

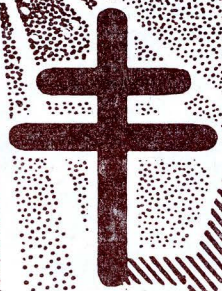
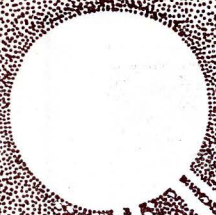
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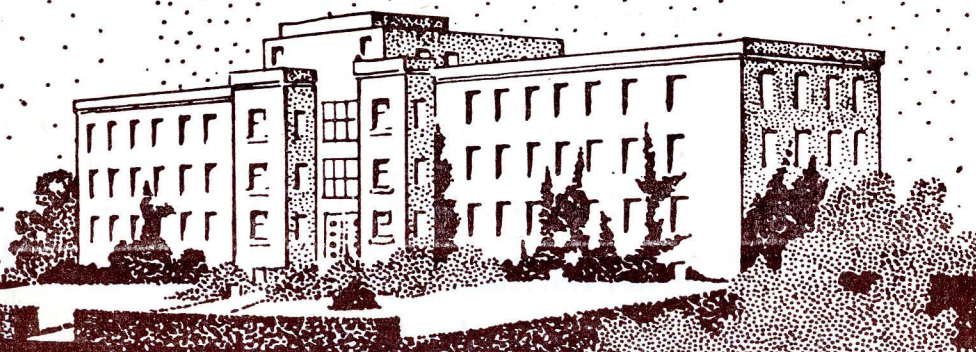
NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
VOL. 48 FEBRUARY, 1967 NO. 2

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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.	Consultant Surgeon
D. M. MacRAE, M.D.	Consultant Bronchoscopist
E. J. CLEVELAND, M.D.	Consultant Psychiatrist
F. R. TOWNSEND, M.D.	Consultant Psychiatrist
B. F. MILLER, M.D.	Consultant Orthopedic Surgeon
D. H. KIRKPATRICK, M.D.	Courtesy Consultant in Anaesthesia
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MRS. HOPE MACK, R.N.	Director of Nursing
MISS EILEEN QUINLAN, P.Dt.	Senior Dietitian
F. G. BARRETT, M.Sc.	Director of Rehabilitation

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Sanatorium Visiting Hours

DAILY: 10.15 - 11.45 A.M.

DAILY: 3.15 - 4.45 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*

Kentville Church Affiliation

Anglican—Rector	<i>Archdeacon L. W. Mosher</i>
Sanatorium Chaplain	<i>Rev. J. A. Munroe</i>
Baptist—Minister	<i>Dr. G. N. Hamilton</i>
Student Chaplain	<i>Lic. Gerald Fisher</i>
Lay Visitor	<i>Miss B. Lockhart</i>
Christian Reformed—Minister	<i>Rev. J. G. Groen</i>
Pentecostal—Minister	<i>Rev. Glen Kauffeldt</i>
Roman Catholic—Parish Priest ...	<i>Rev. John F. DeLouchry</i>
Asst. Roman Catholic Priest ...	<i>Rev. Gerald E. Saulnier</i>
Salvation Army	<i>Capt. H. L. Kennedy</i>
United Church—Minister	<i>Rev. K. G. Sullivan</i>
Sanatorium Chaplain	<i>Rev. J. D. MacLeod</i>

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.

HEALTH RAYS

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH AND GOOD CHEER

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa
And For Payment of Postage in Cash

Vol. 48

FEBRUARY, 1967

No. 2



HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

How do I love thee? Let me count the
ways
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of
sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from
Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the
breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God
choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I Was A Skogsark

Mrs. Rose Sorensen

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

When I recall my childhood in Grand Falls, N. B., one of the most vivid memories is that of my father cutting down the tall trees which grew in the forest near our home. Often, my sister and I would go into the woods to watch him work, and I remember still the thrill I felt when the big tree finally yielded and fell to the ground with a great thud. As I grew older, I became more and more daring, and eventually learned to handle the bucksaw. This bit of knowledge was to prove useful later on.

During my teens I found that the fascination of the woods and woodsmen was centered around a particular young man. His name was Sven Sorensen, a Dane, who had come to Grand Falls to work for my father. We were married in 1936, and for the next eighteen years my days were spent looking after my husband and son, like any ordinary housewife.

But in 1954 my husband found it difficult to find year-round employment. We talked the situation over and he decided to return to Denmark. After a joyous reunion with his family, Sven began his search for work. He was disappointed. Our next move was to Sweden. Here we found what we had been searching for—full employment and comfortable living conditions.

Sweden is a country with large stretches of forest land, a very high standard of living, and an extremely progressive welfare program. But it is the people of Sweden who mean most to me. Full of warmth, friendliness, and generosity, they made us feel at home and eager to begin our new life among them.

Sven and I soon found work; he as a lumberjack and I as a cook at the same "camp". I use the word "camp" for want of a better one, for the building in which we lived was not like the rude cabins you find in the Canadian woods. It was thoroughly modern—a large building, with electric lights, bathrooms, T.V., and hot and cold running water. What surprised me most was that there were very few flies or mosquitoes. Only rarely did one of the latter come through our unscreened windows to attack a sleeper. This was, perhaps, a compensation for the noisy cuckoo-bird. Have you ever heard a real cuckoo? I hadn't. I had always thought that they belonged only in clocks, but during my first summer in Sweden, my sleep was constantly interrupted by their cries. It was a long time before I got used to them.

Soon after we arrived at the "camp" I was introduced to the fifteen Swedish and Danish men who were to become like brothers to me. I was puzzled by their curious stares until it was explained that they had never before seen or heard a Frenchwoman. Before long, they were calling me Francisca (French woman). I liked them all and resolved to cook my very best for them.

It was, however, a strenuous job, especially on Sundays. During the week I was up at five o'clock in the morning to prepare a hearty breakfast. The men then left for work, carrying their lunches and did not return until evening. But on Sundays there seemed to be a never-ending round of meals, lunches, and dishwashing. By the time the last dish was wiped and put away, I was exhausted. I kept this up for three years and, although there were many times when I was dissatisfied, there were many happy times too.

Saturday night was one of those. The young girls from town loved to come to the "camp" for a party. The tables would be pushed back, the record player turned on, and we would dance for hours. The food was excellent, for the men wanted nothing but the best. I met many fine girls at those parties, who became loyal friends.

Another joyous occasion was the mid-summer dance. This was held in the town park, and dancing went on all night long under a sky that was almost as bright as it was in the daytime. In Sweden, during the summer the sun never sets, and often you can see the sun and the moon at the same time.

It was at the beginning of those long summer days, after three years of cooking that I felt the urge to make a change and my restlessness came to a head when a group of young boys—about fifteen or sixteen years old—came to the "camp" to work. When I looked at those slender lads, I thought to myself, "If they can cut lumber, so can I." My husband, Sven, was not so sure, but after I pointed out that I would have more free time as a woodsman than as a cook, he agreed to talk to his "yakmaster" (boss). Permission was granted and we were given a small cottage of our own, next to the large building.

At first I worked with my husband, from 7:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. He would cut down the trees with his motorized saw and I would "peel" them; that is, I would strip off the branches and bark. The Swedish method of "peeling" is different than

the Canadian. Canadians "peel" round and round, the Swedes take four lengthwise slices with a sharp tool. For very large branches an axe is used.

We found other minor differences. For instance, the Swedish peeled lumber is cut into 6 foot lengths, the Canadian into 4 foot lengths. There, we were paid according to the size of the piece cut; here, by the cord. I always wore heavy leather gloves or mitts to protect my hands, both from the cold of winter and from the possibility of a bad accident.

I enjoyed my work and felt physically strong and healthy. After four months of "peeling" I decided that I could do the same work as my husband and earn the same money as he. I picked up a bucksaw, and from then on I was on my own. A year later I bought a Homelite saw with a motor. Now, I was making as much money as my husband and much more than many of the men. For the most part, I was accepted as just another "woodsman". I must admit, though, that I did meet with some jealousy and resentment not from the Swedes, but from Finlanders. They would deliberately drop their trees on my "shift" (tree I had cut down). Once the boss was made aware of this I had no more trouble.

To work in the woods in winter, one must be a true woodsman. Often the days are bitterly cold and the snow very deep. It is at this time that the really large logs are cut. My Swedish friends considered me quite a novelty—a female "skogsarb" (lumberjack) who travelled to her job on

skis. I did not realize that I was so unique until one snowy winter day, so cold that many of the men had gone home, when a newspaper reporter came into the woods to interview me. A few days later the *Barsloch Teneng* carried an article about me and a picture as well.

In Sweden, the coming of spring means that new trees must be planted to replace those cut down the previous year. This provides a welcome change from the job of cutting.

Another type of job, however, was in the offing for me. Sven had become ill and had to leave the "camp". We took an apartment in Fredricksberg, and in order to be near him, I became a gardener at the home of my boss. The work was pleasant but I preferred the woods. Eventually, I had to give up this job to spend all my time with my sick husband. After his death, my son, who had stayed only three years in Sweden, suggested that I come back to Canada. I was depressed over the loss of my husband and anxious to meet my son's wife and children in Truro, so I readily agreed. It was gratifying to see how our son had done so well in Canada. He is now an electrical engineer at Debert and I am very proud of him. But my heart remains in Sweden where I spent eleven happy years. My friends write that they are waiting for me, and when I have licked this T.B. bug I shall return.

As told to Mrs. Mary MacKinnon
by Mrs. Roge Sorenson,
3rd Floor East Infirmary

As told to Mary MacKinnon

PATIENTS' PARTY

On Wednesday evening, January 18, a card party was held in the patients' dining room. A fairly good crowd turned out for the occasion, and a pleasant evening was spent playing various games. Prizes were awarded as follows: Auction 45's: Alice Hinks, Cecilia Hubbard, John Hamilton, Walter Dockendorff; Chinese Checkers: Myrna Nickerson; Checkers: Millard Angevine; Cribbage: George Thompson, Mae Gaudet; Rummy: John I Tooke; Crockinole: Sandra Mason.

Delicious refreshments were served by the Dietary Department.

Cliff: "See my new shoes."

Don: "Yes, what are they?"

Cliff: "Footcrafts."

Don: "I see they're crafts, but what tonage?"

Betty: "Sing me the Limburger Cheese song."

Kitty: "How does it go?"

Betty: "Will you love me when I mould?"

SYMPTOMS OF A SANATORIUM PATIENT:

Knowing on your arrival at the San you will be here only three months.

Knowing that you are the only one on the ward who doesn't have TB and that your cough is bronchitis.

Knowing how silly it is to cover your mouth with gauze when coughing or sneezing—your sputum isn't "positive".

Knowing the other fellow's is!

Knowing that the rise in "temp" is due to overeating, oversleeping, dandruff, or anything else but tuberculosis.

Knowing you're going to get well regardless of what you do . . . you don't feel sick.

Knowing with gradual realization that there must be something wrong with you or you wouldn't be kept at the sanatorium.

Knowing the doctors don't get paid for keeping you here.

Knowing, you finally wake up to the fact that you have tuberculosis and get down to brass tacks.

The Stethoscope

The Sanatorium Cracker Barrel

J. E. Hiltz, M.D.



The Sanatorium has twenty-five more patients than it had a year ago and for the first time in years we have put up extra beds. Only in the Children's Annex and in our small investigation ward are there any empty spaces. If a person needs Sanatorium treatment it would be wrong to say that we cannot provide it just because we are filled to capacity. It is better to put up extra beds even though it may crowd other patients somewhat. Let us not forget that overcrowding makes additional demands upon staff as well. Forty-eight new patients were admitted during the four weeks following Christmas. If you are crowded a bit we are sorry but we cannot bear to turn away anyone who needs us.

Recently an adult in a certain community said that she would not have a tuberculin test because she knew of some people who had had the test and then had to go to the Sanatorium for treatment. She blamed the need for treatment upon the administration of the test. This, of course, could not be. There are no germs at all in the tuberculin test which consists only of a minute amount of a protein to which people are allergic after the germs of tuberculosis have "set up shop" in the body. If the germs have never entered the body, the skin will not be allergic to this protein which is known as tuberculin. In school, a student is given an examination to see if he has enough knowledge within him to pass the examination. After the examination, the student has exactly the same amount of information stored up in his head as he had before the test—no more or no less. The same applies to the tuberculin test. The person examined has the same amount of tuberculosis, if any, after the test as he had before—no more and no less. It is a completely harmless procedure.

I have been asked why, at the Sanatorium, we insist that all listening to radios and television in patients' rooms must be by earphones only. The answer is that we have provided for group listening in our television sitting rooms. Patients must have some place where they can be quiet if they wish and this is in their rooms. If Mary Offenhooper wishes to sleep, or

read, or study, or think, or meditate, or concentrate on doing nothing at all, this is a "freedom" which should be preserved for her whether she shares a room with someone with a television set or just lives next door and may be disturbed by a droning sound through the wall. Mary is a lady and will not complain to her roommate about the distraction of her roommate's TV or radio. No, she will just become frustrated, restless, begin to take tranquillizers, and finally leave against advice in order that she may get a little peace and quietness. This is why we insist on the use of earphones.

* * * * *

Why do we ask a few of our patients to whisper instead of talking out loud? It is to rest the voice box or larynx. Why? In order to hasten the healing of tuberculous laryngitis. When I came to the Sanatorium over thirty years ago we always had ten or fifteen people on whisper treatment and they stayed on it for six to twelve months because we did not have the anti-tuberculous drugs. Now we are able, usually, to clear up tuberculous laryngitis in two or three weeks in most cases. Of course, it takes much longer than that to heal the lung tuberculosis which caused the tuberculosis of the voice box but how thankful we are that the laryngitis responds so quickly to treatment.

* * * * *

Sanatorium curing is community living. Each patient owes it to his roommates to conduct himself in such a manner that it does not cause discomfort, inconvenience, or embarrassment to others. Such consideration for other people is the basis of democratic co-existence which everyone has a right to expect. If I have to speak occasionally about some department matter it is not because I have been disturbed personally but because I am trying to protect the rights of other patients from some momentary thoughtless action of someone who really would not have done what he did if he had thought about it carefully beforehand.

* * * * *

Congratulations to Wally Burgess for his very interesting booklet of poems which was put out in mimeographed form during the Christmas Season. Some of these poems had appeared in Health Rays previously but it was fun reading them again. Wally has a fine sense of humour and his "A Day at the San" brought much pleasure to many of his friends.

NOTES FROM THE NURSING STAFF

Nineteen Student Nursing Assistants '67B received their caps on successfully completing the first four months of the one-year course for Nursing Assistants. Mrs. Catherine Boyle, R.N., Senior Instructor, presented the students who were capped by Mrs. Hope Mack, R.N., Director of Nursing. Red Band pins, replacing Blue, were presented by Mrs. Norma Hounsell, R.N., Instructor in Nursing. Several members of the Nursing Staff and Miss E. Quinlan, Dietitian, attended the capping which was followed by a tea in the Nurses' Residence. Mr. R. E. MacKenzie, R.N., Director of Nursing Education, was unable to attend due to illness. Congratulations to the girls in '67B!

We were pleased to hear at Christmas time from so many former members of the Nursing Staff, among whom were: Mrs. Harriett Robertson, R.N., for many years O.P.D. Nurse, but retired now and living in Ottawa; Mrs. Irene Spicer, R.N., Pharmacy and Patient Education, retired and living in Spencer's Island; Miss Miriam Clifford, R.N., retired and living in Tiverton; Mrs. Lydia Morton, R.N., Halifax, also retired; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Haba, both R.N.'s, and their children—Heather and sister; "Proc", Mrs. Earl Craig, North Bay; Jane Hsu, R.N., former Post Graduate, now in New York; Fe Roxas, R.N., Philippines (who sent pictures of her family and says she would like to come back to Canada); Clarita Rubica, R.N., in Ontario; Phyllis McFadden, R.N., in Saskatchewan.

A card and note also came from Mrs. Muriel Kay, for many years Housemother at the Nurses' Residence, who retired in July and now lives in Moncton. Mrs. Kay says she misses us, and we want her to know that we at the Residence miss her, too.

Miss Daisy Arthur, who retired in December, now lives in Kentville, and we hope she will enjoy her apartment.

We welcome to our staff—

Mrs. Judith Pattinson, C.N.A., Wolfville; Mrs. Pearl Brewster, C.N.A., Canning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rushton, C.N.A., is welcomed back, and also to be congratulated on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. Eleanor Aalders is relieving in the Nursing Office for Miss Grace Adams who is on extended sick leave following a car accident.

Sympathy is extended to Mrs. Somers, Nurses' Residence Housemother, on the death of her sister.

Mrs. Hilda Marshall, R.N., Oshawa, started the Post Graduate Course in Tuberculosis Nursing in January. It is interesting to know that she plans to work in Bethlehem, Jordan, in the near future.

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
COMBINED CHARITIES FUND

After five years of operation we can say that the Nova Scotia Sanatorium Combined Charities Fund is now well established. The purpose of this Fund is to act as a collection agency for the organized charities conducting financial campaigns in this area.

The idea of a Combined Charities Fund at the Sanatorium had been informally discussed for some time. The first definite step toward organization was taken in 1960 when the Deputy Provincial Treasurer agreed to grant payroll deduction privilege to the proposed Fund.

Early in 1961, a poll was taken of all staff members to ascertain if they approved of setting up a fund and if they would support it. The result of this poll was encouraging enough to have the Sanatorium Administrative Staff Committee appoint an Exploratory Committee to study the feasibility of establishing a fund.

During the summer and fall of 1961, the Exploratory Committee agreed that a Combined Charities Fund was desirable and that there was sufficient interest among the staff to support it. A preliminary Constitution and set of By-laws were drawn up. After these were accepted by the Administrative Staff Committee, the Exploratory Committee was designated as a temporary Board of Directors. The first annual meeting of the Fund was held in January, 1962, when the Constitution was accepted and the Fund was formally incorporated.

The most obvious benefit of the Fund at the Sanatorium has been an increase in the amount of money collected. From 1954 to 1961, the average annual total collected for all charities was less than \$900. The Combined Charities Fund collects approximately \$2000 annually.

In addition to more than doubling the amount each charity receives, the yearly amount has been stabilized. In the period 1954 to 1961 one charity's contribution fluctuated from \$179 one year to \$38 another year. The amount a charity collected was governed nearly as much by the timing of the campaign as by the popularity of the charity. This problem, of course, is eliminated by the operation of the Fund.

In 1964, the Fund took on an additional chore, that of acting as central treasurer for the three Foster Parent Plan groups which operate at the Sanatorium.

Hector McKean

A pessimist is a person who complains about the noise when opportunity knocks.

Just Jesting

Les Ecossais sont des gens pleins de genie inventif: par exemple, ils ont trouve un nouvel usage pour les vieilles lames de rasoir: ils s'en servant pour se raser.

Un medecin ecossais avait un patient qui faisait 108 degres de temperature; il l'a enferme dans sa cave pour rechauffer la maison.

Equilibre du Budget: l'art de jongler avec les chiffres.

Dot: ce qu'un homme espere trouver dans le mariage quand la future n'a rien d'autre a offrir.

Edison (Thomas): un American dont la route vers la fortune etait pavee de bonnes inventions.

"Doctor MacLeod", asked Alfred, "don't you think a change to a warmer climate would do me good?"

"Heavens, man", replied the doctor, "That's just what I'm trying to save you from!"

Warren: "Did I ever shave you before?"
Clayton: "Yes, once".
Warren: "I don't remember your face".
Clayton: "No, I suppose not. It's all healed up now".

Bernie: "Third floor, please".
Johnnie: "Here you are, son".
Bernie: "How dare you call me son? You're not my father".
Johnnie: "Well, I brought you up didn't I?"

GOOD NIGHT

The president of a small bank had received his appointment more on account of his wealth than his ability, and when dictating, was not at all sure of his ground. Turning to his stenographer one day, he said: "Let's see, do you retire a loan?" The dreamy stenographer, with thoughts miles away, answered, "No, sir, I sleep with my mamma".

Stan: "I've driven this car six years and never had a wreck."

Cliff: "You mean you've driven that wreck six years and never had a car."

FAR, FAR AWAY

"Mandy, when is the doctor coming back?"

"Deed I don't know, boss. He'll be a long time, I guess. He's gone on one of them eternity cases."

James: "What did your brother say in that letter you got from him?"

John: "Well, I didn't open it because on the outside of the envelope it said 'Return in five days', so I returned it."

Garth: "Say, Murray, those shoes you sold me haven't any tongues."

Murray: "Well, you said you liked to dress as quietly as possible."

Sandra: "Do you wear that hat on the street?"

Myrna: "No, I wear it on my head."

Michael: "Did you ever hear about the wooden wedding?"

James: "I'll bite."

Michael: "Two Poles were married."

Eileen: "He just makes me sick."

Marjorie: "Why, what's the matter?"

Eileen: "Well, yesterday evening he tried to flirt with a girl in Peters' Lunch. All he did was to tell her how soft the breeze was, how lovely the moon was shining and a lot more of that rubbish."

Marjorie: "What did she say?"

Eileen: "Oh, she told him it was a menu he had in his hand, not a weather report."

Bruce: "If I walk into a room full of people and place a new penny upon the table in full view of the company, what does the coin do?"

Bernie: "It looks round."

Pat: "Have you ever run a temperature?"

Mike: "No, but I have run most every other kind of car."

Oard: "You see, that is a steam shovel over there."

Wallace: "Don't kid me boy, you can't carry steam on a shovel."

New Patient: "Have you any mail for me?"

Mrs. Zirkel: "What's your name?"

New Patient: "You'll find it on the envelope."

Guy: "What's the technical word for snoring?"

Art: "Give it up."

Guy: "Sheet music."

Mrs. MacKinnon: "What's the 'Order of the Bath'?"

Sandra: "Pa first, then ma, then us kids, and then the hired girl."

STRESS

Many Tensions Are the Result of "Superman" Efforts

Too many executives look on life as the Norsemen did upon heaven; the time was to be passed in daily battles, with magical healing of wounds.

Everyone in our western civilization has to meet demands on his nervous energy that were not made in former years.

The farmer, looked upon as living the most tranquil of lives, has economic, social and political problems of which his grandfather was ignorant. The doctor and lawyer have clients pressing at their office doors, and are conscious that others need them elsewhere. Teachers have the task of maintaining discipline in a blood more restless than ever before. Stenographers, typing so many words a minute; operators of calculating and accounting machines, with an unending flow of papers to process; factory hands engaged in countless operations; bank tellers meeting the wants of customers with flawless accuracy; everyone is working under conditions that strain the physical, mental, and emotional structure.

Nor is our immediate environment all that counts. From radio reports that accompany breakfast to the late news, we are under the pressure of baffling world difficulties. We are exposed to tension, expecting some new crisis.

We need to take what precautions we can if we expect to keep mentally and physically fit. Our failure to do so will show itself with all its unfortunate consequences in the doctor's office or a hospital bed.

Keeping fit is not simply a matter of taking physical exercise, though that is important. It concerns both mind and body. It requires that we ease the stress of living.

What Is Stress?

Dr. Hans Selye, Director of The Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, has put forward in a concept of stress what has been called "the greatest single contribution to the realm of biology and medicine since Pasteur."

He suggests that every disease, every accident and every emotional upset produces stress in the victim. The body becomes alarmed by the stress and tries to defend itself. The endocrine glands pour out hormones, the heart beats faster, the liver increases its supply of glycon, the blood pressure rises, and the activity of many internal organs is arrested so that their energy may be diverted to the internal muscles. We, like our primitive ancestors, become tensed for fight or flight.

Improper mental stress can cause trouble in our physical make-up. A publication of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company says that *fifty per cent of all people seeking medical attention are suffering from ailments brought about or made worse by such emotional factors as prolonged worry, anxiety or fear.* In fact, out of a thousand diseases described in a textbook of medicine, it is said that emotionally induced illness is as common as all the other 999 put together.

How we think has a definite effect on how we feel. We translate our woes from the language of the mind into the language of the body.

Whatever we allow to affect our minds in the way of pain or pleasure, hope or fear, extends its influence to our hearts. Financial worries, a monotonous job, strain at the office, emotional upsets in the home—these and many more, may show themselves physically as high blood pressure, digestive ailments such as peptic ulcer and colitis, headache, skin disorders and some allergies.

But you cannot go into a drug store and buy a bottle of psychosomatic medicine.

The first thing to do when you feel unwell is to have your doctor give you a thorough checkup. He will learn from his tests and his questions whether there is something organically wrong and how much of your illness is derived from emotional sources. Finding the cause is the first step in the way to cure.

All emotions are not bad. Some are guides to protective action. Pleasurable emotion is conducive to health. An invigorating emotion unlocks new stores of energy and drives away fatigue. It provides the zest of pursuit, the joy of striving, intense interest in work, and renewed enthusiasm. As someone said, the Irish cheer may signify nothing in particular, but it is a mighty relief for the excited Celt.

Modern invention and labor-saving machinery has relieved us of much physical drudgery, but there are signs that they have increased our nervous strain.

The Messenger

(To be continued next month)

First Aid Certificates were presented by Dr. J. E. Hiltz, Medical Superintendent, Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Provincial President, Nova Scotia Council, St. John Ambulance, to the Student Nursing Assistants '67B.

Doctor Rostocka: "If this doesn't cure you come back and I'll give you something that will."

Beulah: "Couldn't you give it to me now, doctor?"

THE NOVA SCOTIA
TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

Ralph E. J. Ricketts
Executive Secretary

I welcome the opportunity given to me at the request of your Editor to present to you, the patients, some information on the work of the Nova Scotia Tuberculosis Association, but more particularly in an effort to answer questions, that are directed to the Rehabilitation Division and possibly other staff members of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium.

Further to this article, I shall look forward to an opportunity to speak with you personally, in an effort to discuss and solve some of the more specific problems which may arise concerning an individual patient.

First of all, let us look at some of the main policies of the NSTA. Section 2 of the Constitution states:

- "The objects of the Association shall be to assist in the prevention and control of tuberculosis in the Province of Nova Scotia, and in particular
- (a) to advance the preventive program in Nova Scotia communities;
 - (b) to act as a coordinating link between local associations and the Canadian Tuberculosis Association;
 - (c) to assist in programs designed to prevent and control tuberculosis by early diagnosis, education, research and rehabilitation."

The first three are quite obvious in their intent, but the activities of the NSTA in the field of rehabilitation have been curtailed, not by desire, but by lack of call, and the fact that governmental agencies now provide money and training on a much larger scale than any voluntary organization could possibly handle. The NSTA still assists in providing correspondence courses, materials and supplies and equipment for specific training programs during and after the patient's discharge.

One of the criticisms reaching us is: "The organization does nothing for the individual patient". I feel very strongly concerning this criticism and it apparently shows lack of information on the part of the patient—information which is readily available upon request.

During my tenure of office, the NSTA has made "loans" of over \$12,000 to individual patients of which about 10% has been repaid. These are loans to assist in the establishment of small businesses such as barbering, peddling, shopwork, etc. These are made in the form of loans because it has been felt, and justifiably so, that tuberculosis patients have not been looking for charity but rather assistance which could not be obtained from other sources. These loans have been provided at no definite term with an interest rate

of 2% which covers less than the bank interest on savings.

Unfortunately, in the great majority of cases, the money was not used for the purpose for which it was intended and the purpose for which the patient had been trained was rarely followed through. In other words, this money was a great loss as far as the actual purpose of the loan was concerned.

The Association, under its charter, is prepared to give emergency assistance during a carryover until that provided by the official agency is available. We constantly assist very needy families in this manner.

To my way of thinking, money loaned to an individual for a specific purpose should in conscience be used for that purpose, otherwise there is a question in the minds of the committee as to the moral responsibility of the individual to whom the money was loaned.

The Nova Scotia Tuberculosis Association is not and never will be a *welfare agency* because the various Social Assistance Acts can do far more than any one organization.

"What the organization does might be just as well or better done by the official agency". With the expansion of public health programs, there is not sufficient staff available to properly carry out a full tuberculin testing program. Nurses in particular are extremely busy with the many phases of public health activities which are their responsibility, and the Department of Public Health feels that this association can and does carry out mass surveys with greater flexibility than is possible with the official agency.

"The need for such an organization no longer exists". Again, this points out to me a great lack of information—if only in the field of casefinding, education and research, and of these research is constantly having to play a much larger role.

On the matter of research, your Superintendent, Dr. J. E. Hlitz, would be more than prepared to explain the need from the medical point of view.

There have been questions concerning reserves, and I point out here that any well run organization must have reserves for at least one year's operation in case a campaign would not be carried out. I merely cite the case of the threatened postal strike this year where the association would have had to operate completely on its reserves had this strike come about.

Your Editor has requested that I limit the length of this article, and I will close with the suggestion to you, the patients, that you quite freely direct your questions to this office, either on a personal or group basis, and we shall be most happy to satisfy your desire for information.

Question Box

Dr. J. J. Quinlan



Q. In the investigation of tuberculous persons, what does the following expression mean: "Pupils react to light and accommodation?"

A. The above quotation refers to the function of the pupils and has nothing to do with tuberculosis. With reference to its reaction to light, the pupil will become smaller as the

light is brighter. Accommodation is tested by having the individual focus on an object at some distance from the eye and then quickly look at another object such as the examiner's finger placed at a distance of about six inches from the eye. The normal reaction of the pupil in this case is to briskly contract. Alterations of normal responses may be due to a variety of diseases or injuries, and to the effects of several drugs.

Q. How does a cavity heal?

A. True healing of a cavity occurs when the air within is absorbed, its walls come together and adhere, and the entire disease process is replaced by scar tissue.

Q. Does a person with inactive tuberculosis develop immunity to reinfection from other people?

A. This question was gone into rather fully in the column last month. Briefly, in the great majority of cases, relapse in tuberculosis is due to a breakdown in a previously existing inactive lesion rather than to a new infection from without.

Q. How long after the occurrence of a primary infection by tubercle bacilli

does the disease become established in the body?

A. The reference here is probably to the interval between the inhalation or ingestion of the tubercle bacillus and the establishment of tuberculosis in the body. Actually, nobody knows for certain how long it takes, as the first intimation of infection is the appearance of allergy which is detected by the tuberculin test. The time between the infection and the development of allergy is relatively short and varies from three to eight weeks.

Q. What has happened when an area of tuberculosis disappears completely as far as being seen on an X-ray film? Does it mean that there is no longer tuberculosis present?

A. While X-ray examination of the chest is the best means we have of detecting disease in the lungs, a normal X-ray film by no means excludes the presence of tuberculosis. It is a common experience with thoracic surgeons to open the chest planning to remove disease that according to preoperative X-ray interpretation appeared to be confined to a small part of the lung to find that it was far more extensive and that regions of the lung that appeared to be normal on X-ray examination actually were the sites of quite extensive tuberculosis. The fact that a tuberculous lesion has resolved completely from an X-ray standpoint is most encouraging but by no means an indication that the tuberculosis is completely cured. It is for this reason that we administer the antituberculosis drugs for a considerable period of time after the patient's film of the chest may have returned to normal, or where his gross disease has been removed surgically.

Miss Lacey: "Say, can you tell me the names of the three largest rivers in North America?"

Michael: "The Cornwallis, Annapolis and the Mississippi."

Willie: "Be this the Woman's Exchange?"

Woman: "Yes."

Willie: "Be ye the woman?"

Woman: "Yes."

Willie: "Well then, I think I'll keep Sophie."

F. G. B.: "Doctor Laretei, what can I do to avoid falling hair?"

Dr. Laretei: "Jump out of the way."

Charlie: "Yes, my father has contributed very much to the raising of the working classes."

Art: "Is he a Socialist?"

Charlie: "No, he makes alarm clocks."

A gentleman was telling some of his friends of his travels. "Talking about China", he said, "I heard out there about a quarrel between a Chinaman and an Irishman. In the course of the argument, Pat threw a plate at the Chinaman. Brought up in court for having assaulted the Chinaman, Pat replied: "Well sorr, he gave me broken English and I gave him broken China in return."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Concerning Consumption

1. "A consumption is a wasting of the whole body, from an ulcer, tubercles, or concretion of the lungs, an empyema, a nervous atrophy or cachexy."

2. "Young persons between the ages of fifteen and thirty, of a slender make, long neck, high shoulders, and flat breasts, are most liable to this disease."

3. "Hard drinking is no doubt one of the causes to which we must impute the increases of consumptions. . . . There are few great ale drinkers who are not phthisical; nor is that to be wondered at, considering the glutinous and almost indigestible nature of strong ale."

4. "Violent passions, exertions or affections of the mind; as grief, disappointment, anxiety, or close application to the study of abstruse arts or sciences . . ." are causes.

5. "Symptoms.—This disease generally begins with a dry cough which often continues for some months. . . . The patient complains of a more than degree of heat, a pain and oppression of the breast, especially after motion; his spittle is of saltish taste, and sometimes mixed with blood; he is apt to be sad, his appetite bad, and his thirst great. . . ."

6. "Regimen.—The best method of taking exercise is to ride on horseback, as this gives the body a great deal of motion, without much fatigue. . . ."

7. "The patient's mind should be kept

easy and cheerful as possible. Consumptions are often occasioned and always aggravated, by a melancholy cast of mind; for which reason music, cheerful company, and everything that inspires mirth, are highly beneficial. The patient ought seldom to be left alone, as brooding over his calamities is sure to render him worse."

8. "Medicine.—Though the cure of this disease depends chiefly upon regimen and the patient's own endeavours, yet we shall mention a few things which may be of service in relieving some of the more violent symptoms. . . . Whatever is used for removing the cough, besides riding and other proper regimen, ought to be medicines of a sharp and cleansing nature, as oxymel, syrup of lemon, &c."

9. "Before we quit this subject, we would earnestly recommend all, as they wish to *avoid* consumptions, to take as much exercise without doors as they can, to avoid unwholesome air, and to study sobriety. Consumptions owe their present increase not a little to the fashion of sitting up late, eating hot suppers, and spending every evening over a bowl of hot punch or other strong liquors. . . ."

10. In fact, when a consumption becomes deeply seated, it will baffle the efforts of the best physician. The best advice we can give is to be careful to avoid it. . . ."

Extracted from *The New Domestic Medicine*, by Wm. Buchan, M.D., 1812.

After TUBERCLE Sept. 1966.

For modern opinions of these opinions please turn to page 23.

Florence: "Going to help sing hymns in Church today?"

Eileen: "No, I'm going to **see him!**"

* * *

When the widow appeared at the attorney's office and learned that her recently departed spouse had left most of his fortune to a Broadway chorus girl, she grew livid with rage.

Off she raced to the cemetery, where she demanded that the inscription on her husband's tombstone be changed immediately. The manager explained that such a change was impossible, that the inscription "Rest in Peace" would have to remain.

"O.K.," said the wife indignantly. "But underneath that line, add the words, 'Until we meet again'."

* * *

"Those are grandma's ashes."

"Yeah? Had her cremated, huh?"

"Naw, she's too lazy to look for an ash tray."

THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them
white;

She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.

Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.

She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Alice Meynell

HEALTH RAYS

Vol. 48

FEBRUARY, 1967

No. 2

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

Subscription rates 15 cents per copy \$1.00 per year

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE UNITED WAY

Elsewhere in this edition you will find the story of Combined Charities at the Sanatorium: How it came to pass and how it operates. Certainly, here, it has served to produce more funds for the voluntary organizations and produced those funds with less effort by staff personnel. We think it is the best way for the donors and for the recipients.

We are prompted to recommend it to larger communities. But should we? Here, we feel the system works because most of us have our contributions deducted from our pay. We are told that this is not easily arranged where there are a multitude of small establishments. The whole subject is bound up with the question of what and how much should be left to the government agencies.

We believe that John Q. Citizen is still willing to give to a large number of different organizations if they can find canvassers. Perhaps it is the canvassers who would benefit most if we could all swing over to The United Way.

Certainly one objection that the agencies find is that a super-board takes over control of their resources, asks embarrassing questions, demands accurate accounting, and in the end decides the extent to which they may extend their activities.

The National Agency Review Committee serves a very useful purpose in reviewing the activities of the various member bodies and evaluating their work and budgets. In many instances it is feared that local United Appeal organizations do not pay attention to the recommendations.

Aside from reviewing and evaluating the work and budgets of voluntary organizations it would be well if some organization such as The N. A. R. C. could be given the power to regulate the dates between

which each organization should conduct its campaign.

In recent years significant moves have been made to amalgamate some of the voluntary organizations: This would certainly be a "consummation devoutly to be wished". Pride, prerogatives, and prejudices are likely the factors which prevent the success of such a move in the near future.

It is so complicated. Don't you think we should let "George" do it? Personally, we enjoy working in voluntary organizations. We are sure that more people would enjoy such activity to a greater extent if they could help people directly and not just give money—or be required to ask others to give.

OMBUDSMAN (?)

A very considerable number of our patients and/or their families receive financial assistance from one source or another during the period of their illness. Frequently, applications for assistance are refused, or, as may happen, the amount of the assistance given is not as extensive as the patient may expect or desire.

Too frequently, the office of the Director of Rehabilitation has been a "go-between" in an effort to represent the patient's needs to the Agency, and to explain the Agency's actions to the patient.

A recent announcement in the Provincial Press gave the welcome news that the Welfare Minister, the Hon. James Harding, is setting up a system to provide an informal avenue through which applicants for assistance may appeal the decisions of those officials with discretionary power in the granting of Provincial and Municipal Assistance.

We welcome this move on behalf of those patients who look to us for guidance.

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TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be;
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee!

Ben Jonson

A RED, RED ROSE

O, my luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June;
 O, my luve's like the melodie
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,
 So deep in luve am I;
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve!
 And fare-thee-weel a while!
 And I will come again, my luve,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns

"A bell is not a bell until you ring it. A
 song is not a song until you sing it. Love
 in your heart isn't put there to stay. Love
 isn't love until you give it away."

The Kan-San

LIGHT

The night has a thousand eyes,
 And the day but one;
 Yet the light of the bright world dies
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

Francis William Bourdillon

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is bald, John,
 Your locks are like the snow;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And many a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns

"I made them lay their hands in mine and
 swear . . .

To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds
 Until they win her; for indeed I know
 Of no more subtle master under heaven
 Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
 Not only to keep down the base in man,
 But teach high thoughts and amiable
 words,

And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
 And love of truth, and all that makes a
 man."

Tennyson

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CHAPLAIN'S CORNER

A little impression of kindness can soften the heart of the hardest person. Perhaps a smile from you will bring joy to someone who is lonely. Let me tell you this story as I read it in a book by Fulton Oursler:

Whenever I hear someone say that to understand is to forgive, I am reminded of the tragic plight of Bozo, the circus elephant who was sentenced to death.

Boza had always been a well-behaved beast, beloved of children. In the centre of the ring of the big top he waltzed and pirouetted, lay down and played dead and, at the grand finale, led the band with an American flag. But no more! Three times within a week he had tried to kill his keeper. He had roared at boys and girls with peanuts as if he would like to trample them. Nothing, it seemed, would calm him down; the authorities told his owner that as a public menace, he must be put to death.

In those days many cities had still to form our wonderful societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. No humane agent was there to stop the manager when he callously decided to make up his losses by selling tickets to Bozo's execution.

Crowds, filling the main tent on Saturday morning, beheld a pile of army rifles, stacked and ready, and beside it, waiting, a squad of gunners. Bozo, behind the bars of a large circular cage in the middle ring, trudged around a never-ending circle; every now and then he lifted his trunk and bellowed, as if he well knew what was coming.

Outside the cage stood the ringmaster in shiny top hat and tail coat. He was getting ready to give the signal. Just when he was about to start the proceedings, a hand was laid on his shoulder; beside him stood a short, stocky man with inconspicuous brown mustache, thick-lensed glasses and brown derby hat.

"Do you really want to kill that elephant?" asked the stranger. "Wouldn't you rather keep him alive?"

"No chance", said the manager. "He is a bad elephant; nothing can make him well now."

"Let me go into the cage with him, and in two minutes I will show you you're wrong!"

The manager looked at the brown-mustached stranger wistfully. But no! To enter that cage meant certain death.

"You would be mincemeat in three minutes", he sighed.

"I thought you'd say that". The little man grinned. "So I brought along a legal release for you. All the risk is mine."

Having made sure that the document was actually a notarized general release,

Rev. Kenneth G. Sullivan
The United Church of St. Paul
and St. Stephen

the manager turned and broke the sensational news to the audience. One of their own number was going to risk his life in the belief that he could bring Bozo to repentance.

Briskly the unknown man removed hat and coat and asked the manager to hold them. He removed his glasses and tucked them in a waistcoat pocket.

"Now", he said calmly, "you may open the door."

At the rattle of the lock Bozo halted in his incessant prowling; he turned bloodshot eyes toward the little steel door; the great beast trembled in all his folds and muscles as the bolts were shot back. The little man stepped inside and slammed the door behind him.

Bozo gave a warning squeal of wrath. But, unarmed, the intruder stood his ground. Softly he began to speak. Hearing the first few syllables, the elephant fell warily quiet. The tense audience could clearly hear the little man speak, but they could not recognize a word. Only Bozo seemed to understand the language.

The massive body, no longer quivering, remained rigid, as if paralyzed, while the droning voice went on in a kind of harsh yet tender cadence. And presently everybody heard a new cry: a small cry from that dangerous animal, childlike and pitiful. The enormous head began to wag from side to side. It was as if Bozo were overpowered, made speechless, by something wonderful and beautiful and beloved.

Now the little man ventured nearer. He lifted his hand and patted the long trunk. With the end of it curled around his wrist, he slowly began to promenade with the elephant round and round the cage, until at last the astounded audience could bear the silence no longer and cheered in raptures.

Finally the little man left the cage and asked for his coat and hat.

"There is nothing bad about Bozo", he told the manager. "He was just homesick. Anybody can get homesick. I talked to him in Hindustani—he's an Indian elephant, and that is the language he grew up with. It sort of made him feel at peace again. He will be all right now for a long time."

He did not seem to see the manager's outstretched hand. Perhaps he did not relish shaking hands with a man who would sell tickets to the death of an elephant. The man in the brown derby simply disappeared. But the manager, staring at the piece of paper he had left behind, looked twice at the signature: then light began to dawn.

The name was Rudyard Kipling.

FEBRUARY RAIN

Winter rain is gray and cold and utterly cheerless. It smells of ice and it has the cold fingers of sleet. It comes from a leaden sky, and it drenches a cold gray earth, draining swiftly into gullies and runs that have none of the spring song of flowing water in April. This is a cold winter splashing even without the tinkle of honest ice.

Leafless trees drip cold tears and sodden leaves slither underfoot. Rocks, only a few degrees colder than the rain itself, begin to glaze over. And the more vigorous little streams run only faintly roiled, for there is little silt that can be carved from its anchor of frost. Ponds show milky ice beneath the drain-off water that comes down from the hills.

But there is promise in February rain, March promise, and April promise. There are no flowers in it, only a few eager buds, but there is something warmer than January ice. Not yet spring—but a promise

that spring lies out there not too far ahead.

March rain, too, is a chill rain. And April rain is somewhat less than steamy. But even in March, there is a background of spring approaching, and there are days that might belong at least to April. And in April there are buds and birds and crocuses—if indeed they did not appear in March. In February there is only rain and promise. And the fact that January is at least behind. You accept the rain or, remembering drouth of other years, are grateful for it, and you cherish the promise—a warm golden promise in a cold gray rain.

San Outlook

Doctor Rostocka: "Strange that medicine didn't help you. Did you follow the directions?"

Vi: "Yes, they said to keep the bottle tightly corked."



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Old Timers

Anne Marie has really made a "scoop" this month, and we shan't keep you in suspense.

Norva Oliver, who was discharged from the Sanatorium last fall, has been studying handcrafts in Fredericton, N. B., since October. She finds the course, which occupies six hours of each day, very interesting, and has studied Designing, Textile Painting, Rug Hooking, Woodblock Painting, Jewellery, and Silk Screen Painting. By the end of March, when the course ends, she will have learned also leatherwork, weaving, and pottery. Some of these crafts are not entirely new to "Norvie", as she learned something about leatherwork and weaving at the San.

Jean Roberts, an ex-patient, is now a night nurse in the Annex. Joyce MacMaster, who cured here with Jean in 1955, has four children. The MacMasters are moving from Saint John to Kentville in January.

When our patient, Mrs. Mary Gillis, was home at Christmas, she saw Vera MacKinnon of Antigonish. Vera, who was here in 1946, keeps well. Mrs. Gillis also saw Dr. J. E. MacDonell, who was here in 1944, and is now practising his profession in Antigonish.

Ruby Faulkenham of Laconia, Lunenburg County, who was a patient here in 1963, has had a new baby since returning home. She is fine.

**THIS HALF PAGE WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF**

Don Chase, Ltd.

Florrie (Moulaison) Faulkner, who left here in 1960, has two children and lives in Goose Bay, Labrador. While en route to Surette's Island, her former home, to spend Christmas, she stopped off at the San to see Mrs. "Marg" Morse. Florrie is well and "looks the same as ever".

Roland Turple of Tatamagouche, who was here in 1945, then back again for a shorter stay in 1966, went hunting "big" game last fall and captured a moose. He says he feels fine.

Frank Trainor, who spent some time here in 1954, and is now mayor of Liverpool, sent Christmas greetings.

Danny LeBlanc of Weymouth, who left here in 1965 with a Grade IX certificate, wrote to tell Dr. Holden that he had completed grade X successfully, and is now attempting grade XI.

Jim Nilles of Springhill was here in 1963, and has now settled down to married life. He is the proud father of a son (Jimmy, Jr.), born in October, 1966.

Mrs. Kate (Irvin) Nowe, of Riverport, who cured here in 1934, saw Austin Amirault's picture in the *Chronicle-Herald* when he received the Long Service Award, and wrote to him. Mrs. Nowe is 73 years of age now, but keeps well. She sent Austin some pictures that were taken here in 1935 and among them was one of Austin with another old timer, Myrna Anderson. The last we knew of Myrna was that she was married and living in Shelburne.

Among the old timers who have written in to say they were well and that they have moved into new homes are: Byron and Eleanor Corkum, Berlin Street, Halifax; Phoebe and Harold MacKinnon, Michigan; and Kay MacCarville, Pictou. Kay was here in 1949, and is now the proud grandmother of two.

Marilyn MacLeod, physiotherapist here some six years ago, and later a patient, is well and practising her profession at Camp Hill Hospital.

Several Old Timers began the New Year right by writing in to renew their subscriptions to *Health Rays*. Among them we note: Betty Smith of New Glasgow, a patient back in 1956, who sent best wishes to staff and patients. Mrs. Harriett Robertson, who retired from the Sanatorium Nursing Staff (O. P. D.) a few years ago, and is now living in Ottawa. Says Mrs. Robertson, "I shouldn't want to miss any of my issues". Her general health has improved, and she sends warmest regards to all her friends at the Sanatorium.

Lillian Legacy of Amherst, who cured here in 1943, sent along with her good wishes and subscription renewal news of some of her San contemporaries. Stella McKean of Aspen had been teaching grades I and II for awhile. Irene McDormand of Philadelphia wrote Lillian that they have bought a lot in Amherst, and will be building a home there later in the year, when Dr. McDormand retires. Lillian frequently sees Elieen Chapman, who is well, and does part time work in the office of Dominion Manufacturers. She also sees Lillian Ripley who, although a busy housewife with two children, finds time for an occasional game of bridge.

In her annual Christmas letter to Marguerite MacLeod, Dagny (Andersson) Svenlin of Sweden, who left the Sanatorium in 1935, states that she is holding her own. During the summer she and hubby Karl toured the northernmost part of Sweden. "We had no plans; just drove on, wondering what was behind the next hill. It was grand!" wrote Dagny. In the spring, Dagny had a four-day visit from a San porchmate of hers, Millie (Craven) MacDonald of Cape Breton. Commented Dagny: "The

world is not large when people fly over here for their holidays".

Alberta (Vidito) Learmouth of the same era, is well and living in Halifax. Her two children are grown up. The daughter, a Home Ec. teacher in Ontario, toured Europe last summer and the son is in his third year at St. Mary's University.

Claremont Jones and family sent greetings from Clark's Harbour. Claremont is well and busy. He cured here in the fifties and also in the sixties.

Still others who wrote short messages at Christmas to say they were fine were: Robert Melanson of Belleville, Yarmouth County. Bobby was here in 1953; Mrs. Hazel Duran of Weaver's Settlement, Digby County (1966); Hazel (Hamilton) Grinnell (1949), now of Port Austin, Michigan, is well, and had a visit back to her native Nova Scotia this past summer.

"Evangelist to Speak at Truro" was a

caption in a recent issue of *The Chronicle-Herald* that caught the eye of your columnist and others. The Evangelist referred to is none other than the Rev. Oland ("Ole") Kent, who took the cure back in the fifties. "Ole" is pastor of the Wesleyan Methodist Church (formerly the Reformed Baptist) of Liverpool, and is establishing an enviable reputation for himself as a preacher and tireless worker in his own congregation or wherever there is poverty or need. He and Mrs. Kent, who is "an accomplished soloist" and a most faithful co-worker, will be in Truro from January 26th to February 5th.

Jim MacMichael was in to see Mr. Barrett one day in late January, and told him that he has put up a small garage at his home in Gay's River and makes a specialty of welding farming and road-working machinery. Jim cured here in 1965.

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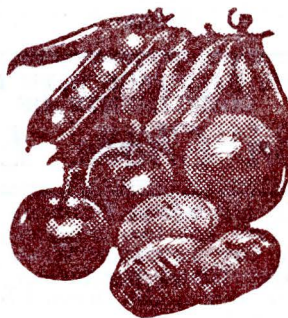
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30 Years Ago

Eileen Hiltz

In 1937 radio station S.A.N. was just five years old, and it was the centre around which much of the entertainment of the time evolved. The *Sanatorium Activities* column, *Health Rays* 1937, tells of Quiz Hours and Spelling Bees held before the S.A.N. mike. Contestants for these shows were drawn from patient body and staff, and we note with interest that some of those named are still around, like: Pat McEvoy, Elroy Shea, Cele Lombard Rose, "Buddy" Boudreau.

From *Staff Notes* we gather that badminton was the vogue in 1937, so much so that a tournament played between the San. and the Kings County Academy clubs was watched by the pavilion patients and broadcast over S.A.N. for the infirmaries. K.C.A. walked off with the honors, taking seven out of ten games, but on two of the teams winning for the San. we find a well-known name, Dr. Hiltz.

A good article, borrowed from an exchange San Mag., called "Failure in Cure-taking", is just as timely today as it was then. It asks the question: "What then makes tuberculosis so difficult to cure? Our answer is 'The peculiar nature of the disease plus the perversity of human nature.'" And the article goes on to enlarge on the latter problem thus: "The perversity of human nature in relation to tuberculosis makes itself manifest in devious ways. . . . Refusal to accept the diagnosis, unwillingness to make the sacrifice of time, position, money, pleasures or associations until the disease has made ex-

tensive progress most certainly subtracts from chances of recovery."

The author enlarges further on the problem of "human perversity" in this vein: ". . . there is a tendency on the part of many patients to gauge the condition of their lungs by the way they feel; to underestimate the seriousness of the infection, to minimize the importance of medical advice, and to treat lightly the warnings of physician and nurse. Some now decide they can do as well at home, others feel that they can afford to 'chisel' a bit on rest hours, engage in petty violations of rules and regulations, 'sneak a smoke', drink liquor, promote a little romancing, demand a leave of absence or commit any other act that appeals to their imagination. . . . To sense a certain satisfaction in 'getting by', or 'putting something over', such is the perversity of human nature! The pity of it is not so much the act itself as its demoralizing effect on self discipline so essential to successful cure-taking. It has been aptly said that 'seldom a fool ever recovers from tuberculosis'."

And now for a couple of funnies:

A steamship company wired the captain of one of its ships: "Move Heaven and earth to get here Friday".

The captain's reply next day was: "Raised Hell and will get there Thursday".

"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore", mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts".

LIKE THEM, OH LORD! MAKE ME

How high in the sky the birds do fly
Free and pure as the clouds near by.
Like them, Oh Lord! I ask, make me.

The sea, calm on a summer day,
But ready still for the coming storm.
Like the sea, Oh Lord! make me—
Ready and waiting for thee.

Beyond the horizon the ships do sail
Trusting in thee to bring them safely
home.

Like the ships, Oh Lord! guide me—
Back to your heavenly shore.

Ann V. Wills
Ex. Nova Scotia Sanatorium

Pat: "What is the greatest water power known to man?"

Mike: "Women's tears."

First Cowboy: "Why do you wear only one spur?"

Second Cowboy: "Well, I figure when one side of the horse starts running, the other side will, too."

An Eskimo mother was sitting in the igloo reading from a storybook to her small son. "Little Jack Horner", she read, "sat in a corner."

"Mother", asked the boy, "What's a corner?"

Dr. Hiltz: "Are you taking anything for that cough?"

Dr. Misener: "Lots of advice."

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? For modern opinions please ask your doctor. Ed.

INS and OUTS

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

Admissions: December 16, 1966,
to January 15, 1967

LeRoy Howard Amon, 13 Patterson St., Pictou; Royce Glendon Potter, N. S. Training School, Pictou; Douglas Sidney Goodwin, 16 Ratchford St., Amherst; Mrs. Hilda Violet Jodrey, Paradise, Anna. Co.; Freeman Horace Webber, Upper Musquodoboit, Hfx. Co.; Herman George Leopold, R.R. 3, New Ross; William McKinley, Chester, Lun. Co.; Joseph Demetrius Amirault, Weymouth, Dig. Co.; Mrs. Geraldine Marie Prosper, Bayfield Rd., Ant. Co.; Beatrice Bernice Willis, North Preston, Hfx. Co.; Jerrald Russell Hudgins, Margareville, Anna. Co.; Mary Ann Herbert, Lockeport, Shel. Co.; Gordon Bennett Taylor, 136 Woodworth Rd., Kentville; Aurore Rosalie Jeddry, R.R. 1, Saulnierville; Elizabeth Jean Saulnier, R.R. 1, St. Alphonse; Allan Douglas Clements, R.R. 2, Centreville, Kings Co.; Lena Frances Lyman, Kings Co. Hosp., Waterville; Mrs. Mary Assenita MacLean, Point Tupper; Jordan Allen Bond, 13-5 Crescent, Greenwood; Mrs. Frances Emily Meadows, Stewiacke; John Percival Tanner, Mahone Bay; Robert Lester Durling, 209 Main St., Kentville; Mrs. Florence Belle O'Regan, Joggins; Hubert Courtney Atkinson, South Side, C. S. I.; Mrs. Christine Brown Tanner, Northfield, Hants Co.; Alfred Joseph Gaudet, Belliveau's Cove; Mrs. Flora Pearson Conway, 335 Pine St., Collingwood, Simcoe, Ont. (23 Waldo St., Kentville); John LePean Mosher, 126 Montague St., Lunen.; Mrs. Anne Dorothy Cleveland, 8 Lewis Lane, Yarmouth; William Luther Kinsman, Aylesford, Kings Co.; William Lovett Freeman, Jr., R.R. 5, Kingston; Frank Junior Carver, Baker's Settlement, Lun. Co.; Neil Walter MacIvor, Ellershouse, Hants Co.; Mrs. Myrtle Mae Bent, Paradise, Anna Co.; Baby Manchar Maramradhy, 11 Farrell St., Dartmouth; Harry Junior Downey, North Preston, Hfx. Co.

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Sturk, Aylesford, Kings Co.; Nolie Weelock Henshaw, Aldershot, Kings Co.; Sidney Milton Jeffrey, Woods Harbour, Shel. Co.; Royce Glendon Potter, N. S. Training School, Truro; Bethel Antheil Sangster, R.R. 1, New Harbour, Guys. Co.; Alonzo Petrie, 185 Park St., Sydney; Mrs. Flora Pearson Conway, 335 Pine St., Collingwood, Simcoe, Ont. (23 Waldo St., Kentville); Alfred Joseph Gaudet, Belliveau's Cove; Hubert Courtney Atkinson, South Side, C. S. I.; Doug's Sidney Goodwin, 16 Ratchford St., Amherst; Lewis Churchill Hagens, Shelburne; Mrs. Dorothy Grace Brown, Port Williams.

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METAMORPHOSIS

Through the window, Charlie Welling watched the townspeople hurrying past to their various jobs. Sheila Lawrence caught his eye, her unaffected body rhythm a veritable symphony. Not so long since he and she had gone to school together, she eventually leaving for University, and he to crutches; then to a wheelchair.

Why? Why did these things happen to people? He had been no worse than many others who were enjoying robust health. He leaned his head back, thinking.

A knock at his door brought him back to reality. His mother came in, followed by Joe Summers.

"Charlie, you know Joe. He has some marvellous news for you. I'll leave you both to talk it over", and she left, closing the door.

"Charlie, I'll get right down to business. How'd you like to be an amateur radio operator—a "ham?" Joe was one, and had been in the game for many years.

"If this is a joke, it's in mighty poor taste". Charlie was irritated. "How do you think I could operate a station in my condition?"

"You can, Charlie. People in worse shape than you are hams. Let me explain what we have in mind,—the boys and I."

The result of the conference was in evidence, about three months later. The local amateur Radio Club members had been busy, and they provided Charlie with a transmitter and receiver modified so that Charlie could operate the many controls without much effort. The cost of the station was borne by the Club, with help from Rotary, and other organizations.

The amount of pressure Charlie could exert with his hands was measured, and found to be a matter of ounces. Extensions, in the form of bakelite rods, were run from the knobs to his hands, sitting in his lap. The main tuning dial on the transmitter was too much for Charlie's hands, so a soft rubber knob was attached to the extension rod, and he could turn it

with his teeth, since he had full use of his head and neck.

The examination had been merely a matter of learning the theory of radio. Charlie was not required to pass the code test, of course. Outside of being confined to the use of crystals, to put him on various frequencies when operating, he was very little different from any other amateur, and this little matter caused him no concern.

Days passed, and Charlie found life assuming a different hue. The Club boys had provided him with antennas for bands of frequencies that permitted his talking to people all over the world, but most of his time was filled with chatting with Maritimers, many of whom were incapacitated as he was. He made friendships he never had dreamed possible.

Charlie's doctor called one day, and was chatting with Mrs. Welling.

"You know", he said, "I've learned a lot from watching Charlie, since he got his ham license. I never realized there was any therapy that would have the beneficial effect this has had on him. I'm going to bring it before the Medical Association. I know, of course, that he can never be cured, with our present limited knowledge of his disease, but I am certain he, and many others, can be given an incentive to live, through amateur radio, and extend a life that could otherwise be cut much shorter, since there is nothing for them to look forward to. It's very wonderful, and those Club boys deserve a lot of thanks, which I know you have given them."

Today, Charlie is known in Rhodesia, Belgium, the Arctic, all over the U.S.A. and Canada, and fairly well in the Far East. His wheelchair is no longer a thing for hatred, but a means of getting to his transmitter. Each day has been made a little brighter, long periods of staring at nothing through the window having been replaced by thought-consuming chats with his friends everywhere. "Life could be worse", he says.

A. E. S. Whittaker

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THE NAKED ROCK

The Editor wishes to promise Mr. Nicholson that there will no more monkey business with the titles of his poems. We would like to have more.

* * * * *

Mr. Wittaker's article is the first of what we hope to produce as a series on the general subject of *Hobbies for Shut-ins*. Mr. Whitaker (Bert) is an active *Ham* of long standing; he handles more "traffic" (messages) than any other station we know. Since his "XYL" died he has lived alone in his home near Stillwater in Guysboro. Alone? Well, until recently he had his dog—but Duffy languished and died while Bert was in Camp Hill for radical surgery. Ham radio provides a means for Bert to keep in touch with the outside world and at the same time to serve other hams as a "central" through which they may route messages which they cannot deliver themselves. Bert has been a soldier, a mountie, a postal inspector. This gentleman is also an accomplished pianist.

SLIGHT ERROR

The ferry steamer was only a few feet out from the wharf when there was a sudden commotion at the turnstiles. A man rushed madly through the crowd, shouting to the officials to wait a moment. Without pausing in his stride, he flung his grips on board and took a flying leap, landing on the deck with a crash.

"Good", he exclaimed. "Ten seconds more and I would have missed her."

"Missed her?" returned an astonished passenger. "Why, the ferry's just coming in!"

Stranger (at party): "Dull, isn't it?"

Other: "Yes, very."

Stranger: "Let's go home."

Other: "I can't, I'm the host."

Valentine's Day is concerned with "love" in the sense of boy-girl, girl-boy: And we think this can be a wonderful, uplifting experience. Looking backward, we can remember saying that if one were anxious to "kick" a bad (There's that word) habit, he might follow one of three paths: see a psychiatrist, get religion, or fall in love. We think that the essential component of all of these is a deep emotional upheaval, hopefully resulting in a favorable change. Elsewhere we have reprinted some of what we consider the choicest poems and verses on this involved subject. Old fashioned? Naive? Is it any wonder we are sometimes heard to pray: "Turn backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight, and make me a child again, just for tonight!"

TB and not TB

* * * * *

Our congratulations to Wally Burgess on the publication of his book of poems, *A Day at the San*. We are pleased to report that a number of these poems appeared first in *Health Rays*.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"As I was crossing the bridge the other day", said an Irishman, "I met Pat. 'O'Brien', says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Brady', says he. 'Brady', says I, 'that's not my name. 'Faith', says he, 'and mine's not O'Brien'. With that we again looked at each other, an' sure enough it was nayerth of us."

Mrs. Mack: "Our new minister is simply wonderful. He brings things home to you that you never saw before."

Mrs. Dakin: "That's nothing. I've a laundryman who does the very same thing."

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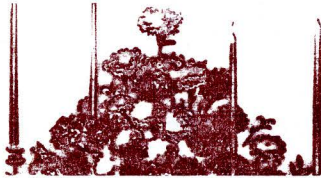
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