

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

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NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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

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HEALTH RAYS THROUGH THE YEARS

By EILEEN M. HILTZ

Five years ago I undertook to honor a rash promise I had made to write the fifty-year history of **Health Rays** magazine. November 1969 saw that promise half fulfilled. Since then a gnawing conscience, nourished in a Presbyterian upbringing, has reminded me from time to time of the unfulfilled portion of that promise. Now **Health Rays** is 55 years old, and surely the time to resume a review of its past.

It seems a befitting way to open this renewed chronicle would be to quote the closing paragraph of the inaugural one, which featured the words of Dr. A. F. Miller, then Medical Superintendent of the Sanatorium, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary issue, which went as follows:

"November 1944. The 25th Anniversary number. This special issue, adorned by a beautiful blue and silver cover, carried a message from Dr. Miller: 'Starting out with considerable bravery (**Health Rays**) existed on hope for a few years, and there were times when there seemed to be doubts of its continuance. But always someone took hold and kept it going ... There were and are two main reasons for the existence and success of such a sanatorium paper — the faithful work of its staff, especially the editors, and its appeal to the interest of the patients. Its news and human interest act as a rallying point for the whole patient body, creating an 'esprit de corps', a loyal Sanatorium spirit while patients are here, and also after they have left. It wins, moreover, their respect and appreciation for its usefulness and authoritative information along the lines of the fight against tuberculosis, in which they are all engaged with the greatest personal interest, and in which the whole community is on the defensive."

We will begin with a scrutiny of the year 1945, to see how well **Health Rays** was holding up to Dr. Miller's laudatory statements. First of all, one must realize that this was "wartime", when the shortages occurred in almost all commodities, and in respect to hospital staffs were really critical. Even **Health Rays** suffered severe staff shortages, and the editor of necessity wore many hats. In fact, besides the editor's, there appeared only three other names — two for the Jokes department (!) and a typist. And the magazine of those days boasted 48 large

sized pages.

The Medical staff listed only four full time doctors; there was an Acting Superintendent of Nurses, and no dietitian at all. These slender staffs were required to cope with the needs and care of some 400 patients, which they did with a devotion above and beyond the ordinary call of duty.

The editor was Miss Catherine Servant, who retired in February, when John R. Moore, and the "Jokesters," took charge. The pages were filled with excellent articles which were almost entirely "borrowed" from sister San. magazines. The smoking-lung cancer scare had not quite surfaced, and the page opposite the Editorial Comment bore a large ad for Players cigarettes.

With two Joke editors one might expect prime humor, so let's have an example:

A farmer phoned a veterinarian. "Say, Doc," he said, "I've got a sick cat. He just lies around and hasn't any appetite. What can I do for him?"

"Give him a pint of castor oil," said the veterinarian.

Somewhat dubious, the farmer forced the cat to take a pint of castor oil. A few days later he met the veterinarian on the street.

"How's your sick calf?" asked the vet.

"Sick calf! That was a sick cat I had."

"My gosh! And did you give him a pint of castor oil? How's he doing?"

"Well," replied the farmer, "the last time I saw him he was going over the hill with five other cats. Two were digging, two were covering up, and the other was scouting for fresh territory."

In the February issue the name of Miss Beverley Doane, Dietitian, appears in the Staff list, and one can imagine the joy abounding at the appointment in such a vital department. In the April issue comes Dr. Miller's annual report to the Minister of Health. In the opening paragraph he states: "We have come through a strenuous and worrisome year, but in spite of the constantly changing staff, we have carried on practically in the same volume of work as that reported in previous years. This was made possible through the splendid co-operation of physicians and nurses who gave freely of their time as well as overtime to meet the needs of the sick at this institution

(Continued on Page 2)

HEALTH RAYS THROUGH—

(Continued from Page 1)

... Between September 1939 and December 1944 we have lost 76 graduate nurses, 42 nursing attendants and Nurses' helpers, 298 maids and 193 orderlies."

As for the **Health Rays** staff, even the two Jokesters are gone. John Moore with typist Mary Muirhead made up the entire editorial force.

Any person who had been a member of the Sanatorium family between the years 1923 to 1944 will have fond memories of Miss Neily, R.N., the Sanatorium "Lady of the Lamp" for those eleven years. **Health Rays** for May-June 1945 announces her death and in a memorial page pays tribute to her long years of service as Night Supervisor.

In the same magazine a cordial welcome is extended to Surgeon lieutenant Helen Holden, R.C.N.V., who was on loan from the Naval Station at Cornwallis. Thus to the Sanatorium first came our cherished Medical Director of today.

The Canteen ad heralds the end of hostilities in Europe and Asia, but warns that many sugar-requiring commodities such as candy, bottled beverages and ice cream would continue to be in short supply for some time yet.

A new name heads the Editorial staff in the July issue, Carl W. Mingo takes over the editing chores, and the editorial comment hails the creation of the United Nations.

A dove is featured on the August cover, over the beautiful words, PEACE AND VICTORY. And at last a Superintendent of Nurses is found to head the San. nursing corps, Miss L. E. MacPherson, R.N.

The September issue reports on a famous tradition of days long gone, the annual Sanatorium Picnic. Due to wartime shortages of gasoline, the picnic was not held at one of the Blomidon beaches as was the custom, but took place on the Sanatorium grounds. And a wonderful time was had by all.

Then as now, the effort to acquire original contributions for the column of **Health Rays** was an unceasing, and rather fruitless, struggle. To aid in this struggle one of **Health Rays'** faithful advertisers ran a competition for an essay on the subject, "My Plans For My Post-Cure World," offering cash prizes for the two essays adjudged the best. The winning essay appeared in the October magazine, and was written by Freda Pipe.

The same issue welcomes Dr. Florence Murray to the Sanatorium medical staff.

Dr. Murray, who had been a medical missionary in Korea for 20 years, was imprisoned by the Japanese following Pearl Harbour. In 1942 she was freed during an exchange of prisoners, and returned to her native Nova Scotia. The Sanatorium benefitted from her wide experience as a doctor, and **Health Rays** the boon of a series of articles on her work in Korea.

From December Staff Notes: "We cordially welcome Dr. Helen Holden back to the medical staff of the Sanatorium. For several months of this year Dr. Holden was a member of the medical staff on loan from the R.C.N.V.R."

The January 1946 magazine features an article by Dr. Florence Murray entitled "Korean Medicine." In it she writes a brief paragraph on a treatment which is just now of very lively interest in medical news, acupuncture. Dr. Murray did not indicate endorsement of it.

The February and March issue of **Health Rays** were perforce combined. It seems an acute 'flu epidemic which had the town of Kentville staggering, decimated the workers in the publishing company to the extent that the February issue could not be processed in time.

Whatever "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" may have caused it, the **Health Rays** editorial staff reached an all-time low, numerically speaking, that is. One name alone, that of Editor Carl Mingo, comprises the masthead.

The cover for May bears a picture of the Sanatorium entry for the 12th Apple Blossom Festival parade. The float was designed to honor the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and a number of "workers" in uniform of the Nursing Division, First Aid, stand on it. By dint of maximum memory recall, aided by a magnifying glass and some educated guessing, it is possible to identify some well-known San. personalities of the time — Lois Porter, Mrs. Hope Mack, Anne MacLeod, Mary Lettney, Vona MacDonald!

The same magazine carries an In Memoriam tribute to Fred Mitchell. Fred had been for many years a most popular patient, as well as a **Health Rays** editor and Canteen manager.

Dr. Miller's Annual Report letter shows the staff situation at the San. to be a grave one still. One time during the year, 362 patients were cared for by 3 full-time doctors, 11 graduate nurses and 7 nursing attendants.

A "Fond Farewell" is bade Dr. D. S. Robb, who had been one of the small but devoted team of San. physicians for the past four years. He left the San. to become Medical Director of Roseway

Hospital in Shelburne.

A new editor takes over in June, 1946. George Brennan in his first editorial pays well deserved tribute to retiring editor Mingo. And we note that the editorial staff has at least a typist once again.

August, 1946 — a banner month for those crusading against the White Plague, Tuberculosis! The Nova Scotia Department of Health announces free treatment for all patients in sanatoria in the province. Only those who struggled to meet the dreaded monthly sanatorium bills, and not infrequently were forced to quit the institution before they should because of the burden, can fully appreciate the magnitude of the announcement of Free Treatment.

As an example of H. R.'s much commended humor, this "Pome:"

Me love has flew,
Her did me dirt;
Me never knew
Her was a flirt.
To they in love
Let I forbid,
Lest they be deed
Like I been did.

Christmas at the San. is the issue for the December editorial. We quote a bit: "Christmas in the Sanatorium! What a pathetic sounding phrase! To the general public, whose conception of Sanatorium life is often a totally warped one, such a statement probably conjures up visions of sad eyes gazing wistfully through a bleak hospital window, or a similar scene of despair. These misapprehensions are truly unfounded. Far from spending an unhappy Christmas, the patients more often have just as enjoyable a one as they have ever experienced. It is, in fact, a day of general good fellowship, when we have an opportunity to make new friends and renew old acquaintances. The day is made just as pleasant as possible for every patient, and special privileges are granted to help brighten the festive season."

—:o:—

Two girls were talking in the elevator. "Well," complained one, "my boy friend and I are having a little disagreement. I want a big wedding and he wants to break the engagement."

* * *

Never bear more than one trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

—Edward Everett Hale

15 Minutes A Day

An intelligent person can read good, legible printing at the rate of 34,000 words an hour. Giving due thought to each idea expressed, one can easily read and digest 12,000 words an hour.

A volume of 400 pages, containing about 250 words to the page, can therefore, be read in seven or eight hours. In other words, if one were to read only an hour a day, he could finish the book within a week, and fifty such books within a year. If he can devote only 15 minutes a day to the study of books, he can read a dozen 400-page volumes between New Year's and Christmas.

The average college student, in completing a four-year course, will be required to study and read at least in part about 50 books. Hence, any man or woman who will deliberately and thoughtfully devote an hour a day to a well-planned course of reading can secure almost the equivalent of a college education.

Fifteen minutes a day for one year devoted to the intensive study of a single subject will give one a very good understanding of it, and if continued a few years he might master many a subject. That is what can be done with only a spare hour, or a scant 15 minutes a day! What young man or woman cannot spend so little time for self-improvement?

No young person need bemoan the lack of higher education, which may be depriving him of a better position or a desired vocation. An hour a day for a year will bring it within reaching distance at least.

But whether one reads for vocational advancement or for the enrichment of one's life, those spare hours and minutes invested in serious reading will pay life-long dividends of pleasure and satisfaction. — The Firland Magazine.

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**HILTZ BROS. LTD.
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What Is A T.B. Germ Like?

Like all microbes or germs it is small — about one four thousandth of a millimeter in length. One can't think that small, but that is it. Robert Koch, the first man to see it under a microscope thought it looked like the sprouts or tubers that come on potatoes when they start to grow. So he called it the tubercle bacillus. It is often called the rod-shaped bacillus, though quite a few of the rods look a bit bent, some of them about the shape of wieners.

It is hardy, as microbes go. Tiny though it is it has a waxy coating which protects it from drying. Germs, like other forms of life, can be killed by drying. Unfortunately for us, the tubercle bacillus can withstand drying more than most pathogens. If not exposed to sunlight or excessive heat it can last a long time.

Under the microscope it is easily identified because it takes dye. It is probably the waxy coat which absorbs the dye. This isn't the case with some other nasty customers which are hard to see even under the microscope.

One thing we have to be thankful for. It doesn't multiply as quickly as most of them. Staphylococci, for example, split every 15 minutes. Half a dozen of them in a glass of milk at room temperature become 12 in a quarter of an hour, 24 in half an hour, 48 in three quarters of an hour and 96 in an hour. If our arithmetic is right in three hours there are something over 20,000 of them. The glass of milk with half a dozen "staph" left overnight at room temperature would be a culture of pathogens. That's why milk should be kept cold.

The tubercle bacillus cannot produce at anything like that rate. It takes roughly a day to split in two — 22 hours is about as fast as it can go toward the next generation of itself. This is one of the reasons tuberculosis has no definite incubation period as so many other infections have.

It takes more heat to kill it than to kill typhoid, diphtheria or septic sore throat germs, but not as much as to kill the microbe which causes undulant fever. The heat for pasteurization of milk is the temperature that kills undulant fever germs, so diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, TB, and septic sore throat have been killed along the way.

Our bodies can't kill the TB microbes

with heat. Body temperature isn't high enough. However, good health seems to be a reasonably powerful guard provided there aren't too many of the microbes. If they keep coming day after day, month after month, there will be so many that finally even strong defences cave in.

When tubercle bacilli invade the lungs of a healthy person the body reacts by building little calcium walls around them. As long as these walls last the microbes are in little prisons where they do no harm. Prolonged fatigue, illness, or lack of proper food are some of the things which can, apparently, cause a breakdown of the calcium prisons or they can prevent them being built in the first place.

Mankind has come a long way toward defeat of this particular microbe. The first advances were not through drugs but through better food and putting windows in houses so that the light got in. Then it was discovered that rest, just plain rest with good food and fresh air was treatment. It was long slow treatment but if started in time it usually worked though it often took years of lying in bed, month in month out.

Then came the drugs. Given a chance they arrest development of bacilli until the body regains its ability to fight back.

But the drugs do have to be given a chance. They have to be taken regularly until the enemy is knocked out. They do not cure while sitting in the medicine cupboard.

—————:O:—————

If ever heaven bends close to the earth,
Surely it would be on a summer night
When earth is wrapped in loveliness and
peace

And every blade of grass is tipped with
light;

And, as in Eden's garden long ago,
God walks again where tall white lilies
blow.

— Edna Jacques

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STRICTLY PERSONAL

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

The more power you acquire, the less you know; for a powerful man is totally insulated by his subordinates, who tell him only what they think he wants to hear, or what will support their previous decisions, and not what he should be told. (This, finally, was Hitler's downfall.)

It's odd how few managers — as well as marriage partners — realize that if you give way in little things, you can almost always have your way in big ones.

The real danger in militancy comes from those who feel they have nothing to lose — those who, in Brecht's words, "Do not fear death so much, but rather the inadequate life."

The only general result of passing a "tougher law" is raising lawyers' fees for those who can afford them.

Searching for oneself within is as futile as peeling an onion to find the core: when you finish, there is nothing there but peelings; paradoxically, the only way to find oneself is to go outward to a genuine meeting with the other.

The capacity for endurance and the capacity for enjoyment are carried in the same vessel; slight patience brings shallow pleasure.

The greatest enemy of progress is not stagnation, but false progress.

Someone cannot keep crying and look another straight in the eye at the same time; the direct human encounter, eye to eye, seems to make tears superfluous.

Nothing is more ignored by the young today than "history"; yet never before has the truth of Santayana's warning been more needed, that "Those who do not remember the past are condemned to relive it."

If you attain your achievements through a desperate and relentless sense of insecurity, no matter how many honors are heaped upon you, that sense will not disappear but will burrow deeper into the soul with each successive triumph.

In every age, the same kind of people are taken in by the same kind of demagog; he promises them relief from the politicians, and inevitably turns out to be a more devious politician than those he ousts.

One hasn't begun to reach the threshold of mature intelligence until one has learned to avoid four little words: "every," "none," "always," and "never."

People who talk to you while their eyes are roaming around the room are unwittingly betraying their insincerity, no matter what their mouths are saying at the time.

The chief difference between "knowledge" and "wisdom" is that the former knows what it knows, and the latter knows what it doesn't know.

Nothing is as awful as "peace of mind" when it is secured by a refusal to think things through, rather than by an acceptance of the consequences of thinking things through.

The public speaker who gets you excited and moves you to action—he is the one whose words you cannot remember the next day, and wonder why you felt so moved; but he who makes you listen hard for fear of losing the connection of his points, and who moves you not at all—he is the one whose point of view stays with you by its own internal logic.

I find little to choose between those who feel that progress is inevitable, and those who feel that doom is inevitable; all inevitablenesses strike me as equally blind.

Asked to define "freedom", 99 people out of 100 would reply that it is "doing as you like"—and foolishly imagine that running a red light is a form of freedom, when it is precisely the opposite.

Most of us will refuse to give to a crippled beggar if we feel he is fraudulent and not handicapped at all, but isn't the need to be fraudulent as crippling as any physical infirmity, and as deserving of pity? (Perhaps more so, in my opinion.)

People who habitually say they're "sorry" for what they neglected to do eventually get to feel that being sorry is just as good as doing it.

—:0:—

If few of us can hope to make the world better, all of us can try to make ourselves better.

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Smoking Seminar Dissuades Youths Before They Are Hooked On Tobacco

Residents of Outlook, a rural Saskatchewan community, participated in a smoking seminar held at Outlook High School March 6. Some 200 Division III students were involved during the day and approximately 50 adults attended the evening program.

All students were tested for their physical fitness by taking a step test which measured their heart and lung capacity, by a grip strength test and by being weighed and measured.

Dr. G. W. Piper, Medical Health Officer for the Saskatoon Rural Health Region, who was a feature speaker at the seminar, said that a relationship has now been established between smoking and physical fitness, which decreases with the amount smoked.

Dr. Piper also said that children generally are not concerned about what will happen to their health 30 years hence, but once youngsters are acquainted with the state of their physical fitness, it becomes more meaningful to them. Dr. Piper referred to the fact that Canadians are not as fit as they might be and he said that special efforts must be made to increase the level of physical activity among young and old alike.

The grade VII, VIII and IX students took part in smoking experiments, panel discussions and lectures on the physiological aspects of smoking.

The evening program also included some of the experiments with smoking and a panel.

Douglas Hill of the Saskatchewan Heart Foundation, who served as one of the panel members, told the evening audience that a higher percentage of women now suffer from heart disease than 30 years ago, because of the increasing number in women smokers. Also, both in men and women, heart attacks come at a lower and lower age.

Smoking, Mr. Hill said, destroys the health of a person. The constituents of tobacco smoke — tar, nicotine, carbon monoxide — deny the ability of the heart and lung system to provide oxygen to the cells that require nourishment. Without oxygen. Mr. Hill said, health

fails. He added that 10 times as many smokers died of heart diseases in their 40s than non-smokers.

Mr. Hill said that young children smoke today because of the influence of the advertising industry which promotes the idea that smoking looks sophisticated. In addition, there is peer group pressure exerted upon the youngsters, as well as the influence of smoking members of their families, Mr. Hill said.

"If you are interested in your children remaining healthy," Mr. Hill told the audience, "you should do everything to make this possible. But how can you impress upon your children not to take up smoking when you smoke yourselves?" He urged parents to set a good example.

The smoking seminar was sponsored by the provincial department of public health, in co-operation with Canada Health and Welfare, Saskatchewan Heart Foundation, Saskatchewan Anti-Tuberculosis League and the Regina YMCA, who provided the resource persons.

These agencies are attempting to dissuade children from acquiring the habit by outlining the risk to their health connected with cigarette smoking. The health problems caused by smoking are preventable and this smoking seminar was organized in an effort to reach children before they become hooked on cigarettes.

—:0:—

Beware Of Perfectionism

"Everyone must love me. Everyone must think my clothes are perfect. Everyone must think I have the best personality." Nonsense! The "doers" of this world learn early to let criticism run off their backs. Have faith in yourself. Remember that the only ones who are not talked against are those who do nothing. If you have faith in the right of what you are doing, don't let the hecklers worry you.

Perfectionism can be a dangerous trait. It is well to "hitch your wagon to a star", but be reasonable with yourself.

Editorial Comment

As in previous years we were pleased to be able to take at least some of our patients to view the Apple Blossom Parade, which was held this year in Wolfville. It has always been difficult to know how many to plan for, and this year was no exception. For example, no one from Third went with us this year, although there were fifteen on the tentative list the day before. A number of others decided against going when they saw that the day was not fine. In all, we had nineteen, plus two nurses and myself. We had a Perry Rand school bus and driver, LeRoy Connors, did a very good job getting us past the various policemen at the intersections and was able to back the bus into the driveway of the Town Hall. A good view of the parade could be had from either inside the bus or at the curbside.

The poor weather did little to keep away the crowds, for when we arrived at the town limits the police were stopping the traffic at Sterling Fruit Farms Ltd., where they could park their cars and walk the half mile to town, or turn around and try their luck on Highway 101. As I said, the driver was able to get us through to the centre of town by explaining to each traffic inhibitor—I mean traffic director—our place of origin and hoped - for destination. In contrast with other years it was a poor day, weather wise. The apple blossoms had not made much of a showing, the breeze was cool and, near the conclusion of the parade the scattered showers changed to a steady rain. It was apparent, however, that a good deal of work had gone into the preparations and all of those participating deserve a good deal of credit for seemingly ignoring the elements.

It must be most gratifying to the organizers of these events to see the splendid response from the public. On the evening before, for example, we attended the Coronation ceremonies at the University Hall. Having not being there for several years I was amazed at the tremendous number who were willing to line up an hour before the event and pay \$2.00 even for the youngest family member. Climbing higher into the balcony area we realized that the stage cannot be seen from the side seats but they were certainly being filled just the same. A very

good program was arranged and it makes a very good and fitting prelude to the parade of the following day.

Reminiscent of the former Apple Blossom days was the weather on Sunday, June 9, when we attended the Airforce Day at CFB Greenwood. Our season is about one week late this year so that one week after the Apple Blossom weekend the orchards appeared at their best. The official temperature reading at Greenwood was 86 degrees, which also reminds us of the former years. The Apple Blossom Parade Floats were again used in their parade and it was reported that there were twenty thousand of us there. I think that only nineteen thousand were ahead of us in the line-up because, as we inched along I could see that others were still arriving in the far distance. I sometimes wonder how they count a crowd on the move. If they counted the heads showing in the cars crawling past a check point this would be inaccurate, for many would have wilted and fallen to the floor by that time. Did they estimate the number of cars that could conceivably fit in the space available, multiply by five and arrive at a figure like 5,555? This could then be multiplied by the average family of 3.6 and would give you the figure of 19,998, which is close enough to the 20,000.

The air show was a very good one and I must go again more frequently. My previous and only attendance being at the Shearwater base in about 1953.

Many generations of patients have had to make considerable adjustment in changing to the Sanatorium routine. The remarkable thing is that so many are able to resign themselves to this change, such as giving up privacy and independence, and sort of "blending in with their new environment." One lady who was recently discharged penned the following lines, describing a couple of her thoughts on the eve of her departure from the Sanatorium:

HOMeward BOUND

I am leaving the order, and rules and such,

Some of which didn't please me much.
I'm returning to squalor and dust and doors

(Continued on Page 9)

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

A Common Respiratory Disease

By DR. W. DUANE JONES

Asthma, chronic bronchitis and emphysema have several things in common. They are characterized by chronic cough, some degree of wheezing, production of sputum and, at times, shortness of breath. All three have some degree of obstruction in the bronchi to the flow of the air into and out of the lung. Actually, these diseases are often interrelated. The main characteristic of asthma is a reversible type of bronchial obstruction: that is, something can be done to relieve this type of obstruction. To some extent also the obstruction characteristics of chronic bronchitis can be relieved.

The diagnosis of chronic bronchitis is in one way rather difficult; in another fairly easy. The difficulty in diagnosing arises in that not everyone who coughs and wheezes has chronic bronchitis or asthma. The x-ray and clinical findings of chronic bronchitis are not entirely specific. The diagnosis results more or less from a process of exclusion of other causes of chronic productive cough.

Chronic bronchitis is defined as a disease characterized by excessive mucous secretion of the bronchial tree and the symptoms of chronic or recurrent productive cough. In "chronic bronchitis" these symptoms should be present on most of the days for a minimum of three months in a year and for not less than two successive years.

This same situation can exist with a number of other diseases, but by further examination of the patient the physician should be able to rule out tuberculosis, lung abscess, bronchiectasis, heart disease, and other types of diseases that may cause similar symptoms.

In the lining of the larger divisions of the bronchi there are glands which secrete mucus which is normally swept upward and into the throat by little hair-like projections from the cells and from the natural contraction and dilatation of the bronchi. These hairlike projections are called *cilia*. The mucus helps to clear the bronchus of foreign substance and keep it clean. In chronic bronchitis, however, there is an excessive secretion of this mucus which is due to chronic irritation of the bronchi. This may start out with an acute respiratory infection and continue, resulting in a chronic cough. This condition is most prevalent among

men over thirty-five years of age and occurs predominantly in cigarette smokers. It can, of course, be found in non-smokers as well, but certainly the vast majority of the so-called "cigarette coughs" are really chronic bronchitis. Smoking is one more irritant to aggravate the mucous cells in the lining of the bronchial tubes and therefore causes them to secrete more mucus in an effort to protect the bronchus and to clear the passages.

This increase of mucus, which is more tenacious, that is, more sticky than normal, causes some degree of obstruction of the bronchi and at times even plugging of the bronchi. The narrowing of the bronchi due to excessive mucus and the tenaciousness of the mucus interferes with the cleansing of the bronchi. This in turn makes the patient more subject to infection in his bronchi, which, also in turn, aggravates the situation and causes further increase in secretion of mucus, and thus a vicious cycle is established.

X-ray examination of the chest of a patient with chronic bronchitis does not show a great deal of change. The bronchial vascular markings may be slightly accentuated. Examination of the bronchial tree with contrast medium may show slight dilatation of the bronchi in some areas, but the final diagnosis has to be made by exclusion of other diseases which cause similar symptoms. **The important factor is that a chronic productive cough with some wheezing and perhaps some shortness of breath should not be ignored.**

Chronic bronchitis can be treated quite satisfactorily by reducing the irritants that are going into the bronchi, such as those that enter by smoking and air pollution. The various infecting organisms can be identified and treated appropriately. Acute respiratory infections can be treated intensively and for a long enough period to completely do away with the infections. Since here again is a situation that is reversible, it is important to recognize it is not normal for a person to have a chronic cough. Steps must be taken to determine the diagnosis and institute the proper treatment in order to avoid increasing difficulty.

When Our Lungs Stay Stretched

It must seem to a great many people that a great deal of fuss is being made these days about a disease called emphysema which they never heard of a few years ago.

Emphysema has been around a long time — after all, the Greeks had a word for it — the word we use — “emphysema.” It means “inflation.”

Normally we take a breath about 15 times a minute. Each time we do this the millions of little sacs in the lungs expand, and through the thin walls the oxygen in the air goes into the bloodstream to be delivered where needed throughout the body. Then as we breathe out, the carbon dioxide which has collected as waste product from the body processes is shoved out, which makes room for the next intake of oxygen.

The trouble for the patient with emphysema is that his lungs have lost the ability to contract. They are like a worn elastic which can't spring back and so doesn't hold up or hold in what it is supposed to. The emphysematous lung stays inflated and does not contract and push the carbon dioxide out, so there it stays, taking up the space needed for the next breath of air bringing another supply of oxygen.

As a constant supply of oxygen is essential to our bodies' welfare, we gasp for it if we are not getting it. When a patient with emphysema or chronic bronchitis stands panting, it is a struggle for oxygen.

Can anything be done to prevent this disease?

In some cases, not much perhaps. However, studies show some features that seem common to the history of a very high percentage of those who develop emphysema — and some of those recurrent factors in the case histories could be avoided.

Here are some points that stick out from the studies that have been done. First, more men than women have emphysema, and most of the men are over 40.

The most conspicuous fact emerging from studies is that a great many of the patients are cigarette smokers. In some of the studies as many as nine out of ten of the men admitted that they smoked at least a package of cigarettes a day.

Well, it's a law of nature that we grow older but there is no law of nature nor of governments which says you have to smoke cigarettes.

Quite a few emphysema patients have a history of several infectious lung diseases — tuberculosis, flu, bad chest colds every winter, maybe a few attacks of pneumonia.

Nobody asks to have these diseases. If we knew how to avoid them we would. However, all too many of us are not as sensible as we might be when we are ill with them. We do things like deciding too soon that we must go into the office, that things there just go haywire without us.

Or we get bored and try to resume other activities sooner than we should — curling, for example.

The time to start preventing emphysema is years before it starts. That's what makes prevention difficult. The time for prevention is when there is nothing wrong. Nothing at all. There is nothing very dramatic about just doing what is sensible, such as not smoking, and looking after ourselves when anything is the matter with our chests. Not dramatic — but oh, how worthwhile.

—T.B. ... and Not TB

—:O:—

EDITORIAL COMMENT—

(Continued from Page 7)

Which save me from unwanted bores!
Back to six taps which are all my own
And a very exclusive telephone;
And possibly there may even be
My heart's desire — some privacy.
(Signed) “Rebel Without Cause”

• • •

We are pleased that Eileen Hiltz is undertaking to write the second twenty-five years of the Fifty-year History of Health Rays. It will be appearing in sections in the June through November issues, if all goes well. A great deal of the history of the Sanatorium can be found in the history of the Health Rays magazine, and we will be looking forward to seeing the chapters unfold. I should add that we are still hoping, too, for the time, inspiration, and so on, to get together a special issue commemorating the 70th Anniversary of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium. You will notice that I neglected to say what month, but this is the year!



Chaplain's Corner

Msgr. J. H. Durney
in The Veteran

WONDER LEADS TO GOD

The Gospels make it clear that the public life of our Lord was full of miracles. They were performed under varying circumstances and, by very definition, were beyond the powers of nature; yet they all had the common characteristic of simplicity. This is illustrated in two miracles, the one performed for the centurion and the other for the leper. To the centurion Christ said "Go thy way, as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee," and the servant was healed at that hour." The leper said to Our Lord: "Lord, if Thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And, stretching forth His hand, Jesus touched him saying, "I will; be thou made clean. And immediately his leprosy was cleansed." In the one case, "Go"; in the other, "I will." That was all just an act of the will. Nothing could be simpler; nothing could be more difficult.

In every miracle we are confronted with the factor of power. By its very definition, a miracle is something beyond the natural. We conclude, in the presence of a miracle, that we are in the presence of the divine. However, since a miracle is the effect of divine power, obviously effortless no matter how mar-

velous from our standpoint, the very simplicity with which the miracle takes place often occasions the temptation: "If it is so easy for God to work a miracle, why does He not do so more frequently?"

The answer to this doubt does not depend upon the factor of power. It is not because He cannot that He does not. In this problem, we are dealing also with another factor, namely, wisdom. A miracle is a means to an end. The miracles recorded in the Gospel not only brought goodness into the lives of those who benefited by them; they also bore witness to the presence in the world of divine power, of Christ Himself.

It has been observed that wonder is the beginning of wisdom. On seeing something out of the ordinary, we wonder what caused it. The unending search for such causes is the quest for God Himself. Accordingly, God works miracles, manifests His power in the world of nature for the purposes of His wisdom. On the contrary, He refuses at times to transcend the limits of the natural, and that too is wisdom.

"Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God!" (Romans, 11:33)

Four-Leaf Clovers

I know a place where the sun is like gold
And the cherry blooms burst forth with
snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest
nook,
Where the four-leafed clovers grow.
One leaf is for Hope, and one is for
Faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one in for Luck, —
If you search you will find where they
grow.
But you must have Hope, and you must
have Faith,
You must love and be strong, and so
If you work, if you wait, you will find
the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

— Ella Higginson

The Salutation Of The Dawn

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn
Look to the Day,
For it is Life, the very life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the Verities
And Realities of your Existence,
The bliss of Truth, the glory of Action,
The splendor of Beauty,
For Yesterday is but a dream
And Tomorrow is only a vision,
But Today;
Well lived, makes every Yesterday
A dream of happiness
And every Tomorrow a vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to the Day.
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—From the Sanskrit

FATHER'S DAY

In honor of Father's Day, June 16, we present the following tribute with the hope that it may help to promote a better understanding between living fathers and their sons:

Dear Dad:

I am writing this to you, though you have been dead thirty years.

From your seat in the Place Beyond I hope you can see these lines, I feel I must say something to you, things I didn't know when I was a boy in your house, and things I was too stupid to say.

It's only now, after passing through the long, hard school of years; only now, when my own hair is gray, that I understand how you felt.

I must have been a bitter trial to you. I was such an ass. I believed my own petty wisdom, and I know now how ridiculous it was, compared to that calm, ripe, wholesome wisdom of yours.

Most of all, I want to confess my worst sin against you. It was the feeling that I had that you "did not understand."

When I look back over it now, I know that you did understand. You understood me better than I did myself. Your wisdom flowed around mine like the ocean around an island.

And how patient you were with me! How full of long suffering and kindness.

And how pathetic, it now comes home to me, were your efforts to get close to me, to win my confidence, to be my pal!

I wouldn't let you. I couldn't. What was it held me aloof? I don't know. But it was tragic—that wall that rises between a boy and his father, and their frantic attempts to see through it and climb over it.

I wish you were here now, across the table from me, just for an hour, so that I could tell you now there's no wall any more; I understand you now, Dad, and God! how I love you and wish I could go back to be your boy again.

I know now how I could make you happy every day. I know how you felt.

Well, it won't be long, Dad, till I am over, and I believe you'll be the first to take me by the hand and help me up the further slope.

And I'll put in the first thousand years or so making you realize that not one pang or yearning you spent on me was wasted. It took a good many years for this prodigal son—and all sons are in a measure prodigal—to come to himself,

but I've come. I see it all now.

I know that the richest, most priceless thing on earth, and the thing least understood, is that mighty love and tenderness and craving to help which a father feels toward his boy. For I have a boy of my own.

And it is he that makes me want to go back to you and get down on my knees to you.

Up there somewhere in the Silence, hear me, Dad, and believe me.

—Author Unknown

—:o:—

At Wits End

By Erma Bombeck

For the last 10 years I've worked from my home and if there's one thing I've missed it's that great North American tribal custom called "The Lunch Hour."

At home, it's nothing. You open up the refrigerator door and if it doesn't attack you, repulse you, run from you, or multiply before your eyes, you eat it and get back to work.

In an office, The Lunch Hour dominates the entire day beginning from the moment you arrive until you leave. Important decisions like "What time are you eating lunch?" "Where are you eating lunch?" "With whom are you eating lunch?"

I once worked in an office where we arrived at 10 and immediately reported for a "Lunch Hour briefing." There was a makeshift ward room containing a map equivalent to the one the English used in the Second World War to keep track of their ships. Only we used small plastic people representing the office force on a map of the city.

When we were all assembled, I asked for a show of personnel. "All right, how many are eating lunch today?"

The two on diets and the one who was going to have something brought in to make a late afternoon dental appointment were eliminated faster than a croupier who won for the house at Las Vegas.

"All right, that leaves five of you . . ."

"I want to go at 11:30 and avoid the rush at a new place called Sammy's," said Ruth.

I check my map. "Sammy's is a 35-minute ride. That means you won't be

(Continued on Page 15)

OLD TIMERS

Here we are, well into the lovely month of June and time to begin another column for Old Timers. I have a note that was passed to me by one of the ladies at the Switchboard saying that Reginald Harlow called at the Sanatorium in May. He was a patient during 1933 to 1936 and is keeping well. The note says that he lives in the same neighborhood as Mary McKenna Brown. (There! I didn't say MacKinnon that time, but I wonder if the Mc is right!)

I have a note to myself reminding me to correct an item of misinformation. In the April issue I spoke of Sydney and Jean Roberts of 80 Belcher Street, Kentville, saying that Jean is on the nursing staff of a certain local hospital. It is the Kings County Hospital in Waterville, rather than the one named.

We have a welcome note from Mrs. Anna C. H. MacLean of Shelburne, who says of Health Rays, "It's like a letter from home, and I'm sure I wouldn't want to do without it now. Noticed the picture in the Herald of the extension to the East Infirmary. I hope it's not going to spoil the looks of things. The area around the front entrance was so beautiful. There have been many changes since I was up there." Thank you for the note and for the kind greetings, Mrs. MacLean. We hope that you have a good summer.

We have a renewal from Mrs. Barbara Taylor, Ward Clerk on East II, who is convalescing from surgery at the BFM Hospital. Our best wishes for a speedy recovery.

A note from Miss Mariam Clifford, R. N., Tiverton, who writes, "My the year passes so quickly and it is subscription time again. It does not seem possible that it is ten years since I left the San. I am enjoying my retirement — keep house for my brother and three chihuahuas and a cat. At the present time I am very busy house wrecking. This time of year every woman in the village competes in upsetting their house. I had a carpenter for a week and I think I won!"

Mrs. Marguerite H. Comeau writes, "I was saddened to hear of the death of my former porchmate, Mrs. Violet Joudrey. She was such a lively, ambitious person, always interested in handcrafts and worthwhile activities. No doubt many former San patients will remember "Vi." Best regards to staff and patients." Editor's note: Vi was a patient from 1949 to 1950; 1952 to 1954; 1970-71; and 1974, so

was known to a good number of Old Timers.

Miss Helen P. Wolfe, River Hebert, writes, "Sorry to be late with my renewal, but just returned home. I enjoy reading Health Rays and look forward to it coming." Ed.'s note: We believe that we heard that you were in hospital. Hope you're feeling much better now.

Miss Grace Adams, Masstown, enjoys keeping in touch with the San, and sends a renewal and a contribution to the Jubilee Fund, both of which we do appreciate very much.

Renewals have been received from: Mrs. Dora (John) Murphy, Port Williams; Mrs. Kathleen Randall, RR 2, Centerville; Annie Mosher, RR 2, New Germany; Joseph Alphee Poirier, 1271 Wright Ave., Halifax; Charles C. Dort, RR 2, Halfway Cove, Guysborough Co.; James Gunn Greene, Barney's River; Edgar Scott, 1460 Edward St., Halifax; Cecil Jones, Upper Ohio, Shelburne Co.; Emile Landriault, 5885 Spring Garden Road, Halifax, and Sanatorium staff members were Grace Nickerson and Mrs. V. Somers.

And Frederick F. Hill, 3015 North Halifax Ave., Daytona Beach, Florida, advises that our June through October issues should be sent to his summer address at Great Village.

We have had a renewal from Wesley Burns of Barrs Corner who was discharged in early June, following a period of investigation at the San. And a renewal from Mrs. J. R. Black, R.N., of 20 Leverett Ave., Kentville, and now we will close with some notes from Anne-Marie:

When Msgr. Durney was down for Pat McEvoy's funeral, he told me of having seen Mrs. Wm. Cameron in Halifax. She was here in 1960 and has kept well.

Other old-timers at Pat's funeral were Mrs. Mary (MacKenna) Brown of Halifax; Mrs. Beth Harris, Mrs. Violet Silver, Mr. and Mrs. Al McKinnon, all of Kentville; and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Doucette, New Minas.

When Mrs. Vi Hunter of our staff was visiting in Springhill recently, she saw Mrs. Muriel Herrett who was here in 1948, and wished to be remembered to her friends here.

Desire D'Eon of West Pubnico stopped in to see his friends at the San. when attending the Credit Unit convention in Kentville last month. Desire is very much involved with the Credit Unit movement in his home area. He was here in 1952.

Lillian Romkey of West Dublin, Lunenburg County, was in for a check-up recently. Lillian, who retired from the De-

partment of Welfare some years ago, has not remained idle as she has just completed a year's study at the Atlantic School of Theology in Halifax.

Joan Walker had a letter from Betty MacAusland of Lincoln, Mass., recently. Betty, formerly from Trenton, was here in the early 1950's. She enjoys good health, along with her many hobbies.

Another friend of Joan's, Mary L. Grace who was here in the 1930's, is retired and lives with her sister in Truro. Prior to her retirement, she was employed with Cunard Lines in Montreal. She was visiting in Kentville recently.

—:O:—

Living Doll

I could fall in love with you so easy,

You are such a living doll, my dear.

Altho, at times I seem so unhappy,

Underneath, I'm so glad when you're near.

I don't know why you put up with me,

Some of the things I say and do.

There must be something in there, somewhere,

A little love in your heart for me, too.

Are you afraid that you may take a tumble,

If you're around too often, you see?

Are you afraid that you may lose your heart, dear?

Afraid that you may fall in love with me.

Or, do you just feel sorry for me?

In this condition that I am?

Underneath, are you really thinking,

This poor guy is just a half a man.

(Spoken): You should see me now, Baby.

Regardless, what you may think of me,

I may be wrong about it all.

But I could fall in love with you, so easy,

Because, you're such a living doll.

Sweetheart, you're such a living doll.

— Wally Burgess

Aug. 8, 1972

This song was written for the nurses at the N. S. Sanatorium, Kentville, N. S. Lyric and music by Wally F. Burgess. I was a patient there for 13 years, and got my discharge on March 19, 1973. I have a copyright on this song -- Serial Number 249722, Register 77. I am hoping to have this song recorded in the near future.

— Wally Burgess

—:O:—

A racehorse is an animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time.

In Appreciation

I would like to express my sincere thanks to Dr. Quinlan, Dr. Holden and Dr. Crosson and the Nursing Staff on the third floor of the Kentville Sanatorium, during my recent surgery.

Thanks to all of you.

(Signed)

G. Raymond Cleaves

P.O. Box 326

Annapolis Royal

—:O:—

Why Apple Is Good For Heart

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

According to "Bartlett's Familiar Quotations," some unidentified person came up with that nowstandard saw in the early 19th century.

And like many another old saying, this one has been found to have some scientific basis.

One nutrition expert - Frenchman named Professor Leon Binet - tells you a daily apple can help prevent some two dozen ailments.

He even includes heart disease as one of those ills that apples can help ward off. He explains that this is so because apples contain a large quantity of a substance called 'pectin' which is a cholesterol-lowering agent.

Of course, no health authority would have you believe that all you have to do to become one of the ripest members of your family tree is to eat an apple every day.

But it's not far-fetched to say that there are many things you and everyone else can do to keep the doctor away.

Prevention First. Today doctors, other health workers and scientists are giving more attention to this very aspect of medicine and the theme is becoming: Prevention rather than cure. — The Link

—:O:—

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—:O:—

AT WITS END—

(Continued from Page 11)

back in time for your coffee break."

"Then I'll go at 11."

"So, I'll go at 12:30," said Jean. "Marcia and I will go together."

"You can't go together. That leaves the phones unmanned."

"What about Sarah who is having something brought in?"

"If Ruth is bringing me lunch and arrives in time for her coffee break, I'll be in the restroom eating."

"That leaves newcomer Debbie. Could you eat in the company cafeteria at 10:30?"

"It's 10:35 now."

"So, take an extra five minutes."

These briefings went on every day for three years when one morning the editor some in and said, "Will you knock it off with the lunch hour plans. We have a paper to get out!"

It was the first time any of us knew what they produced in the building.

—:O:—

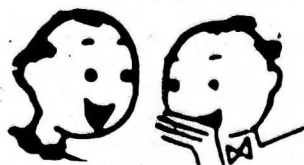
Dr. Alan Macpherson, M.B., a well known Chest Physician in Saskatoon in a recent well-researched article, states that "Emphysema is by far the most common chronic disease of the lungs and its incidence is rapidly increasing. Emphysema is more frequent than lung cancer and is the major single cause of disability of pulmonary origin." He concludes "Emphysema is mainly a preventable disease and could be almost eliminated if the pernicious and anti-social habit of cigarette smoking were totally abandoned."

—:O:—

We know a fellow who drinks only brandy because he can make out his check to "Christian Brothers" and take a charitable deduction for all his booze.

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Just Jesting



"Mummie, you know that vase you said was handed down from generation to generation?"

"Yes, dear, why?"

"Well, this generation has just dropped it."

* * *

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

"Boy! You have a right to be worried!"

"Why?"

"That dog just had eleven pups."

* * *

Good Advice

Advice to those who live in Sans,

Where gossip never ceases:

Be careful how you pick your friends —
And don't pick them to pieces.

* * *

A farmer once called a cow Zephyr -
She seemed such an amiable hephyr;
When the farmer drew near
She kicked off his ear,

And now the poor fellow's much
dephyr.

* * *

Rub-a-dub

Three men in a tub —

Unsanitary, isn't it?

* * *

Two ants were running at a great rate
across the cracker box.

"Why are you going so fast," asked one.

"Don't you see — it says: Tear along the
dotted line."

* * *

Did you hear about the couple who
named their kids Eenie, Meenie, Minie
and Rastus. They didn't want any Mo.

At the airport the boss's wife called
and delivered the following message to
his secretary: "I'm off this morning for
a week. Please tell Mr. Smith that I for-
got to turn off his side of the electric
blanket before I left."

"I will," answered the secretary, "and
who may I say is calling?"

The neighborhood gossip approached
Mrs. Brown just bursting with excite-
ment.

"You'll never guess whom I saw at
the beach yesterday," she began.

"Well, whom did you see?" queried
Mrs. Brown, knowing that this was what
she was expected to say.

"Your 17-year-old son, Jack," declared
the gossipy woman triumphantly, "and he
was cavorting with a blonde in a bikini!"

"Huh!" retorted Mrs. Brown. "What
did you expect at his age- ... a pail and
shovel?"

* * *

"I sincerely hope," said the new min-
ister after his first sermon, "that I said
nothing to offend your husband. I not-
iced that he walked out in the middle
of my sermon."

"Oh," laughed the woman, "you must
not pay any attention to him. He's been
walking in his sleep since he was a
child!"

* * *

The young Army doctor was stationed
at a remote dispensary in the South Pac-
ific. One day he was puzzled about treat-
ment for one of his patients. He radioed
a base hospital: "Have case of beriberi.
What shall I do?"

A prankster got hold of the message.
This was the reply: "Give it to Marines.
They'll drink anything."

* * *

A sailor was buried at sea and weight-
ed with coal.

"I know where he's going," remarked
a buddy, "but I didn't think he'd have
to take his own fuel."

* * *

When little Johnny returned from
summer camp his parents asked him if
he were homesick.

"Not me," replied Johnny. "Some of
the kids were, though—the one that had
dogs."

* * *

A week after young Junior went away
to camp, his parents got a frantic note:
"Please rush some packages of cookies,
cake, candy, bananas, jelly and peanut
butter. All they eat here is breakfast,
lunch and dinner."

* * *

"My New Year's resolution," said one
woman to another, "is to make a practice
of never repeating gossip—so listen care-
fully the first time."

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 May 31, 1974:

Previously acknowledged	\$4,983.61
Patrons:	
A. H. McKean	
Grace Adams	
Miscellaneous	
Total	33.00
Grand Total	\$5,016.61

—————:O:—————

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

My friend Blague was going away for the summer. What he wanted to do on his vacation, he told me, was "some fishing, some golfing, and some reading."

I pointed out that there is a golf course near his home, and he snorted: "That course is too easy for me; it's no challenge. Out where I'm going, there's a golf course that REALLY puts you on your toes!"

I next pointed out that he could get all the fishing he wanted close to home, and he sneered: "Who wants to sit in a boat all day with a rod in his hand? I like wading in those trout streams and going after fish that put up a fierce fight."

Then I asked the question I had been slyly leading up to right along. "What kind of reading are you going to do? 'War and Peace'? The Brothers Karamazov'? Plato's 'Republic'?"

He looked at me as if I were crazy. "That heavy stuff?" he jeered. "I should say not. This is my vacation. I want something light and relaxing — something that won't tax my mind."

"Do you read that 'heavy stuff' the rest of the year?" I asked, knowing what the answer was going to be. "Afraid not", he said. "Just can't seem to find the time to

go through more than the newspapers, a few magazines and maybe a novel or two."

"Well," I persisted, "If you want to spend the summer on a tougher golf course, and are looking forward to fishing in rougher waters, then why don't you go after something more challenging in the way of literature, too? Isn't it pretty much the same thing?"

He looked at his watch and decided he was late for an appointment. I wished him a happy summer as he left, and what he privately wished me, I don't care to know.

Nothing is guaranteed to make a man more unpopular than to point up the contradictions in other people's viewpoints. Blague knows that his body doesn't get enough exercise during the year, and sinks into a physical rut, but he is unwilling to make the same damaging admission about his mind.

The mental muscles become just as limp and flabby as the physical muscles, and only stretching them beyond their accustomed routine can restore their tone and vitality. One story Blague will never tell when he returns from his vacation is about that big book that got away.

—————:O:—————

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune I saw the white daisies go down to the sea, A host in the sunshine, and army in June, The people God sends to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,

The orioles whistled them out of the wood;

And all of their saying was, "Earth, it is well!"

And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou are good!"

— Bliss Carmen

—————:O:—————

"How many desolate creatures on the earth

Have learnt the simple dues of fellowship

And social comfort, in a hospital."

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

—————:O:—————

The young man approached his lady love's brother in a dither of excitement. "Guess what, Jimmy," he exclaimed, "your sister and I are going to be married!"

"Huh!" said the youngster, unimpressed. "you just finding that out?"

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Minister—Rev. A. E. Griffin	Parish Priest — Rev. J. A. Comeau
Lay Visitor—Mrs. H. J. Mosher	Asst. Priest — Rev. C. D'Eon
CHRISTIAN REFORMED	SALVATION ARMY
Minister—	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.

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