

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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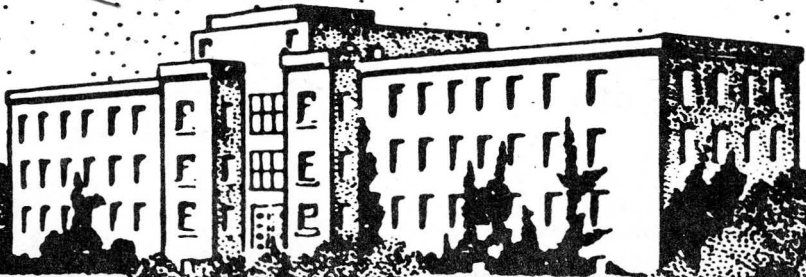
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*Health
Rays*



HEALTH RAYS

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Sanatorium Visiting Hours

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

DAILY: 10:15 — 11:45 A.M. Monday — Saturday: 3:30-4:30; 7:30-8:30 P.M.
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ROADSIDE FLOWERS

We are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds—
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
If only the earth will feed us,
The stragglers left behind.

And lo! the Lord of the Garden,
He makes His sun to rise,
And His rain to fall with pardon
On our dusty paradise.

On us He has laid the duty—
The task of the wandering breed—
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.
The Lord of the Garden knows.
—Bliss Carmen

—:O:—

GOLDENROD

Ere the stout year be waxed shrewd and
old,
And while the grain upon the well-piled
stack
Waits yet unthreshed, by every woodland
track,
Low stream and meadow, and wide waste
outrolled,
By every fence that skirts the forest
mould,
Sudden and thick, as at the reaper's hail,
They come, companions of the harvest,
frail
Green forests yellowing upward into gold
Lo, where yon shaft of level sunshine
gleams
Full on those pendent wreaths, those boun-
teous plumes
So gracious and so golden! Mark them
well,
The last and best from summer's empty
looms,
Her benedicite, and dream of dreams,
The fullness of her soul made visible.

—Archibald Lampman

A proud new highway hastens past the
green of fir and fern.
It ambles on through leafy isles, by plea-
sant, rose-trimmed rails,
It boasts the level speedway and the graci-
ous bevelled turn,
But shrinking into spruce-clad hills and
mist-hung meadow veils
To shun the teeming traffic that the hur-
ried highroad sees,
Are little ways that wander far beyond the
beaten pales,
Are little roads that dream-like vanish
into fairy dales.
The highways of the province sweep along
in pride and ease,
But lack the nameless love that lights the
still Acadian vales;
For tiny trails that tumble through a
shadowland of trees
Are paths that hold the home-born heart
and fold its memories.

—R. V. Bannon

—:O:—

Terse Verse—With Apology

As soon as the day
begins to dawn . . .
The meadow lark
starts singing . . .
As soon as evening
comes a star . . .
The angel's lamp
starts swinging . . .
As soon as I am
in the tub . . .

The telephone
starts ringing!

* * * *

Ricky was greatly impressed when his
Sunday School teacher told the story of
Eve's creation from one of Adam's ribs.

During the afternoon he felt a pain in
his side and ran to his mother. "Mom",
he gasped, "I think I'm going to have a
wife."

—:O:—

MUSIC OF THE DAY

Why
couldn't I
have known
all along?
Nothing
for the singer;
everything
for the song.

—Selected

VIGNETTES FROM A HOLIDAY IN TURKEY

By Eileen M. Hiltz

Turkey is not the country most readily thought of when one is considering a trip abroad. Should be doubt this statement, try telling friends that you are planning a holiday in Turkey and note their expressions, which can range from astonishment, incredulity, right through to concern and even dismay. I suppose it is because, on the whole, we know very little about Turkey, and, regrettably, much of that little is unfavorable. When I returned from my three-week visit, friends asked eagerly: "What is Turkey like?". My instant reply: "The most beautiful country I ever saw", drew looks of profound surprise, and I would be asked to elaborate.

To begin with, I saw it in the Spring, a definite bonus in countries which tend to become dry and brown as summer wears on. May was a perfect time for touring, and my second bonus was having as travelling companions and hosts Charles and Margot Eaves, who had been in Turkey since the previous July. (Charles Eaves, who has done widely acclaimed work in the field of post-harvest preservation and storage of fruits, had been asked to take a year's appointment there under the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization.) We covered more than 2,000 miles in the Eaves' Volvo, encompassing merely the western half of Turkey-in-Asia Minor.

In those 2,000 miles we experienced a variety of geographical changes which I doubt could be matched by any other country. We drove through lush agricultural areas, where one saw vineyards, olive and banana groves, cotton fields and rice paddies, while on every side the profusion of wild flowers was breath-taking. We zigbaged up mountain ranges, and down again, where hairpin turns abounded and low gear was a must, but the panoramic views made one forget one's fears.

We came to Pamukkale, where hot streams solidified into cliffs of pure white calcium, and we had two unforgettable swims (one at 6:30 a.m.!) in our motel pool in 80 degree water of a wonderful bouyancy. We drove along the Mediterranean as far as Mersin, marvelling at the blueness of the water and the tropical atmosphere created by palm trees, oleanders and bougainvilleas. We then turned northward, and on up through the Great Anatolian Plain, with huge flocks of sheep

and goats on all sides.

We spent two nights in the region of Cappadocia, quite the strangest place I'd ever seen, where volcanic debris had been worn by water erosion into cones and pyramids, called in the tourist literature "Fairy Chimneys". I think "weird" and "eerie" would be the first words to come to mind in describing it. From this spooky region we journeyed on to Ankara, the city which had been made capital of Turkey by Kennal Atatwk when he overthrew the Ottoman Empire, made Turkey a democracy, and strove with all his power to modernize, and westernize, the country.

The next day ended our travels with a rather uninteresting drive — by comparison only — on Turkey's finest highway, and in the only rain we encountered during the 12-day tour. We were back in Yalova, a fairly large town on the Sea of Marmara, where the Eaves had their Turkish abode.

To get the most from a visit to a country I've found it wise to take the time to bone up on its history. In the case of Turkey, however, I bogged down early in my historical study. As one writer puts it: "Turkey's past is . . . a slate written upon and repeatedly erased through the centuries", and any attempt to synopsize Turkey's history is to pile confusion upon confusion.

The history of the country we call Turkey began with the Ottoman Turks in the early 13th century. Before that, however, the land had known conquerors and their hordes for centuries, the earliest thought to be the Hittites, who flourished about 2000 B. C. From then on came one invader after another: the Assyrians; the Macedonians; the Romans; the Arabs; the Byzantines; the Seljuks; the Armenians (to list the major ones), attended by great names of history: Ulysses, Alexander the Great; Hadrian; Constantine; Genghis Khan. In a less warlike vein, we find the name of St. Paul, that ardent missionary, bringing Christianity to the then Roman empire, whose capital was Constantinople.

It was, however, when the Turks came from the east, near the borders of China, took over the land, absorbed the multi-faceted people, and established Islamic as the religion of the country that "Turkey" began. This was the beginning of the Otto-

man Empire, the time of the Sultans and their Seraglios, that romantic and mysterious period which is likely the picture still conjured up by the name Turkey. The Ottoman Empire, becoming ever more corrupt and brutal, endured until the present century, when a popular uprising led by Kemal Ataturk ended it. In 1922 Turkey was proclaimed a republic, with Ataturk its first President. Ataturk, creator of modern Turkey, died in 1938, at the age of 57, and is revered at a degree approaching deification in Turkey today.

Turkey is proud of its past, and great efforts are being made to discover, restore and preserve traces of the myriad cultures that dominated the country through more than 4000 years. As we drove along we came to look for the yellow, pointed signs which signified a historical or archeological site nearby. By slight detours we were able to visit a number of these ruins from Turkey's fabled past.

My hosts and travelling companions, the Eaves, had planned our tour with care and much forethought, so that we would have leisure to explore some ancient site or terrain of peculiar interest. We stayed overnight at Canakkale, which is on the Dardanelles, and next morning we went to nearby Troy, with thoughts of "Fair Helen" and the fabled Trojan War. Somewhere I read a modern description of Troy as: "a complicated ant heap of superimposed cities", and it could not be better described. The discovery of the location of ancient Troy was made in 1870, and since that time archeological teams have burrowed to the ninth city. As we clambered among the ruins, it was difficult to envision the ancient city whose walls were breached to admit the wooden horse. Only the blue Aegean Sea and the neighboring island of Tenedos, where the wily Greeks hid themselves, were there, real and unchanged.

Perhaps a word about accommodations would be in order. We usually stayed in government-run Tusan hotels. These we found to be very commendable, considering the general poverty of the country. They were admirably located, up-to-date, by Turkish standards, and very reasonable in price. And the cheerful friendliness of those who served us in whatever capacity more than compensated for plumbing which was sometimes limited and often fractious.

Enough for the present. In a later issue I would like to describe some of the most

interesting among the many fascinating places we visited in the varied and beautiful country of Turkey.

—:o:—

They Made A Deep Impression

A guy who needed a set of teeth was looking for a bargain. The first dentist he visited said they would cost \$300, and he said that was too much, and kept on shopping. Then he heard about a dentist who would make them for \$50. He called on the dentist and asked if he could give any reference among people he had made \$50 teeth for. "Why yes", said the dentist. "Look up Joe Zilch on West East Street."

So the guy looked up Joe Zilch and said, "I understand Dr. Yankem made you a set of teeth six months ago for \$50. Were they satisfactory?" "Well I'll tell you", said Zilch. "My hobby is skin diving, and last week I went skin diving off one of the Florida Keys. I was 40 feet down in the water when I saw a shark coming at me. I tried to run, but there was a bale of barbed wire on the ocean floor that had been left there from World War II, and an octopus had made a nest in it. As I went by, with the shark snapping at my back, the octopus reached out and started dragging me in through that bale of barbed wire. And that, Mister, was the first time in six months my mind hadn't been on those \$50 teeth."

—:o:—

There is nothing like a little soft soap to remove a dirty look!

* * *

It is wiser to choose what you say than to say what you choose.

* * *

No man goes before his time unless the boss leaves early!

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AUTUMN WITH THE POETS

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," so sang the poet, and none but a poet could put the whole feel of Autumn into six words. But then poets have a special affinity with Autumn: the glory of its colors; the departures of the summer birds; the coming of death, or the long sleep of winter, to so many living things — these autumn manifestations call forth the deepest thoughts and the finest words of poets.

Herewith are presented a selection from the works of several Canadian poets, who, in this country of great climatic changes, very naturally feel the call of Autumn especially strong. These poems, and snatches of poems have been chosen for no more profound reason than that they are personal favorites, and because they seem to declare the outward and inward nature of Autumn aptly and beautifully.

* * * *

In his **A Vagabond Song** Bliss Carmen expresses his feelings thus:

There is something in the Autumn that is
native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and crimson
keeping time.
The scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon
the hills.

* * * *

In his **Sapphics** Archibald Lampman, a peer among Canadian poets of nature, sees Autumn:

Clothed in splendour, beautifully sad and
silent,
highlands,
Comes the autumn over the woods and
Golden, rose-red, full of divine remembrance,
Full of foreboding.
Soon the maples, soon will the glowing
birches,
Stripped of all that summer and love had
dowered them,
Dream, sad-limbed, beholding their pomp
and treasure
Ruthlessly scattered.

* * * *

Now a favorite from schooldays, when it appeared in a long-gone "Reader," In-

dian Summer, with its swinging rhyme, by Wilfred Campbell:

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

* * * *

Another **Indian Summer**, this by Helena Coleman, expresses a more sensitive mood:

Of all Earth's varied, lovely moods,
The loveliest is when she broods
Among her solitudes
On Indian Summer days;
When on the hill the aster pales
And Summer's stress of passion fails,
And Autumn looks through misty veils
Among her leafy ways.
The fires that in the maples glow,
The rapture that the beeches know,
The smoke-wraiths drifting to and fro,
Each season more endears;
Vague longings in the heart arise
A dimming mist comes to the eyes
That is not sadness, thought it lies
Close to the place of tears.

* * * *

William Watson, who lived in Knowlton, Quebec, gives a brilliant picture of 'Autumn in the Townships:'

The signal smoke of autumn is a pyre
Of burning leaves, near where the wind-falls
lie
To match the pumpkins with their cheeks
of fire,
And geese go down with trumpets in the
sky,
Telling that winter follows on their wings,
But the pert maple flaunts a crimson gown

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That brighter than the flambeau summer
brings,
Of poppies and red roses all full-blown.
One thunderclap of color and no more:
For now the woodchuck deeps his winter
house,
And from his spire of circles, high to soar,
The last hawk swoops on the last, lost
mouse.
Yet Autumn, nudged by winter, will not
go,
Till she can leave her footprints on the
snow.

* * * *

And those six opening words? They are from **To Autumn** by John Keats, perhaps greatest of English poets, who died at a tragically early age of tuberculosis: "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." How fortunate that we have the poets to say it for us.

E. M. Hiltz

—:O:—

A little boy boarded the street car wearing long pants. The conductor charged him a full fare. At the next stop a little boy boarded the street car wearing short pants — half fare. Next stop a young lady entered the street car and the conductor collected no fare. — No! No! She had a transfer.

* * * *

And then there was the little lad who was asked what we learn from the story of Jonah and the whale. He responded knowingly, "People make whales sick."

* * * *

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

A doctor says that one evening when he was driving rather fast he made the mistake of passing a police car. At once it speeded up to catch him. Thinking fast the doctor picked up his stethoscope from the seat beside him and waved it out the window. The officer saluted respectfully and slowed down.

But that's not the end of the story. "A day or two later," the doctor says, "when I was on the same road a police car speeded past me. I recognized the officer and he recognized me. With a friendly nod he stuck his hand out the window and waved a pair of handcuffs at me."

* * * *

One trouble that jet planes have got us into is that there are no longer any distant relatives.

THREE IN ONE

An Irishman, after paying his respects in the cemetery, walked about looking over some of the old tombstones. He stopped before one on which was engraved: "Here lies Sandy MacGregor, A Generous Father and a Pious Man."

"Huh!" exclaimed the Irishman. "Just like the Scotch—three men in one grave!"

* * * *

HAMLET! HA! HA!

Parents, unable to attend the year-end dramatic show at their young son's prep school, received this interesting account: "Dear Mom and Dad: I wish you could have come up for the school play. We did Hamlet. A lot of parents came. Some of them had seen it before, but they laughed just the same."

* * * *

A midwestern newspaper heads the list of births, marriages and deaths briefly: "Hatched, matched and detached."

* * * *

Two men, Wood and Stone, were standing on a corner. A pretty girl walked by. Wood turned to Stone. Stone turned to Wood. They both turned to rubber, and the girl turned into a post-office.

* * * *

One little girl came home from school with her report card held firmly behind her back and tears in her eyes.

"Now, honey", said her mother, "things can't be that bad."

She glanced at the card, then gasped. "Darling, you have an 'A' in everything. Why are you crying?"

"You didn't notice the top", sobbed the child.

"See where it says 'Sex'? They've marked 'F' after it and I didn't even know we were studying it!"

* * * *

NO EASY LESSON

Two things we must learn to accept,
Never mind what we'd prefer —
Other people the way they are
And events the way they occur!

—Thomas Usk

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NO MORE SANATORIA IN NEWFOUNDLAND!

In 1947, the Newfoundland Government acquired the Royal Canadian Naval Hospital, Topsail Road, and immediately converted it for use as an addition to the "Old" Sanatorium (the main part of which was built in 1917) to which it was immediately adjacent. This brought the total number of treatment beds up to 365, still far less than the required number; so, the plans for a new Sanatorium proceeded and, four years later, the beautiful West Coast Sanatorium in Corner Brook was opened and this provided 270 more beds.

Meanwhile, in St. John's, the male patients were retained in the 'Old San' while the renovated Naval Hospital, which at times during World War II was fully occupied by survivors from the Battle of the Atlantic, became the treatment centre for thousands of female tuberculosis patients from 1946-1957. In this period, just over a decade, the new antibiotic or "miracle" drugs (streptomycin, PAS and INH) came into general use and proved to be so effective that treatment periods were greatly shortened and re-admissions became far less common. As a result, it became obvious that half as many beds would be ample for TB treatment on the East Coast.

At the same time, the Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases was grossly overcrowded and there was a cry from all quarters for more beds for the mentally ill. The 'Old San', therefore, after many alterations and renovations, became the home for many of the older patients, male and female, who were transferred from the Waterford Bridge Road Mental Hospital which dates back to 1855.

The was, indeed, incredible progress since, only thirteen years before, there had been 500 deaths from tuberculosis in Newfoundland and Labrador.

In 1961 the old Orthopaedic Hospital, another World War II building near St. John's General Hospital, was phased out. By that time, the bed situation at the Sanatorium had improved to the point where an Orthopaedic Ward could be set up and all TB bone cases could be transferred to it. For several years after, this was a very active unit as scores of operations were performed on spines, hips, etc. by several of St. John's orthopaedic surgeons.

Early diagnosis of active cases during Mass Chest X-rays by our Association and the Department of Health, effective chemotherapy, better food and housing conditions all combined to lessen the spread of the tubercle and shorten the length of treatment within the sanatoria. As a result, in 1964, it became possible to close the West Coast Sanatorium and convert it for general hospital use, retaining a small portion as the West Coast Chest Clinic.

Now, in early 1973, the Department of Health has been able to arrange for the final close-out of the Hospital for Chest Diseases, as it became known in 1970. The remaining patients will be transferred to St. Clare's Mercy Hospital where a large and very beautiful extension makes sufficient beds available in the older part of the hospital.

The first beds in Newfoundland for the TB "rest and fresh air cure" were provided by the ladies of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire in the Mundy Pond Summer Camp of 1911, so we can say that, after just over 60 years of treatment in specialized institutions, tuberculosis has, at long last, been returned to the "mainstream of medicine".

E. G. House

—:O:—

"Here is a little piece of news that you might be interested in for your halarious page in Saturday Review. Recent statistics have proved that 90 per cent of chain smokers prefer cigarettes to chains!"

* * * *

In his spare time, a salesman studied karate, the Oriental art of self-defense. "Yes," he told a friend, "I studied karate, but I don't really know what good it does. Of course, if a six-inch board ever attacks me . . ."

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Editorial Comment

Some years have been remembered and spoken of as the year of the floods, droughts, famine, snow, mice, grasshoppers, Expo, etc., but 1973 will likely be spoken of as the year of the strikes. The unlikely has happened, and nurses have been out on strike — though not at the San. A very few years ago this suggestion that nurses might threaten to withhold services to the sick for financial gain would have been hotly denied. I recall that when our local Credit Union was being formed, the very name of Union was enough to ensure a place in the waste basket for all such literature. Let's hope that the nurses have not lost more than they gained.

At present, especially, I tend to feel that strikes should not be permitted in services that vitally affect the health and welfare of the public. Having recently spent nine days in and around Port aux Basques, beyond the time previously planned for vacation, I feel that the Union lost more in goodwill than they gained. Vastly more important, they lost for Newfoundland a great deal by way of the tourist trade, and caused a great deal of hardship to those who were helpless to do anything about it. When the rotating strike was called for Tuesday, August 21, it was to be for 48 hours. Then, on the 23rd the nation-wide general strike was called, and Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island were virtually cut off for nine days as far as travel was concerned.

One of the most unfortunate aspects of the non-operating railworkers' strike was the complete uncertainty regarding just how long it could continue. There were no assurances that anything would be done at any level of government — and little hope that one could rely upon the good judgement or humanitarianism of the company or the Union. Many of those who were stranded booked flights with the airlines — the earliest being from seven to ten days distant, as time progressed. Many remained in their original place in line for the entire nine days — feeling, after awhile, that, having waited there several days, they would regret it if they gave up their places. We remained there for two nights and then went about 25 miles away to the Codroy Valley, where we spent most of the time. This is a very pleasant area that we had not visited before. The Grand

Codroy River flows through good farming country, and there are some good beaches. There are also some comfortable cottages available in the area, though very much in demand because of the time of year, and the abnormal influx of visitors seeking accommodations. We were better off than most, having a small camper in which the four of us could sleep, for at least most of the night. It became uncomfortably cold in the early hours of the mornings. Also, we ran out of propane gas earlier and were not able to have the tanks filled because the fittings were not standard size.

For the main part of our vacation we had enjoyed the West Coast of Newfoundland, spending most of our time in the Bonne Bay area. We attended the official opening of the Gros Morne National Park, at which time representatives of the Newfoundland government signed the documents to turn the area over to the Federal Government. This was not without some opposition — for many of the same reasons put forth regarding the proposed Federal Park on Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore, in the area encompassing Ship Harbour, Clam Harbour, etc. Regarding the Gros Morne Park, it was first proposed that one village would be removed. Upon repeated representations to the various levels of government this was altered so that the residents remain within the park but cannot make alterations to their homes and cannot, I believe, pass their properties on to their successors. Too much government control is likely worse than none.

There is excellent scenery, both in the Bonne Bay area and onward down the coast. We went as far as Port au Choix, where there is a paved road from Hawke's Bay — a distance of perhaps sixteen miles. It is a long drive down the coast, and we were little more than half way to St. Anthony, which is the farther-most point, in distance at least. Most of the road down the coast faithfully follows the coastline, giving the driver a striking view of clear blue water on one side, and the majestic Long Range Mountains on the other. Much of the gravel road that has been undisturbed is hard-packed and makes for good driving. The poorest part is at the first, from Deer Lake to the Park, where the crushed rock surface causes an un-

(Continued on Page 8)

EDITORIAL COMMENT—

(Continued from Page 7)

comfortable amount of dust, and a shower of rocks from cars that are passing and those you are meeting.

While at Port au Choix we were interested in visiting the museum, where artifacts show that the Great Northern Peninsula was inhabited more than 4,000 years ago. Since the Second World War a study has been continuing, centred around Port au Choix, and much information has been learned about the Maritimes Archaic People, who preceded the Beothucks, who were formerly thought of as being the original inhabitants.

Farther to the north, at L'Anse aux Meadows, is another museum; this one showing findings from the early Viking settlement, which we hope to visit on some future trip.

Future trip, did I say? Well, meanwhile, back at Port aux Basques the line-up was re-forming after the Federal Government ordered the Union to return to work after midnight on August 31. So, on Saturday morning, September 1st, we rejoined the line. It was now far out of sight of anything within the boundaries of Port aux Basques. The nearest toilet as at the Hotel or service station somewhere up there about a mile-and-a-half away. The road had been cut out of the rock at that point, and in that sheltered location we spent the day and the next night. The line was steadily growing behind and we heard, with hope and despair that there were no crew members for those three ferries that were reported to be at the terminal way up ahead. Be of good cheer, however, for the C.N. buses have been sent to pick up crew members here and there—and mostly three (at St. John's, oh, so many driving hours hence). And did we hear, too, that after the crew had been assembled it might take up to 48 hours to get the long-idle ferries operational? Then, the first hopeful sign was a sudden move ahead a good half mile, followed, for the rest of Sunday, by lesser gains. Just enough to keep the driver close to his vehicle. By late afternoon we had arrived at the terminal and were hosed down and vacuumed out. Into numbered lines we went, and it was said that we might get on board at 6 o'clock, and every hour or so thereafter. Finally, they chopped off the line only one car ahead of us. Loading was much slower than usual. Possibly the non-operating members who were still

not at work, but had graciously consented to remove their sacred picket line, serve some useful function in loading ferries. I still don't know who they are, or what they are non-operating when they are operating, if you know what I mean. Anyway, just as the wife and little ones were going to make another trip to the terminal before retiring for the night, it was indicated that two more vehicles could proceed. And so, at eleven o'clock we were not only able to get on—as the last vehicle—but also got a cabin for the night. In the early morning we were in North Sydney and in the early light we passed the equally long line of unfortunates who had spent the night in their cars. We spent a leisurely Labour Day driving home, enjoying a sense of freedom!

—————:o:—————

Just heard about a chap with hands-down eligibility for the title of "Laziest Man in the World." Seems like a visitor from another town was out for a walk one morning along the bank of a stream when he came upon a carefree soul lying flat on his back with his hat over his eyes and sound asleep. Stuck in the ground by his feet was a fish pole—the bobbler was jumping violently. Our stroller reached down and shook the sleeper.

"Hey! Wake up! You got a bite!"

"What's that? Oh, a bite; would you pull it in?"

This was done, but the fisherman had dropped off again. Our friend shook him awake and said, "Say! You got a nice one."

"Would you hold it over where I can see it?"

"Sure! Look!"

"W-e-l-l, it is right nice" and after a yawn, "Would you take it off the hook? ... and bait up from that can by my head?"

The hook was put back in the water, but by that time the piscatorial enthusiast was sound sleep again. This was too much for the energetic one. He shook the sleepy one awake again with.

"Huh?"

"I said you must be the laziest man in the world. A man like you should be married and have sons to do his work!"

"Huh? You got something there." Many yawns, then, "You wouldn't know where to find me a pregnant woman, would you?"

* * * *

Poise: The art of raising the eyebrow instead of the roof.

What Rehabilitation Means To Me

DONALD T. MEAD

Rehabilitation Coordinator, Lake County Tuberculosis Sanatorium, Waukegan, Ill.

The concept of rehabilitation is a varied one with a multitude of meanings depending on the seat held by the individual in our social structure. From the standpoint of the doctor, the nurse, the patient, or the layman this word will have variations relative to each discipline.

I see rehabilitation from the standpoint of an educator first of all. To me the handicapped person must have the privilege of continuing his education. For this privilege we must extend every known facility that is available at the present time and to invent new ones that might be considered as foolhardy as was Fulton's steamboat at its inception. John Dewey has said that we must educate all the children of all the people. This is the concept by which we educate all of the children under the fundamental principles of democracy. At this advent of the space age much is being done to develop programs for every conceivable type of impairment and to educate the public as to how to deal with the illness itself. If we must deal with the mental patient we must educate the family what to expect in so far as the behavior of that person is concerned and how it affects them. If we deal with the person who has had or is undergoing treatment for tuberculosis we must be able to explain to the family what this disease means and what its implications are to them. This procedure follows disease after disease and there must be a breakdown of medical terms that will be interpreted into the language of the layman to assist and complement the work of the medical staff. From the standpoint of the educator we must secure the patient from where he can begin to be educated in so far as a vocation that will bring personnel first and foremost on interpretive concepts of the rehabilitation process by an in-line method. This will involve the dynamics of the specific functions of each toward the general result—understanding and interpretation of total rehabilitation for the patient, for his family, for the community, and for his employer. This must be a combined effort in education for all the people by all the people on this disease, how it limits or affects them, and

what can be done for them. This must be done for them. This must be done in simple terminology not sixteen cylinder block-busting words but so that all of the people can understand.

When this is done by the doctor, the nurse, the psychiatrist, the dentist, by all personnel, and by the patient, I believe that the work of the rehabilitation counselor will take on more meaning to all disciplines. When all of these people understand that each is contributing toward doing something to or for the patient and when the patient realizes his understanding about his disease is important for its control and that assistance is available to help him help himself to the highest social, economic, emotional or vocational efficiency possible it is only then will we have total interest in rehabilitation. And it is only then that the value of the paramedical field will be brought to light and used by everyone.

—Itam

—:O:—

Driving Depends On Operator's Skill

Despite highway design and traffic signs to guide motorists, much driving depends on the operator's skill and judgment.

Amendments to the Highway Traffic Act that became law July 1 put the onus on the driver in certain common situations he is likely to meet on the highways.

The new amendments forbid a driver to enter an intersection or marked crosswalk, except to make a left or right turn, unless there is sufficient space on the other side to accommodate his vehicle without obstructing the passage of other vehicles or pedestrians. This law applies despite any traffic-control signal indicating he can proceed.

Similarly, a driver can't enter a highway and railway grade crossing unless there is sufficient space on the other side to accommodate his vehicle without obstructing rail traffic.

Highways Minister Leonard Pace emphasizes that these new amendments are designed for drivers' safety and to promote safe use of the province's highways.

RON ILLSLEY

ESSO SERVICE STATION



Chaplain's Corner

Msgr. J. H. Durney
from "The Veteran"

THE COMMANDMENTS: SIGNPOSTS TO HEAVEN

There are people who, on hearing of laws and precepts, rebel because they feel that their liberty and rights are being abused. These are sadly misguided people. Laws are made to help and protect the common good and the rights of individuals. Without civil laws our lives and properties would not be safe. We would be afraid to walk the streets.

What we say about civil laws applies also to God's laws. God did not lay down the Ten Commandments in order to make life harder for us. He gave them to us in order to call man's attention more vividly to the dictates of the natural law and to give him a divinely inspired infallibly sound code of morals. These precepts are not unreasonable restrictions placed on our liberty. They are intended for our benefit; to protect us against ourselves and our neighbor; to safeguard and keep sacred human rights and liberties.

Consequently, we must consider the Commandments of God as guide-posts to eternity. If anyone wishes to visit a city he will follow the signs pointing to that city. So, too, with the Commandments. The positive ones point the way to heaven. A prudent driver does not enter a street which has a sign: "Do not enter: Street under repair." So, too, with the Commandments. The prudent person will heed and obey **ALL THE COMMANDMENTS**. Those which command also forbid certain things and those which forbid also command certain things.

The Ten Commandments might be compared to a wall that protects us spiritually, keeps out what is spiritually harmful to us and keeps in what is spiritually good for us. Together with God's grace, they enable us to follow the path of eternal happiness and avoid the road to eternal damnation.

However, since man always retains his free will, he is never forced to obey the Commandments; he is never compelled to use God's graces. Here is where we must be on our guard. It is easy to reject God's graces; it is easy to abuse free will. The world, the flesh, and the devil — the main source of temptations — are always

with us. However we always have the consolation of knowing that a merciful God not only gives us the necessary graces to overcome temptations but also the Commandments to help us realize what is right and wrong.

* * * *

BROTHER LAWRENCE

Mary Lee Wilson

Student Chaplain — N. S. Sanatorium

Brother Lawrence was a Frenchman who lived in the seventeenth century. At the age of fifty-five he entered a lay community of Carmelites at Paris where he served mainly in the hospital kitchen until his death at eighty. After his death some friends made a collection of his "conversations" and letters, published under the title "The Practice of the Presence of God" This has been rewritten under the name "Closer Than a Brother" in order to make the ideas more understandable to our modern life situations and not remote—easy to lay aside or negate as to its reality for our way of life.

In answering a question on suffering, Brother Lawrence tells us how he himself would feel. "What could be the worst thing that could possibly happen to me? To lose this sense of God's presence—that would be the ultimate disaster and the bitterest pain. But He will never leave me nor forsake me."

Brother Lawrence lived a life amidst all the bustle of a busy hospital kitchen, the sufferings of his friends and his own illness which showed him to be truly living in the presence of God. His was not a life of outward religious gestures. His communion with God was quiet and constant and reflected in the peace and serenity which was a part of him—the joy and calmness, no matter how hectic the day. His everyday prayer as he set to work was this:

O my God, you are always with me.

Since I must now, in obedience to your will for me, apply my mind to my day's work,

grant me the grace I shall need to continue through it in your presence. Help me to do this work to your glory. Receive it as a spiritual offering. And let my desire be only to please you.

HEAVENLY O. R.

"It was God who took out my tonsils, the little boy told his mother after his operation at the Poole General Hospital.

"When I was taken into the big room, there were two lady angels dressed in white. Then two men angels came in. Then God came in."

"How did you know it was God?" asked the mother.

"Well, one of the men angels looked down my throat and said—"God, look at that child's tonsils."

"Then God took a look and said, "I'll take them out at once."

The conversation was reported by the hospital's newsletter.

* * * *

The minister met an erring member of his congregation and chided him gently. "You were not at church last Sunday," he said, smiling to take the edge from the reproof.

"Too wet," came the blunt retort.

"But it's always dry inside," the minister said lightly, determined not to be annoyed by his parishoner's brusqueness.

"That's another reason," the brusque one replied.

* * * *

A PRAYER

Lord, fill my mouth with worthwhile stuff,

And nudge me when I've said enough.

I'm very careful with my words;

I keep them nice and sweet;

I never know from day to day

Which ones I'll have to eat.

Author Unknown

* * * *

To make my life seem

Less somber a vale,

When you're weighing my faults,

Keep your thumb off the scale.

* * *

Hubby: "Well, darling, I've just had my life insured for \$5,000."

Wifey: "That's nice. Now I won't have to keep telling you to be careful, every place you go."

ENCORE, PLEASE

The golfer stepped up to the tee and drove off. The ball sailed straight down the fairway, leaped onto the green and rolled into the hole. The golfer threw his club in the air with excitement.

"Have you gone suddenly crazy?" asked his wife, who was trying to learn something about the game.

"I just made a hole in one!" yelled the golfer.

"Did you, dear," replied his wife placidly. "Do do it again; I wasn't watching."

* * * *

Census takers in remote sections of the Arkansas hills have special problems to cope with. One, for instance, encountered a rugged girl, not more than twenty, with four children. "May I have their ages?" he inquired.

The girl knitted her brows. "Let's see if I can recall," she mused. "One's a lap child, one's a floor creeper, one's a porch child, and the oldest is a yard young one."

* * * *

WHERE MONEY WON'T BUY EVERYTHING

Now that Newfoundland fishing areas are becoming more accessible, the influx of mainland trout and salmon fishermen is on the increase. Such visitors often carry a selection of very expensive fishing gear. One such visitor was trying one of the famous rivers on the west coast, and was being closely watched by a local gent. Despite his sophisticated equipment, his efforts were meeting with dismal success; whereupon the local gent was heard to remark: "I gets the feelin', skipper, that your riggin' is worth more than your hull."

* * * *

NO TAKERS

A lady living in Ohio is the mother of six sons. One day a friend calling on her said: "What a pity one of your boys had not been a girl."

One of the boys about eight years of age overheard the remark and interposed: "I'd like to know who'd a' bin 'er; I wouldn't a' bin 'er; Ed wouldn't a' bin 'er; Joe wouldn't a' bin 'er! and I'd like to know who'd a' bin 'er?"

* * * *

Depart ye sophists, for I'm about
To perpetrate a pun:

"A man once took his nose apart
To see what made it run."

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OLD TIMERS

We are pleased to say that we have had a good number of renewals, many with notes, from ex-patients and friends of the Sanatorium, in general. The following are some that have collected since the last time we wrote:

Mrs. Mildred (Earle) MacLean, 520 Little Harbour Road, New Glasgow, writes that she enjoys keeping in touch through Health Rays, and asks to be remembered to all. She is feeling well and is enjoying nice sunny weather at the shore. Lest we should flock to New Glasgow area to enjoy the sunshine, let me hasten to add that this was written in July when there was, indeed, sunny weather.

Mrs. Irene (Charles) Richards, River Hebert, optimistically renews her subscription for two years. For news she says that their eighteen years-old son, Frederick, has been attending vocational school at Springhill and is now working in Ontario.

William J. Pellerine, Larry's River, writes that he has not been feeling very well and wishes that he were at the Sanatorium for a good thorough check-up. So often former patients who had been on the cure for years express the feeling that only at the Sanatorium would people have a full understanding of their condition and would be able to give reassurance that all is well.

Ivan MacLaughlin, Glenholm, writes that he too is not enjoying the best of health. We wish them both a speedy recovery.

J. Patrick Comeau, Lower Saulnierville, sent his renewal by way of Stan Robichaud who was talking with him while on vacation. He is still well, and is, I believe, continuing to do some barbering.

Mrs. Helen (Donald) Grant, RR3 Truro, says many thanks to "all the wonderful staff" and sends her best wishes for a speedy recovery to all patients in the Sanatorium.

Harold Seymour, 38 Pierce Street, North Sydney, says that he continues to enjoy reading Health Rays, is feeling fine, and hopes to return to Kentville for a visit in the near future.

We have had a change of address (but no news) from Mrs. Daisy Mah to 83 Church Street, Amherst.

And a change of address for James MacKinnon from Dartmouth to Apartment 5, 78 Evans Avenue, Halifax.

Clinton Swindell, Kentville, tells us that in June he had a visit from Ervin Veinott of Maitland, Lunenburg County. Mr. Veinott is still living in his trailer, and is said to be keeping well.

Also in June we were pleased to see Edward B. Stewart of Upper Musquodoboit who was a patient in the West Infirmary four years ago. Mr. Stewart was accompanying Mr. David Dillman, of the same address, who was being admitted.

I was interested to see an engagement announcement in the Chronicle Herald early in August: Daneen Velma Atkinson, Bayview, to Max Lewis Robbins, Digby, the marriage to take place September 1 in the United Baptist Church, Digby. Max was a patient at Roseway Hospital as a schoolboy in 1955-56. Our very best wishes to this couple.

Returning to our mail, we have had renewals from Mrs. Shirley Goodyear, Dartmouth; Mrs. Anne Dube, Halifax; Mrs. Lucy Neveu, Downsville, Ontario; Father H. J. MacPhee, Loyola Jesuit Community, Montreal; Mrs. Keith Morton, RR No. 2 Stewiacke; Mrs. Anna McCarthy, Truro; Dr. Ruth S. Faulkner, Halifax; Miss Margaret MacDonald, River Denys; Mrs. John Durant, North Grant, Antigonish Co.; Mrs. Evelyn Clarke, Enfield; James J. Comeau, Meteghan; Leighton Dillman, Dartmouth; Kenneth Dean, RR No. 2 Shubenacadie; James G. Green, R.R. No. 1 Barney's River; Mrs. Ralph Logan, Kentville; and Lester Gratto, R.R. No. 2 Lower Sackville, who was recently here for investigation.

We had a change of address notice from Frances Gates from RR No. 2 Wolfville to 1011 Jones Road, New Minas, Kentville, which does not necessarily represent a move. When New Minas gained letter carrier service the addresses were changed to the appropriate street numbers along with the designation New Minas, Kentville. Please let us know if your Health Rays are still showing outdated mailing addresses.

We were pleased to have a note from Mrs. Eleanor Chase, formerly the Social Worker with this Department. We have not yet seen the new baby but are looking forward to this.

We have had renewals from Emil Landriault, Kentville; Mrs. Dorothy (Willard) MacDonald, RR No. 2 Pictou; and staff members Mrs. V. Somers; Miss Eileen Quinlan; and Howard Brown.

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Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM ADMISSIONS:

JUNE 27 TO AUGUST 31, 1973

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INS AND OUTS—

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JUNE 27 TO AUGUST 31, 1973

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POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ADMISSIONS:

JULY 1, TO AUGUST 31, 1973

MISS SARAH ANNE MacDONALD, 178 George St., Sydney; MARTIN GEORGE SAMPSON, Lower L'Ardoise, Richmond Co.; LINUS MILES MacINNIS, 86 Steele's Hill, Glace Bay; WILFRED ALEXANDER MacPHEE, 16 Queen St., New Waterford, Cape Breton; ALONZO PETRIE, % Harold Petrie, 1 College Place, Sydney; JOHN ANGUS CANN, RR 2, French Vale, Cape Breton; MATTHEW MacDOUGALL, 4 Beacon St., North Sydney; PATRICK MacNEIL, 24 Pleasant St., Dominion, Cape Breton Co.

DISCHARGES:

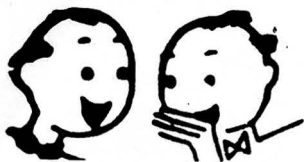
JULY 1, TO AUGUST 31, 1973

DANIEL GREGOR MacPHERSON, 3508 Warren Ave., New Waterford, Cape Breton; MRS. MARGARET MATILDA Mac-

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Just Jesting



A doctor, a lawyer and a farmer each inherited a million dollars. When the doctor was asked what he would do with his, he replied that he would retire and buy a yacht and sail around the world. The lawyer said he would buy an estate on a tropical island and retire to it. Then they asked the farmer what he would do with his million. "Oh," he said, "I'll just keep on farming until it's all gone."

A truck driver was informed that he could not get his money until he had submitted an itemized statement for a certain hauling job. After much meditation he presented the following bill: "3 comes and 3 goes at 4 bits a went — \$3.00".

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Old-time plumber: "when I was an apprentice we used to lay the first two lengths of pipe—then the boss would turn on the water, and we'd have to stay ahead of it."

FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY

A friend of mine, who is about twenty-five pounds overweight, went to his physician for some reducing advice. The doctor wrote out a prescription and also gave him a bottle of little blue pills. "These are not to be swallowed", he directed the patient "Spill them on the floor several times a day and then pick them up."

Young sailor: "There we were, a mile off the enemy coast when a periscope rose from the water directly in front of our ship. Before we could sound the alarm, a huge torpedo came swishing through the water straight for us."

Old lady: "Goodness gracious! I do hope it was one of ours!"

She was one of those large chested women who always seem closer to you than you are to them.

I ought to put some cash away
To guard against that rainy day;
But I can never save a dime—
It seems to sprinkle all the time!

We used to settle our problems over
coffee and cigarettes—now they are our
problems.

A queen bee has a thousand drones,
Whom she must pet and please—
Just think of all the eggs she lays
To hatch out sons of bees.

OTHER TIMES

The opera was "Rigoletto" and the scene that wherein Rigoletto tears his hair and makes moans because of the betrayal of Gilda.

Listening to the commentator who tells the story, one young girl turned to another:

"Why is he making such a fuss?" she asked.

"My dear," explained her friends, "it was a sin in those days."

"For months I thought I was a fox terrier. Then I went to a psychiatrist and he cured me."

"How are you now?"

"Fine. Just feel my nose."

A man decided to turn over a new leaf so he went home whistling, kissed his wife and children, then proceeded to shave and clean up for dinner. When the meal was over, he sang as he cleared the table and then to the amazement of his wife, insisted on doing the dishes all by himself.

When he had cleaned up the kitchen he went into the living room and found his wife in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"Everything's gone wrong today," she wailed. "The clothesline broke and the washing fell in the dirt; the boys got in a fight at school and came home with black eyes. Jane fell down and tore her dress and to top it all, here you come home so drunk you don't know what you're doing?"

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OLD TIMERS—

(Continued from Page 12)

We were pleased, as always, to have a note from Marguerite MacLeod, Liverpool (Milton), who was in Kentville area in late July but actually didn't find the time to visit the San. She says that she quite frequently finds material in Health Rays which she uses in their Senior Citizens' programs, which pleases us.

We hear that our other Marguerite, formerly MacNamara, and now Parker, spent the summer months at their cottage on Aylesford Lake and did find time to visit at the San. It has been reported that oil painting is now one of her winter hobbies.

This last note was contributed by Anne-Marie, who gives the following, as well:

The former Thelma Fanning, now Mrs. Oxingham of New Glasgow, who was a patient here in 1937, dropped in at the San for a visit while driving through the Valley. She is keeping well.

Vivian Talamini of Long Island, New York, spent a few days with Helen (Littlewood) MacKinnon in August. Vivian looked as chic as ever.

Mrs. Ethel MacKinnon gave me a note one day reporting that Elvinie Doucette visited the San and said that he was a patient here 17 years ago when he was eleven years old. He says that he is feeling fine and is working in New Brunswick. Mrs. MacKinnon also gave me the following, which I know she does not necessarily agree with: "God made earth: rested; God made man: rested; God made woman: since then no one has rested." I must also give her credit for the following, which came not from the same source, but from her church bulletin:

Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry
Of the tossing trees —

Rolling your windy tides across the sky,
And splashing your silver seas over
The pine

To the waterline of the moon.

Oh, I can hear you, God,
Above the wail of the lonely loon —
When the pine-tops pitch and nod —
Chanting your melodies

Of ghostly waterfalls and avalanches,
Washing your wind among the branches
To make them pure and white.

Wash over me, God, with your piney
breeze,

And your moon's wet-silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind
and night,
And leave me clean and cool.

—Lew Sarett

In closing, here are some further notes just received from Anne-Marie:

Vi Silver reports that a former porch-mate of hers, Vi Johnson (formerly Hartling, and daughter, Ethel, of East Hartford, Conn., visited her in August. Their curing days date back to 1929. Some of the expatients from the area gathered together one evening and enjoyed talking over old times.

Other visitors at Vi's in August were Norma Cassidy and husband, from Brandon, Manitoba. Norma was O.T. in the Rehab when Vi worked in that department.

When on vacation, Helen Comeau of our Nursing Staff, visited Marg Garrison in Goff's, Halifax County. Marg was here in 1946 and keeps well.

Murray MacQueen, formerly of Sydney, who was here in 1947, visited Steve Mullen recently. Murray now works at the Liquor Commission Store in Dartmouth.

Florence Belben and Peggy MacEachern drove to Kingston, N. S., to see Margaret Morse earlier this month. They report that Marg is getting along fine.

While in Halifax, Florence saw Phares Warren Judge at the Halifax Shopping Centre and, he too, keeps well.

—:o:—
"When I woke up I knew I'd gone to bed drunk."

How's that?"

Well, all the lights were on, and I was in bed with a horse."

"And that made you know you'd been drunk?"

"Sure, I always turn the lights out."

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 15)

DONALD
MISS JUANITA ANN ROHRBACK, 65
North St., Glace Bay; WILFRED ALEX-
ANDER MacPHEE, 16 Queen St., New
Waterford; MRS. DIANE ISABEL LA-
HEY, Havenside Road, Louisburg.

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., C.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P.	Medical Director
J. T. BETIK	Administrator
J. J. QUINLAN, M.D., C.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., C.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., C.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.,	Physician
W. MacISAAC, M.D.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
D. B. ARCHIBALD, M.D.	Consultant Urologist
MISS KATHERINE MacKENZIE, R.N.	Director of Nursing
MISS B. JOYCE LEWIS, B.Sc., M.A., P.Dt.	Dietitian
MRS. ELIZABETH REID, R.N.	Supervisor of Rehabilitation

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain
Rev. Gary Tonks

PENTECOSTAL
Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

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

ROMAN CATHOLIC
Parish Priest — Rev. J. A. Comeau
San. Chaplain — Rev. Harlan D'Eon

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

SALVATION ARMY
Capt. Sidney Brace

CHRISTIAN REFORMED
Minister—Rev H. Vander Plaats

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. Robert Jones

ROMAN CATHOLIC
Parish Priest — Msgr. W. J. Gallivan

PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

The above clergy are visitors at this hospital. Besides the above named many other protestant clergy from the surrounding areas alternate in having weekly services for our patients.