

STACKS

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

VOL. 50

October

No. 9

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Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

STAFF

MANAGING EDITOR DONALD M. BROWN
BUSINESS MANAGER JOHN AKIN
SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER . . . STEVE E. MULLEN

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

Published monthly by the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Kentville, N. S., in the interests of better health, and as a contribution to the anti-tuberculosis campaign.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES 25 cents per copy \$2.00 per year

Printed by The Register, Berwick, N. S.

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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.
DAILY: 3:15 — 4:45 P.M. Sunday and Holidays: 3:00-4:30; 7:00-8:30 P.M.
DAILY: 7:30 — 8:30 P.M.

Absolutely NO VISITORS permitted during

QUIET REST PERIOD 1:00 P.M. - 3:00 P.M.

Patients are asked to notify friends and relatives to this effect.

A THANKSGIVING PRAYER!

IT IS revealing—and relaxing—to capture the feelings and reflections of children who haven't been exposed to the confusion of what we call World Affairs. One Thanksgiving a teacher asked her class to tell her what they, individually, would thank God for in their Thanksgiving prayer. After receiving all their replies the teacher made the following composite into one prayer:

“We bow our heads and thank Thee—
—for the sound of laughter,
—for colored leaves that swirl and fall in the autumn,
—for the smell of chocolate cake in the oven,
—for big, red garden tomatoes,
—for my playful kitten that gets tangled up in pink yarn,
—for erasers that make mistakes disappear,
—for the feel of wet grass on my bare feet,
—for the good taste of hot cherry pie,
—for my warm, soft bed,
—for my sister's smile on Christmas morning,
—for the boats and sea gulls on the wallpaper that carry
me across the sea when I look at them,
—for the shade of the maple trees in our yard,
—for windows that let me watch the world go by, and
—for God's care.”

— Itam



TB Added A Year To Our Lives

Jerrold Carleton

This is a love story. It reaches the climax on a warm shower-sprinkled afternoon in April, 1952. My wife and I had been walking slowly across the parking lot behind the doctor's office when she turned suddenly, looked up at me, her eyes filled with tears, and said softly, "I'm sorry."

No poem by Browning, Shelley or Keats ever said with such eloquent simplicity, "I love you."

The doctor had just told us she had tuberculosis. She had TB — and she was sorry for ME! I seldom bare my emotions, but as we stood there, clinging to one another in the softly falling rain, my heart was filled with humility and my tears mingled with hers and those of the weeping April afternoon.

After a minute or two, she sniffed, grinned, and said, "You know I don't like smooching in public. Let's go home and tell the kids."

Three weeks later she entered the Tuberculosis Hospital, one of the most modern institutions of its kind.

From that day forward, our home life became one hectic, haphazard, half humorous merry-go-round. The household which had always run so smoothly now ran in spasmodic spurts.

Our day usually began at six in the morning. I say usually because I am a very sound sleeper and the gentle tinkling of the modern day alarm clock does nothing for me. To avoid the chaos caused by my oversleeping on several successive mornings, I rigged up a more efficient eye-opener by placing an old-fashioned "Big Ben" in a tin dishpan, which I set on edge in a chair by the bed and beamed like a radarscope in the direction of my head. It worked fine. The neighbors were always ready to get up at six anyway.

After breakfast there was always a frenzied search for clean clothes to wear to school. One bathroom, which had always seemed adequate, suddenly became a source of constant conflict.

"Daddy, make him hurry."

"Aw, brush your teeth in the sink!"

"Well, rea-ally!"

"All right, son, get a move on!"

"Okay! She won't put on lipstick till you leave anyway."

"Lipstick? Judas Priest!"

"But daddy, all the girls wear lipstick."

"Not all eleven year-olds. Give it here!"

"Oh, Daddy, I—"

"Ye gods, It's seven thirty! Lock the door when you leave. Don't forget your lunch money. Comb your hair, Ranny, and brush your teeth. Come straight home, Jeannie. See you tonight. Give me a kiss, kids. "Bye!"

Jeannie, after a couple of sessions with the cookbook, took over the chore of having the evening meal ready when I arrived home from work. Unfortunately, the only recipes with which she had any success were the American-style spaghetti and a concoction called "tamale pie", which she served with increasingly nauseous regularity.

Ranny, aged six, seemed to sense a diet deficiency, occasionally mixed up a salad, tossing together hunked up carrots, cucumbers, celery and sweet pickles, smothered in catsup. Spurred on by his sister's enthusiastic praise, he branched out to include other culinary creations: Cinnamon toast, cleverly disguised by a thick coating of peanut butter, and his version of stuffed celery (stuffed with strawberry preserves because he disliked cream cheese). It was evident that they were, at least, gastronomically sound.

Saturday, the only "No Visiting" day at the hospital, was set aside for general housecleaning, and the weekly rush. Ironing was a cinch. We just ironed our clothes as we needed them.

On week days, after sticking the supper dishes in the sink, we were off to the hospital in our 1937 "jalopy", a capricious creature, seemingly with a mind of its own. Occasionally, it would sail through an intersection, blithely ignoring a red light and streams of traffic, despite repeated stomping of its brake pedal and shouted commands for it to halt. It belched smoke from its oil-soaked motor and operated only on an explosive mixture of profanity and prayer. Balky and sensitive as it was, it always arrived within two or three blocks of our destination before quitting completely.

Since children under twelve were not permitted to visit the patients, Johnny and Ranny would retire to a quiet corner of the lobby to study their homework, while I spent an hour or two with Myrt.

The treatment of tuberculosis was a long

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tedious procedure and during the next three years Myrt spent a total of twelve months in the hospital. Finally, the day arrived when she was ready to come home for good.

As we drove into the yard, Jeannie and Ranny rushed out to greet her, their joy at having her home again evident in their shining faces. The three of us watched her, proudly, as she inspected the house which we cleaned from top to bottom. Myrt, who had always been an immaculate housekeeper, smiled, and I sensed that although it was a thing of beauty to us, it was a little less than that to her experienced eye. But she was proud of us and after a few days under her supervision the house, once more was home.

It has been seven years since that day in April when we heard the fateful news. Myrt is now entirely well, and leads a normal life. Jeannie, now nineteen, graduated from high school and entered nurse's training. We know she will be a better nurse because of the lessons she learned from this incident in our lives.

It was an enriching experience for all of us as individuals, and as members of a family drawn more closely together through our love, and need for one another. We learned many things: of the need for greater tolerance toward the human frailties of our fellowman; of the power of prayer and of a new awareness to the strength of our faith in God.

Once, when I unthinkingly referred to the twelve months she spent in the hospital as a year taken from our life together, Myrt said simply, "No darling, it was a year added."

Firland Magazine

Thanksgiving

(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

For each new morning with its light,
 Father, we thank Thee,
 For rest and shelter of the night,
 Father, we thank Thee,
 For health and food, for love and friends,
 For everything Thy goodness sends,
 Father, in heaven, we thank Thee.

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 MAYFLOWER MOTEL**

Origin Of Hallowe'en

It is said that the twentieth century, with its rational outlook, has little interest in fantasy. Thus it tends to manipulate rather than celebrate folk festivals. However that may be, many of us recall the thrill of Hallowe'en parties — eerie with ghosts, skeletons, clanking chains, witches, black cats and bats; gay with costumes, jack-o-lanterns and bobbing apples. And why this strange mixture of eeriness and gaiety?

Hallowe'en has its origin in very ancient times, some authorities claiming that it stems from the Roman Harvest Festival of Pomona, goddess of fruit trees. Hence, the use of nuts and apples as traditional Hallowe'en foods. There is, however, an unmistakable connection between Hallowe'en and Druidism. The Celtic year ended on October 31st, which was known as the Eve of Samhain. To the Druids Samhain had a dual significance. It was the time of threshing and preparing food for winter and also the time when the spirits of the dead came back to visit their relatives. Both of these events were celebrated on the Eve of Samhain and were as one to the Druids. A highlight of the celebrations was the lighting of huge bonfires on hills to guide the spirits of the departed to their homes, and to ward off the witches, goblins and fairies who terrified people.

When Christianity spread over Europe, the Church's observance of All Saints' Day on November 1st, and All Souls' Day on November 2nd, failed to supplant the Druid festival of the dead. Witchcraft, devoted to the worship of Satan, developed. Meetings known as witches' sabbaths were held, the most important one being on Hallowe'en. Witches, accompanied by black cats, were alleged to have flown to these meetings on broom sticks.

Hallowe'en (All Hallow E'en) is derived from the old English word "halwe" or holy. Although the festival has lost much of its religious significance, many of its customs and symbols, as we have seen, still persist. Not least among these are "trick and treat," so popular with the young, and pranks and mischief, attributed by the ancients to the goblins that roamed at large on this evening.

Thanksgiving is the language of a grateful heart. It is the attitude of a healthy mind. It is the expression of a happy life.



Class of '69B, N. S. Sanatorium School of Nursing Assistants (left to right) front row: Mrs. Hope Mack, R.N., Director of Nursing, Miss L. L. Veinot, New Ross; Miss A. M. Babin, Mavilette; Miss C. E. Sampson, Florence; Miss F. E. Veinot, Port George; Miss D. C. Rolfe, Summerside; Miss J. M. Tobin, Bras d'Or; Mrs. C. Boyle, R.N., Director of Nursing Education. Centre row: Miss D. Neily, R. N., instructor; Miss S. A. Simms, Sydney Mines; Miss G. M. Laffin, North Sydney; Miss C. G. Parker, Middleton; Miss M. L. Rice, Parker's Cove;

Miss B. B. Arthur, Trinidad; Miss L. M. MacKenzie, North Sydney; Mrs. P. E. Grant, Windsor; Mrs. P. M. Townsend, Greenwich; Miss E. MacPhail, R.N., Instructor. Back row: J. E. LeBlanc, R.N., instructor; Mrs. J. E. Smith, Lakeville; Miss L. A. Strachan, Summerside; Miss R. C. MacDougall, Sydney Mines; Miss C. A. Messom, Melvern Square; Miss C. L. Matthews, Stewiacke; Miss M. C. Jardine, Bras d'Or; Miss S. M. Howley, Bras d'Or; Miss U. R. E. Boutillier, Coxheath; Miss G. J. Webster, Aylesford. McMurdo Photo

Nursing Assistants Graduate — Nova Scotia Sanatorium

The graduation exercises for the Class '69B from the school of nursing assistants, Nova Scotia Sanatorium, was held in Miller Hall on Wednesday, September 10, 1969, at 8:00 p.m. Mrs. Hope M. Mack, R.N., Director of Nursing, was chairman on this occasion and welcomed the parents and friends of the students. Mrs. Norma Cassidy, Occupational Therapist with the Rehabilitation Department, was organist and accompanied Miss Betty MacPhail, R.N., Nursing Instructor, for her solo "Climb Every Mountain." The invocation and benediction were given by Reverend Dale MacTavish, Coordinating Protestant Chaplain at the Sanatorium. The students were presented by Mr. J. E. LeBlanc, R.N., Nursing Instructor. Dr. Helen Holden, Acting Medical Superintendent, presented the diplomas. Mrs. Catherine Boyle, R.N., Director of Nursing Education, presented the school pins.

Miss Valerie Beeler, a student nursing assistant of the '70A Class, sang "Graduation Tears." The valedictory was given by Miss Valerie Boutilier.

The guest speaker, Rt. Rev. J. Nils Theriault of St. Joseph's Church, Kentville, was introduced by Dr. Helen Holden. He gave a most appropriate and thought-provoking address. The theme of his address was that the need for bedside nursing care is as great, or greater, today than at any previous time. More people are in hospitals today than before and the tendency is toward automation even in the care of patients. Monsignor Theriault reminded the graduates that their personal care and attention is of the utmost value to their patients.

Greetings from the Department of Health were brought by Dr. H. P. Colford, Acting Director of Tuberculosis Control Services. Greetings were also received from Mrs. Florence Zusman, R.N., Nursing Advisor and Registrar for the Certified Nursing Assistants; Mrs. Frances Moss, R.N., Executive Secretary of the Registered Nurses Association of Nova Scotia; Miss Florence Gass, Director of Nursing at the Victoria General Hospital; Miss Marily Burke, R.N., Director of Nursing, Payzant Memorial Hospital, Windsor; Miss Adelaide Munro, R.N., former Director of Nursing at the Sanatorium; and Miss Madeline Spence, R.N., formerly of the Sanatorium Nursing Office. The latter two expressed their regrets in being unable to attend.

A basket of flowers was received from

the provincial Certified Nursing Assistants Association.

Following the address by Msgr. Theriault, Miss Boutilier presented a plaque in memory of the late Dr. J. Earle Hiltz, former medical superintendent, from the student nursing assistants class '69B. The plaque was accepted by Mrs. Hope M. Mack, who passed it to Dr. Holden. Dr. Holden thanked the students for their thoughtfulness and said that the plaque will be placed in Miller Hall.

Surprise presentations included gifts to Mrs. Mack, Mrs. Boyle, Miss MacPhail, Mr. LeBlanc and Miss Skerry, in appreciation of their interest and guidance. These presentations were made by Miss Gloria Webster.

Mrs. Mack thanked all those who had contributed in any way toward helping the students while on course and at their graduation.

Following the graduation ceremony refreshments were served in the coffee bar by Miss Ginny Allen and her dietary staff, assisted by Head Nurses and Supervisory Staff.

Gordon Cooper's Prayer

As the world now knows, Gordon Cooper composed a prayer while rocketing in orbit around the world. Here's his prayer, as recorded while in orbit and as reported to Congress:

"Father, thank You, especially for letting me fly this flight, Thank You for the privilege of being able to be in this position to be up in this wondrous place seeing all these many startling, wonderful things that You have created.

"Help guide and direct all of us that we may shape our lives to be much better Christians, trying to help one another, and to work with one another rather than fighting and bickering.

"Help us to complete this mission successfully. Help us in our future space endeavors that we may show the world that a democracy can compete, and still be able to do things in a big way, and be able to do research development, and conduct many scientific and very technical programs.

"Be with all our families. Give them guidance and encouragement, and let them know that everything will be OK.

"We ask in Thy name. Amen."

— So Ca San Piper

Question Box

J. J. Quinlan, M.D.



Q. Do all tuberculosis patients react to the tuberculin test?

A. The vast majority of patients with tuberculosis will exhibit a positive reaction to the tuberculin test. Under certain conditions, however, allergy will be lost and the test will be negative in the presence of active tuberculosis. For example,

a previously positive tuberculin test may become negative in a tuberculosis patient during the course of an acute infectious disease such as measles, or it may become negative during treatment with corticosteroids. Immediately following the first infection with tuberculosis before allergy has developed, that is, roughly for the first six to twelve weeks the tests will be negative even though tuberculous infection is present in the lungs, and in patients with rapidly progressive acute tuberculosis which is not responding to treatment allergy will be lost and the patient will fail to react to tuberculin.

Rarely, one will find a patient with proven active tuberculosis where none of the above conditions apply and where repeated tuberculin tests are negative. I have personal knowledge of three such patients; all had tubercle bacilli in their sputum, and two required pulmonary resection. Pathological examination of the resected specimens confirmed the presence of tuberculosis, and all three patients recovered their health.

Q. Do patients ever have activity of their disease without expectoration? Can one have inactive pulmonary tuberculosis and continue to raise sputum? Please explain these conditions.

A. It is quite possible to have very active pulmonary tuberculosis and yet have no cough and no expectoration. Conversely, considerable cough and expectoration may be present in a patient who has inactive pulmonary tuberculosis. In the latter instance, it is not the healed tuberculosis that is the source of the expectoration but rather the associated chronic bronchitis and possibly bronchiectasis. In many instances, it will be found that the individual is a cigarette smoker.

The individual who has active tuberculosis but who has no cough or conscious expectoration will frequently be found to have stomach washings which contain the germs of tuberculosis. The abnormal secretions produced by the disease process in the lung are insufficient in quantity to provoke the cough reflex but are still propelled upwards by the normal mechanisms of the bronchial tree until they reach the mouth where they are unconsciously swallowed.

Q. Can a patient who is on work tolerance tell whether he is exercising too much? How about a discharged patient? Are there any warning signals?

A. The individual who is still under treatment in the Sanatorium need not worry about exercising too much. His activity is prescribed for him by his physician after careful and repeated study of his case. The patient who is discharged with his tuberculosis inactive is given a routine to follow. This may well be a full normal life, in which case it is most unlikely that work or recreation will have any adverse effect on the healed disease.

Q. If one has tuberculosis in both lungs is it advisable to have surgery on both?

A. If indications for lung resection are present in both lungs and if the disease is not too extensive, bilateral pulmonary resection is perfectly feasible. Over 2,000 of our patients have undergone lung resection for tuberculosis and, of these, approximately 200 have had the operation performed on both sides.

Q. After a tuberculous kidney has been removed what amount of fluid should a person take?

A. In allotting kidney tissue, nature has been very prolific, and a relatively small portion of one kidney is usually sufficient to look after the needs of the body. Therefore, the patient who has had a kidney removed for tuberculosis should partake of a perfectly normal diet and no restriction whatsoever need be placed on the fluid intake.

That man is a happy man, who in the face of adversity can still lift his head and be thankful for something. Life is unhappy when it ceases to have anything for which to be thankful.

—Liam

Editorial Comment

As I write this, summer has just officially ended — but only by the calendar. The nearly perfect weather that we have had this year lingers with us and we should have an equally lovely autumn.

We have gathered together some articles on Thanksgiving and on autumn—both of which topics leave us feeling somewhat nostalgic. We also have something on Hallowe'en — which leaves us with thoughts of an evening of responding to the incessant ringing of the doorbell.

* * * * *

We must comment on some departures from the Sanatorium scene. Of the greatest importance to our own department is the retirement of Miss Marguerite MacLeod. She will be greatly missed by all of us and it should be taken as a tribute that we are not obtaining a replacement. Marguerite has done so many things, and has done them so well, that it would be difficult to find any one person who could replace her.

Also leaving us at the latter part of September was Miss Barbara Baker who has returned to Halifax for her final year at the Nova Scotia College of Art. Barb intends to return to our Rehabilitation Department upon completion of her studies in May. We wish her the best of luck with her studies.

Mr. Ronald Gerrard who was at the Sanatorium for a relatively short time as Administrative Assistant, left at the end of August to resume teaching in the faculty of Commerce at Acadia University.

Other Sanatorium employees who have retired since our last issue: Chester Mitchell who was at the Sanatorium from July, 1946, until his retirement due to ill health on June 30, 1969. Murray Patrick Lee also retired on June 30th and had been on staff since August, 1947. William Clifford Margeson retired on September 30th and had been on staff since October, 1959. Oscar Reid whose date of appointment was May, 1956, has had to stop work early on account of ill health and has been retired. To all, we wish good health and good luck, and many years in which to enjoy retirement.

* * * * *

Among the newcomers to our midst are the following: Dr. E. M. Fogo, for some years Director of Public Health for the city of Halifax, is here for approximately two months before assuming his

new position as associate director of the Atlantic Health Unit.

Dr. P. (Joe) George, on the staff of the Kings County Hospital, has replaced Dr. Eric Cleveland as our consultant psychiatrist. We are sorry to see Dr. Cleveland leave but extend a cordial welcome to Dr. George.

We extend a sincere welcome to the members of Class '70B, student nursing assistants, who arrived at the Sanatorium on September 16th.

* * * * *

Three post-graduate students on the Clinical Pastoral Education course are Rev. Harold Price and Rev. Paul Crosby both of whom were on previous summer courses for two years. A third post-grad student who is making his appearance here for the first time is Rev. Gordon Helm. We extend our welcome to these students and to the members of the regular pastoral education class.

* * * * *

We wish to thank the Veterans and Invalid's Welfare League for taking our patients for drives on September 30th. The Callow Coach rides have become an annual event and serve a very worthwhile purpose in making it possible for many to get out who could not otherwise do so. While we have relatively few patients at the Sanatorium who are confined to wheelchairs — compared with those in nursing homes and municipal homes — it is very good of the League to include the Sanatorium in their busy schedule.

The word "sanatorium" gets its origin from the Latin word "sano", heal. It should play a role in the treatment of every case of tuberculosis not only because it offers the best chance for recovery but also because it protects the home and the public at large against infection. It is a school of practical training in which the patient learns the dangers of over-exertion and how to take care of himself during the rest of his lifetime.

HEALTH RAYS, February 1928

* * * * *

Mary: "These cakes are as hard as stone."
Ella: "I know, didn't you hear Helen say 'Take your pick' when she handed them around?"

* * * * *

Will Rogers once suggested a cure for the traffic problem. He wanted the highways open only to cars that were paid for!

Miss Marguerite B. MacLeod Retires

Donald M. Brown



Miss Marguerite Beryl MacLeod, Rehabilitation Teacher and Assistant Editor of *Health Rays* magazine, retired from the Nova Scotia Sanatorium on September 30th. A farewell tea was held for her in the Coffee Bar on the same day and her many friends gathered to say good-bye and to wish her all the best. Several presentations were made on behalf of the staff of the Sanatorium, as well as from the Nova Scotia Civil Service Association.

Marguerite has had a long association with the Nova Scotia Sanatorium and with the cure of tuberculosis. Her career of teaching in the general schools was terminated in November 1932 at which time tuberculosis was discovered and treatment at the Sanatorium became necessary. Prior to this she had taught school from 1922 to 1924, when she proceeded to the Nova Scotia Normal College. Upon graduation she resumed teaching from 1925 until 1932.

Marguerite waged a bitter struggle against tuberculosis and it probably cannot be said that she won the battle until August 1958 when she received her permanent civil service appointment. Not that she was inactive during this period — far from it!

During the years that she was a patient at Roseway Hospital, Shelburne, from 1948 to the date of her appointment in 1958, Marguerite was most active in the rehabilitation program. With her orderly mind, plus a good deal of determination, she turned the library from a disorganized heap of books into an orderly system. She taught academic and commercial subjects, often for as many as forty-eight hours per week while still a patient, and compiled excellent records of their progress. On the Roseway Radio Station she conducted storytelling time and a music appreciation program. In the latter program, as well as in the teaching of academic subjects, she was sponsored by the Adult Education Division.

My own association with Marguerite dates from 1955 to 1956 at which time I was Rehabilitation Supervisor at Roseway Hospital, a position which Marguerite later held until 1960 when the tuberculosis section was closed and the patients sent to the Sanatorium. At that time Marguerite came to the Sanatorium as a Rehabilitation Teacher — a position which she held until her recent retirement.

While at the Sanatorium Marguerite has taken on a great number of duties and has carried them out with her characteristic thoroughness. She has taught academic subjects, particularly to adult beginners; she has taught commercial subjects; she has taught piano to a number of beginners; she has done our psychological testing and has maintained our records and reports. Marguerite has put a great deal of effort into our *Health Rays* magazine and would likely recognize any article which has been published in a previous issue, having done a considerable amount of research into past volumes.

In addition to her regular work she has also taken social histories and has filled in for me during my absences. She has also found time to serve as secretary to the evening Guild (St. James Anglican Church), secretary and treasurer to the Kings County Branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association, and has held several offices in the Sanatorium Employees Credit Union.

Upon her retirement Marguerite has gone to her family home in Milton, which she shares with her brother, Maxwell. With her go our best wishes, together with my own sincere thanks, for the help and support which she has so willingly given in her work with the Rehabilitation Department.

Sanatorium Life Can Hold No Greater Thrill For A Patient Than The Day Of Discharge

Bernard Berg

I have just been discharged from sanatorium. My friends ask me what it's like and how it feels to be on the outside again.

First, I discovered how relatively unimportant I am. When the doctor informed me I would have to go to a sanatorium for a year, I was stunned. What would the freshman social committee do without me? Who would take my place on the school paper? Who would run my two YMCA clubs? How would the Boy Scouts put on their Saturday broadcasts without me? I couldn't leave. I was too important — I thought.

But it didn't take long to realize no one is essential in this world. The social committee went on as usual. A new reporter replaced me on the paper. New leaders took over the clubs. And the broadcasts went on without a break. Twenty years of struggle to amount to something gone overnight, and the world continued as usual.

Friends ask: "Wasn't it dreadfully boring and monotonous lying in bed so long?" The answer is no! There was not time to do all the reading and writing I wanted to do. The very schedule of the san routine keeps one hopping, and one often has to make time to get in some of the extra work he undertakes.

Time, itself, meant nothing. It was easy to forget what day it was. What really marked the passage of time were events — for example. Thanksgiving or a birthday. When I could not remember what I did yesterday, or if yesterday were the day before, I could clearly recall last Christmas.

Religion plays a big part in the life of a patient. I had believed in God before entering the san, but never had I felt any real need of Him. I was sufficient unto myself and had tremendous confidence in the strength of my body. Therefore, I was not surprised when I quickly began to improve. After my surgery I prayed that I would be home for my birthday and well, to stay well. When my birthday arrived, I went home for the day on a leave of absence. The next day I was x-rayed, and two days later I received my discharge. There are no atheists in fox-holes and few in hospitals.

The most impressive thing I noted was the spirit of the patients. There was more good humour per square person in

the sanatorium than any place I know. And I learned that size, sex, looks and nationality have nothing to do with courage. These patients did not feel courageous or brave. They were just making the best of a bad bargain. But they were soldiers, all of them.

At first, on my release, all seemed as before. The streets and houses do not change. It is only when you see the children have grown that you realize you have been away. Then you learn how your friends have finished college, gone into the armed forces or married. You discover that you may feel and act the same as you did three years ago, but the world does not. Time has marched on, and you must adapt yourself again.

I was seated at the head of the table. I was now an adult. Somewhere, in those two and one half years, my chair had left the side of the table and moved to the head. I felt like Rip Van Winkle after his twenty-year sleep.

Walks in the park brought new discoveries. The grass had never looked so green. Trees were old friends. I had looked upon them a long time from my window and enjoyed their beauty. Now I stopped to pat the ground, ran my hands over the shaggy bark, and let my toes revel in the cool grass. It was good to be back.

The old, half-secret trails in the park showed further evidence of the passage of time. No longer could a person walk upright along their paths. The foliage of trees and bushes drooped lower over the trails, and the trails themselves were fainter.

And then "the rains came." People scurrying for cover, swollen streams running down the gutters. The familiar sound of heavy drops falling on the roofs and pavement. All things you had seen before a thousand times, but things you had forgotten.

And thus, slowly but surely, I was brought up to the present. No longer was I conscious of my walk and clothes. No longer did every window seem to be a staring eye. I was a normal being again — and grateful to the sanatorium which preserved me. Because I knew that I might well be living on borrowed time, and that without the sanatorium I might never be here; and that life is sweet, and it is good to be alive. The Chaser.



Chaplain's Corner

Lic. Allan V. Jorgensen — Student Chaplain, N. S. Sanatorium

THE MYSTERY OF SUFFERING

We see within us and about us in the world the frightening and everpresent fear of suffering and death. Such has always been the situation of man. Left on his own he finds it impossible to understand the meaning of this mystery.

Why is the rose inseparable from the thorns? Why does a hurricane savagely destroy a bumper apple crop or imperil countless lives on the sea? Why is the heart of man as beset by suffering as his body? Why is suffering the constant companion of man in his journey through life?

If you are unable to start your car you naturally assume that something is wrong with the engine. An engine is built according to certain specifications and if you put extraneous parts into it, you will either decrease its efficiency or stop it altogether. Man, through sin, introduced disorder into the plan of God, and together with it he introduced both suffering and death. Through a loving obedience, the fruit of God's grace, man before the sin lived a life of order and balance experiencing no conflict within himself, in relations with others or with the world about him. Through egotism and pride man is separated from God and condemned to conflict within himself with others, and with his world. The marriage between spirit and matter is broken; the divorce between the two brings with it suffering, struggle and death. It is not owing to a decree of God that man suffers and dies; it is owing to the freedom of man. The scriptures tell us that, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is life everlasting in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Could God not have prevented man from sinning and thus from suffering? Certainly he could if he were to take away man's freedom. But does a teacher show his love for his students by giving them the answers to the questions on an examination for fear they will make a mistake? Or does a mother show her love for her baby by refusing to teach him to walk for fear he will fall? Would God have shown his love for us by taking away our freedom to love or reject God? When you love you do not take away the other's freedom so as to avoid his falling into evil, but rather you are willing to run the risk of error, of falling, of suf-

fering. It is because God loves us that he has run the risk of our sinning.

Freedom is relative — that is — your freedom cannot give you the right to step on the limits of another man's freedom — hence, freedom is responsibility. You are free to drink, and to drive, and to love, and to hate. Alcohol can cause immeasurable hardship and suffering to yourself and others. Smoking can cause lung cancer. You do not complain about being healthy even though you owe your health to others (your parents, those who grew your food, etc.); you do not complain about being educated even though much of your knowledge came from others (teachers, authors, etc.). Why then do you complain about the sufferings which you do not merit?

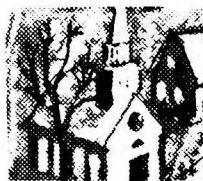
You are an integral part of the whole human family and you are continually influencing or being influenced by it. When you sin it is often impossible to determine the consequence of your action on the world's burden of pain. In the same way when you suffer both mentally and physically it is impossible to pinpoint the disorder.

Could God possibly find pleasure in man's sin, which is really a breakdown of love? How then could he find pleasure in the suffering of mankind? Since suffering reveals a profound disorder in God's plan of love — you should never resign yourself to suffering. Fight it—in physical suffering with hygiene, proper diet, rest, medical help, etc. — in the suffering of the human family with justice and peace — in the suffering of the human heart with love and education—in suffering resulting from rebellious forces of nature with scientific research, technology and work - - - When out of love for others, you enlist in the struggle against suffering you can be sure that you are entering into the plan of God.

Modern man makes increasingly extensive use of by-products; even harmful waste products are now being utilized for the use of man. Do you want to make suffering, the by-products of sins, serve the interests of man's salvation? Jesus loves you. Why do you not ask Jesus to show you how He made suffering the raw material of redemption?



Chapel Notes



RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Throughout the summer months we were happy to have Lic. Allan Jorgensen as student Chaplain at the Sanatorium. Mr. Jorgensen has now returned to his studies at the Divinity College of Acadia University and has also begun his duties as assistant minister at the United Church of St. Paul and St. Stephen, Kentville.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Chaplain D. MacTavish and family on the sudden passing of Mrs. MacTavish's father in Connecticut, early in September.

FOLK MASS

A "Special Mass of Joy" was held in the Sanatorium Chapel on Thursday, September 11th, at 4 o'clock. This was sponsored by the Affiliating Student Nurses, and dedicated to the graduating class of Student Nursing Assistants. Father G. E. Saulnier was the celebrant, Sister Margaret MacDonald, Affiliate Student from the Halifax Infirmary, conducted the music, and Mrs. Mary MacKinnon, Rehab. Teacher, read the scripture.

ORDINATIONS

On September 3, 1969, Lic. Gerald Fisher was ordained to the sacred ministry in the United Baptist Church in Kentville. Mr. Fisher, who was student Chaplain at the Sanatorium during the summer of 1967, is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Dauphin, Manitoba.

A double ordination took place in the First Baptist Church, Halifax, on September 17th, one of the ordinands being Lic. Alton Alexander, student Chaplain at the Sanatorium through the summer of 1966. Mr. Alexander is pastor of the United Baptist Churches in Milton, Charleston and Port Medway, Queens County.

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PROTESTANT

Worship Service (Chapel)

Sunday: 10:00 a.m.

Vesper Service (Station San)

Monday through Saturday: 6:25 p.m.

Sunday: 5:45 p.m.

This Is My Story (Station San)

Tuesday: 7:00 p.m.

Communion is served quarterly in the East and West Infirmaries.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

The Sacrifice of The Mass (Chapel)

Sunday, 7:00 a.m.

The Rosary (Station San)

Monday through Saturday: 6:45 p.m.

Sunday: 6:15 p.m.

The Hour of The Crucified (Station San)

Sunday: 6:30 p.m.

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. Your donation will help **Health Rays** to survive.

The standing of this fund as of September 23, 1969:

Previously acknowledged: \$1,629.90

Recent contributors:

Century Patrons:

Nil

Patrons:

Geraldine M. Marshall

Anonymous

Malcolm MacCallum

John Mann

Total

53.39

Grand Total

\$1,683.29

The first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example.

—Morell

OLD TIMERS

"I saw old Autumn in the misty morn
Stand shadowless like silence listening
To silence."

So wrote Thomas Hood and so it has been the past few mornings. But autumn is not only poetic mists and silences, but also "back to books" for the younger folk. And so, quite fittingly, Anne Marie's first news item tells us that Tom and Ellen Mullen (brother and sister-in-law of San postman Steve) drove up from Yarmouth to bring their son to Acadia University in Wolfville. On the way Tom and Ellen stopped at the San to see friends whom they knew back in 1944 when both were patients here.

Also dropping in for a visit was Norman Smith of New Germany, who cured here in 1955. Norman is an engineer with the Department of Highways.

While in for a check-up, Woody Davis of Bear River looked up all his friends including Austin Amirault, now retired and living in Coldbrook. Woody was a San patient in 1938, and Austin had advanced from patient to staff.

When Helen Comeau of the nursing staff was visiting Mary Garrison in Gofts, she and Mary called on Anne Morton in Stewiacke East, where all three had a perfectly wonderful time reminiscing about curing days of 1946.

And when Joe and Hazel LeFave (of the post office and medical records staffs, respectively) were travelling around on vacation, they saw several old timers: Bob Rankin of New Glasgow (1967) is staying at home. Mora (MacCuspic) Hooper (1952) of Sydney River works three nights a week at Woolco. Gerald Livingstone (1957), formerly customs officer in Canso, is now in Amherst, and much to Joe's delight, is a "real Montreal fan." Gerald attended some hockey games in Montreal last winter. Joe and Hazel met Mildred MacLean at bingo one evening. Mildred is a later old timer (1964).

Peggy MacEachern of the switchboard chatted with two old timers in for check-ups recently: Jean (Christie) Kennedy of Head of St. Margaret's Bay and Kay Green of East River, St. Mary's. Both were here in the 'Thirties.

Not long ago a picture in **The Advertiser** (Kentville weekly) showed Senator Donald Smith of Liverpool as one of a group who attended the unveiling of the plaque erected by the Canadian Government at Chipman's Corner in memory of Dr. Abraham Gesner, discoverer of ker-

osene. Senator Smith was a patient at the Sanatorium in 1952.

In August **The Chronicle-Herald** published a picture of two young people who had been chosen from approximately 20,000 in Nova Scotia as delegates to the Canadian Red Cross Youth National Study Centre at Geneva Park, Ontario, from August 24th to 28th. One of the students was former San patient, Marlene Watt of Barrington Passage, now attending university.

A brief, but welcome, visitor to the Sanatorium on August 29th, was Anselme LeBlanc. He is now taking, very successfully, the Registered Nurses Course at the Greater Niagara General Hospital.

Your scribe met George MacDougall, discharged this spring, when he was in for a check-up recently. George has returned to his duties at Pine Hill Divinity Hall, and is feeling fine.

We are grateful to Mrs. J. E. Hiltz for the items which follow. Rev. Peter Nearing is still associated with the Madonna House Apostolate, at Combermere, Ont., a training centre for lay apostolic workers with missions from Whitehorse to Peru. He is also working on the biography of Bishop John R. MacDonald. As a San patient in the 'Thirties, Peter displayed marked literary talent from which **Health Rays** many times profited.

Dr. W. J. ("Buff") Dyer, who was on the Sanatorium Medical Staff from 1935 to 1938, is now with the Squibb Institute for Medical Research, New Jersey. Although living in New York, he spends part of his summers at his home in Chester, N. S.

Dr. Howard Ripley, San patient in the 'Thirties, is partly retired, but still connected with the Radiology Department in Moncton Hospital, which he headed for many years. Earlier in the season he had a trip to Russia, and later spent some time at his summer home near Parrsboro. Mrs. Ripley, the former Edna Bowden, is also an ex-patient, having likewise spent some time curing here in the 'Thirties.

Socialism is not an equal distribution of wealth. It is equal distribution of poverty.

—Locke

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Autumn At The Turn

These cool mornings we've been getting are a reviving delight, after the summer's heat. And prettier than any picture are the mellow afternoons, touched with the gentle melancholy of the year's decline — which isn't sadness, but the shadow sister of joy.

The sun lost its glare and is golden and only comfortably warm. And everywhere in the outdoors is that sweet pensive tone which gives beauty its final perfection.

It relates Nature to man's own grave moods. You feel a kinship with the regret that Nature seems to express in the down-drifting leaves and gaunter shadows.

Last night we heard an owl hooting in the distant dark. The voice of autumn has echoed across the valley. There is no mistaking it now, for although most of the green world is still green, there is here and there the gleam of dogwood berries turned scarlet and the shine of goldenrod in the fence corners and along the highways and the glow of tiny white and lavender asters, like stardust in the hedgerows and on the meadow. There is the cider smell of windfall apples in the occasional small orchard, the wine tang in the vineyard, and the spicy scent of overripe pears. You can close your eyes and still know that the change is taking place. The hum of busy bees making last minute honey is a pleasant, dreamy sort of sound, an audible measure of Indian Summer tempo.

Ripeness is fulfillment, and it comes not at the peak of summer. It comes when the season begins to ease down the long hill toward winter and ice, when the days are short and the nights gleam in longer darkness. Ripeness is a summation, of long hot days and simmering sun and warm rain and the flash of lightning across the summer sky. It is the beauty of blossom brought to the succulence of fruit, the soft green of the new stem toughened to the firm fibre of the reaching twig, the winged seed of a maple now rooted at the grass roots and finding sustenance in the soil. Ripeness is late September and early October, warm at midday, chill at dusk, and covered with cool dampness at dawn.

The change is more than a matter of sunlight and daylength, for there is a rhythm in all growing things, a rest and a resurgence. The seasons belong to that rhythm, as does the day and the night. But so does the apple, and so does the goldenrod and the asters, the peak is past. The wave of the great rhythm now begins to ebb, and the cricket sings, the owl hoots, the crow

calls querulously. You can see and hear and smell autumn from any hillside.

And the dominant note of fall, its gay colors, appeals to us most of all. For the joy this flaunts at death has subtle comfort for our feeling that endings are no dark finality, but pauses for new beginnings.

— Sanatorium Outlook.

Patient Entertainment

On Tuesday, September 9th, a variety program was presented at 1930 hours in the Sanatorium Recreation Hall. This was put on by the affiliating student nurses, with help from several of the nursing assistants. The girls entered into this project with a good deal of enthusiasm and the result was a very good program. The entire cast of about twenty-eight opened the program with a number of selections. Soloists were student nurses, Marian Selig and Nancy Lunn; Betty MacPhail, Nursing Instructor; and student nursing assistants, Cheryl Matthews, Faye Veniot, and Marilyn Rice. Instrumentalists were Marian Selig, guitar, Sister Margaret MacDonald, both guitar and piano, and Wally Burgess, guitar.

Midway through the program the girls mingled with the audience arranging the chairs into a large circle for a singalong. Hurricane Gerda, who had been making her presence known by wind and rain, turned out our lights for a total of about twenty minutes but this in no way detracted from the singalong. Several candles and a lantern were brought and, in the true tradition of show biz, "the show went on."

The program was enjoyed by approximately eighty patients and others in the audience, as well as by those who heard it through the facilities of Station SAN. To Sister Margaret MacDonald, who was one of the main organizers of the program, and to all of the other participants we wish to convey our sincere thanks.

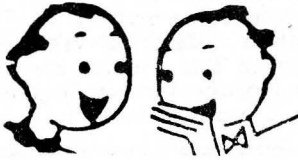
Thanks also to the dietary department for providing coffee and doughnuts at the close of the program.

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Just Jesting



The young mother was shocked to learn that little Sammy had told a falsehood. Taking the lad on her knee, she graphically explained the consequences of lying.

"A tall green man," she began, "with red fiery eyes and two sharp horns grabs little boys who tell falsehoods and carries them off at night. He takes them to Mars where they have to work hard in a dark canyon for 50 years. Now, you won't tell a falsehood again, will you, Sammy?"

"No, ma'am," replied the lad, "You can tell 'em better than I can."

* * * * *

"Dad, did you ever hear a rabbit bark?"

"Rabbits don't bark, son!"

"That's funny, my story book says rabbits eat cabbage and bark."

* * * * *

Two hillbillies who had never been on a train before had been drafted and were on their way to camp. A food butcher came through the train selling bananas and each bought one. As one of them bit into the banana the train entered a tunnel. His voice came to his companion in the darkness:

First Mountaineer: "Have you et yours yet?"

Second Mountaineer: "Not yet, why?"

First Mountaineer: "Well, don't touch it. I've eaten one bite and gone blind."

* * * * *

A man who had been waiting impatiently in the post office could not attract the attention of either of the girls behind the counter. "The evening cloak," explained one of the girls to her companion, "was a redingote design in gorgeous lame brocade with fox fur and wide pagoda sleeves."

At this point the long-suffering customer broke in with, "I wonder if you could provide me with a neat blue stamp with dinky perforated hem. The tout ensemble deliberately treated on the reverse side with mucilage. Something at about 6 cents."

* * * * *

Now that the football season is here they tell of the little Irish nun that went to a Notre Dame football game and thought a quarterback was a 25c refund.

The professor's wife decided to raise some fancy chickens as a hobby. She didn't have good luck. Finally, someone told her that Congressmen distribute free information about farming so she wrote this letter:

"Dear Sir: Every morning I find one or two of my prize chickens lying stiff and cold upon the ground with their legs in the air. Would you be kind enough to tell me what is the matter?"

A few days later she got this reply: "Dear Madam: Your chickens are dead."

* * * * *

Sharon: "Norma, look, I can write my name in the dust on the dresser."

Norma: "It's great to have an education."

* * * * *

Ralph: "What do we have to eat this time?"

John: "Oh, we have thousands of things to eat."

Ralph: "What are they?"

John: "Peas"

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A lady overheard her maid make a rather short reply at the telephone and then hang up. She called to her, "Mandy, who was that on the phone?"

"Tain't nobody, Ma'am. Jes' a lady saying, "It's a long distance from New York and Ah says, "Yes'm, it sure is."

* * * * *

When the priest asked Pat why he did not see him in church the day before, the communicant answered: "Dunno, your riverence, unless it was because I wasn't there."

* * * * *

An absent-minded man came out of one of his reveries to find himself sitting on his bed with one shoe on and the other in his hand.

"I wonder what I'm doing," he muttered, "going to sleep or getting up?"

* * * * *

Donald (on vacation): "Any big men born here?"

Citizen: "Nope, not very progressive 'round here; best we can do is babies."

* * * * *

"I just cannot see," said a new bride to her husband, as they gazed in a furniture shop window, "how they make all that furniture out of those crinkly little walnuts."

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Admissions: August 16 to September 15

ALEXANDER FINLAY CAMERON, 4 Union Highway, New Waterford; OWEN ALEXANDER CARTER, Mulgrave; JOSEPH WILLIAM DIXON, 5½ Pinewood Drive, Dartmouth; SIDNEY JOHN EDGER, Head of St. Margaret's Bay (R.R. 1, Boutillier's Point), Halifax Co.; JOHN JACOB FUDGE, Prince St., Shelburne; DANIEL MURDOCK ALLEN KENNEDY, Westville, Pictou Co.; THOMAS JOSEPH KENNEDY, 118 Prince Albert Road, Dartmouth; MRS. MARIE ESTELLE MUISE, Amirault's Hill, Yarmouth Co.; STANLEY LORNE MURPHY, 172½ Victoria East, Amherst; MRS. FRANCES THERESA MacDONALD, 404 Whitney Ave., Sydney; ZENO MacDONALD, Arisaig, R.R. 3, Antigonish; NEIL DANIEL MacKINNON, Head of St. Margaret's Bay, Halifax Co.; EVELYN LOUISE MacLELLAN, Noel Shore, R.R. 1, Maitland, Hants Co.; FREDERICK GORDON SANFORD, Weston, R.R. 3, Aylesford, Kings Co.; BESSIE EVELYN SHAW, Port Williams, Kings Co.; MILLARD FORREST SPICER, Spencer's Island, Cumberland Co.; LAWRENCE RIPLEY STEWART, R.R. 1, Truro (Old Barns), Colchester Co.; KONSTANTINE TECTONIDAS, 18 Melville Ave., Halifax; VIVIAN TECTONIDES, 18 Melville Ave., Halifax; ADRIENNE ("Sandy") WILLIAMS, Children's Aid Society, South St., Halifax; MRS. CONSTANCE MARY YOUNG, Blue Rocks, Lunenburg Co.; COLIN ODAH ZINCK, Riverport, Lunenburg Co.

Discharges: August 16 to September 15

BURRELL SAMUEL ACKER, Little Harbour, Shelburne Co. (Expired); WAYNE KENNETH BEAVER, 2353 Barrington St., Halifax; MRS. EDITH LOUISE BECK, 206 St. Phillips St., Bridgewater; MARGARET ANNE CAMERON, 6520 MacDougall Ave., Halifax; MRS. FANNIE MAE COOLEN, Fox Point, Lunenburg Co.; DONNA DARLENE CORKUM, R.R. 1, Pleasantville, Lunenburg Co.; MRS. NELLIE LETITIA ELIZABETH CORKUM, LaHave, Lunenburg Co.; MRS. MARY ELIZABETH

DHOOG, R.R. 1, Monastery, Antigonish Co.; MRS. MARY ELIZABETH DIXON, 254 Herring Cove Road, Halifax Co.; ANNE MARIE FITZGERALD, Dingwall, Victoria Co.; GEORGE CHARLES LAHEY, Main-a-Dieu, Cape Breton Co.; ALIK MEETSROK, 6 Duke St., Halifax; ELAINE JEAN McCULLOCK, Union Corner, Hants Co.; JAMES DOUGLAS MacLEAN, 21 Aldergrove Drive, Spryfield, Halifax Co.; JAMES ERNEST PEAKE, New Glasgow (Expired); ROBERT VINCENT RICHARDS, 2545 Barrington St., Halifax; RAYMOND WESLEY WILLIAMS, East Preston, Halifax Co.

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

Admissions: August 16 to September 15

WILLIAM PETER BATTISTE, Barra Head, Richmond Co.; CHARLES BONA, C. B. Hospital, Sydney River; JOSEPH BONIN, Arichat, Richmond Co.; GEORGE BURTON, 97 Grey St., Sydney; HENRY JOSEPH CHIASSON, 73 8th St., New Waterford; ANNIE RITA FITZGERALD, Dingwall, Victoria Co.; JAMES ARTHUR GILLARD, 43 Highland St., Glace Bay; GEORGE CHARLES LAHEY, Main-a-Dieu; MRS. AGNES SHIRLEY MORRISON, Whycocomagh, Inverness Co.; DONALD JAMES MacDONALD, C. B. Hospital, Sydney River; ANTHONY MacKENZIE, R.R. 1, Sydney Forks; DONALD JOHN MacKINNON, MacLean St., Donkin; CHARLES WILLIAM NEARING, 133 Dorchester St., Glace Bay; GEORGE JOSEPH NEARING, Port Caledonia, Glace Bay; ANNIE MAY SMITH, Central Ave., Inverness; MARGARET SMITH, R.R. 1, Inverness.

Discharges: August 16 to September 15

CHARLES BONA, C. B. Hospital, Sydney River; HERBERT ETIENNE BURKEY, West L'Ardoise; ALEXANDER FINDLAY CAMERON, 4 Union Highway, New Waterford; MICHAEL ERNEST CANNON, Port Hood, Inverness Co.; JOSEPH ALEXANDER FITZGERALD, Aspy Bay, Victoria Co.; THOMAS NOEL HERNIE, Eskasoni; LEVI ISADORE, Nyanza, Victoria Co.; MARY ALICE KING, Queen St., Florence; WILLIAM MELVIN LeFORT, Cheticamp, Inverness Co.; BRIDGET MARIE MARSHALL,

(Continued on Page 16)

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PETERS' LUNCH

INS AND OUTS —

(Continued from Page 15)

Eskasoni; DONALD JAMES MacDONALD, C. B. Hospital, Sydney River; MRS. FRANCES MacDONALD, 454 Whitney Ave., Sydney; ANGUS JOHN MacNEIL, 38 Main St., Glace Bay; MRS. ANNIE RITA MacNEIL, 43 Pitt St., Glace Bay; MRS. CHRISTINE STEVENS, Nyanza, Victoria Co.

Commandments For Success

The credit bureau of St. John's in its monthly service bulletin recently reported that the director of a Chinese bank in a southern Malaysian state had produced ten commandments for his employees. They are:

1 — Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I am sure to catch you in the end.

2 — Watch your work and not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

3 — Give me more than I expect, and I will pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

4 — Keep out of debt (as much as possible). You owe so much to yourself that you cannot afford to owe anybody else.

5 — Dishonesty is never an accident.

6 — Mind your own business, and in time you will have a business of your own to mind.

7 — Don't do anything here that hurts your self-respect. The employee who is capable of stealing for me is capable of stealing from me.

8 — It's none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects what you do the next day, you will last half as long as you hope.

9 — Don't tell me what I would like to hear, but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet for my vanity, but for my money.

10 — Don't kick if I kick. If you are worth correcting, you are worth keeping.

— Submitted by Doug. Hallamore, Sanatorium Carpenter.

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,

But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,

Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies

Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,

And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;

If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken

'Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,

Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,

And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings

And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you

Except the Will which says to them:
"Hold on."

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,

Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch;

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;

If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill each unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,

And — what is more — you'll be a Man,
my son!

—Rudyard Kipling

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F. J. MISENER, M.D.	Radiologist
A. LARETEI, M.D.	Physician
MARIA ROSTOCKA, M.D.	Physician
G. A. KLOSS, M.D.	Physician
E. W. CROSSON, M.D.	Physician
V. D. SCHAFFNER, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C), F.A.C.S.	Consultant Surgeon
D. M. MacRAE, M.D., C.R.C.P. (C)	Consultant Bronchoscopist
B. F. MILLER, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Ed.), F.R.C.S. (C)	Consult. Ortho. Surg.
P. GEORGE, M.D.	Consultant Psychiatrist
D. H. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.	Courtesy Consultant in Anaesthesia
C. E. JEBSON, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C)	Consultant Urologist
MRS. HOPE MACK, R.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 JOYCE LEWIS	Dietitian
MISS HELEN J. MacKENZIE, R. N.	Supervisor of Rehabilitation

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ANGLICAN

Rector—Archdeacon L. W. Mosher
Sanatorium Chaplain—Rev. W. A. Trueman

Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain

Rev. Dale MacTavish

BAPTIST

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

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Parish Priest—Rt. Rev. J. N. Theriault
Curate—Rev. G. E. Saulnier

SALVATION ARMY

Capt. H. L. Kennedy

CHRISTIAN REFORMED

Minister—Rev. H. Vander Platt

UNITED CHURCH

Minister—Rev. K. G. Sullivan
Sanatorium Chaplain—Dr. (Rev.) Douglas Archibald

PENTECOSTAL

Minister—Rev. Robert Cross

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

ROMAN CATHOLIC

Parish Priest—Msgr. W. J. Gallivan

UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Robert Hutcheson

PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

Mr. William Brewer

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.



The Canteen . . .

**IS OPERATED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE
AND BENEFIT**

So Remember . . .

- A good stock of all occasion cards and stationery
- Gift suggestions, Novelties, Cups and Saucers
- Clocks, Watches, and Costume Jewellery
- A wide variety of grocery items
- Ladies' and Men's wear — Nylons