a note: "May I say I enjoy reading the publication and find it entertaining and humorous, so keep up the good work. Still do not get around very much - emphysema is the big problem. Kind remembrances to the doctors, nurses and staff who were so kind and attentive to me during my stay at the San." His address, by the way, is 1836 Walnut St., Halifax.

Mrs. Brian Bent, formerly Judy Bennett from Hampton, now lives at 12 Cameron Lane, Stellarton, Brian having been transferred in April. She writes that she and Cindy are both "feeling great, and I am a working girl again - at the Pictou Medical Clinic, and enjoy it very much. Dr. Clarence Young tells me that he was once a doctor there at the San. I still enjoy reading Health Rays and look forward to receiving it."

John and Kay O'Leary, 26 Arvida Ave., Spryfield, are well and wish to be remembered to their friends at the San.

A note was received from William Pemberton, 5144 Duke St., Halifax, saying that he is getting along fine. And a renewal was received from John Rudolph Amirault of Amirault's Hill.

Stan Robichaud mentions having talked with two former patients while in Meteghan: Mrs. Emelia Maillott, who was here in 1965-66, and is just recovering from a recent operation; and Vincent LeBlanc who was here in the late 1940's, has been living in the U. S. for the past 20 years. His wife died this spring, we are told, and he plans to again take up

residence in the Meteghan area.

We will turn to the notes of Anne-Marie for the remainder of this column:

The following is an excerpt from a Springhill newspaper: "An induction service was held in Trinity United Church, Oxford, to induct the Rev. Maynard Rector of the Oxford-Thompson Pastoral charge of the United Church of Canada." Maynard was a patient here in 1955 and went back to school on leaving the San.

When Maria Chiasson of Belliveau Cove was vacationing with her family in Baddeck, she spent a few delightful hours reminiscing with Peggy MacLean, who was a patient here in 1945. Her daughter is an avid yachtswoman and has many trophies in the house to prove it.

Miss Manning of our Nursing Staff was telling me that she saw Geraldine Nicolle at a dog show in Middleton recently, when Geraldine was showing her dogs. The latter has moved from Amherst to Lower Sackville, and is getting along well. She was here in 1952.

Rosie and Lester Smith of Halifax who were patients here in 1944 visited Helen and Al McKinnon recently. They were celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary—theirs was a San romance too. Another visitor at Helen's was Vivian Talamini of New York. Helen and Viv came to see their friends at the San and looked sporty enough to be riding in a white convertible . . .

Another popular expatriate and former staff member, Marion Lacey, dropped in for her check-up. Marion does not change, and seems to be enjoying life in Halifax, especially theatrical productions.

Another welcome visitor was Hazel Tipert. Hazel, who is employed in Goose Bay, Labrador, is spending the summer months in New Germany, Lunenburg County. She wished to be remembered to any of her friends.

Catherine (Comeau) Deveau of Mavillette, Digby County, was visiting at the San recently. Kay was here in the 1940's and enjoys good health. She is still as witty as ever!

Mary and Percy Doucette of New

(Continued on Page 17)

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## INS AND OUTS



### NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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**JULY 1 TO AUGUST 31, 1974**

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**JULY 1 TO AUGUST 31, 1974**

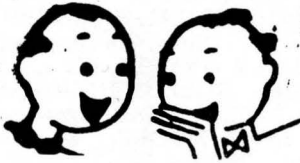
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(Continued on Page 17)

## Just Jesting



Two women were stretched out on adjacent beds in a Red Cross blood center. The nurse congratulated one of them, a weary-looking young housewife, on contributing her eighth pint of blood. "Do you come here often?" the woman on the other bed asked. "Yes, I do," replied the tired-looking one. "It's the only volunteer work I know of that I can do lying down."

Woman to grocer: "My husband is fond of grapes. I presume these haven't been sprayed with poison?"

Grocer: "No, ma'am. You'll have to get that at the pharmacy."

Acupuncture is where a doctor uses pins to needle you. My wife does it with sarcastic remarks.

When a youngster learns that the truth hurts, he may have blabbed it to visitors.

"You seem to be nervous about being the next speaker on the program," a lady said to an obviously tense man.

"Me nervous?" he said. "Not at all!"

"Then what are you doing in the ladies' room?" she asked.

The fellow came away from his doctor with a handful of prescriptions. He took them to his druggist who studied them, cleared his throat, and asked, "How do you want to arrange financing?"

A woman on a diet was told by her little girl that she shouldn't eat peanuts because they would make her fat.

"How do you know that?" asked the mother.

"Mother," said the little girl, "haven't you ever seen an elephant?"

Wise guy to a late bus driver: "Noah, I see you finally got here, is the Ark full?"

Driver: "Not yet, we have room for one more jackass."

Wolf: "Where can I get hold of you?"

Girl: "I don't know! I'm ticklish all over!"

A phone operator asked a patron if he had the area code. "No," he replied, "just the usual seasonal case of hay fever."

A man went into a small country store. The only man in sight presumably the proprietor, was enjoying his ease at the back of the shop, chair tilted back and feet on the counter, and made no move to come forward.

The prospective customer waited a few minutes and then called, "Can't you serve me? I'm in a hurry to get home."

The proprietor shifted his position slightly and drawled, "Couldn't you come in some time when I'm standing up?"

Little Willie had gone out to bring in the kittens. His father hearing the shrill meowing, called out: "Don't hurt the kittens, Willie."

"Oh, no," said the youngster, "I'm carrying them very carefully by the stems."

Two fleas fell madly in love, and one day got married. Young and ambitious, they labored hard and saved their earnings. One day they counted their money and found they had five dollars.

"If we can save five, we can save ten," they chortled, and continued to work and save, shunning all extravagances, until one day they had ten dollars.

Then they went out and bought their own dog.

### IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

Three aged men were discussing the ideal way of dying. The first, aged 75, said he'd like to crash a car going 80 miles an hour. The second, 85, said he'd take his finish in a plane at 400 miles per hour.

"I've got a better idea," said the third, aged 95. "I'd like to be shot by a jealous husband."

1st guy: "A girl's best asset is her hair."

2nd guy: "I'd say her eyes."

3rd guy: "I'd say her smile and her teeth."

4th guy: "Why don't you guys quit lying to each other."



## INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 15)

wood; MRS. EVA MAE MacDOUGALL, Walton, Hants Co.; CLIFTON THOMAS ROGERS, Canning, Kings Co.; Dr. ERNEST WM. CROSSON, 20 Fielding Ave., Kentville, (Expired); LLOYD AUBREY WHELPLEY, Barrington Passage, Shelburne Co.; ROBERT EDWARD GEORGE, Canning, Kings Co.; EARL CLIFFORD BURGOYNE, 1043 Highland Ave., New Minas; ROSE MARIE PARSONS, RR 1, Weymouth, Digby Co.; ARTHUR MAYNARD JOHNSON, Spidle Road, Coldbrook, Kings Co.; ARTHUR GORDON SANGSTER, Grand Pre, Kings Co.; JOSEPH GUSTAVE COMEAU, Sheffield Mills, Kings Co.; DYRALD FREDERICK CROSS, 112 Marlbro Drive, Bridgewater; ALTON OTIS LIGHTFOOT, RR 1, Wolfville; MRS. FREDA BLANCHE TOBIN, Box 304, Bridgetown; MRS. DEBORAH LINDA HILL, Pleasant St., Wolfville; VICTORIA MARY JACOB, Little Cape, West Moreland Co., N. B.; MRS. MARION VIVIAN COLLINS, Nicholsville, Kings Co.; RALPH HALMET ACKER, Clementsvalle, RR 1, Annapolis Co.; RALPH GATES VEINOTT, Wolfville, Kings Co.; ROY PATRICK STEVENSON, Urbana, Hants Co.; FRANK THOMAS ANTHONY, Stanley, Hants Co.; JAMES WILLIAM LEIL, McKay Road, Linacy, Pictou Co.; MRS. ELIZABETH BUNKER, Fairview Villa Nursing Home, 245 Main Ave., Fairview, Halifax Co.; MARY GERTRUDE DELOREY, RR 1, Afton, Antigonish Co.; REX RAY SHAW, Round Hill, Annapolis Co., (Expired); THOMAS LANOS MacDONALD, 3076 Embassy Towers, 5959 Spring Garden Road, Halifax; FREDERICK THOMAS KING, 1082 Prospect St., New Minas; MRS. ALICE MARIE O'NEIL, 250 Main St., Berwick; GEORGE ALFRED BEACH, 37 Pleasant St., Wolfville, Kings Co.; GEORGE MALCOLM BENT, Carleton Corner, Annapolis Co.; MRS. MARY ALICE THOMSON, 27 Elm St., Pictou; THOMAS ARTHUR SMYTHE, Box 245, Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.; HOWARD DONALD JOSEPH GOODIN, General Delivery, Kentville; HOWARD HAROLD CAREY, Faulkland Ridge, Annapolis Co.; ALLEN LORAN JESS, Port Williams, Kings Co.; MELVIN RANDOLPH WALSH, Grand Pre, Kings Co.; LEAMAN ROBERT MacLEAN, Beech Hill, Queens Co.; JOHN RUDOLPH AMIR-

AULT, Amirault Hill, Yarmouth Co.; HARRY LESLIE MORINE, Lakewood Road, Kings Co., (Expired); GEORGE EDWIN FRANK, Lakeville, Kings Co.; MRS. ROSIE CHRISTINA LAKE, 1043 Highland Ave., New Minas; CLYDE STEVENS HILTZ, 67 Brook Ave., Kentville; RONALD DAVID OTTENS, 58 Victoria Road, Lunenburg; MRS. FLOELLA POWERS, 12 Linden Ave., Lunenburg; HOWARD WAYNE CONNORS, 46 Spencer Ave., Apt. 3, Halifax; CLYDE EVERETT, Carleton Corner, Annapolis Co.; DONALD THOMAS RYAN, Saulnierville, Digby Co.; MRS. MARY ELIZABETH JOUDREY, South Brookfield, Queens Co.

—:o:—

## OLD TIMERS—

(Continued from Page 13)

Minas visited Helen Comeau in Salmon River a short time ago. Helen is enjoying her retirement and is busy with her garden—potatoes, beans, cucumbers, etc. She gives her occupation as that of a “farmer” now!

On their way to Cape Breton to visit Albert Longuephy in West L'Ardoise, Mary and Percy also stopped in to see Margaret MacLean of Grande Anse. Mrs. MacLean was here in 1950, and a porchmate of Mary's.

—:o:—

1st Cannibal: “Am I late for dinner?”  
2nd Cannibal: “Your sure are. Everybody's eaten.”

• • •

Man with badge: “Sorry, miss, but swimmin' ain't allowed in this lake.”

Girl with scanty bathing suit: “Well why didn't you tell me before I undressed?”

Man: “Well, there's no law here agin' undressin'.”

—:o:—

## In Appreciation

Mrs. Alice O'Neill and Mrs. Frieda Tobin would like to express sincere thanks to Dr. Quinlan, Dr. Holden, Dr. Rostocka and the nursing staff of the third floor, for the excellent care given while they were patients at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium.



# NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

## ACTIVE STAFF

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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.

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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

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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

#### PENTECOSTAL

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

#### BAPTIST

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC

Minister—Rev. A. E. Griffin      Parish Priest — Rev. J. A. Comeau  
Lay Visitor—Mrs. H. J. Mosher      Asst. Priest—Rev. J. C. Thibreau

#### CHRISTIAN REFORMED

#### SALVATION ARMY

Minister—Rev. H. Kuperus      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

#### UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Weldon Smith

Rev. Allan MacIntosh

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC

#### PRESBYTERIAN

Pariest Priest—Father Angus MacLeod      Rev. E. H. Bean

#### SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Alex Swan