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NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

VOL. 46

MARCH, 1965

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| E. J. CLEVELAND, M.D. | Consultant Psychiatrist |
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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 1.15 - 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> |
| Assistant | <i>Rev. D. M. Veinotte</i> |
| Student Chaplain | <i>Lic. David Wilton</i> |
| Lay Visitor | <i>Mrs. Hance Mosher</i> |
| Christian Reformed—Minister | <i>Rev. J. G. Groen</i> |
| Pentecostal—Minister | <i>Rev. C. N. Slaemwhite</i> |
| Roman Catholic—Parish Priest | <i>Very Rev. J. H. Durney</i> |
| Asst. Roman Catholic Priest | <i>Rev. Thomas LeBlanc</i> |
| Salvation Army | <i>Capt. R. Henderson</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. 46

MARCH

No. 3

The Sanatorium Cracker Barrel

J. E. Hiltz, M.D.

Medical Superintendent



During February, I visited the Archives Building in Halifax and was privileged to see a copy of the "Morning Chronicle" of Halifax, dated April 15, 1904. This gave a description of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium which was almost ready for opening. Of course, in those days, the Sanatorium was the building now known as the Annex. It provided accommodation

for eighteen patients and was built at a cost of \$20,000 by Rhodes & Curry of Amherst. The following is a description of the building as it appeared in the "Morning Chronicle":

"The main entrance is at the western end. A spacious hall with its adjoining conservatory, immense fireplace and cozy inglenook, gives a wonderfully attractive look to the great expanse of corridor, with its adjoining hall and numerous rooms. Near the entrance is situated the Matron's suite of rooms, three in number. In the rear of these is the dining room which might almost be called a sun parlour. This is perhaps the most beautiful room of the whole building. Its numerous jutting windows and sunlight streaming in make it an ideal dining room. Opposite this, and extending into the western tower is the reception room with a comfortable fireplace and built-in bookcases and window seats."

There was a great deal more in the article and perhaps this can be made available to Health Rays readers at a later date. In the meantime, perhaps some of you who are presently on the cure in the Annex or who have been in the Annex will have some fun trying to identify the rooms described in the "Morning Chronicle". Certainly, many changes have been made in the last sixty-one years.

A number of staff members were privileged on Tuesday evening, February 23, at

St. Joseph's Church, to attend the service during which Very Reverend J. H. Durney was invested as a Domestic Prelate of the Household of His Holiness Pope Paul. This was in recognition of Monsignor Durney's great contribution to the Church in this Diocese of Yarmouth and also the excellent work he has done for the youth of our area and in many local community efforts. At the reception that followed many tributes were paid to him from the Mayor and Town Council, the Knights of Columbus, the Rotary Club and the Kentville Fire Department. In his reply, Msgr. Durney graciously thanked everyone and mentioned that this honour bestowed upon him was made possible in large part by the wholehearted support he had received from his associates. He very kindly referred to his delight in his work at the Sanatorium. At this time, via the Cracker Barrel, I wish to pay tribute to Msgr. Durney and all that he has done for our patients here including Mass on Sundays, visiting of patients involving anywhere from one to three hours almost every day, the arranging of many card parties for patients, the organization of the drive to see the lights at Christmas and also at the time of the Apple Blossom Festival. He is also a frequent lecturer to our staff on "Fire Prevention".

Msgr. Durney mentioned that his greatest interest, aside from the Church, was in the Fire Department of which he has been a working member for many years. I could not help but ponder about the extent to which "Fire Prevention" has taken over his whole life for, after all, is not the ultimate goal of all clergy "fire prevention" in the hereafter.

Congratulations to Monsignor Durney. We are proud of him and are pleased that the Sanatorium has, over the years, provided him with one very worthwhile and very fertile field of endeavour.

* * *

On February 25 and 26, Dalhousie University School of Nursing sponsored an Insti-

(Continued on page 26)

Kindness And Courage

Mrs. Gladys Porter, M.B.E., M.L.A.

(Mrs. Porter was the first woman mayor of any town or city in Canada and the first member of her sex to be elected to the Legislature of Nova Scotia. We were fortunate to have her as the guest speaker at the Graduation Exercises of our School of Nursing Assistants on January 27, 1965. The text of her talk is given below. Ed.)

I feel greatly honoured by having been asked to say a few words tonight upon this very special occasion. I most heartily congratulate members of this class and the staff of this very fine training school who have brought you along to your goal tonight. I bring greetings, too, from our Maritime Hospital Association which is always interested in those responsible for providing better patient care in our many institutions.

It is heartwarming to see young people, and some who perhaps have been out of school for some time, having the courage and ambition to seek training to fit them for something really worthwhile in life. How sad it is to realize that there are students still in elementary school, or in the early years of high school, who will soon turn their backs on the classrooms of this country and walk into the work world, unprepared to meet present day demands, let alone the demands of the future. In many instances with them will go the shattered hopes of parents and relatives, for whether these young people realize it or not, they will be running a great risk of never becoming a successful part of our country's industry and business.

It is said that education in its broadest sense is the foundation of a nation. How distressing it is to watch large numbers of our youth leave our school system unprepared for the modern demands of industry and citizenship.

Likely it has taken courage and hard work on your part, and certainly understanding and no doubt sacrifice on the part of your parents, to bring you to this occasion. There are two words which I would ask you to keep in mind. They are "kindness" and "courage".

"Life is mostly froth and bubble, yet two things stand like stone,

Kindness in another's trouble—courage in your own."

Kindness and courage are so much needed in nursing. We know you will prove yourselves worthy of being recognized as qualified nursing assistants by your loyalty to this very fine training school and by your constant endeavor to meet today's challenges. We know you will take your place in our Province with the hundreds of your

fine group who are striving to bring back health to our people, and thus endeavouring to fashion a better and happier world.

As you minister to the ill, may you never lose that personal touch—never be cold or impersonal. You will find that courage and kindness are the most needed ingredients as you care for the ill. The unfailing kindness you personally show to each patient will be remembered far longer than the efficiency of the institution in which you serve. You will really feel the satisfaction that comes as you walk through a quiet hospital corridor at night, knowing that you had some part in providing comfort, easing pain, and returning persons to health.

All will not be smooth sailing. We cannot expect that in this life. However, in our fast-moving world it is good for us to remember that when we do find obstacles caused by misunderstandings and perplexities on our road, we should ask for the strength to overcome them, rather than stumble and be halted by them. We should ask for a smiling face for the days when the sun does not shine and a helping hand to lighten the load of some fellow traveler.

Let us all be courageous enough to go on building the dream castles begun in our youth; and if the time should come when we see them crumble let us pray for the gift of courage and optimism so that we may be able to pick out the best bricks from among the ruins in order to begin building again.

Graduates, I am sure you have been told many times, but I would stress it again, that the primary purpose of the hospital and the main concern of those who are employed in it must always be the care of the patient.

This principle must be kept in mind and, without wasting time, always be courteous, cheerful and friendly towards those who are ill. Remember that your function is to give service. Do not look upon the patient as an interruption in your work. He is the reason for the existence, not only of the department in which you work, but of the hospital itself. Regardless of the position held, all must work directly or indirectly for the patient. Even though most patients enter the hospital with the usual fears and apprehensions of an unknown and strange environment, they are still in a receptive and confiding frame of mind. The patient expects the hospital personnel to be interested in him as an individual and he needs and seeks consideration from each staff member.

(Continued on page 26)



Mrs. Gladys Porter, O.B.E., M.L.A., Miss Judy Sarsfield, Mrs. Wilda Marcotte, Miss Judy Barkhouse.

Dateline — Ravenna

By George W. Miller, B.A., M.D., D.P.H.

Of all the abundant attractions which Italy has to offer the tourist, I would feel that the City of Ravenna must take pre-eminence over most other Roman cities, although perhaps the Eternal City will always rank first in people's minds.

However, Ravenna, the arch-episcopal see of Emilia, with a population of under 50,000, provides the student of ecclesiastical architecture with a surfeit of history, art and beauty unlike any other place to be found in the world today.

The present city of Ravenna lies just 45 miles south of Venice along the blue waters of the Adriatic to which it is connected by the Corsini Canal. History records that Ravenna had its heyday during the 4th and 5th centuries under the rule of Augustus, Honorius, Theodoric and Justinian.

It is clear that from about 404 A.D. to 540, the City of Ravenna, built on the sand dunes of the Adriatic coast and in a marsh, was not only a flourishing naval post, but also a centre of learning and culture. During this time the great churches, mausoleums, baptisteries and other ecclesiastical monuments were built.

And with the exception of the cathedral of Ravenna—which was destroyed during the Wars of the French Revolution most of the great churches remain in a well preserved state. The great pine forests, too, which surrounded the city in the fifth century, still remain today running eastwards towards the sea.

Although the architecture is generally described as Byzantine it is probably nowadays recognized by classical scholars as representative of early Christian art generally; certainly the colonades and mosaics are more typical of the early Christian era. For it is the mosaics in particular which have made the churches of Ravenna justly famous.

Mosaics are made up of small cubes of glass, marble, enamel and sometimes mother-of-pearl. In the mosaics of Ravenna the theme is light and indeed an unknown poet has stated that light was born here or imprisoned here, for certainly light and colour reign supreme. The general blending of the patterns are difficult to describe in words since there is such a wealth of rich and sparkling brilliance given off by each piece of mosaic—a shimmering silver, a flashing gold, darting splashes of deep turquoise and emerald greens, all producing a balanced symphony of colour which defies description.

Indeed the resultant figures have the appearance of visions with a background of

spacelessness made even more apparent by the everchanging pattern of natural light creeping in through windows and cupolas. Dante, in his Divine Comedy, probably came as close to an accurate impression as anyone when he wrote the following words: "And flashing from the flowers with hues intense

Like very rubies from gold patinas gleaming."

One of the most striking buildings in Ravenna is Galla Placidia's Mausoleum. This structure commemorates her reign as regent and her tomb built in the shape of a tiny cross-shaped chapel is a beautiful jewel with azure blue ceilings, speckled with golden stars, and the walls decorated with brightly glowing Christian symbols and vari-coloured images of saints.

In the Church of Saint Apolenaris, a long procession of saints and martyrs fill the long walls of the basilica until one gets the impression of a holy fire of adoration continuing without end unto immortality. In another nearby church the same saint was venerated beneath a blazing cross in a sphere of stars. Around the saint are lambs which symbolize the apostles.

Space does not permit an enumeration of the monuments to be seen and visited in Ravenna, but somehow on leaving this venerated place one cannot help but feel that it has been a privilege and an honour to mingle here with history. It's an unexpected dividend to the foot-weary traveller and a memory long to be retained after he returns home to the modern world of macadam and skyscrapers.

—Health.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life,

And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a tint of light,
Somewhere in its shadows hiding.
It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.
For the world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things go wrong, your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the infinite
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As water shapes into a vessel.

—Wilda Marcotte, C.N.A.
N.S. Sanatorium

Why We Read

Practically everyone has some interest, but one of the big problems is to find that interest. In this age of hustle and bustle how many really stop to think or to explore and find just what they are most interested in. Some people seem to be born with definite goals in mind and work toward them; others need to be motivated—and always the baffling question—how?

John Erskine, that remarkable man of letters, seemed to have a wonderful way of arousing people's interest. He inspired thousands to love reading and at least hundreds to try writing. He was one of the pioneers in the adult education movement. In one of his famous addresses "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent", he says "no people and no literature can be great without being intelligent".

When we consider the problems of our day we realize that now more than ever before, we need to be intelligent. We should not become so occupied with our everyday problems and trivial matters that we exclude thinking, wondering and exploring. If we want to get out of prison what we need is the key to the lock. If we wish to improve the world, we must start from within. For people who are hospitalized the key to relaxation and curing may be a good book.

Reading is one activity entirely consistent with bed rest. For the patient beginning the 'cure', the problem will not be so much what to read as when to begin. For that psychological hurdle of adjustment and restlessness which must be crossed, a good book will aid immensely. Reading has excellent therapeutic value, but probably of far greater value will be the finding of a new interest, a new hobby or a complete change in one's way of life.

Our present-day passion for colour and pictures and the growing aversion to reading, is producing a generation of students who find it difficult to speak and write accurately. We seem inclined to fear the overloading of our children with learning. A fourth grade student in Canada has a text book which contains approximately one thousand eight hundred words. A Russian child has a primer of two thousand words in the first year and ten thousand in the fourth. He is also reading Tolstoy in the first grade while his opposite in Canada is working his way through "The Little White House".

Books come to us enriched by the insight, imagination and experience of generations before us. Never before in the history of man has there been such an abundance of and so diversified a choice of the printed word. An education, at least on the grade

school level, is well within the reach of almost everyone; yet we still find people who cannot or will not learn to read.

Anything worthwhile takes hard work and effort, and to learn to read and to learn to enjoy reading may take some effort on the start; but you will be surprised how soon you will be enjoying those leisure hours and how rewarding will be the time spent in learning. Just think of the wonderful possibilities between the covers of a book! Come into the Library and explore.

—The Librarian

OH! MY ACHING HEAD!

Practically nobody gets through life without having a headache. In fact, it's been estimated that the average person suffers at least half a dozen headaches a year, severe enough to drive him to the aspirin bottle.

TO SET NERVOUS FEARS at rest, less than one-half of one per cent of severe recurring headaches are due to brain tumor, authorities tell us. Most headaches don't start in the head. They may be a sign of tuberculosis, asthma, chronic bronchitis, heart disease, blood disorders, kidney disease, high blood pressure, eye strain.

Headaches can also come from poor ventilation, fever or hunger. By far the most common type of headache is the tension headache—a dull, steady pain across the forehead. Pain right on the top of the head can result from a neurotic state.

SINUS INFECTION and noise are both over rated as headache causes. Sinus infection may account for an occasional headache, but hardly for headaches which recur over a long period of time. And it's not so much noise itself which gives you a headache, as your irritation with the noise.

When should you see your doctor about a headache? There's no one answer to that. If you're worried that something might be wrong, by all means go to your doctor, even if the visit merely relieves your anxiety, since that can cause a headache, too. You should also see a doctor if the kind of headaches you get change suddenly, if you have trouble with your vision or hearing as well as a headache, if you have weakness or numbness on one side of your body along with the headache, and if you have any trouble concentrating.

—Kansas Health Education
Via SoCaSan Piper

There is more to be felt and learned about the world and oneself in half an hour's walk up a country hillside than in a flight around the earth at twice the speed of sound.

An Average Day At The San

Mary Wadden
Nova Scotia Sanatorium

Our day begins at six I'm sure
As glasses are collected from the night before.

The guy has big feet there is no doubt
For he kicks everything coming in and going out

Then in comes a nurse our bug bags to change,
She doesn't make much noise which seems very strange.

And as she walks out another walks in,
With temp sticks in hand and a shy little grin.

We turn over then with a moan and a groan,

And dream of our loved ones and home sweet home.

For each of us knows what the other one feels

As we now hear the sound of hard heavy heels.

A nurse with the pills has come through the door,

So we may as well get up we shall now sleep no more.

Away to the bathroom we go in a rush;
With towels in our hands a comb and tooth brush.

There's only one bowl and two sinks you see;

Just enough space for my room-mate and me.

We really must hurry as there are two more,
Awaiting outside of the bathroom door.

Next comes our breakfast heaped high on a tray,

Which they serve to us and are then on their way.

We settle back to have a puff, and tune in on

Some world wide stuff.

The try to tune in for something more

When two more nurses come in the door.

One will look at me and say—

"We have to dust your room today."

The other will say "We'll do our best

So you can get back to bed and rest."

I go back to bed tune in for a song

When another nurse will come along.

Just a moment and then you can rest,

I only came to take a blood test.

Then comes the maid to clean the floor,

As she has done the day before,

With electrolux, a tub and mop,

I plug my ears and hope they'll stop.

On my pillow I lay my aching head,

It breaks my heart to be in bed.

The skies are clear and clouds are few,
If I could only feel like new.

Our feelings we always try to hide,

As the doctor comes with a nurse by his side.

We hear his voice as it rings out—

"No problems, nothing to complain about?"

We settle down and try to think,

And another nurse comes with a drink.

Now rest period is over for a little while;

We comb our hair and try a new style.

And as we finish the very last curl,

Why who arrives but the Canteen girl.

When we pay for the things we buy,

Then who walks in next but the postage guy.

We just can't win but don't always fail,
Now it's time to wait for the mail.

The nurse brings in a parcel, a card or a letter,

We all sit up then feeling much better.

We read our letters, our cards we save,

When patients visit us about our families we rave.

Some have a visitor or maybe two,

But we re-read our mail for something to do.

Now back to bed with hearts feeling light,

As our letters have made our day seem bright.

Then in walks a nurse her name's Mrs. Fox,
She passes our pills in a little white box.

She asks how we feel with a kind little smile,

And says dinner's coming in a little while.

Then in comes a maid and asks are we ready,

'Cause the tray she is carrying is terribly heavy.

We sit up in bed and lift off the cover,

By the look of the plate there'll be nothing left over.

Now dinner is over we hop out of bed

We visit some patients the good and the bad.

We talk for a while then bid them adieu,

We're going to bed now, how about you?

So off we go to our own little den,

And pull up the blankets right up to our chin.

Sometimes sleep comes, other times not,
Sometimes we're too cold, sometimes too hot.

Then in walks a nurse with milk and ice water,

If the room temp's cold we say please something hotter.

You have to drink milk I have just brought
it in,

And you know it contains many vitamins.
Then in comes the priest who walks right
through

And not far behind him a minister too.
When all the visitors go out the door,
We go back to bed and rest some more.
Then all of a sudden we hear Mrs. Fox.
She's back again with the little white box.
It's supper time now and we have to make
haste,

And eat all our food regardless of taste.

Now along comes the nurse to take temps
and pulse beat,

She's been busy all day and she's dead on
her feet.

We should sleep now but just lie there,
And tune in for the Rosary and a little
prayer.

We get up then with joy in our heart,
As visiting hour is about to start.
We seldom have visitors but like to look
neat,

There's always a chance a new friend we'll
meet.

Now visiting's over for the day,
Some are sad, others are gay.
To the T.V. room we all go,
To watch a comedy or Western show.

We don't like the picture my roommate
and me

It's not like the programmes on C.J.C.B.
We come back to our room so quiet and
still;

When in comes a nurse with another pill.

I swallow that one and am feeling just
grand;

Then in comes a nurse with milk in her
hand.

She turns down our blankets and straight-
ens our bed,

Raises our window puts a hand on her
head—

And reminds us tomorrow is bath day again,
And all of us get our Streptomycin.

There's only one more I am happy to say,
She will bring in some water on a little
brown tray.

It's 9:30 now so we have to rush

To the bath room we go with towel and
toothbrush.

Back to our beds with a prayer on our lips,
While under the covers each quietly slips.
We tuck in our blankets so close to our
head;

And think of our darlings at home snug
in bed.

We are so lonely but try not to weep,
As we turn over now and drift off to sleep.

VALEDICTORY

The Fulfillment of a Dream By Wilda Marcotte, C.N.A. '65

The graduation ceremony marks for us
the fulfillment of a dream, the attainment
of a goal, which for the past year has been
the driving factor in our lives, and we feel
that we are quite justified in the happiness
and pride which is ours.

We would like to thank our Director of
Nursing, Mrs. Hope M. Mack; our Super-
visors, Head Nurses and our Instructors for
the many kindnesses. Also a thank you to
our senior C.N.A.s, who have watched our
progress from the beginning. It is through
your example, kindness and understanding,
your confidence in us, your knowledge and
skills that you have imparted to us that we
are here as Graduate Nursing Assistants.

Classmates let us show our "Thank you"
to our instructors by following in their
footsteps and upholding the standards of
our profession at all times and under all
circumstances.

As we go from here we shall through ex-
perience, gain in wisdom. In dealing with
everyday circumstances, we must remem-
ber the basic lessons of our youth — cour-
tesy, accuracy, temperance, endurance, loy-
alty, forbearance, and faith. Our days of
training have strengthened and matured us.
The knowledge and skills which we
have acquired here in the Nova Scotia San-
atorium, will enable us to be busy, happy
and useful people in our homes, hospitals
and communities.

Our thoughts have long been directed to-
ward this night. Our working together in
harmony and singleness of purpose, the
sharing of our possessions, the many acts
of thoughtfulness and understanding have
united us in a true bond of friendship.

Remember fellow graduates, as we go our
separate ways, that nursing is a worthy pro-
fession and it requires the very best we
have to offer. Each patient is someone's
mother, father, son or daughter and has
been entrusted to our care by loving an-
xious relatives. They look to us for words
of comfort and deeds of kindness. May we
always be prepared to meet their needs,
to the best of our ability. Let no doubt, un-
certainty or fear of the unknown future hin-
der us in the great work which may be ours.
Let us go forward proudly and unafraid, for
where there is no vision the people perish.
Go forward and take courage in the promise
of the One truly Great Physician.

And so we say farewell!

You begin to get old when your thoughts
turn from passion to pension.

HEALTH RAYS

VOL. 46

MARCH

No. 3

STAFF

Managing Editor May Smith
Business Manager John Akin
Subscription Manager Steve E. Mullen

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

Subscription rates ----- \$1.00 per year
15 cents per copy

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Back in the sixteenth century John Donne wrote "No Man Is An Island". He pointed out that regardless of how a man lived he would influence someone. When he improves himself, he improves the world about him. If he allows himself to degenerate the world around him degenerates. The world in which he lives is elevated or depressed by his thoughts and actions because he is a part of that world.

Many will not agree with this, and probably say that it matters little what he does with his life, so long as he does not violate the rights of others or break the laws of the land. But this is not true. The heart and mind of everyone generates words and actions which ripple in example through our society into infinity.

Especially do we realize this when the time comes for us to go our separate ways. And as we say "farewell" to old friends and to those with whom we have worked it is then that we realize how very much they mean to us and how we shall miss them—but changes are inevitable.

So with the coming of Spring Health Rays will once again be under the very capable direction of Mrs. Eileen Hiltz. I would like to say a very sincere thank you to all who have contributed articles and poems to Health Rays. For your wonderful cooperation and support. It has been a very happy and rewarding three years for me.

I am sorry that I did not have time to see everyone before leaving; but I shall be dropping in occasionally. So to one and all the best of luck may you soon be home healthy and happy.

Our lives are albums written through
With good or ill, with false or true;
And as the blessed angels turn
The pages of our years
God grant they read the good with smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!

HOW MARCH GOT ITS NAME

It is from the old Romans that the name for the month of March is derived. They named it Martius after Mars, the god of war. At that time March was the first month in the year. Mars was the most important of the Roman gods, for the Romans were usually at war and sought to keep the favor of the war god. The honor of having the first month named for him was supposed to make Mars favorable to their cause.

March continued to be the first month of the year for many years. In England until 1752 the legal year began on March 26. Since March brought the awakening of the earth to life after the deadness of winter, the ancients thought it appropriate to make it the first month. Among the ancient Saxons the month was known as Lenetmonat, that is length-month. It was so named because of the lengthening of the days at this season. The word Lent also originated in this way.

March is noted as a dry month. Its dust is looked for and becomes a subject of joy because of the importance of dry weather for sowing seeds at this time. The idea has been embodied in proverbs, as "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom" and "A dry March never begs its bread."

Blustering winds usually prevail more or less through the month, but mostly in the earlier portion. Hence the month appears to change its character as it goes on; the remark is "It comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." Even in a single day the weather is likely to change. On a day when the morning is very cold the noon is likely to be so warm that workmen have to remove their coats. Particularly is this true in the country. A plowman may have to beat his hands together to warm them in the morning and before noon be compelled to throw off his coat and wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

One of the old English customs to test whether spring had really come pertains to the daisies. When a man could put his foot on nine daisies at once spring was said to have come to stay.

—SoCaSan Piper

PATIENTS' PARTY

The Conference Room was gay with Cupids and Hearts for the Valentine party, February 16. The Woman's Auxiliary of St. James' Anglican Church, Kentville, sponsored the party.

The president, Miss Edith Herbert, accompanied by Mrs. Mather Young, Miss Evelyn Bent, Mrs. Anne Whalen, Miss Evelyn Forsyth and Mrs. Roach, were introduced and thanked by Mr. F. G. Barrett, Director of Rehabilitation.

There were twelve tables of games in play. Prizes were distributed by Archdeacon L. W. Mosher, assisted by Mrs. Mary MacKinnon, and were won by the following:

Bridge—Miss Mary Frances King, Mr. Hubert LeBlanc; Cribbage—Mrs. Frances Manuel, Mrs. Julia Jackson, Mr. Noel Stevens; Checkers—Mr. John Dugas; Auction 45's—Miss Florence Belbin, Mr. Curtis Gaul; Crokinole—Mrs. Daisy Mullen, Mrs. June Weggar.

Lunch was served by the dietary department.

MARCH WIND

March wind, with a prophetic sigh,
Makes symbols on the changing sky;
Skeletal trees, root-deep in slush,
Are trance-like in attentive hush;
No blossom wakes. Indeed, no bud
Has starred the garden's velvet mud.
Two clear notes from a chickadee
Give promise of what is to be.
The winter drabness seems to cling,
But something in the air is spring!

Lee Avery
The Sanatorium Outlook.

A PATIENT'S COMMENTS

After reading some critical articles on Sanatorium life, I would like to express my sentiments. I shall probably murder the English language in so doing, but hope to get my point across.

I am sure that those who feel averse to some phases of our life here have never really summed up their blessings; or probably they have never been hospitalized before. It would be beneficial, I am sure, if they could just take a brief journey back to thirty years ago. I am a patient of that era and I never cease to be thankful for free hospitalization and sincerely thank God for it along with the wonderful care we receive from skilled doctors, nurses, dentists, teachers, social workers, and many other services.

How very attractive are the grounds in the summer and to provide us with this someone works hard and patiently. Our trays are always very attractive and the food is as good as you would receive in any hospital. All these services are provided for us and given to us pleasantly and courteously and I am very grateful. In my estimation the Nova Scotia Sanatorium is tops.

—A Satisfied Patient.

(Thank you, Satisfied Patient. A kind word is always appreciated. Ed.)

THE SAINT OF IRELAND

St. Patrick was not Irish. He was born in Scotland about 389 A.D. When he was a boy he was stolen by marauders and sold as a slave to an Irish chieftain. For six years he tended sheep, then escaped and made his way to France. There he became a monk, and after having been consecrated as a bishop, he returned to Ireland, where he made many converts, founded churches, and ordained priests. He made the shamrock famous by using it as a symbol to explain the doctrine of the Trinity. Tradition says he died about 461 A.D., on March 17.

—SoCaSan Piper.

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Question Box

DR. J. J. QUINLAN



Q. Are all patients negative before chest surgery is performed?

A. It is presumed that the question refers to the lung resection performed for pulmonary tuberculosis and it may be stated that the great majority of patients have negative sputum at the time of operation. In some instances, the sputum continues to contain

the germ, probably due to the fact that resistance has developed to the anti-tuberculosis drugs. There is also an appreciable group of patients in whom a positive sputum test is never obtained. In a large proportion of patients with sputum negative for tubercle bacilli undergoing surgery, germs can be demonstrated in the portion of lung that is removed. One of the main reasons for pulmonary resection in tuberculosis is to prevent reactivation of disease caused by these temporarily dormant germs of tuberculosis.

Q. Why do patients break down after chest surgery?

A. Again, it is inferred that the question relates to surgery for pulmonary tuberculosis. It may be stated that the reactivation rate following lung resection for tuberculosis is extremely low and will be roughly proportional to the amount of disease the surgeon is forced to leave behind. Recently we reviewed our experience at the Sanatorium with bilateral resection for tuberculosis, i.e., where lung tissue had been removed on both sides. Approximately 240 operations were carried out in 120 patients and only two of those showed evidence of reactivation. In one of these two patients, the evidence of new activity was a specimen of sputum positive for tubercle bacilli on culture for which no reason could be found, X-ray examination of the chest being satisfactory. This lady became inactive following a short course of drug treatment.

As suggested above, the patients who do break down following lung excision are those in whom tuberculous disease was left behind intentionally or unintentionally, and it is to take care of these small remaining lesions that such a long course of drug treatment is given after surgery.

Q. Why will some trouble heal to a certain degree and no further? With continued rest, proper diet and exercise, will it eventually heal without surgery?

A. The two parts of this question are somewhat contradictory for, if disease will heal "no further", obviously it is not going to heal eventually. Generally, if tuberculosis of the lungs is discovered early and the patient is placed on prompt effective treatment, including rest and drugs, complete resolution or healing of the disease will occur. If, however, partial lung destruction has occurred (and this is the case of the majority of patients when they are first diagnosed) the above treatment will cause improvement only up to a point. After this, if surgery is not done, further drug administration will serve only to prevent the disease from breaking down. When the drugs are discontinued, there is considerable danger of the patient's disease again becoming active, making it necessary for the patient to begin a second period of prolonged treatment. Because of the development of at least partial drug resistance, improvement is usually much slower in the reactivated case and lung resection slightly more dangerous and less effective.

Q. What would cause swelling of the ankles in an elderly person who has high blood pressure, but otherwise apparently is in good health?

A. Swelling of the ankles is due to the presence of fluid in the tissues and is present in many diseases. In the person with high blood pressure, it can be an indication of the heart not behaving properly and suggests that treatment for the underlying condition is necessary.

Q. What causes high cholesterol? Is it possible to bring it down by dieting?

A. While there is still considerable disagreement, it is generally accepted that a high cholesterol in the blood is caused by the ingestion of food rich in animal fat. Almost all of us consume these foods daily, so we should all have high cholesterol values, leaving one to assume that other factors are involved. In the presence of a high cholesterol value, placing the patient on a diet relatively free of animal fat will, in many cases, serve to correct the condition.

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Rev. Dennis M. Veinotte

Prayer: "Create in us clean hearts, O God, and renew a right spirit within us. Take from us the stress and the strain of life, and grant to us Thy peace.

Father, God, we pray for the forgiveness of our sins committed in Thy sight. Have mercy, O God, for the times when we have trespassed against Thee and done any wrong to Thee and our fellow man. Let now our lives be blessed by the presence of Thy Holy Spirit.

AMEN

Scripture: Mark 1:35-45

Charles Gabriel, the hymn writer, has put into poetry the feeling we often experience, when he wrote "I stand amazed in the presence of Jesus, the Nazarene." Today I want you to do just that. I want you to stand with me in the presence of Jesus. I believe that is one of our Christian privileges. To get the most out of this experience, we need to put everything else out of our minds except Jesus; you'll never regret the few moments spent with him alone. Come with me then to stand in the presence of Jesus. You need no admission ticket, only humility and a reverent spirit.

When I think about entering into the presence of Jesus, I am reminded of the many examples we have in the Bible of people who have had this glorious experience. For instance the above scripture passage tells about the wretched Leper who once stood in the Master's presence. His home had been among the tombs; his food had been grass and wild fruit. His life was a lonely one. Then one day Jesus came and stood nearby. For the first time in his life, the Leper stood in the presence of Jesus. Thrilled, yet very fearful, he cried out "Unclean, unclean, I am unclean Lord". But Jesus came near to him and touched his rotten flesh, and he was made whole. Maybe that should be our cry as each time we come into the presence of Jesus. "Unclean, I am unclean Lord", for so we are. We are all tarnished with the stains of sin. Our lives are distorted by impure thoughts, wrong motives and unworthy ambitions. We need so very much a sense of the presence of Jesus and his healing touch transforming our human lives, making us clean and pure.

Our modern world is becoming increasingly liberal with regard to its concept of passion, lust, and sin. As we think of this, we are reminded of the woman who was caught in adultery and immediately taken by her accusers to the presence of Jesus. She stood there naked and ashamed before

the Master, ridiculed and condemned by those who were no better than she. But Jesus looking at the woman said, "I do not condemn you, go and sin no more."

I am thinking that so often in life we enter into the presence of Jesus, naked and accused by the world, because we are ashamed of the conduct of our life. We betray ourselves to Jesus who knows even our innermost thoughts. But as we feel the eyes of Jesus upon us, we hear him say "I do not condemn you, go and sin no more". So as we stand with Jesus our lives completely open to Him, we receive the words of pardon and forgiveness.

A New York advertising executive tells us that we are living in an age of Mediocrity. In a sarcastic article he writes:

This is the great era of mediocrity, the day of the goof-off. The day when you can hire a laundry man who won't iron shirts, carpenters who will come around some day. The minds of executives are on the golf course. We don't have all the refinements of ancient Rome, but we do have a three-day week-end and an all-day coffee break. You can for \$275, buy a jewel pill box with a built-in alarm to remind you not too harshly, that it is time to take your tranquilizer.

Sarcastic maybe, but underneath there is a lot of truth. As we look at life, we are often gripped with a feeling of the emptiness of our existence. This is why we need to respond to the call of Jesus "Come unto me and I will give you rest". As we come into the presence of Jesus, He does give us rest and quietness of Spirit easing the tension, anxiety and loneliness of life.

We need to come into the presence of Jesus if we are to really know Him. We need to come often because that is the only way we have left. George McLeod, famed Scottish preacher and founder of the Iona Community, wrote a book entitled **Only One Way Left**. I would like to quote from this book:

What I am pleading for is that the cross of Christ be raised not only on top of the church steeple, but also at the centre of the market place. For Christ was not crucified between two candles upon an altar but between two thieves upon the cross. He was crucified upon the town garbage heap, where men talked smut and gambled. That's where He died and that's what He died about . . . that's where the church must be and that's what the church must be about.

(Continued on page 26)

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Old Timers

To cheer us up after the truly awful weather we experienced this last week of February, Anne Marie decided we should start the Old Timers column this month with the happy news of weddings. So with the snowbanks piled high and the wind howling all around, we gladly turn our thoughts to happier things.

On February 13 Eileen Surette, a 1961 patient, became the bride of Nathan Joseph Muise in St. Joseph's Church, Surette's Island, where they reside. At the pretty winter wedding, with the bridesmaids dressed in red velvet, one of the groom's attendants was Avite Bourque. Avite will be well remembered by those who knew him during his stay at the San. in the latter 1940's.

The second bride of whom we have news was here as a young girl in 1956. Anne Marie Muise, formerly of Saulnierville Station, Digby County, after finishing a business went to Sarnia, Ontario, to work. She was married on February 27 to Roger Comeau in Sarnia, where they will live. Our sincere good wishes go out to these happy couples.

THIS HALF PAGE IS WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF

Don Chase, Ltd.

And news that makes very pleasant reading in this wintry weather concerns Manfred "Manny" Vaughan, who was here in 1949, and now works at Glubes store in Kentville. Manny won a salesmanship contest which gave him and his wife a one week holiday in Nassau, the Bahamas commencing March 6. We offer sincere, if slightly green-eyed congratulations.

Still with happy news—Rosalita Bush, now Mrs. Tumblyn of West Dublin, Lunenburg County, on February 2 gave birth to her first child, a baby boy named Randall. Rosalita was here in 1962.

Georgina Soukup, who was here in 1953, came in from her home in Kentville for a checkup, and proudly displayed pictures of her two children, a girl of six and a two-year-old boy. Last July Georgina's mother was permitted to come from Czechoslovakia for a nine-month visit here. And surely that can be classed as happy news.

Cecil Johnson, who was here in 1960, stopped off to visit John Lawrence of the San. Records Department on his way home to Berwick after undergoing surgery at the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax. Prior to entering the hospital, Cecil was employed at Mountain View Home, Waterville.

Helen Comeau of the San. nursing staff, while watching TV on February 6 was delighted to see one of her former young charges, Germaine "Candy" Hamilton. Candy, who left here about two years ago, was among the group attending the "Firehouse Frolics" over CJCH. Helen says Candy has grown very much, and now wears glasses. Two years makes quite a difference in a young lady.

Allister MacDonald, formerly of Springhill, sent in to renew his subscription to Health Rays for the next five years, which we regard as a sincere vote of confidence. He is now with Dominion Steel and Coal, Moncton, N. B.

Yvonne Rushton, Bass River, Col. Co., says she keeps fairly well. On November 22 she gave birth to a baby. She was a patient here in 1956.

Vivian Murray, now Mrs. Haggerty, who was here in 1953, and also took the course for nursing assistants here, came in for a checkup. She lives at Leverett Avenue, Kentville, is very well, and has retired from nursing to keep house. Also in for a checkup was Joseph Ireneé Comeau, of St. Alphonse, Digby County. Joe, who was here about five years ago, has given up fishing for the present and is at home.

Readers of *Chatelaine* magazine who turn to page 92 may see a picture of one of our San. Old Timers who won herself a one hundred dollar prize. Marjorie Bain, of Liverpool, whom we remember as a very profound reader of books, is apparently also a good cook. Her recipe for "Cherry All Bran Bread" won the *Chatelaine* prize for the best recipe in the Yeast and Quick Breads category. Marjorie left the San. about 1934 and has since resided in her home town of Liverpool, where she takes a deep interest in things historical. And on the subject of recipes, we found the name of two or three Old Timers in the *Chronicle-Herald* Cookbook, which came out this week. Marjorie Bain again offers a recipe, this time for "Planked Salmon". Mrs. G. G. Harris contributes "Porterhouse Steak with Onions, Garlic and Boiled Potatoes", which has a truly hearty sound, and which, we understand, is a favorite dish of G.G.'s. A recipe for "Doughnuts" appears over the name of Mrs. Ireneé J. Comeau, R.R. 1, Weymouth, N.S., and Mrs. Comeau is Old Timer Clemente Gaudet, a 1946 patient at the San.

An item in the *Chronicle-Herald* headed "Selected to Prepare Biography" interested us very much. It ran thus: "The biography of the late Bishop John R. MacDonald of the Diocese of Antigonish is to be written

(Continued on page 21)

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OLD TIMERS (cont'd.)

by Rev. Peter A. Nearing, a native of Dominion, C.B. Bishop MacDonald, often called the Bishop of Social Action, will be called just that in the book which is being sponsored by an honorary graduate of St. F.X. University, Dr. Malcolm F. MacNeil, Boston, and the estate of Alexander G. Simpson, Toronto, a Richmond County native who became head of a nationally known company.

"Father Nearing is a former member of St. F.X. University faculty. Until recently he has served as director of the Social Action department of the Canadian Catholic Conference, Ottawa". We are happy to learn that Father Nearing is taking up his pen for serious writing, as he demonstrated his undoubted literary ability in the 1930's when he made many fine contributions to **Health Rays**. Recently he has been at the Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, where he was engaged in writing.

SIX THOUSAND YEARS AGO

A neolithic burial ground near Heidelberg has yielded the skeleton of a young man showing fusion of the fourth and fifth dorsal vertebrae. This, tuberculosis of the spine, was already afflicting pre-historic man some six thousand year ago. Reference is made to the disease in the famous Semitic code of the illustrious Babylonian King Hammurabi—2,000 years before Hippocrates, and the Edwin Smith papyrus written in Egypt in 1600 B.C., gave the first descriptions of chest diseases. Bone lesions probably caused by tubercle bacilli have also been recognized, both macroscopically and microscopically, in the mummified body of the venerable priest of Ammon, exhumed from a tomb of the twenty-first Egyptian Dynasty, 1000 B.C.

Excavations in one area of Egypt have unearthed so many bodies with tuberculous lesions that some experts think there was a large sanatorium in ancient Egypt.

—The Link.

A LETTER HOME

Dear Father:

Hi, Pop! How be ole block this chip come from? Me hope fine.

It be long time since I write last letter and i get-um a little smarter—not much but little. I still get kick out of lady that take-um picture. She sure make me laugh. First I stand up facing wall and she go in little room and take picture of my back. I guess she not like my new shirt cause she make me take shirt off. But hold you hat, this one take cake. She make me lay on table and take picture, and still it come out black. Maybe she need-um new camera or film.

I be a little bit wiser then when I first come. Me know where to take swim now. Not in little bowl behind door but in nice long tub where water come out of wall.

You know what Pop? Me got-um small box me can carry around, they sing and talk all day and all nite. I try and stay awake like them in there but can't. I fall asleep and when I wake up they still singing and talking. I look in box but nobody in there, just like picture box. When I come home we get one and I show you. One good one magic in picture box where they pour coffee in cup and it pile up and not spill over side. Just keep piling up. I try it and mine run all over everything, really make mess.

I still take little white rocks, and let them stick me with needle on behind. I think woman in white hat try and make me yell but I fool her. I don't yell till she leave room so she not hear me.

That lady, she still put stick in my mouth, hold my hand and ask me "yes?" Me not want to make her mad so I say "yes". Me still don't know why I say yes but I think me going to pull surprise on her and say "no" just to see what she do. Maybe I get good laugh out of it.

Well, I think I hear lady coming to hold my hand so I think I play asleep.

From you son.

Toni

—Oregon Pulse

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INS and OUTS

Admissions to N. S. Sanatorium, Kentville January 16 to February 15, 1965

Mrs. Lennie M. Allen, Wilmot, Anna. Co.; Mary P. Smith, Box 494, Middleton, Anna. Co.; Gladys Jane Hale, 28 Athletic Street, New Glasgow; Harley A. Rafuse, Greenwich, Kings Co.; Mrs. Rita May McIntyre, 47 Bell Street, Glace Bay; Garth E. Crouse, R.R. 5, Bridgewater; James W. McMichael, Cooks Brook, Halifax Co.; William D. Wheeler, Mahone Bay, Lunen. Co.; John L. MacDonald, Marydale, Antigonish Co.; Arthur F. Busby, 358 Vale Road, New Glasgow; Jean J. Dugas, Belliveau Cove, Digby Co.; Mrs. Gladys M. McCulloch, Debert, Col. Co.; Roy P. Cohoon, Hantsport; Donald E. Weir, White Rock, Kings Co.; George R. Fox, 7 Moody Lane, Yarmouth; Harry F. Williams, 476 Main Street, Kentville; Mrs. Lecla M. Anthony, Noel Road, Hants Co.; Richard W. Boyd, 193 Main Street, Kentville; James B. Farnsworth, Tiverton, Digby Co.; Mrs. Margaret Rose, 321 Albert Street, New Glasgow; Ronald B. Acker, Kingston, Kings Co.; Raphael G. States, Avonport, Kings Co.; Mrs. Dora M. Seulnier, Mayflower, Digby Co.; Francis J. Hiltz, 125 Victoria Street, Truro.

Discharges, N. S. Sanatorium January 16 to February 15, 1965

Mrs. Mary V. Chisholm, Harmony Road, Truro; Frederick Swaine, 24 Argyle Street, Yarmouth; Aubrey L. Jewers, Foster Street, Berwick, Kings Co.; Thomas M. Brooks, Mill Brook Reservation, Truro; Mrs. Lennie M. Allen, Wilmot, Anna. Co.; Munroe G. Bell, North River, Col. Co.; Charles A. Benedict, Wentworth Road, Windsor; Murray R. Rafuse, Waterville, Kings Co.; Sam H. Kadys, 524 King Street, Bridgewater; Mrs. Susanne B. Atwood, Lockeport, Shelburne Co.; Donald E. Weir, White Rock, Kings Co.; Garth E. Crouse, Waterloo, Lunen. Co.; Gladys Jane Hale, 28 Athletic Street, New Glasgow; Mrs. Gladys M. McCulloch, Debert, Col. Co.

Admissions Point Edward Hospital December 16 to February 15, 1965

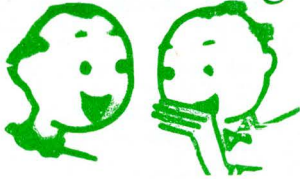
William F. James, Rocky Bay, Rich. Co.; John MacInnis, 52 South Bentinck Street, Sydney; Dorothy J. Michael, Whycomagh; Flora A. MacNeil, R.R. 2, Iona, Cape Breton; John S. Burt, 46 Armstrong Court, Sydney; Mrs. Golda I. Noseworthy, Port Hawkesbury; Mstr. Alex J. Michael, Whycomagh; John T. MacDonald, Gardiner Mines, C.B.; Tomney James, 33 Main Street, Sydney Mines; Michael MacKinnon, 7 Nelson Street, Glace Bay; Anne D. Maltby, Pondville, Rich. Co.; Mary Julik, West Bay, Cape Breton;

Daniel J. Campbell, 2 Thomas Street, New Waterford; Rev. Charles H. Cameron, St. Joseph's Church, North Sydney; Peter Smith, 39 Whalen's Road, Glace Bay; Ambrose A. Hall, R.R. 3, Baddeck; James Anderson, 7 Brook Street, Glace Bay; William F. Slade, 168 Wallace Road, Glace Bay; Arthur J. Berrigan, 23½ McKean Street, Glace Bay; Daniel Steele, 27 Steeles Hill, Glace Bay; Stephen C. Sylliboy, Whycomagh, Inv. Co.; Alfred G. Hawley, Ingonish Ferry, Cape Breton; Noel Poulette, Bayfield, Antigonish Co.; Collin J. MacDonnell, Margaree Harbour; Daniel J. Moore, 33 Gray Street, Sydney; Donald B. MacDonald, Cape North, Victoria Co.; John J. MacArthur, 659 Prince Street, Sydney; Rose M. Burgess, Tower Road, Glace Bay; Martha E. Roberts, 246 Keltic Drive, Sydney; Alexander J. Ferguson, Port Hawkesbury, Inv. Co.; Hurbert Muise, 49 Thompson Street, New Waterford; George E. Campbell, St. Peters; Michael F. Haley, 13 Water Street, Glace Bay; Donald G. MacLeod, 8 Pitt Street, Glace Bay; Harold E. Walker, R.R. 1, West Bay Road, Inv. Co.; Christine A. Buchanan, Baddeck; Mrs. Ella MacLean, Ingonish, Vic. Co.; Murdock McMullin, 370th Street, Glace Bay; Stephen Bernard, Nyanza, Vic. Co.; William J. MacDonald, 269 Holland Street, Reserve Mines; John R. Walker, 86 Amelia Street, Sydney; Justine A. LeBlanc, Hawker Road, Rich. Co.

Discharges Point Edward Hospital December 16 to February 15, 1965

Margaret Smith, Eskasoni, Cape Breton; Roy Dunswoth, 210 Wallace Road, Glace Bay; Bernard Gould, Eskasoni, Cape Breton; Gerald Forde, 11 Lingan Road, Sydney; Katherine MacLeod, Box 188, Baddeck; Jean E. MacPherson, R.R. 3, Coxheath; Lloyd O'Connor, Centre Ave., Inv. Co.; Rose Sutherland, St. Peters; Gary Morrison, 176 Lisgard Street, Sydney; Alexander MacDonald, MacLean Street, Inverness; Joan Krewenki, 36 Row Street, Bridgeport; Mary Campbell, Glace Bay Road, Reserve Mines; John J. MacKenzie, 38D Main Street, Glace Bay; William F. James, Rocky Bay, Cape Breton; Alfred Hawley, Ingonish Ferry; Sarah A. Nearing, 360 Whitney Ave., Sydney; John T. MacDonald, Gardiner Mines; John S. Burt, 46 Armstrong Court, Sydney; Rita M. MacIntyre, 47 Bell Street, Glace Bay; Ann Delores Maltby, Pondville, Rich. Co.; Augustus Boutilier, 194 8th Street, Glace Bay; Dorothy Michael, Whycomagh; Arthur Berrigan, 23 MacKean Street, Glace Bay; John D. Grant, St. Mary's St., Antigonish; Daniel Steele, 27 Steeles Hill, Glace Bay; James Anderson, 7 Brook St., Dominion, C.B.; Daniel Campbell, 2 Thomas Street, New Waterford; William Slade, 168 Wallace Road, Glace Bay; Peter Smith, 39 Whalen's Road, Glace Bay; Alfred Hawley, Ingonish Ferry, Cape Breton.

Just Jesting



A comely young matron stepped on the drugstore scales after devouring a giant sundae and was shocked at what she beheld. Promptly she slipped off her coat and tried again. The result was still unflattering so she slid off her shoes. Then she discovered she was out of pennies. Without a moment's hesitation, the lad behind the soda fountain stepped forward.

"Don't stop now," he volunteered. "I've got a handful of pennies and they're all yours."

—Philnews.

On exhibition at the Missouri Historical Society in St. Louis is a Mark Twain collection and among the papers is an envelope addressed to the author's wife and marked: "Opened by mistake to see what was inside."

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LIMITED

A missionary who was a guest at a Scottish castle was telling his host and hostess at breakfast one morning about the family ghost, who paid him a bedside visit the previous night.

The hostess apologized and expressed the hope that the ghost hadn't kept the missionary from his sleep too long.

"Oh, no," replied the clergyman with a chuckle. "As a matter of fact he vanished as soon as I asked him for a contribution."

The irate lawyer trying to establish a point in cross examination demanded of the defendant:

"Madam, while you were taking your dog for a walk, did you stop any place?"

"Sir," the defendant said, "did you ever take a dog for a walk?"

"Why did you strike this man?" the judge asked the person up before him for assault and battery.

"It was this way, your honor," answered Pat. "He told me he was Irish by descent and I couldn't stand there and let any man say he had to come down to be Irish."

When the little boy returned home after his first day at school, his father asked him what he had done.

"I did what all the other kids did," said the boy.

"That's good," beamed the proud parent, "and what did you all do?"

"We cried," was the answer.

They say that in Washington there is an apartment house that's so uppity it allows dogs but not children. The first thing a tenant does when a new baby arrives is teach it to bark.

April fool's day is called cuckoo day in Scotland, fish day in France, doll day in Japan, and boob day in Spain.

An elderly man entered the hospital for treatment. One of the first meals served to him included a bowl of quivering gelatin which he refused to eat.

Pressed for an explanation, he replied, "I'm not going to eat anything that's more nervous than I am."

During the course of an examination a patient with peptic ulcer was asked: "Are you belching?"

"No," replied the patient, "I'm Italian."

Two doctors lived together, one a doctor of medicine, the other a doctor of divinity.

A caller from the village, asking the maid if he might speak to the doctor, was asked: "Do you mean the doctor who preaches or the doctor who practices?"

Where I made my mistake, said the childless movie star, was in marrying a director instead of a producer.

Two Irishmen, recent arrivals, were doing a little St. Patrick's Day celebrating. During the conversation Pat said, "Sure and 'tis an unthankful country this is now. We Irish done a lot for the United States, and faith and they named only one state after an Irishman."

His friend Mike looked puzzled. "Sure and I didn't know there was even one, be jappers," he confessed.

"The back o' me hand to ya," boomed Pat, "haven't you heard of that great western state called O'Regon?"

If you don't get what you want it is a sign either that you did not seriously want it, or that you tried to bargain over the price.

—Rudyard Kipling.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

—Proverb.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.

—Abraham Lincoln.

A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices.

FOR OUR STUDENTS

Here are some quotes on hospital life as Shakespeare might have seen it.

ON ADMISSION: "O, that a man might know the end of this . . . e'er it come."

—Julius Caesar.

THE HOT WATER BOTTLE: "Come let me clutch thee."—Macbeth.

INJECTIONS: "Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules."—Henry IV.

OPERATION: "You all do know this mantle."—Julius Caesar.

ANESTHETIC: "It goes against my stomach."—As You Like It.

DOCTOR'S NOTES: "Can you not read it . . . It is not fair writ."—King John.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY: "Though this be madness, yet there is method in it."—Hamlet.

NIGHT-TIME: ". . . that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eyes, steal me awhile from mine own company."

—Midsummers Night's Dream.

DISCHARGED: "Beggard that I am, I am even poor in thanks." "Oh Lord that lends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness."—Henry VI.

When you give honest advice, have one foot out the door.

"Golf! Golf! Golf!" wailed the wife, as her husband, clubs in hand, started for the door. "I really believe I'd drop dead if you spent one Sunday at home."

"There you go with the bribes again!" smiled hubby.

Wife to sleepy husband turning off alarm clock: "Think of it this way—you're a day closer to Social Security."

WORTH WHILE

It is easy enough to be pleasant,
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is one who will smile,

When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor on earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today;
They make up the sum of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage on earth
Is the one that resists desire.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DOUBT AND FAITH

Doubt sees the obstacles,
Faith sees the way;
Doubt sees the darkest night,
Faith sees the day;
Doubt dreads to take a step,
Faith soars on high;
Doubt questions, "Who believes?"
Faith answers, "I".

—Selected

Psychologists say no person should try to keep too much to himself. The Bureau of Internal Revenue is of the same opinion.

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CRACKER BARREL (cont'd.)

tute on "New Developments in Tuberculosis Nursing". The enrollment was over two hundred nurses, including four senior nurses from Point Edward Hospital and five from the Sanatorium. Mrs. Mack and I participated in the program by presenting papers. One of our guest speakers was Dr. Eric Found, President of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, who was on our medical staff from 1936 to 1942. Also a guest speaker was Dr. G. E. Maddison, Director of Tuberculosis Control for New Brunswick, who interned here in 1936. Directly and indirectly, then, the Sanatorium did make an appreciable contribution to the Institute.

We regret that Mrs. May Smith, Librarian and Editor of Health Rays, has found it necessary to resign from our staff. We welcome as Librarian, Mr. Curtis Gaul, who is well known to the Sanatorium and who has served as assistant librarian on many occasions. We are pleased, too, that Mrs. Eileen Hiltz has agreed to take up the editorial pen once again having been Health Rays editor on three previous occasions, one for quite a few years when I first met her and twice later to meet emergencies such as this. "The show must go on" and we are fortunate that we have available to us two "stars" rather than just "filler-inners".

CHAPLAIN'S CORNER (cont'd.)

In the midst of our modern world, Jesus can still walk in the market place of our lives if we let Him. If we come often to stand in the presence of Jesus, we will find a new meaning and greater purpose in our humdrum daily existence. I hope that you will stand with Jesus today. If you have already stood in His presence, continue to walk with Him today, and all through life. He is more than just a friend; He is your Saviour.

Brat: A child who acts like your own but belongs to a neighbor.

KINDNESS AND COURAGE (cont'd.)

You may be sure that it is the wish of the administration of any hospital in which you may be employed that you find happiness and satisfaction in your work. Regardless of position, all employees of a hospital are rendering services that contribute to the diagnosis, treatment and care of the sick and injured. Only in a spirit of teamwork and honest co-operation can the best results and maximum efficiency be achieved and maintained. The administration, therefore, depends upon your whole-hearted co-operation and loyalty to enable them to carry out the work which has been entrusted to them.

Graduates, in closing, may I say again "the very best in your chosen work". Remember that no matter where you work, you are directly or indirectly helping hospitals to achieve their goal, which is "good patient care". Every day, therefore, you will be contributing in a large measure to the recovery of patients who will return to their families sooner and happier because your job has been well done.

COMPLAINTS

I stopped for a rest by my neighbor's well; He greeted me there and we chatted a spell. But he had no news—just one long complaint,

For the troubles he'd had would nettle a saint.

He stormed about the high price of feed, (And being a farmer, it was bad indeed). You see, cows and chickens and the like Were blissfully ignorant of prices' hike. So eggs were rarer and the milk was less— A fellow was in a heck of a mess.

He stated in passing, he'd married a shrew, Who scolded in spite of all he could do. . . . Just then a voice that would waken the dead

Called to him and away he fled. I couldn't help think, as I watched him run, At least he has two legs—I have one.

—Selected.

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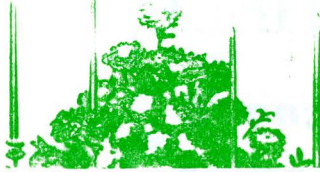
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