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Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

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Sanatorium Visiting Hours

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

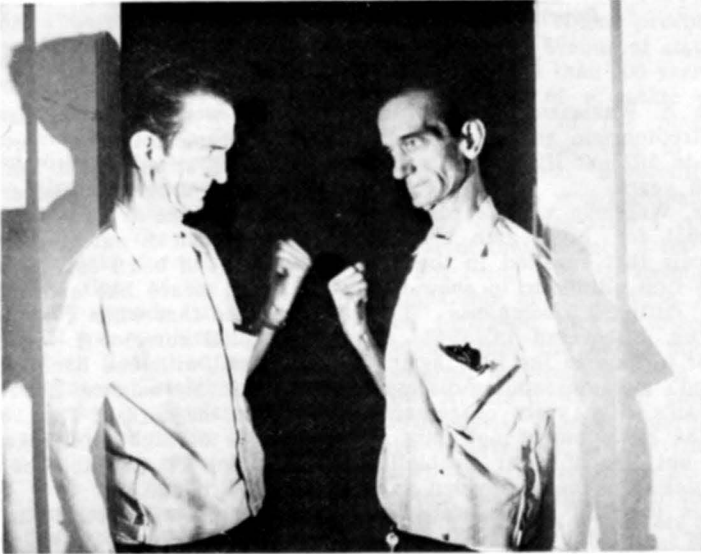
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Stick With It...



Self Photo and Poem by Wally Burgess

HERE'S HOW

If you are a victim
Of the T. B. Bug.
Or any other disease.
Here's how to beat the lug.

Don't neglect a moment
To take your Doc's advice.
And try and stick with it,
Stick with it, day and night.

Try doing as I did,
And things will be alright.
After the Doc has done all he can,
Then, **STAND UP TO YOURSELF**
AND FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT.

P.S. — To the Staff at the N. S. SAN: think how tough it would have been on you, if I was twins as a patient! **HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL—**
Wally Burgess

Tribute To Dr. Selman A. Waksman, Discoverer Of Streptomycin

Reprinted from The Northern Light, of
the Newfoundland Tuberculosis and
Respiratory Diseases Association

Dr. Selman A. Waksman, principal discoverer of Streptomycin and Nobel Prize winner, died in 1973 at Hyannis, Mass. at the age of 85 years.

In 1961, Dr. Waksman was awarded the Trudeau medal for his search through 10,000 chemicals that resulted in the discovery of the first antibiotic to show real potency in curing tuberculosis. This "miracle" drug, discovered in 1943, remains a major weapon in the fight against one of mankind's most devastating diseases.

Dr. Waksman's fifty years of research resulted in the development not only of streptomycin but also of other antibiotics and the royalties from these provided millions of dollars to build and operate the famous Rutgers Institute of Microbiology which was founded in 1949 and headed by Dr. Waksman, until he retired in 1958 at the age of 70.

Dr. Rene Dubos, Professor Emeritus at the Rockefeller Institute, was a pupil of Dr. Waksman and, like his mentor, became a Trudeau Medallist.

Literally thousands of Newfoundlanders owe their lives to streptomycin which was first used in the "Old Sanatorium" in 1948. One of the early users, Mr. Stan Cullen, Provincial Coordinator of Rehabilitation, Department of Rehabilitation and Recreation, writes as follows—

"Wake up, Wake up! It's time for your needle." The time 2 a.m. The place — St. John's Sanatorium. The year — 1948. The patient — me. The drug — streptomycin.

"Although it's twenty-five years ago I can still hear that pleasant, but most unwelcome voice interrupting my sleep and shattering my dreams in the wee small hours of the morning. It's hard to believe now that I was then receiving two grams of streptomycin each and every day administered in six equal injections spaced every four hours: 2 a.m., 6 a.m., 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., 10 p.m. and so into the next day, the next week, the next month.

"Apart from the fact that I was like a pincushion and damn tender in the obvious places from the needles, which, by

the way, were honed by hand when the points became blunt or developed "wire edges", the strep caused some weird side effects. The drug impaired or affected my sense of balance or what I call my "gyroscope" to such an extent that when I was allowed out of bed I couldn't walk straight but would weave like a drunken sailor. It was so bad that when I would walk down the hospital corridor I would keep close to the wall with one hand on the wall to help retain my balance. Even today I have trouble in the dark. If I'm ever stopped by a Mountie at night and asked to walk a straight line I'll probably be arrested for drunken driving.

"The strep we received in those years was not as refined as that in use today. It's a wonder that the heavy dosage administered (2 grams per day then compared with 2 grams per week today) did not result in more drastic side effects. INH and PAS, companion drugs to streptomycin, had not been discovered then. We had to buy our own strep at \$2.75 per gram (it was \$10.00 per gram about 1946) and those patients who could not afford to buy it did without. The Newfoundland Government assumed the responsibility of supplying strep to tuberculosis patients in 1949 and refunded 50% of the cost to patients who had purchased their own. I was very pleased to be reimbursed 50% of \$1400.00.

"I grumbled about the needles, complained about the food, pestered the doctors and nurses and, on occasion, even despaired of ever getting well. You can do a lot of "bitching" in twenty-eight months.

As you see, I finally made it and there is no doubt in my mind that streptomycin, the bane of my existence in the sanatorium, played a major role in my recovery. What a breeze patients have today. We were the guinea pigs."

—:o:—

RON ILLSLEY
ESSO SERVICE STATION

Impressions From Points In The Far East

Gathered during a Tour in Connection with the 22nd Meeting of the International Union Against Tuberculosis Held in Tokyo in 1973.

By Frank Maresh, M.D. of Wisconsin, U.S.A.

When the International Union Against Tuberculosis selected Tokyo for a meeting, I decided to be at the ecumenical conference. The tireless Japanese members outdid themselves to make this 22nd affair a memorable one. They even arranged a startling earthquake for the occasion. I was on the 16th floor of the new Otani Hotel when for 30 seconds I felt the room sway unevenly. It was soothing like sitting in a rowboat which floated on gentle waves. When the Princess Chichibu welcomed the overseas guests in flawless English, she made the Americans realize how boring republics can be. After we learned that her husband had struggled with tuberculosis, we directed strong feelings of tenderness and affection toward the noble lady. Our badges, showing the double barred cross above the cone of Mount Fuji, symbolized the Japanese efforts in the field of tuberculosis. We promised to meet at the next universal assembly in Mexico City. Already the descendants of Montezuma promise to excel the Japanese in their hospitality.

In the Geisha House of the Matsubaya Restaurant I performed the coveted role of "a temporary husband" in the Maresh version of the opera "Madame Butterfly." In stocking feet and with legs crossed—tailor fashion—I sat on a tatami mat with eight alluring geisha girls. The principal lady in a splendid kimono poured some sacred saki wine into a lacquered bowl. Holding the wooden container in two hands I drank the treasured beverage in three slow and deliberate sips. The ravishing geisha—in a sign of approval—held her bowl in one hand and after a taste let the saki flow slowly from the receptacle to the floor. Then I smoked some horrible weed from a wooden calumet pipe until I started a paroxysmal tachycardia. With glossy black wigs and with stylized movements the lovely geishas danced in that refined manner which makes men feel important. The remarkable girls—delicate as figurines—gave a new meaning to their important roles. At the end the stunning

geishes led me triumphantly from the stage to their quarters.

Beyond the Nikko precincts I strolled down a silent avenue of stately, giant cedar trees—more than 300 years old—sensing the grandeur of a gothic cathedral. The sheer beauty of the magnificent trees generated a resolution to perform some harmonious deed. Reverently I bowed to the individuals who had planted the cedars so that centuries later I could enjoy the power of their beauty. I felt some remorse at not being able to accomplish anything comparable in my lifetime. Along the way and for good luck I tossed some extra pebbles into the mossy and pitted stone lanterns, hundreds of them standing in a row. At the Yomei-mon gate I wanted to move those hideous guardian demons—like malevolent bandits from a Western movie—to the entrance of my residence so that they could devour those raw winds coming from the icy waters of Lake Michigan.

At the Toshogu Shrine and before the unpainted stable for sacred horses, built originally to house the favorite steed of the founder, Leyasy, I studied the frieze with artistic carvings depicting scenes from the lives of 16 monkeys, see no evil, speak no evil" serves as my guide for preparing this macaronic composition. Over the centuries the innumerable spectators, including me, repeat this conventional aphorism but do not seem to be able to find a comparable meaning in the actions of the remaining 13 unpretending primates. Then I remember "The Fourth Monkey" a rambling column appearing in the *Platteville Journal* but written by Eleanor Pierce in Tampa, Florida who found some special purpose for the additional member of the simian trinity.

In stocking feet I tripped over the threshold of a door and tumbled awkwardly

(Continued on Page 4)

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IMPRESSIONS —

(Continued from Page 3)

among amused dancing girls in the Nikko Futarasan Shrine. Even the maidens in the service to gods cannot live without laughter. After they performed their bell dance to comfort the divine spirit of the gods and later a vigorous dance with swords, I realized that their monotonous accompaniment on a lute and a tomtom was not the spirited music from the Sabar Dance by Aram Khachaturian. Later the dancing girls—in voluminous crimson skirts and white cotton blouses—rewarded me for my clumsy arrival in their quarters by adding two extra drops of saki, blessed by Buddhist monks, into a miniscule wooden bowl. The flavor, as I remember it, was immutable, but the effect was powerful. I wanted to sing "On Wisconsin" to all of the gods in the main sanctuary.

Outside the limits of Nikko the Irohazaka Driveway is a marvel of Japanese art and of highway engineering. It forms an artistic scrawl of ledges on the side of a wooded mountain. The rapid descent around 45 hairpin turns was merely the performance of Rimsky Korsako's "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" with a motorbus. As we spun around the numerous bends, the sardonic guide who resembled Buffalo Bill reminded us not to close our eyes the way the kamikaze bus driver does. Another marvel of Japanese engineering is the electric bullet train of 16 coaches, which carried us comfortably from Odawara to Tokyo at 112.5 miles per hour. Imaginative writers have named this train the Romance Express.

In Hong Kong the Mandarin restaurant Metropole had enough red color in its decor to attract the Chou Enlai followers for a celebration. On a higher floor but separate from the red festivities our American assemblage enjoyed a hurried, nine-course Cantonese meal with assorted cold meats a la roasted suckling pig, deep fried chicken giblets and saute diced chicken with walnuts. We savored the stewed fish, the maw soup with shredded chicken and the sweet-sour pork with pineapple. We dined on a roasted spring chicken and a sliced garoupa cutlet accompanied by fried rice and egg foo noodles. We ended the meal with an iced bean curd, mixed fruits and tea. The Chinese waiters set platters of food on the round table and distributed the portions into small dishes. The ladies became concerned about who would wash

all of the dishes and the soiled table cloth. Even Confucius would have enjoyed the dinner and the Chinese opera accompanying the meal.

Macao is a perfect Chinese setting for the Alexander Dumas novel "The Count of Monte Christo." In 90 minutes the Far East Hydrofoil Company transported us from Hong Kong to this Portugese province on a vessel named the "Flying Dragon." The baroque and renaissance architecture reminded me of a clean Puerto Rico. Impressive was the old banyan tree at the Temple to the Goddess of Mercy. Macao is a sort of a Monaco of the East and serves as a dormitory for the gamblers from Hong Kong. Our vagabonds became disappointed when they did not find a bamboo curtain surrounding the borders of Red China. Not being a Nixon nor a Kissinger and not playing ping pong I had to defer my call on Mao Tse-tung and content myself with a visit to the Red China Department Store in Kowloon.

In his book "Bringing 'Em Back Alive" Frank Buck states emphatically, "In Singapore the Famous Raffles is the place to eat." On the velvet lawn between the wings of the Raffles Hotel our aggregation sat under slender coconut palms surrounded by hurricane lamps, oleanders and traveler palms. In the moody atmosphere with a pale half moon concealing the southern constellations we drank the respectable Singapore Slings, ate cashew nuts and spoke of how easy it is to forget winter, snow and ice in the tropics and one degree north of the equator. From the Raffles Hotel we rode in a trishaw, a three wheel vehicle propelled by pedals. It was a wheelchair parade of 49 pedicabs through a crowded Chinatown at night in the manner of the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Every time I use an elastic rubber band I think of the plantation of India rubber trees in the State of Johore in Malaysia. For miles and miles and in long avenues of desolate neatness the trees stood at regular intervals in shade and in stillness. A Malay overseer slashed the bark to show the milky sap rising in the outer layers of the

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trunk. The slanting cut allowed the latex to flow downward into a tiny, tin cup. A Malay lady emptied the latex in the cups into a pail suspended from a pole on her shoulders and carried the collection of latex to the treatment plant. I added a few drops of the latex to the pages of my notebook, just as I did at Iquitos on the Amazon River. It is hard to understand how those little drops of a milky fluid become such an important article of finance in international commerce. The elastic rubber band does represent a lot of work in order to produce a little stretch.

I never tire of airports. In Kuala Lumpur I stood with the continent of Asia under my feet trying to recall what my peripatetic friends had written about this little bit of England surrounded by coconut groves. The evening was dark and cool with an all-prevailing silence in the tropical sky. Huge jet airplanes of the Malaysian Airlines System with the giant Kelatan kite painted on the tail landed in a Nureyev-like leap on the Asian runway. In the Malay Mail, an English newspaper published in Kuala Lumpur, I read that Mohammed Ali was presenting a boxing exhibition in the city. Kuala Lumpur is the port of entry for Malaysia. The tiny Malay nurses examined my health card and then spoke vaguely about the unusual illnesses in their provinces.

In the Buddhist Temple at Bayan Lepas on the island of Penang, I met a charming lady, a Mrs. Grinnel from Louisiana, a descendant of the exiled Acadians whose sad story Longfellow preserved in the beautiful poem "Evangeline." We strolled among the venomous Wagler pit vipers who protect the altar. The green serpents seemed to be everywhere and even had their own maternity ward, for they are viviparous. Everywhere we looked—on shelves, in corners, in drawers, on tables—the coiled vipers spread fear among the non-asiatics. Although stuporous from the incense their writhing and sinuous movements aroused an aversion. After we returned to the Rasa Sayang Hotel I saw to it that the lady preserved her health by taking preventive measures against snake bites. In the lobby we drank several potions of a prophylactic medicine known as "Sundowners." It is the potent beverage of Kipling's empire builders. Today the Chinese Communists consider Coca Cola a symbol of Yankee Imperialism.

In Bangkok, on the Klong Kasha tour,

we sat in a long narrow skiff with a shallow draft and with a gasoline engine mounted on a high pivot. With five passengers sitting on the bottom of the vessel and with a barefoot engineer we moved for miles and miles of the choppy and muddy waters in the utilitarian klongs. With time and with patience I began to see a transformation. What seemed to be hovels became homes among banana plants, palms, bamboos, ferns, hibisci and orchids. Aborigines turned into human beings surrounded by chickens, doves, pigs, guinea hens, peacocks and even pet monkeys. Rags changed into a wearing apparel, and slums developed into housing estates. A Malay woman with an oar on a prau metamorphosed into a Venetian gondolier. At one stop we fed tiny bananas to a baby elephant. The water borne market with fish, food, fruits, vegetables, cereals and even restaurants in rowboats produced an unmanageable congestion of river traffic worse than a jam of automobiles.

It is time to end this outrageous report for everything is still confused in my memory, like riding on the freeway in Tokyo and not being able to interpret the Japanese traffic signs. I wonder what the Lone Ranger would do in such circumstances? I am trying to distinguish Shinto shrines from Hilton Hotels, to separate bishops from Buddhist monks and to differentiate Bangkok from bankrupt. It you should have any aches in your joints, come to me. I will rub them with Tiger Balm from Singapore, the Ben Gay ointment of the Far East, which cures everything. I shall terminate my account of a luminous phantasy with the admonition given by a scholarly Japanese guide, "You must look up in order to see Mount Fuji," but in order to hear more of my incredible story simply "Look me up."

—:—

FACING THE NEW YEAR

'May the Giver of Gifts give unto you
That which is good and that which is true;
The will to help and the courage to do,
A heart that can sing the whole day
through

Whether the skies be gray or blue
May the Giver of Gifts give these to you.'

—Selected

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From A Former Patient

Editor:

Health Ray Magazine,
Nova Scotia Sanatorium,
Kentville, N. S.

Sir (or) Madam:

Find enclosed \$2. to pay for Health Ray Magazine subscription. If the subscription is more please advise me.

I wish to say that I was a patient in the San from the Fall of 1939 to the Spring of 1942.

During that time I was operated on three times, and had eight ribs removed and the lung collapsed on the right side.

In February, 1943, I began to work as a clerk in a missionary Bible Book Shop in Moncton, New Brunswick, and then on as a bilingual missionary in that province. It is amazing, that I have not been sick since coming out from the San in '42 and all my x-rays and tests since that time have been good. And I'm still GOING! 1

During my stay at the San I found the doctors, nurses and orderlies most wonderful. I believe I should say that my special nurse after each operation was known as Miss Armstrong, and in my opinion, and no doubt in the opinion of many patients, she was a JEWEL!

May I add that as a missionary, I keep in contact with many "shut-ins," and it would be my joy to send a card and write a note to anyone who may wish to write me. It might be possible to have this offer, or to make this known to the patients via the Health Ray Magazine.

Further, I would like to make an offer to all Station SAN listeners and would greatly appreciate it if you would make the following announcement over Station SAN for the next successive four or five days:

"A copy of the Roman Catholic New Testament in French or English will be sent upon request to any Roman Catholic listeners of SAN, and a copy of the King James version of the New Testament will be sent free upon request to those of the Protestant Faith. When writing give number of room and building."

Thanking you and wishing you all a VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR, I am,

Yours sincerely,
(signed)

J. Clarence Mombourquette
P.O. Box 304
Bridgewater, N. S.
B4V 2W9

Patron Saint Of Travelers

Modern-day man carries around today's counterparts of magic potions and signs used by his ancestor to dispel evil spirits.

One of the tokens many of us use is the Saint Christopher medal seen frequently hanging from the rear-vision mirror in automobiles.

Who was this St. Christopher? His story is fascinating.

In 200 A.D. there was a powerful Arabian king, who had a son whom he named Offero, which means "the bearer."

His passion for proving his personal bravery caused him to leave home and seek the ultimate challenge.

One night he could hear a voice as if calling from the river:

"Offero! Offero! Help me"

Seizing his staff, Offero ran toward the river bank. To his great surprise, there was a little boy. When the child saw the youth, he smiled, and to Offero there seemed to be a great light around him.

"Offero, will you carry me across the river?" asked the child.

Offero, thinking that the child had been separated from his parents, picked him up and started across the river with him.

But as he proceeded, the child seemed to become heavier and heavier, and the tide more fiercely strong. The waters almost carried them away, but by dint of his staff Offero somehow managed to steady himself with his jittle burden and to reach the shore, exhausted, but safe.

He was falling asleep when as if from a great distance he heard the child's voice saying.

"I am the Christ. You have served me well, for you, Offero, carried Me, Who bears the burdens of the world, through these waters tonight. And I shall leave a sign so that you will know that it is so."

And miraculously, when Offero wakened, in the full blaze of noon, he saw that where his staff had lain, there now grew a lush, luxuriant palm tree with leaves, flowers and dates. And Offero knew that this was the sign for which he had been waiting. He had found Christ and he would serve Him forevermore.

And from then on, Offero was known as Christopher (Christ-Offero), meaning Bearer of Christ.

Editorial Comment

We have had a pleasant holiday season at the Sanatorium and the patients who were home on pass have returned looking none the worse and, in some cases, looking even better! Many of the patients who stayed with us over the holidays found it as good as could be hoped for. Others found it better than expected, and some have said that it was more pleasant and less lonely than for many years.

We are grateful to the community groups who continue to do what they can to bring cheer to the Sanatorium during the days before Christmas.

The Kentville Rotary Club again brought gifts to about seventy patients, and as usual they were escorted through the Sanatorium by Dr. Quinlan. The gifts and the greetings are very much appreciated by all of us.

We also wish to thank the groups who provided carol singing for the patients during the pre-Christmas period. The following is a list of the groups who visited:

Reverend Charles Taylor led a group of students from the Acadia University Divinity College on the afternoon of December 7.

A group of young people from Bethany United Baptist Church, Aldershot, sang carols on the wards on Saturday, Dec. 15.

On Tuesday, Dec. 18, a social evening was held for the patients in the cafeteria which was attractively decorated for the holiday season. Two groups provided music for the evening. Reverend T. Kenna, pastor of the Kentville Pentacostal Church, led members of his choir in a most enjoyable selection of Christmas carols and songs of faith. For the second part of the evening we were favoured by a visit from the Barber Shoppers — the Kentville Chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber-shop Quartet Singing in America. It was an evening of memorable harmony and our sincere thanks to these two groups, as well as to Miss Quinlan and her staff for the work involved in preparing the cafeteria. And our thanks to Miss Thelma Chute for organizing this social evening and for being in attendance.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 19 the Salvation Army visited for the singing of carols and the distributing of "sunshine

packages." Their band was in attendance, under the direction of Captain Sydney Brace. We were pleased to have two faithful friends of the Sanatorium in attendance — Miss Frances Jess, R.N., and Mrs. Sophie Spencer, C.N.A., both retired from the nursing staff, but active in the work of the Salvation Army.

On Thursday, Dec. 20, members of the Christian Reformed Church sang carols and songs of faith. A number of those present were Cadets and Calvinettes when they first began visiting the Sanatorium. The Christian Reformed Church has been without a pastor for a number of months and the Elders are to be commended for their efforts toward carrying on the work of the Church over so many weeks.

On Friday, Dec. 21, the Cornwallis District Red Cross group visited the Sanatorium, with special entertainment for our small children's ward. It is with pleasure that we thank the above groups for adding so much to the spirit of Christmas at the Sanatorium. We are grateful, too, to the many others who have expended time and effort in making Christmas happier for us at the Sanatorium for yet another year.

And from all of us our very best wishes for a happy, healthy, and prosperous New Year.

—:o:—

Colds In The Afternoon

Winter is a peak season for colds. But time of day as well as time of year may be a factor in infections.

Nobody is quite sure why colds flourish in winter. Colds are rare in the sub-zero weather of winter expeditions in the Arctic. So temperatures alone aren't the troublemakers. Experts believe that people spend more time inside in winter, sharing enclosed spaces with others who spread cold viruses by coughing and sneezing.

Now there's intriguing new evidence hinting that the human respiratory system may be more vulnerable to virus infections at certain times of the day. Probably the afternoon.

Researchers at the University of South-

(Continued on Page 11)

Enemies In The Dust...Farmers' Lung

From American Lung Association Bulletin

Inhaled vegetable dusts are responsible for a whole group of occupational dust diseases. The best known of these is farmer's lung, traceable to exposure to moldy hay. Mushroom picker's lung, bagassosis (from exposure to moldy sugar cane fibres), and bird breeder's lung also afflict workers sensitive to these dusts.

Among the occupational dust diseases which adversely affect man's breathing capacity are a group of disorders caused by dusts inhaled on the farm or in the woods, where the environment might be expected to be free of enemies in the dust.

These diseases are due to a pulmonary reaction to an organic (usually vegetable) dust inhaled by persons sensitized, or made vulnerable, to the dust by previous exposure to it. They are, therefore, known as hypersensitivity diseases and are basically an immunologic phenomenon.

The diseases include farmer's lung, the popular name for a condition traceable to exposure to moldy hay; bagassosis, due to exposure to the moldy fibers of sugar cane after the juice has been extracted; mushroom picker's lung; maplebark stripper's pneumonitis; and bird breeder's lung, sometimes called bird fancier's lung.

Perhaps the best known of the hypersensitivity lung diseases and the one which has been studied most extensively is farmer's lung. Knowledge acquired about it, however, is also applicable to the other disorders in this category, with certain modifications, according to the dust involved.

Antigens most commonly identified in damp, stored hay are spores of the actinomyete, *Micropolyspora faeni*. It has been calculated that, during a minute of exposure, around 750,000 of the spores may be deposited in the lungs of a farmer working with only moderately damp hay.

An acute attack usually marks the onset of farmer's lung. It occurs four to eight hours after exposure to hay that has become moldy during storage in poorly ventilated barns or bins. The first symptoms are chills and fever, cough, and shortness of breath. As a rule, the acute stage subsides in a week or ten days, sometimes to recur. More frequently, the condition becomes chronic if exposure continues. The

primary initial reaction of the lung to the dust in sensitized individuals is inflammation of the walls of the alveoli (air sacs). If the disease becomes chronic or there are multiple acute attacks, there may be serious interference with the function of the lung in the exchange of gases with the blood. There is also marked reduction in lung compliance, the organ gradually losing its elasticity, becoming stiff and shrinking. This occurs in contrast to the changes which take place when the airways become obstructed, as in emphysema, and the tissue becomes stretched as the patient labors to breathe.

Although what is now known as farmer's lung has undoubtedly plagued agricultural workers through the ages, it has not always been recognized as a distinct disease entity. In 1932, its characteristics were described by Dr. J. M. Campbell of Great Britain. In this country, the first investigators to differentiate between this respiratory ailment among farmers and other lung conditions were Helen A. Dickie, M.D., and John Rankin, M.D., of the University of Wisconsin Medical School in Madison, in the heart of a dairy-farming area.

At a meeting of the American Trudeau (Thoracic) Society in 1957, Drs. Dickie and Rankin reported encountering 'with increasing frequency a peculiar respiratory illness among farmers who have been exposed to moldy forage.' On the basis of clinical observation, occupational and medical histories, and laboratory tests, the Wisconsin investigators maintained that the farmers' affliction was distinct syndrome 'with uniform clinical, roentgenographic Physiological, and pathological features,' a conclusion which is universally accepted today.

Because lung biopsies revealed a diffuse inflammation of the spaces between the air sacs as well as the alveolar walls and also because some cells of the lesion were typical of those in granulomas, Drs. Dickie and Rankin labeled the condition 'granulomatous interstitial pneumonitis.'

Dr. J. Pepys, a British scientist, calls farmer's lung the classic example of 'extrinsic allergic alveolitis,' that is, the inflammation of the alveoli is an acquired

reaction to an allergen (organic dust) of external origin which has previously been encountered by the patient. Such a reaction, which occurs several hours after re-exposure, is known as an Arthus, or Type III, immunologic response. It differs from the situation in bronchial asthma, in which the bronchioles react immediately to an allergen in an individual with inherited allergies, a Type 1 immunologic response.

Back in the 1770's the prolific Italian medical writer Bernardino Ramazzini had his own classification for the organic dust diseases. He wrote about them under the simple heading of 'diseases of sifters and measurers of grain.'

By whatever name farmer's lung is known, no one today questions that it and similar responses to inhaled organic dusts are hypersensitivity diseases. This has been demonstrated by laboratory tests. For, when antigens from moldy hay are added to serum from the blood of patients with farmer's lung, antibodies are precipitated—a sign that the body's immunologic mechanism has been triggered by previous contact with the particular organic dust. No precipitation occurs when the test is carried out with serum from individuals with no previous contact with the mold material.

There is no specific treatment of farmer's lung, although in some cases steroids are prescribed to reduce inflammation. As with other types of occupational lung diseases, the best treatment is prevention. Farm workers known to be sensitized to organic dust should, if at all possible, keep away from the source of the dust.

No reliable statistics are available on the prevalence of farmer's lung or of the other hypersensitivity diseases. However the heavy rains in all parts of the country this year should suggest to farmers that the utmost precautions be taken to see that hay and other farm products are protected against dampness when stored. Otherwise, a rise in the incidence of farmer's lung may well occur this fall and winter.

Via San-O-Zark

:o:

A second-hand car dealer having made a quick sale earlier was alarmed to see the purchaser driving back into his yard.

'Nothing wrong is there?'

'Not yet—I just wanted to return some things the previous owner that quiet little titled lady, left in the car—her tobacco pouch in the glove locker and a bottle of Scotch under the seat!'

AT WITS END

(By Erma Bombeck)

Many families seem to be at an "awkward age" for drive-in movies.

If they go to see the feature film, "Flipper Goes Peanut Butter," the adults are too old.

On the other hand, if they hang around to watch the previews, "The Last Tango On Bikini Beach," the kids are too young.

One parent I know thought he had the problem solved. When the language on the previews became quite blue, he threw himself on the horn to distract the children. However, the language from the car next to him was a deeper shade than the language on the screen.

We saw a preview the other night that should have been rated Y (Why?) which would limit admission to consenting adults over 35, accompanied by Gene Shalit and a parish priest.

Many parents are having a difficult time explaining movies with "redeeming social values" to their children (and why the redeeming social value didn't wear a stitch under her trench coat).

I offer a list of technical terminology and their meanings used to describe mature flicks ((Terminology is provided by the courtesy of starlets, producers, critics and movie house owners).

"This movie demonstrates the remarkable range of Miss Blank's talents." (43-24-35 which are more than remarkable).

"This film challenges the abilities of the stars." (Rotten script).

"This move is aimed at people deadened by conformity." (Who are more yellow than curious).

"Film is loosely structured." (Only the plot).

"This establishes an ambience that helps to explicate behavior." (By the time the Supreme Court figures out what this means, it will have grossed a million).

"This is a memorable experience in adult theatre." (Send the kid for more popcorn).

"This story is bold and sometimes offensive . . . but necessary." (So is throwing up on an airplane).

"For movie-goers who do not like realism there are some beautiful scenes of Colorado." (Oh boy!)

From St. John's "Evening Telegram"
Contributed by Doug Hallamore



Chaplain's Corner

MSGR. J. H. DURNEY

FROM THE VETERAN

We have now entered into the New Year, and in all probability we have made our resolutions for 1974 in the hope of the new and good things this year will bring us. As we close the door on 1973 we sometimes imagine we can just as easily close the door on all the unpleasant things that happened during the past year. Before we allow this delusion to lead us too far astray from reality, let us consider these words, spoken many years ago by a man wise, with the wisdom of God: "What was will be again; what has been done will be done again, and there is nothing new under the sun." These words are especially apt at the beginning of a New Year because the paradox of the New Year is this: there will be very little that is really new.

The same ten commandments will be broken, by different people. The same good God will be blasphemed and betrayed and denied, but the offenders will be different from last year. Man's inhumanity to man will continue to be displayed, but those offending and those offended will be new. Other forms of offense will continue to be aimed at God, but those doing it will be different from 1973.

In our own lives we shall face the same problems; the same temptations will attack us; the same difficulties will have to be overcome. But despite this we should never give way to despair, because while there will always be much evil in the world, there will always be much holiness. While we are faced with all our individual problems there will always be an abundance of God's grace for those who will accept it, and with which we will be able to overcome the various problems which come to us.

And so, as we face the New Year, let us do it with faith and confidence in almighty God; Faith in His existence and His love for us individually; accepting His teachings through which we can find the strength and courage to follow Him; believing His promise to listen to us when we come to Him sincerely and humbly.

And so, encouraged by these truths, we enter the New Year unafraid of what may be in store for us because we believe the good Lord will be with us, helping us to meet the days ahead with trust and confidence.

Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace! How sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

When we've been there ten thousand
years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

New Year

The old year now away is fled; the new
year it is entered;
Then let us all our sins down-tread, and
joyfully all appear:
Let's merry be this day, and let us now
both sport and play:
Hang grief; cast care away! God send you
a Happy New Year!
The name day now of Christ we keep,
Who for our sins did often weep;
His hands and feet were wounded deep,
and his blessed side with a spear;
His head they crowned with thorn, and
at him they did laugh and scorn,
Who for our good was born: God send us
a happy New Year!
—A Waits Carol, sung to the tune "Green-
sleeves."

* * * *

Our main business is not to see what
lies dimly at a distance, but to do what
lies clearly at hand.

—Carlyle

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 December 31, 1973:

Previously acknowledged:	\$4,848.91
Recent contributors:	
Century Patrons:	
Nil	
Patrons:	
Mrs. Margaret Garrison	
Mrs. Cora Skinner	
Robert Eastcott	
Miscellaneous	
Total:	36.00
Grand Total	\$4,884.91

_____o:_____

COLDS IN THE AFTERNOON—

(Continued from Page 7)

ern California School of Medicine have found that levels of an antibody that protects against virus infection fluctuate at different times of day. The anti-body is continuously carried away by mucus. Secretion levels of the anti-body can be measured in the mucus in the nose.

For most subjects tested so far, the highest levels of the anti-body are in the early hours of dawn before 8 a.m. Concentrations are at an all-time low in the afternoon when, say the researchers, protection would seem to be most needed.

The findings are not final, and any implications are not clear at this point. But if any substance is ever found to help prevent colds then it would be important to know at what specific times to increase intake.

IN APPRECIATION

On two previous occasions we have printed Thank-You Notes from Vance Atkinson, and we are pleased to do so again. Here is the text of the message:

"I want to thank all who helped with the Christmas party which was put on for the patients. We enjoyed the Barbershoppers and the Christmas carols by the church group. Special thanks to the dining room staff who worked so hard, and Miss Quinlan who headed it up, and to Dr. Holden, Dr. Quinlan and Mr. Betik, who were in attendance. Many thanks to Mr. Brown for being with the carollers in the evenings, to the nursing staff on the First Floor, and to the orderlies. We really enjoyed the Christmas season. We are looking forward to Miss Chute's return, and to more card parties which all enjoy.

"Many thanks to Mrs. Hance Mosher and Reverend Archibald who are so faithful in calling on us."

Vance Atkinson, the writer of the above note, has been a patient at the Sanatorium since March of 1973. He is mainly confined to a wheelchair, but practices walking with crutches. One of the characteristic things about him is that he remains cheerful and does what he can. He has been quite busy with handcrafts and it is a source of considerable satisfaction to him to be able to make his own gifts and to realize a bit of profit at times. Adversity is nothing new to Vance—he had to have one leg removed at age nine. He has had tuberculosis of the hip, has been crippled by arthritis and plagued by chronic asthma. From the earlier notes on his chart I see Fred Barrett's comment of August, 1951, after visiting with Vance at Stony Island, Shelburne County ((which is still his home): "I was surprised at his good nature and lack of bitterness . . ." and later: "his apparent good cheer and his uncomplaining attitude."

Vance was a patient at Roseway Hospital in the mid 1940's and his wife and children (two, I believe) would have been getting by on Mothers' Allowance in the approximate amount of \$60. per month, the maximum in 1951. It takes considerable intestinal fortitude to go through so much and still remain outwardly cheerful and optimistic. We wish you better fortune in the future, Vance.

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
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OLD TIMERS

We will begin our column with some notes from Anne-Marie:

Bobby Melanson of Belleville North, Yarmouth County, who was here in 1953, was visiting at the San earlier this month. Bobby looked very well, I am told. Also visiting at the San from the Yarmouth area was Mrs. Ann LeBlanc who was here in 1956. Anne is fine too.

Mary and Percy Doucette of New Minas were visiting Richard Pottie in Berwick during the holidays. Also visiting at the Pottie's was Albert Longuephy of West L'Ardoise, Cape Breton.

I had a note from Dorothy MacDonald, a former porchmate of mine, from Fairview, Alberta. Dorothy has been postmistress at Fairview for some years and will be retiring this year. She was formerly from Tatamagouche.

Mildred Salter of Hantsport who was with me in the late 40's writes that she still works as secretary at the Minas Basin Pulp and Paper. One of her hobbies is stamp collecting — a mutual interest.

Another friend of mine, Mary MacIsaac of Giant's Lake, Guysborough County, wrote that she had driven through the San grounds last summer and had seen quite a change—understandably so—as she had not been back since her discharge in the early 40's.

Mrs. Frances Tivy (nee Toomey), a former patient and staff member, was visiting her mother in Kentville recently. She seems to be enjoying her new role of housekeeper.

Donald R. Hiltz who was here in 1947 was visiting Helen and Al McKinnon recently. Don is well and works at the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce in Halifax.

Mrs. Maude Lohnes of Upper Tantallon, Halifax County, was also a recent visitor at the McKinnon's. Maude is fine. She was a patient here in the early '40's.

An old-timer from 1938, Woody Davis, of Bear River, was visiting friends in town. From the report I got, he has lost none of his wit!

Thank you Anne-Marie, and now some items from our mailbox: Mrs. Sadie MacKenzie, RR No. 1 Scotsburn, writes that she enjoys reading Health Rays and sends greetings and best wishes to the patients and staff. She continues, "My father, Geo-

rge R. MacKay of Westville, who was a patient at the Sanatorium from August, 1971 to August, 1972 is feeling fine now, and also sends his best wishes to the nurses and staff, all of whom were so good to him. Dad says that he enjoys reading Health Rays and it is a way of keeping in touch with the San and its people."

Mrs. Elizabeth Flynn of Meteghan River writes that she was at the San the first week of November for a checkup—as she has been doing every six months since 1970, and now has the good news that she can have her checkups in her home area. She writes, "I had the pleasure of seeing Joan MacKay twice this summer and she looks really well. I want to thank all the nurses and doctors who were so good to me."

We have a note from Margaret Garrison, RR No. 1, Enfield, together with her subscription renewal and a contribution to the Golden Jubilee Fund. She says "I had hoped to send some news of former patients but really not much to report at this point. Norma Wilson (Pleasant), of Goffs, lost her husband on July 6 in an automobile accident on the airport road. Tom Brown, Oldham, passed away at Ocean View Home in the late summer. His sister, Charlotte, is still in good health and is living alone. Yours truly is still in pretty good shape—have been presented with a twentieth grandchild (boy) by Stuart born in the San June 7, 1948) and his wife Nancy—this on November 10, and a third great grandchild is expected in March. Every good wish to staff and patients."

We have some renewals from James Edward Straughan, Halifax; Mrs. Marjorie Cook, Bible Hill; Desire D'Eon, West Pubnico; John Amirault, Amirault's Hill; Mrs. Pearl Penny, Cape Breton; Joseph MacKenzie, RR No. 1 North Sydney; Alastair E. MacDonald, Pictou; Gerald K. Uloth, RR No. 4 Cole Harbour, Guysborough Co.; George E. Allen, 1133 Tower Road, Halifax; Lauchie D. Campbell, 149 Cabot St., Sydney; Mrs. Gladys MacDonald, Boutilier's Point; and Mrs. Duncan Greene, RR No. 5 New Glasgow.

Sister Christine Forbes, Port Hawkesbury, sends her best wishes to our readers; and Lauchlin D. MacKinnon, Loch Ness St., Inverness, sends his best wishes plus a contribution to the Golden Jubilee Fund; Clyde O. Boutilier, Seabright, writes that he enjoys Health Rays and asks to

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ADMISSIONS:

DECEMBER 1 TO DECEMBER 31, 1973

JAMES COLIN MITCHELL, Oyster Pond, Jeddore, Halifax Co.; JAMES FREDERICK COCHRANE, 22 Park St., Kentville; MARK LORNE PALMER, RR 1, Berwick; MRS. ALMA FAYE PROUDFOOT, 44 James Street, Kentville; NEIL "J" MacDONALD, Centreville, Kings Co.; RANALD SMITH HEMMON, 27 Ellis Ave., Yarmouth; MRS. SHEILA MABEL DEMAN, Cow Bay, Halifax Co.; MRS. FLOELLA POWERS, 12 Linden Ave., Lunenburg; JOSEPH PIUS BELLIVEAU, Belliveau's Cove, Digby Co.; WILFRED EARL BARKHOUSE, Medford, Kings Co.; JOSEPH LEONARD MELANSON, Nictaux, Annapolis Co.; MRS. WILLETTE BEATRICE DOUCETTE, Centre East Pubnico, Yarmouth Co.; HENRY LAURIE RUSSELL, 51 Schofield Road, Kentville; MARY LOUISE FARNSWORTH, Port Williams, Kings Co.; ALEXANDER STEWART, 43 Queen Street, Truro; FRED ISAAC GRAVES, Chipman Corner, Kings Co.; JOHN ALFRED HERBERT, Coldbrook, Kings Co.; EARLE CARMEN DOWNIE, Kingston, Kings Co.; EARL FREDERICK ARENBURG, Cambridge, Kings Co.; MRS. BARBARA ELLEN WEBSTER, RR 3, New Glasgow, Pictou Co.; MRS. FLORENCE ETTA STRONG, Waterville, Kings Co.; MRS. EDITH ALBERTA WOODWORTH, Lower Chelsea, RR 6, Bridgewater; MARY ROSALIE BELLEFONTAINE, West Chez-zetcook, Halifax Co.; LEMUEL THOMAS GREENWOOD, Wood's Harbour, Shelburne Co.; ERNEST WALKER, Canaan, Kings Co.; WARREN ALBERT FURLONG, West Quoddy, Halifax Co.; MRS. ALICE MAUDE MacNEIL, 10 McFatrige Road, Halifax; MRS. JEANNETTE VIVIAN LUTZ, Berwick West, Kings Co.; AUBREY ARDEN DURLING, Walden East, Annapolis Co.; MRS. AGNES SUSAN STEVENSON, 65 Lanzie Road, Kentville; JEROME EMILE LeBLANC, Morris Is-

land, Yarmouth Co.; HARRY VERNON HUTT, Grafton, Kings Co.; MRS. MARYLYN HARRIETTE GILLIS, Canning, Kings Co.; CHARLES ROY HENSHAW, Deep Brook, Annapolis Co.; FREDERICK ISAAC GRAVES, Chipman Corner, Kings Co.; CHARLES HENRY HOPPE, Aylesford; MARGARET BOYD MacEACHERN, 101 Aberdeen St., Kentville; MRS. SUSAN DURELL COX, Box 178, Port Williams; GERALD WAYNE SIMPSON, Wilmot Station, Annapolis Co.; JOSEPH ADOLPHE BOUDREAU, Comeauville, Digby Co.; MRS. ELSIE LILLIAN BRIGLEY, Sherbrooke, Guysborough Co.; MRS. AUDREY ELIZABETH ATKINS, 148 Maple Ave., Berwick; WILFRED EARL BARKHOUSE, Medford, Kings Co.; MRS. MARION WINONA BARBARA WHIDDEN, 11 Summer St., Wolfville; MRS. GRETA MARIE HERMAN, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co.

DISCHARGES:

DECEMBER 1 TO DECEMBER 31, 1973

GEORGE ERWIN CAMERON, East River, St. Mary's, Pictou Co.; HAROLD THEODORE JACKSON, Box 14, Site 28, Indian Harbour, Halifax Co.; MRS. RUTH FOX SORGE, 70 Havelock St., Amherst; WILLIAM ROBERT BAULD LUGAR, Apt. 115, Grand View Manor, Berwick; JAMES BENJAMIN GOUGH, 16 Park St., Amherst; PROF. EUGEN FRIEDERICH GMEINER, Maplewood, Apt. 106, Basin View Village, Wolfville; MRS. TSUI YU HUM, 2316 Gottingen Street, Halifax; MRS. NELLIE MAE WAMBOLDT, Nictaux Falls, Annapolis Co.; ORLAND RUSSELL BARRETT, Lower Canard, Kings Co., (Expired); CHARLES GUY SHERMAN, Box 800, RR 5, Chegoggin, Yarmouth Co.; DARLENE MAE MORGAN, P.O. Box 235, Kingston, Kings Co.; SHERMAN LEO DAHR, RR 1, Port Dufferin, Halifax Co.; MRS. ALMA FAYE PROUDFOOT, 44 James St., Kentville; VICTOR HENRY MacDONALD, 1009 Commercial St., New Minas, Kings Co.; WILLIAM EDGAR SMITH, Cape Sable Island, Shelburne Co.; MRS. CATHERINE ESTHER BOWEN, 5 Marine St., Pictou; ROBERT LYMAN TAGGART, RR, Bass River, Colchester Co.; AUBREY LAURIE ELLS, Sheffield Mills, RR 5, Canning; MRS. LAURA JEAN DORMAN, 299 Cornwallis Street, Kentville; JENNIFER CLARE PINKHAM, Coddles Harbour, RR 1, Goldboro, Guysborough Co.; EARLE CARMEN DOWNIE, Kingston, Kings Co., (Expred);

(Continued on Page 14)

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 13)

JOSEPH SHIRLEY BISHOP, 1049 Commercial St., New Minas, Kings Co.; MRS. JOAN WARNER FOX, 51 Main St., Kentville; ARNOLD FRANK O'NEILL, Greenwood Village, Kings Co.; MRS. FLORENCE ETTA STRONG, Waterville, Kings Co., (Expired); REGINALD VINCENT COLLICUTT, Italy Cross, RR 2, Lunenburg Co.; MARY LOUISE FARNSWORTH, P.O. Box 135, Port Williams, Kings Co.; FREDERICK ISAAC GRAVES, Chipman Corner, Kings Co.; GERALD MacDONALD, 105 Denoon St., Pictou; MRS. DOROTHY ALTHEA PIERCE, RR 6, Kingston, Kings Co.; REGINALD FREDERICK DAVIDSON, Gaspereaux Ave., Wolfville; MRS. CLAIRE SADIE CONNORS, Westville Road, Pictou Co.; MRS. ETHEL MAUD BALTZER, Dempsey Corner, Kings Co.; GEORGE LEWIS GEDDES, Foster Ave., Stellarton, Pictou Co.; GORDON McLEOD, Box 235, Louisbourg, Cape Breton; MRS. HAZEL MAUDE PARKER, Bridgetown, Box 96, Annapolis Co.; WILFRED EARL BARKHOUSE, Medford, Kings Co.; JAMES FREDERICK COCHRANE, 22 Park St., Kentville; PETER McEWAN ANTON, North Williamston, Annapolis Co.; HARRY CLARENCE PETERS, 263 Cornwallis St., Kentville; EARL FREDERICK ARENBURG, Cambridge, RR 2, Kings Co.; GEORGE PHILIP CORBIN, 36 Tupper Road, Kentville; MRS. GRETA MARIE HERMAN, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co.; LEMUEL JOHN HIMMELMAN, Dublin Shore, Lunenburg Co.; RONALD GORDON DOLLIVER, Dublin Shore, Lunenburg Co.; MRS. BARBARA ELLEN WEBSTER, RR 3, New Glasgow, Pictou Co.; FREDERICK ISAAC GRAVES, Chipman Corner, Kings Co., (Expired); MRS. JEANNETTE VIVIAN LUTZ, Berwick West, Kings Co.; MRS. FLOELLA POWERS, 12 Linden Ave., Lunenburg; MRS. NETTIE ETHEL CHISHOLM, RR 3, Merlgomish, Pictou Co.; MARK LORNE PALMER, RR 1, Berwick; THOMAS JOS-

EPH DOUCET, St. Bernard, Digby Co.; MRS. AGNES SUSAN STEVENSON, 65 Lanzie Road, Kentville; THOMAS RODERICK McNEIL, 22 Sunndale Drive, Westmount, Cape Breton; MRS. WILLET-TA BEATRICE DOUCETTE, Centre East Pubnico, Yarmouth Co.; FREDERICK GORDON SANFORD, Weston, RR 2, Aylesford; MRS. VIOLA BLANCHE OGDEN, Northport, RR 1, Cumberland Co.; THEODORE JOSEPH PAUL, Eskasoni, Cape Breton; ROBERT IRWIN EASTCOTT, Debert, Colchester Co.; JOSEPH BERNABE LeBLANC, Belliveau Cove, Digby Co.; MRS. FAYE ELIZABETH RAFUSE, Greenwood, Kings Co.; JAMES ALLISON SANFORD, Lequille, Annapolis Co.; MRS. AUDREY ELIZABETH ATKINS, 148 Maple Ave., Berwick; MRS. RUBY ELLA POLSON, Harmony Road, Kings Co., (Expired).

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ADMISSIONS:

NOVEMBER 1 TO NOVEMBER 30, 1973

RENE WILLIAM PAUL, 33 Callaghan St., Sydney; PETER A. BATTISTE, Barra Head, Richmond Co.; JOHN J. MacKINNON, 8 Crescent St., Sydney Mines; ESTHER C. PETRIE, Neil's Harbour, Victoria Co.; MRS. RUBY M. WALSH, 290 Irish Brook Road, New Waterford; MRS. LORETTA MATTHENS, 17 Court St., North Sydney.

DISCHARGES:

NOVEMBER 1 TO NOVEMBER 30, 1973

ALONZO PETRIE, 1 College Place, Sydney; MRS. ELIZABETH BERTHIER, West L'Ardoise; MARC CHARBONNEAU, Ville Emard, Montreal; PETER A. BATTISTE, Barra Head, Richmond Co.

:o:—

It takes much honesty and objective self analysis to know and admit our strengths and weaknesses—to be willing to stand back, allowing a more capable person to do the job.

Someone has said, 'There is no limit to what a man can accomplish if he doesn't care who gets the credit for it.'

* * *

When you get so that it takes great big troubles to trouble you, and little bits of things to make you happy, then you are on the right track.

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY

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Notes And News

Two social events were held at the Sanatorium during the week before Christmas. The traditional Christmas Tea was held on the afternoon of Thursday, Dec. 20 in the cafeteria. This, as always, was a very pleasant event with the decorations and the goodies, and with Dr. Quinlan playing the piano for a bit of carol singing.

The other event was a most "untraditional" event in the form of a Wine and Cheese party held in the Dormitory reception room on the evening of December 16. The party was well attended and I am sure that it was a big success. I am certain that some of our readers will question that such an event could have taken place at the Sanatorium and will suspect that the writer sampled too much of the holiday cheer and is covering up his excesses by suggesting that his fellow workers have been into the wine bottle as well!

* * *

In a more serious vein we must mention that our two half-time Chaplains left the Sanatorium on November 30. (Small wonder, you say, with such goings on!)

Reverend Gary Tonks, Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain, had been with us since October, 1972, and has commuted between the Sanatorium and Cheverie, Hants Co. With his departure we return to the previous system of relying mainly upon the community resources. We were sorry to see Reverend Tonks leave and we wish to express our thanks for the help given, and to say that we enjoyed working with him.

Leaving at the same time was Father Harlan D'Eon who was here half-time as our Roman Catholic Chaplain. He has been transferred from Berwick to Yarmouth and we wish him the best of luck. As a replacement, Father C. D'Eon, assistant Parish Priest at St. Joseph's Church, is holding regular mass in the Patients' Lounge.

Fortunately, the Reverend Dr. Archi-

bald continues to visit practically every day. Also, Rev. William Martell and Mrs. Hance Mosher are regularly visiting.

NOTES FROM POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

Dr. D. S. Robb, Medical Superintendent, has kindly sent us some up-to-date information for the back cover and we will try to show the changes this month. We were quite certain that there were changes that should have been shown a number of months ago, especially in the Church Affiliation.

The following are some of the staff changes:

Dr. MacIsaac retired as bronchoscopist in September, 1971, and has been replaced by Dr. R. G. Chokshi. Miss B. J. Lewis retired as Dietitian a year ago, and has been replaced by Mrs. Joan Chiasson, who is on Casual. Mrs. Elizabeth Reid, R.N., retired as Rehabilitation Officer last summer, and has not been replaced. The Little Flower Building is shared with the C. B. Addiction Center. The move to that building was made on May 2, 1973. The mailing address is as follows:

Little Flower Building
115 Alexandra Street
P.O. Box 2000
Sydney, N. S. B1P 6K8
_____ : o : _____

OLD TIMERS—

(Continued from Page 12)

pass along his best wishes to the doctors, nurses, and patients at the Sanatorium. To the patients he also sends his very best wishes for a speedy recovery; seasons greetings were also received from Mrs. Rosilda (Albert) Deveau, RR No. 1 Yarmouth, who says "From an old TB patient who is feeling fine."

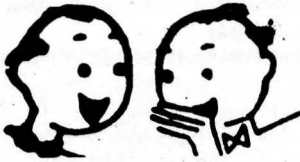
Mrs. Gladys L. MacDonald, RR No. 1 Boutilier's Point, writes 'I enjoy the Health Rays and wish you every success in the year to come, and thanks for the wonderful care while a patient at the San, from a thankful and happy ex-patient.'

Mrs. Cora M. Skinner, Lunenburg, writes, "Sorry for the delay, but I was away all summer and got back a few days ago. Had a very nice summer, the weather was beautiful just about all the time. I am pretty good apart from my eyes which are giving me trouble. The specialist tells me

(Continued on Page 17)

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Just Jesting



CHEAPER THAT WAY

A five-year-old girl, visiting a neighbor, was asked how many children there were in her family. "Seven," she answered.

The neighbor observed that so many children might cost a lot of money.

"Oh, no," the child replied, "We don't buy them—we raise them."

The minister returned wearily to his wife and exclaimed that he had just attempted to persuade his congregation that it was the duty of the rich to help the poor.

"And," asked his wife, "did you convince them?"

"I was half successful," replied the minister, "I convinced the poor."

One thing doctors do better than anything else is read their own writing.

When a reporter on a small southwestern newspaper filed a story with his editor, telling about a disastrous ranch fire in the area, he reported an incredible loss of 2025 cows. The editor, unable to accept the figure, called the rancher.

"You the rancher who had the fire that wiped out 2025 cows?" inquired the editor.

"Yeth", answered the rancher.

Turning back to the story, the editor changed the copy to read: "Two sows and twenty-five cows."

FIRST THINGS FIRST

"Flash!" shouted the TV newscaster. "We have just received a news bulletin on a great catastrophe that will probably touch every human being on earth. But first . . . this word from our sponsor."

GOOD THINKING!

Brown — "Your wife is a very systematic woman, isn't she?"

Jones — "Yes, very. She works on the theory that you can find whatever you want when you don't want it by looking where it wouldn't be if you did want it."

A woman led her husband into a psychiatrist's office and said: "My husband is suffering from a delusion that he's a parking meter. Won't you please help him?"

The psychiatrist looked at the man, then said to him: "I'll try to help you, but first you'll have to answer a few questions."

"Don't be silly doctor," replied the wife. "How do you expect him to talk with all those dimes in his mouth?"

"Is your dog housebroken yet?"

"No, she's just a French puddle."

WHAT, AGAIN?

Hail to the conquering hero;
Hail to the strongest of men;
Raise the glass high in my honour;
I've given up smoking — again!

ESPECIALLY NO. 5

A medical school class was asked to name five reasons why mother's milk is better for babies than cow's milk.

One student wrote:

1. It's faster.
2. It's cleaner.
3. It's safer; the cat can't get it.
4. Easier to handle when traveling.
5. Comes in more attractive containers.

"Doctor, I've got a terrible cold.

What should I take for it?"

"Don't refuse any offers."

A high school boy took home from the library a book whose cover read "How to Hug", only to discover it was volume 7 of an encyclopedia.

Said the harassed surgeon to medical students watching him perform a delicate operation:

"Will the wise guy who keeps saying 'oops!' please leave?"

"Freddie," said the Sunday School teacher, "can you tell me what we must do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?"

"Yes, M'am," replied the boy, "we must sin."

"Here's the final installment on the baby's furniture."

"Fine. And how is the little fellow getting along?"

"Real good. He was tops in his high school class last year."

OLD TIMERS—

(Continued from Page 15)

that cataracts are forming on both eyes. That means that I won't be able to do much reading or close work like I have been doing. I am not complaining—we have to be patient, especially at my age. All I hope and pray for is that in time something can be done about it. I have enjoyed reading the Health Rays very much and hearing about all the changes up there lately. Now I am thinking it is best for me to discontinue reading them. I will always be grateful to all the nurses and doctors. They were all wonderfully kind. I am enclosing a contribution to the Jubilee Fund with my best wishes to all." And our very best wishes to you, Mrs. Skinner, for the successful treatment of your eye condition.

We have a note from Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hines, 185 Edmunds Grounds, Armdale, sending greetings to one and all at the Sanatorium with a special note of appreciation to Dr. Holden; and a note from Nelson Levy, RR No. 1 Lunenburg, saying that he and his wife both enjoy reading Health Rays; and renewals from Gardner D. Lynds, RR No. 1, Truro; Dr. R. D. Belliveau, Meteghan; Miss Faye Sanford, Cambridge Station; staff members Joan Walker; Gertrude Cook; Johnny Madden; and former staff member Albert Longuephy. We were pleased to have the following note from Mrs. Ina Williams, Shelburne, "Wishing you and all the staff a very merry Christmas and a healthy, happy, and prosperous New Year. Must say I certainly look forward to reading Health Rays. To all the patients at the San a very merry Christmas. I certainly spent a nice Christmas in the San in 1971. Everyone was so very kind and friendly, I'll always remember it."

We were pleased also to receive greetings from Bert K. Lundgren, Milton; Miss Marguerite MacLeod, also of Milton; Mrs. Harriet Robertson, R.N.; formerly outpatient nurse; who is now a resident at Bradford House, Ottawa. Mrs. Robertson writes: "Please convey my best wishes for the Yuletide season and my best regards to all my old friends. I still enjoy the Health Rays."

Renewals were also received from Joseph Dominix, Lunenburg; and Ralph Hubert Surette, Surette's Island.

In addition to Marguerite MacLeod, we

have heard from other former members of the Rehab Dept.; Mrs. Vi Silver wrote from New Westminster, B. C., where she is visiting her daughter (and was enjoying a lengthy spell of rainy weather in mid-December); and a note was received from Mrs. Norma Cassidy who is still enjoying her work with the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Association, with headquarters in Winnipeg; and we had a note from Fred Barrett who retired from the Continuing Education Program at the end of May and is residing in Annapolis Royal; and from Mrs. Alec Cummings, formerly Jane Brown, of Kennebecasis Park, Saint John, who says that she and her family had an enjoyable August vacation camping in Newfoundland (with no mention of being strikebound—or of swimming to the mainland). And we have a cheery note from the former Ann Standish, Mrs. David Robinson, Beaconsfield, Quebec, who was a popular handcrafts teacher and will be remembered by many for her Storytelling Time as well.

From cards on one of the bulletin boards I saw greetings from David Ross, Willow Lodge, Tatamagouche; James MacKinnon; "Paddy" Connors; Sophie Grandy; Harold Huntley; and Kenneth Spidle.

Next, three items just received from Eileen Hiltz:

Rev. Peter Nearing sends greetings from Madonna House, Windermere, Ont., to "any old friends who may still be around the San". He says the biography on which he has been working for the past few years is nearly finished, and he hopes to have more time, then, and may be able to make a trip to N. S.

Marguerite MacLeod writes that she enjoys reading Health Rays, and that she keeps busy with Senior Citizens "Fish", and a few other things. (Just what is Senior Citizens "Fish", Marguerite?)

Lottie Baker sends greetings from Cambridge, Mass., where she has lived for many years now. She says that Mary MacKenna Brown sends her copies of Health Rays with interesting articles. Lottie had spent the summer at her old home in Marie Joseph, Guys Co.

And with these items we will bring this to a close for this time by sending our very best wishes to our readers for a Happy New Year.

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P.	Medical Director
J. T. BETIK	Administrator
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
E. W. CROSSON, M.D.	Physician
D. M. MacRAE, M.D., F.R.C.S. (C) F.C.C.P.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
B. F. MILLER, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Ed.) F.R.C.S. (C)	Consult. Ortho. Surg.
DOUGLAS W. ARCHIBALD, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)	Consultant Psychiatrist
D. H. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.	Consultant in Anaesthesia
C. E. JEBSON, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C)	Consultant Urologist
MISS E. JEAN DOBSON, R.N., B.Sc.N.	Director of Nursing
MISS EILEEN QUINLAN, B.Sc. P.Dt.	Senior Dietitian
DONALD M. BROWN, B.A., B.Ed., M.S.W.	Director of Rehabilitation

Point Edward Hospital

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

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ANGLICAN

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

PENTECOSTAL

Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

BAPTIST

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

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Parish Priest — Rev. J. A. Comeau
Asst. Priest — Rev. C. D'Eon

CHRISTIAN REFORMED

Minister—

SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Sidney Brace

UNITED CHURCH

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

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

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ANGLICAN

Rev. Weldon Smith

UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Allan MacIntosh

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Parish Priest—Father Angus MacLeod

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Alex Swan