

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
VOL. 54 MAY, 1973 No. 5

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Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

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Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES 25 cents per copy \$2.00 per year

Please address all communications to: The Editor, Health Rays,
Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Kentville, Nova Scotia

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NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

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

W. K. KELLOGG

From My Window

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Lovely flow'ret, sweetly blooming
'Neath our drear ungentle sky—
Shrinking, coy, and unassuming
From the gaze of mortal eye.

On thy bed of moss reposing,
Fearless of the drifting snow,
Modestly thy charms disclosing.
Storms but make them brighter glow,

Spring's mild, fragrant, fair attendant,
Blooming near the greenwood tree,
While the dew-drop, sparkling, pendant
Makes thee smile bewitchingly.

Oh! I love to look upon thee,
Peeping from thy close retreat,
While the sun is shining on thee,
And thy balmy fragrance greet.

View exotics, proudly growing
On the shelter'd, mild parterre,
But, if placed where thou are blowing
Would they bloom and blossom there?

April's breeze would quickly banish
All the sweets by them display'd,
Soon each boasted charm would vanish,
Every cherish'd beauty fade.

Scotia's offspring — first and fairest,
Nurst in snows, by storms caress'd
Oh! how lovely thou appearest
When in all thy beauty dress'd.

Red and white, so sweetly blending,
O'er thy fragrance throw a flush
While beneath the dew-drop bending,
Rivall'd but by beauty's blush.

Welcome little crimson favor
To our glades and valleys wild
Scotia ask'd, and Flora gave her,
Precious boon, her fairest child.

—Joseph H. Howe

—:O:—

To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was poetry; He formed it, and that was sculpture; He varied and colored it, and that was painting; and then, crowning all, He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand divine, eternal drama.

—Charlotte Cushman

From out my kitchen window there looks
in at me

A tall majestic maple tree,
Its branches bowed in attitude of prayer,
Inviting me to share
Its holy occupation.

Beyond it flows the silent shining river,
Silent yet visibly aquiver with the sun's
warm, shimmering vibration.
Suggesting hallowed murmur as it runs—
And still beyond, the pulsing town with
mighty tower
Where men pass forth to prove their power,

To do these things both great and small
That make a nation.
Strange spell of hidden things holds me
in meditation.

And then He speaks,
Not of the tree and tower,
Of windless air or smoking chimneys
frown,

But of the sequences of the prayer, and
peace, and power.

Mildred M. Porter
R.R. 3, Wolfville, N. S.

—:O:—

Nesting Time

The bees are busy in their murmurous
search,
The birds are putting up their woven
frames,

And all the twigs and branches of the
birch

Are shooting into tiny emerald flames;
The maple leaves are slowly spreading out
Like small red hats, or pointed parasols.
The high-ho flings abroad his merry
shout,

The veery from the inner brushwood calls:
The green-gold poplar, jocund as can be,
The sunshine in its laughing heart receives,
And shimmers in the wind innumably
Through all its host of little laquered
leaves.

And lo! the bobolink — he soars and sings,
With all the heart of summer in his wings.

—Archibald Lampman.

—:O:—

Never to tire never to grow cold; to be
patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for
the budding flower; to hope always; like
God, to love always — this is duty.

—Amiel

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL CLOSES

By **LINDEN MacINTYRE**

SYDNEY — The barrage of flak that greeted news the old Point Edward Tuberculosis Hospital would close obscured the real significance of the event. Tuberculosis, to a very great extent, has been beaten.

Most Nova Scotians can remember when TB stalked the towns and cities and rural areas, decimating the ranks of the old and young alike. Hardly a family escaped a brush with TB in some form or another.

In 1908, tuberculosis claimed the lives of 1,100 Nova Scotians, 208 victims per 100,000 people in the province. By 1946, a year after streptomycin proved to be the first antibiotic to be used effectively against tuberculosis, the death rates was down, but still high. For every 100,000 Nova Scotians, 62.6 died of the disease.

There was a sharp drop, to 29.3 per 100,000, by 1949, largely because of streptomycin, and last year it appears there were only eight deaths due to tuberculosis — a rate of less than one per 100,000.

There were three deaths in the Point Edward Hospital last year — two from heart attacks and one from cancer.

As the Point Edward administrator, Dr. D. S. Robb, observed in a combined annual report for 1971 and 1972, "we are very much aware that history is pressing in upon us."

The Point Edward hospital, opened in January, 1949, in "temporary" buildings established in 1943 for the armed forces, brought the total number of tuberculosis treatment beds in Nova Scotia to 1,246.

Bed rest was the principal weapon in the war against TB before streptomycin and there were TB hospitals, or annexes, in Amherst, Halifax, Shelburne, Antigonish, and Glace Bay, in addition to the big facilities in Point Edward and Kentville.

They are all closed now, except Point Edward and Kentville. The Point Edward hospital will be closed within a month, and the Kentville hospital, which once had 400 beds and long waiting lists, is being cut back to 120 treatment beds.

The 21 patients remaining at Point Edward will be moved into a new chest clinic at Little Flower Institute building, near St. Rita Hospital, in Sydney.

The decision to close Point Edward

shouldn't have come as a surprise to anyone who has been following the Nova Scotia health picture for any length of time.

Occupancy there has fallen, according to Dr. Robb's report, from the peak days of 1955, when even the library and corridors were crammed with beds, to the point where, in mid-December, there were only 34 TB patients in the hospital. The province employed 93 people to look after them.

Admissions to Point Edward have dropped steadily from 252 in 1949 to 128 last year. Improved treatment methods cut the average stay at the hospital even more sharply, and the total number of patient-days logged per year has fallen steadily from more than 34,000 in 1949 to 13,194 last year.

"Reduction in admissions", Dr. Robb said, "is a reflection of the decreasing incidence of tuberculosis, that fewer individuals are contracting the disease and that fewer old cases are breaking down or re-activating so as to require re-treatment.

"The even greater reduction in the average daily census is a reflection of the fact that patients are being discharged from hospital quickly, to continue treatment at home, but also to resume a normal life much more quickly than in former days."

Just over a year ago, fire destroyed the Braemore Home for the mentally deficient and 69 patients moved into Point Edward. The move was noted with disapproval last summer by the Canadian Council on Hospital Accreditation.

"The character of the institution has changed considerably and thus the tolerance which has been shown in the past for the continuance of a fire hazardous situation as far as the building is concerned cannot be tolerated indefinitely."

The dominion fire commissioner and the provincial fire marshal observed that even the installation of fire breaks, a

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POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL—

sprinkler system, new electrical wiring and a number of structural repairs and alterations would not bring the old building up to modern fire prevention standards.

Three separate government reports last year — the Cape Breton regional health study, a federal-provincial study team report on hospital facilities, and a special report on tuberculosis services for the Nova Scotia Council of Health — suggested the Point Edward hospital had outlived its usefulness.

The sharp response to the announced closing, including a stiff protest from the Cape Breton Medical Society, did not take any notice of those developments.

The medical society made one good point in its response, and that was a reminder that it might be premature to shut down the old hospital before new and more sophisticated facilities are developed to cope with the lingering threat of TB and the variety of other pulmonary ailments prevalent in Cape Breton.

Poor housing, air pollution and high employment in the coal and steel industries have caused a continuing high incidence of chest problems here, ranging from pneumonia to pneumoconiosis or "black lung."

TB, in its acute infectious stage, still must be handled with extreme caution, "remembering", Dr. Robb pointed out, "that in a population becoming increasingly tuberculin-negative, there is a greater danger of epidemic tuberculosis."

The Cape Breton health study and the report of the Nova Scotia Council of Health, both proposing extensive rationalization of the province's health delivery system, urged that a modern centre specializing in respiratory ailments be developed in Sydney.

The new centre will undoubtedly materialize, but judging from the early reactions to suggestions for overhauling the health industry, it could take a long time.

The province has wisely decided to continue operating a chest clinic in Sydney while removing the patients from the immediate danger of a fire disaster which might have been a bigger threat to their lives than the TB infection.

—Chronicle-Herald

**DR. JEAN-JAQUES LAURIER
APPOINTED MEDICAL DIRECTOR
OF C.T.R.A.**

On March 1, 1973, Dr. Jean-Jaques Laurier was appointed to the office of Medical Director of the Canadian Tuberculosis & Respiratory Diseases Association.

Son of the late Dr. Yvon Laurier, one of the founders of Sacre-Coeur Hospital in Cartierville, Dr. Laurier was born in Montreal in 1918. His education there included B.A. and M.D. degrees from the University of Montreal. Having specialized in Internal Medicine, Tuberculosis and Pulmonary Diseases, Dr. Laurier, in 1946, joined the staff of the Sacre-Coeur Hospital where he served for the next fourteen years, during the last ten of which he was Assistant Director.

In 1953, Dr. Laurier spent several months in Great Britain as winner of an NAPT Scholarship; during this period he represented the CTA at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, at the convention of the British Tuberculosis Association and of the I.U.A.T.

Extra-curricular activities included work, at Board level, with the Canadian Red Cross, Nationally and Internationally, the United Appeal and Children's Aid Society of Ottawa; Dr. Laurier is also a Fellow of the American College of Administrators and a founding member of the Canadian College of Health Service Executives.

In 1960, Dr. Laurier was appointed as Medical Director of the Ottawa General Hospital.

With his training and experience, Dr. Laurier is eminently qualified to direct the medical program of the CTRDA. Our congratulations and good wishes attend him in his work, and we look forward to a visit from him in his official capacity before too long.

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LIGHTING A CANDLE IN THE EAST

The World Health Organization states that a nation can consider its tuberculosis problem under control if one percent or less of its fourteen-year-olds reacts to the tuberculin test. Some Canadian Provinces have attained this goal and there is little doubt but that the remainder will achieve it by the end of the decade. What a wonderful country Canada is and how fortunate we are to be Canadians. As one who has circled the globe many times there is no greater thrill than to touch down back home in Canada.

The World Health Organization also states that tuberculosis is the most serious public health problem facing the world community and estimates there are fifteen million new cases developing annually and from among which some three million deaths occur. One may well ask how such a global paradox could exist. Many examples can be given to emphasize the gap that exists between "have not" nations but none is more glaring than that of tuberculosis. There are developing countries where, notwithstanding our enlightened approach, tuberculosis is not only not being brought under control but is actually on the increase. The gap is widening not diminishing.

Following the end of World War II the miracle drug, streptomycin, was introduced into the fight against tuberculosis with dramatic results. Unfortunately not all cases responded. In the early fifties, however, PAS followed by INH were administered in conjunction with streptomycin, and antimicrobial therapy became effective in arresting pulmonary tuberculosis.

Canada, together with affluent countries throughout the world, from this period on witnessed its tuberculosis problem become under control and recognizes the current residual level as a completely manageable clinical consideration.

There is indeed good reason to rejoice but we should do so with the realization that a major portion of the world's population, i.e. the developing nations, are still faced with the tuberculosis problem as great or greater than that which prevailed in Canada at the turn of the century.

Through the International Union Against Tuberculosis there is an opportunity for nations with their TB more or less under control to assist those countries where the disease is still a major problem. The Mutual Assistance Fund was established

at the I.U.A.T. biennial conference in Toronto in 1961. Since that time Canada, through its provincial tuberculosis associations, has contributed more to the Fund than all other nations of the world combined. Since 1965, Canada has confined its assistance to the Eastern region (one of six I.U.A.T. global regions).

The Eastern Region has Pakistan and Afghanistan on its western border, Japan on the north, Australia and New Zealand to the south and mid-Pacific Island Nations of Fiji and Samoa on the east. The Eastern Region population represents almost two-thirds of the world's inhabitants and an even higher proportion of the serious global TB problem. Canada suggested it would be willing to explore ways and means by which it could assist the Eastern Region since we are a Pacific as well as an Atlantic nation but not, however, an Asian nation. We further agreed to consult with New Zealand, Austria and Japan in the hope that these Asian countries would join Canada in making affluent countries' assistance more meaningful. Hopefully this kind of effort would influence the United States TB Associations to undertake a similar project in the South American Region, but to date this has not materialized. The Eastern Region is the only one of the six that is functioning with a full-time Region administrator and established Region office which is located in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

Funds supplied by Canadian Provincial Associations are used in two areas: —

- (1) Support of the Region office in Kuala Lumpur.
- (2) Underwriting the expenses of creating or reorganizing a National Tuberculosis Association by paying the salary of a full-time organizer, providing transport — motorbike — office rent and office equipment.

Liaison between the new association and Region office makes it possible to encour-

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MAYFLOWER MOTEL

age a country to adopt the recommendations of the Expert Tuberculosis Committee of the World Health Organization Eighth Report. The report published in 1964, is still the "Bible" for TB control by W. H. O. and hopefully they would like to see its adoption by all countries with a significant problem.

The role of TB associations of Canada in offering their assistance to newly created national TB associations of developing countries, which in turn would urge acceptance by their government of the Eighth Report, has been in PREVENTION, by using the BCG vaccine; DIAGNOSIS, not by X-ray but by examination of sputum which is effective, cheap and can be taken to the smallest hamlet; and TREATMENT by giving anti-microbial drugs. It is not difficult to envisage the significant impact of a program of this kind on the TB problem particularly when the treatment, like diagnosis, can be taken to the villages or with little travel required by the patient. Neither is it necessary for the breadwinner to give up his employment.

The most interesting and exciting aspect of the public health approach to TB control as expressed in the W.H.O. Report is the suitability of paramedical personnel to carry out all phases of the program. It is essential however, that qualified professional public health staff be available for supervision of the on-going program and undertake an assessment on a yearly or bi-yearly basis.

It is difficult for responsible TB control officers of affluent nations to accept the report as a valid basis for control of the disease. It may be that the medical profession, government and public generally are too sophisticated to accept such a simple solution for a problem that has plagued mankind since the earliest of medical records. Be that as it may, it is even more difficult for the handful of tuberculosis experts of developing countries, many of them trained in the Western world, to accept a solution that has extremely limited medical and nursing participation.

The spectrum of global control of tuberculosis is fascinating and the provincial tuberculosis associations can be proud of the role they have played in bringing an enlightened attitude towards this entirely preventable public health problem. It must be recognized, however, that what has been accomplished to the present has been little more than lighting a candle. Only a

NOT EASY WORKING AS DOCTOR

People would see "rapid deterioration of the high quality of health services" if doctors ever decided to settle down to an eight-hour day, 40-hour week routine, says Dr. J. D. Wallace, secretary general of the Canadian Medical Association.

"It isn't easy being a doctor," he says in an editorial in the association's journal.

"Briefly, the stresses on doctors are: Constant daily contact with sick, unhappy people; the need for each to project his own image of well-being; criticism of doctors; long and irregular hours; domestic stresses; loss of one's children's company; difficulty with maintaining personal friendships; risk of ill-health, alcoholism, drug addiction or depression (doctors have a high incidence of these problem)."

The public expects and usually gets prompt emergency medical care when it is needed, Dr. Wallace said.

Submitted by J. D. Matheson
Patient, East II

few of the 23 countries of the Region are at present seriously considering integrating recommendations of the W.H.O. TB control report into their public health structure. Remember, too, that the Eastern Region is the only one of the six where any meaningful regional structure exists. There is a great deal yet to be done and it could be accomplished so much more quickly if tuberculosis associations of other affluent nations were to be as generous as Canada has been and hopefully will continue to be. Canada's international interest however, will remain with the Eastern Region.

—E. J. O'Brien,
Eastern Region Consultant,
I.U.A.T.

The best result of all education is the acquired power of making yourself do what you ought to do, when you ought to do it, whether you like it or not.

—Huxley.

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THOUGHTS AT LARGE

By SYDNEY J. HARRIS

Can a school system really be said to be operating as an "educational" force when New York City's will have 1,400 security guards this year, at a cost of \$1 million, simply to protect persons and property from attack?

Those who keep on, time after time, dutifully supporting "the lesser evil" eventually become so blurred of vision that they end up supporting the most comfortable illusion.

In J. B. Priestley's new children's book, "Snoggle", about a space-ship that lands on earth, the author makes the fine wry observation that "if creatures from some other planet were clever enough to be able to pay us a visit, they'd probably be clever enough to know we weren't worth visiting."

Reading about the incredible advances being made in the relatively new field of genetics, I was amused to recall that Gregor Mendel, the father of that whole science, not only had no university degree, but twice failed to pass examinations that would have qualified him for a higher position as a teacher.

"Culture" is a word that should be used only in an anthropological sense, never in an esthetic sense; to speak of music, art, etc., as 'culture' is to label oneself uncultured.

If a genuine sense of your own worth has not been implanted in you at an early age, no amount of success in later life can compensate for this lack — which is why the internally insecure can never rest from their Sisyphean task of rolling ever-bigger stones up ever-steeper hills.

What most people resent about a person with high verbal skills is neatly diagnosed by Prof. J. Mitchell Morse, in his new book, "The Irrelevant English Teacher," when he points out that "the most galling thing about a free and articulate mind is the unlicensed pleasure it takes in its own articulacy."

Nearly 30 years ago, I was hooted down as sacreligious" for proposing in this column that cemeteries would honor the dead more if they opened themselves to the living; now, more and more churches are urging that cemeteries open their gates to cyclists, picnickers, nature walkers, and so on; and the National Association of Cemeteries concurs in this.

A little-known, but disastrous, side-effect of our population growth is the fact that there are more illiterates in the world today than 20 years ago; a full 40 per cent of the world's adult population is functionally illiterate.

If medical science succeeds in transplanting the human brain, who then will be the "real person" — the brain inhabiting the body, or the body incorporating the brain?

—:O:—

AT WITS END

HAS THE WORLD GONE CRAZY?

You know what's wrong with the world today?

In church last Sunday I sat behind a mink coat that cried for my body. The skins glistened, the softness beckoned, and even my hot, panting breath didn't wilt the pelts. Then the owner turned around to sit down and she was a little kid not more than 14 years old!

Has the world gone crazy? A fur coat isn't something to wear over your training bra. It's something a woman says, "I'll do anything for . . . and means it." It's to be lusted after, and remembered in your prayers. It's the year your husband got promoted, your 25th wedding anniversary, your reward for the last baby, a peace offering, your income tax return, the Christmas your heart stopped beating.

I couldn't take my eyes off the little girl in the mink. She was cheated out of the excitement of her first, genuine, fake, look-alike synthetic fur coat in which you feel like royalty and look like Teddy Snowcrop. (The coat that grows all summer and moults all winter.)

She was denied the once-in-a-lifetime thrill when Aunt Allison makes you heir to her fur coat that smells like decayed moth crystals and makes you the first woman in your block to wear a fur coat of extinct animal skins.

She would never know the challenge of putting a coat in lay by and paying on it so long your arms grew two inches.

Ironically, the sermon was how much more blessed it is to give than to receive and I pondered, "A blessing for whom?"

(Continued on Page 8)

Editorial Comment

We have just dispatched the April issue and here we are, faced with the deadline for gathering together enough material for the May edition. Sorry that we were a bit late with the April Health Rays. We must try to remember that when pictures are included it takes an extra week.

Mrs. Madelon Misner returned from her year at Acadia University just in time to do most of the mailing of the April edition. We hope that everyone on our mailing list received a copy. Mrs. Misner believes that a few may have received two copies (therefore, if some received none it should average out!) This duplication happens sometimes when some of our pads of address labels have four sheets while others have five sheets. Do let us know if you miss any copies.

I had intended to write something earlier about our school teaching situation at the Sanatorium during the present term. As mentioned previously, Mrs. Misner has been taking Education courses at Acadia, and Mrs. Mary MacKinnon has been off this year while undergoing surgery. We are pleased to report that Mrs. MacKinnon is much improved and expects to be with us in the fall.

During the absence of our regular teachers we were fortunate in having the services of the husband and wife team of John and Jennifer MacPherson. They have been available through a Local Incentives Program which made possible the establishment of three interrelated services to Kings County. These services were organized by the Kings County Co-ordinating Board and were provided free of charge to institutions, schools, and families, and consisted of: 1. Travelling teachers to provide academic instruction for those children who because of emotional or physical reasons were unable to attend their regular school; 2. Homemaking services to serve families during times of crisis or to assist disabled or elderly persons so that they could be better able to remain in their own homes; 3. Childcare workers to help families, institutions, or schools by providing extra educational, physical, or recreational assistance, either in the home, institution, or school. This LIP program received federal funds for the period January through May.

We wish to thank John and Jennifer MacPherson, as well as the co-ordinators

who made it possible for the teaching services to be provided during our period of need. During much of this time we had eight and nine students, although the number has decreased to three at the time of writing. The MacPhersons have accepted positions on Baffin Island and will be leaving in the near future. We wish them luck in their new venture.

* * *

I have at hand some inspirational items which I think are intended to spur me on to greater endeavour. Perhaps I should keep them within view — like the wall cards with such advise as "Think!" Then I won't wait for the deadline before gathering material for each issue (and end up clipping them from the journals, instead of writing them). Anyway, they have to do with WORK, which is a topic very much in the news at the present time. The second one, by the way, appears in card form and would be most handy as a reminder!

* * *

WHO AM I?—

I AM the foundation of ALL prosperity —national and personal. I am the fount from which all blessings flow. Everything that is of value in this world springs from me. I am the salt that gives life its savor.

I am the sole support of the poor, and the rich who think they can do without me live futile lives and very often fill premature graves.

I have made America. I have built her matchless industries, laid her incomparable railroads and highways, created her cities, built her great bridges and skyscrapers.

I am the friend of every worthy youth. If he makes my acquaintance while he is young, and keeps me by his side throughout his life, I can do more for him than the richest parental inheritance.

I keep bodies lean and fit, minds alert, and when neglected, both bodies and minds grow fat and sluggish. I am even the parent of genius itself.

I am represented in every publication that flies from the press, in every loaf of bread that springs from the oven.

Fools hate me, wise men love me. The man who shirks me and scorns my aid, never lives, NEVER REALLY LIVES, even

(Continued on Page 9)

Virus Causative Cancer Factor - -

says Discoverer of Polio Vaccine

By **HAROLD M. SCHMECK JR.**

1973 New York Times News Service

WASHINGTON — Dr. Albert Sabin, whose vaccine has eliminated polio as a widespread health problem in large areas of the world, claimed proof that a common virus is a causative factor in nine types of human cancer.

He stressed that he did not consider the virus to be the entire and exclusive cause of the cancers, but said the other contributory causative factors were not yet known.

A virus expert at the National Cancer Institute praised the research described by Sabin, but stopped short of agreeing that the cause-and-effect link between the virus and the cancers had been proved.

Sabin, one of the major figures in modern virus research, has been leading a research project on viruses and cancer at the National Cancer Institute's centre at Fort Detrick, Md. He gave a report on the effort at the annual meeting of the National Academy of sciences. His co-author is Dr. Giulio Tarro, currently on leave from University of Naples in Italy.

Sabin and Dr. John B. Moloney, the cancer institute's associate scientific director for viral oncology, spoke at a news conference before Sabin's lecture to the academy. Viral oncology is the area of research dealing with cancer viruses.

Moloney said Sabin's studies open up a new area of research on the role of viruses in human cancer.

He said other efforts of the institute

will be co-ordinated with the research at the centre at Fort Detrick "to come to an understanding, as quickly as possible, of the absolute role of these viruses in human cancers."

But Moloney did not go as far as to say a cause-and-effect link has been proved. Such proof has been a major objective of scientists involved in cancer research for more than a decade. There have been repeated cases in which the proof seemed to be almost at hand, but it has never, heretofore, been clinched.

The viruses studied by Sabin and his co-workers have been among the prime suspects in connection with some forms of human cancer. These are viruses called herpes simplex. Two types are found extremely widely in humans. Type 1 is the cause of common fever blisters in the area of the mouth. Type 2 causes infections in the male and female genital areas.

The studies reported by Sabin linked herpes type 1 virus with cancers of the human lip, mouth and throat. Herpes type 2 was linked with cancers of the cervix and vulva in women and with prostate in men and bladder, kidney and nasopharynx in both sexes. Nasopharynx includes passages of the nose and throat.

While most people who get these infections do not get cancer as a result, the scientist suggested, there appear to be certain circumstances and perhaps certain characteristics of some persons that allow the cancers to arise. These circumstances and characteristics are unknown, he said.

—Chronicle-Herald, April 26, 1973

AT WIT'S END—

(Continued from Page 6)

The parking lot was full of "blessings" of Villager sweaters and leather boots. And a generation that talks a good game of happiness and love sits around looking miserable.

I suspect our blessings have bored them to death. They are bored with families, sex, country, churches and schools. Tomorrow they may be bored with cars, furs and themselves. I said this to a mother the other day and she replied, "I can't imagine why. They've got everything."

A recent cover of the New York Magazine showed a mink-draped parent standing by a wheelchair which held her son. He had shoulder length hair, and Indian band around his forehead, expensive clothes and was slumped in the chair looking defensive. The caption read: "But of course he can walk. Thank God he doesn't have to."

That's what I think is wrong with the world today.

—By ERMA BOMBECK

—St. Johns Evening Telegram
Submitted by Doug Hallamore

NOTES AND NEWS

Dr. Quinlan and Dr. Holden attended meetings of the American Association of Thoracic Surgeons, in Dallas, Texas, April 15-17, and enjoyed a few days of vacation following the sessions.

* * *

Dr. Rostocka was in Toronto during the first week in May for a post-graduate course in Nonobstructive Pulmonary — Current Concepts, sponsored by the American College of Chest Physicians.

* * *

Congratulations to our Sanatorium Bowling Teams Numbers 1 and 2 for taking the honours in the recent tournaments. The trophies and photos of the team members are on display in the lobby of the East Infirmary.

* * *

Charlie Sheffield, Chief Engineer at the Sanatorium for the past seventeen years, retired on April 30, following an absence of several months on sick leave. We wish him good luck and good health in his retirement.

* * *

Work is progressing in Miller Hall in preparation for the Lab to move there sometime in the months ahead. Visitors frequently marvel that all other facilities in the West Infirmary have moved, and the building that housed so much activity for so many years is now still and empty — except for the Lab in the basement.

* * *

Point Edward Hospital has now closed and the remaining patients have been moved to the Little Flower Institute, near St. Rita's Hospital, Sydney, and will become a new chest clinic. Elsewhere we have incorporated a clipping from the Chronicle-Herald which tells of this move in greater detail.

—:o:—

A man was bragging about his family's solicitude for him. "And when I get home each evening," he concluded, "everything's always ready for me: pipe, easy chair, slippers, evening paper, lamp turned on and plenty of hot water."

"I get the same treatment," declared his companion, "except for the hot water. What's that for?"

"The dinner dishes."

EDITORIAL COMMENT—

(Continued from Page 7)

though he may continue to breathe.

WHO AM I? WHAT AM I? MY NAME IS W-O-R-K

—The Ag Bulletin, Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

W O R K!—

If you are poor—work.

If you are rich — continue to work.

If you are happy—keep right on working.

Idleness gives room for doubt and fears.

If disappointments come—work.

If sorrow overwhelms you and loved ones seem not true—work

If health is threatened—work.

When faith falters and reason fails—just work.

When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead—work.

Work as if your life was in peril. It really is.

Whatever happens or matters — work.

Work faithfully—work with faith.

Work is the greatest material remedy available.

Work will cure both mental and physical afflictions.

—:o:—

MORE PEOPLE LEARN ENGLISH

OTTAWA (UPI) — A study of the 1971 census issued Friday by Statistics Canada showed an increasing percentage of Canadians claiming English as their mother tongue, with a decreasing percentage regarding French as their mother tongue.

As defined by Statistics Canada, the mother tongue is the language first learned in childhood or, in the case of infants, the language most often used at home.

From 1941 to 1971, the Canadian population increased from 11,506,655 to 21,568,310.

In 1941, a total of 6,488,190 Canadians regarded English as their mother tongue, or 56.4 per cent of the population.

In the 1941 census, 3,354,753 Canadians claimed French as their mother tongue, or 29.2 per cent of the population.

During the 1971 census, 12,973,810 Canadians, or 60.2 per cent of the population, claimed English as their mother tongue while 5,793,650 gave French as their mother tongue, or 26.9 per cent of the population.

—Chronicle-Herald



Chaplain's Corner

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

THE NATURE OF HOLINESS

Holiness is the perfect balance of all the virtues. The word, holiness, signifies wholeness, completeness, integrity. Just as the body is sound and healthy when its every fiber and organ functions normally, so also a personality is good and holy when it possesses every virtue and grace which makes it pleasing in the sight of God and men.

Holiness is the blending of all the virtues; it is courage acting with courtesy; it express a holy anger mingled with kindness; it descends to the depths of humility in such a way as to suggest majesty; it displays love with dignity; it avoids the company of sinners without wounding sensibilities; it does not repel offending persons but rather receives them.

Many men and women are known for their greatness; most of them do not merit the title. A few who are called great were haughty atheists. But there is nothing great about an atheist except his pride; he may possess one or other outstanding talent which enables him to rule with a might that approaches tyranny; but tyranny is gruesome, not great. Similarly, a man of military prestige, no mat-

ter how cruel and ruthless his tactics of war have been, may be called great. Other worldly-renowned persons are known for their knowledge, even though, as St. Paul says, they were wise in their own conceits and worshipped creatures in place of the creator.

Sometimes holiness, in persons who seek godliness, is misunderstood because their attainment of one virtue is, as yet, out of proportion to their acquisition of other virtues. When seen in its proper light, it is not holiness that appears unappealing, but the imperfect attempts a person is making while mastering it. In due time, however, and under the gradual influence of God's grace, one virtue will give balance to another until, at last, the harmony of holiness is attained.

If we let ourselves be convinced that, unless we possess holiness, we are unbalanced in our notions and in our ways of life, we shall be more easily drawn to the practice of virtue. First, we must build up the proper understanding of the true greatness of holiness; then we must desire it and, like the saints, cooperate with God's grace in achieving it. Finally, if we are required to suffer persecution for holiness' sake, blessed are we!

Active Chaplain Puts Talents To Work

By BETSY CHAMBERS
Staff Reporter

Besides a long time interest in trains, photographs and firefighters, 68-year-old Msgr. Harry Durney is noted for his care of the "the boys" at Camp Hill Hospital where he has been chaplain for four years.

Since his appointment he has organized car drives for patients in the summer, cribbage tournaments, and the only weekly news sheet in a Canadian hospital.

These factors alone have made his presence appreciated in a hospital whose patients tend to be "forgotten" by the greater community.

He said people don't realize or pay attention to veterans who call Camp Hill Hospital their permanent home. On Armistice Day, "they talk about the dead and the war heroes but they forget about the patients at Camp Hill."

Strictly speaking chaplains' duties are confined to saying Mass on Sundays, visiting patients before operations, and administering last rites.

However Msgr. Durney is more active than that.

His latest project has been to reinstate birthday cakes for all natal day celebrators. The hospital was forced to withdraw the benefit for financial considerations from short term patients. Letters soliciting funds by Msgr. Durney to local parishes have solved the problem, at least for the moment.

"The Veteran," a weekly sheet he puts out as a "solo affair" has a circulation of 2,100.

Originally it began as a church bulletin and gradually broadened to include news

of Monsignor's programs — those celebrating birthdays, veterans of the week, results of cribbage tournaments, brain teasers and church announcements, covering all denominations at the hospital.

Friday finds him distributing his papers personally to all the hospital staff and patients. Another 900 are sent out to the legion branches in Nova Scotia through the cooperation of veterans welfare services. Others are sent to ex-Camp Hill patients who request them by Scotian Legion branch and still others find their way to the mayor of Halifax and the lieutenant governor of the province.

The distribution aspect takes most of Msgr. Durney's time on Fridays and by the end of the process he confesses, 'I'm tired.' But he says it gives him a chance to keep in contact with patients he wouldn't see otherwise and it lets the patients know he's around.

Asked why he started the newspaper he said "God only knows!", but concedes it was mainly at the prompting of a fellow colleague and friend, Rev. Joseph Mills of Herring Cove.

The paper, along with most of his other projects have broken any religious barriers he might encounter with patients of other faiths. "They all look forward to receiving their copy every week," he said.

Halifax service organizations have been recruited in summer by Msgr. Durney to take patients on short drives.

"The boys really appreciate that sort of thing," he said. Long excursions can be exhausting to some patients and buses aren't always as comfortable as cars.

While he was too late last year to get the car drive program under way he plans starting early this year.

His headquarters is in Saint Patrick's Glebe on Brunswick Street. When not at the hospital he is usually in his office planning projects or typing out his newspaper which sometimes takes him into the early morning hours.

On his desk is a veritable 'who's who' on patients in Camp Hill. With his index system he knows who's in hospital, who's been discharged, where they're from, their birthdays and war service. He says it

takes between one and two hours at night to keep his files up-to-date.

Three walls of his office are devoted to framed photographs recalling old parishes, friends, family, his hobby — model trains, and 14 years spent as captain of police company and chaplain with the Kentville Fire Department.

"I love pictures," he said.

In the room are three phones — two house phones he doesn't answer and a 'hot line' to Camp Hill Hospital, he always "jumps to answer."

When events become slow or tedious Msgr. Durney turns to his hobby located in the rectory basement. There he has stored enough model train engines, cars and feet of railway track to make any collector's eyes pop.

His love of trains nearly led him to a career with the railways at a younger age. His train collection is now in a state of dismantlement, on the verge of relocation to a newly found attic "I've been looking for all my life" in Father Mills' rectory.

A Haligonian native, Msgr. Durney has served in several parishes in the city in addition to 25 years as parish priest in Kentville.

One of his favorite photographs he describes as "rare" aptly combines his vocation and interests. It's a picture of Msgr. Durney saying Mass aboard a train on his way to a firefighters convention out west!

Age has not slowed Msgr. Durney down or made retirement one of his goals. "A couple of weeks of that would kill me," and besides, "I like my work, I don't know why, I just like it!"

—Chronicle-Herald

————:O:————

A group of men were discussing evolution and the origin of man. One of the party remained silent, when a companion turned to him and demanded his opinion.

"I ain't goin' to say", he replied. "I remember as 'ow Henry Green and me thrashed that out once before, and it's settled as far as I'm concerned."

"But what conclusion did you come to!"

"Well," he said slowly, "we didn't arrive at the same conclusion — no, we didn't. Henry arrived at the 'ospital an' me at the police station."

* * *

Middle age is the time when your children leave home, one by one, and return, two by two.

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OLD TIMERS

Mary and Percy Doucette of New Minas visited Rose and Richard Pottie in Berwick recently. Dick still works at the Western Kings Memorial Hospital and their family consists of a son and a daughter.

Mary also heard from Evelyn Jardine of Eureka, Pictou County. Evelyn was here in 1945 and keeps well.

We are pleased to pass along some messages received from our readers:

Mrs. Dorothy Furlong, RR No. 2 Sherbrooke, says that she and her two sons have been in good health since leaving the San a year ago. She sends her best regards to all of her friends and best wishes for a speedy recovery to all the patients at the San.

Catherine H. Servant of Shelburne writes that she is pleased to read occasionally of those whom she knew at the Sanatorium during the period 1942-45. Her reports and x-rays have continued to be satisfactory and she sends best wishes to patients and staff.

We received a note from Mrs. John Cleveland Hartlen, Box 13 Riverport, Lunenburg County—Mr. Hartlen was a patient here in 1972 and they recently moved from RR No. 2 Canning. They have continued to receive their Health Rays even though we had inadvertently used Cleveland as the surname. So we will take back some of the things we have muttered about the postal service!

I have just been given a clipping from the New Glasgow paper which shows a photo of Mrs. Eileen Hiltz and her mother, Mrs. Rod G. MacKay who is a guest at MacLellan's Nursing Home, New Glasgow. The caption reads, in part, "Mrs. Rod G. MacKay, widow of the late Mr. MacKay, well known New Glasgow magistrate, celebrated her 93rd birthday on Saturday, April 14. During the afternoon and evening many friends came to call, offering their congratulations and best wishes. Receiving with her mother was Eileen Hiltz, Wolfville, widow of Dr. J. Earle Hiltz, former superintendent of the Kentville Sanatorium.

"Among relatives present for the happy occasion was Mrs. MacKay's sister, Mrs. Eva MacDonald; her niece, Mrs. J. J. MacKay, New Glasgow, and her grandnephew, George MacKay, student at Dalhousie and Mrs. MacKay, Halifax.

Mrs. MacKay is the former Florence McKeil of Pictou. She has two daughters,

Mrs. Hiltz and Olive, (Mrs. Reinhold Peterson), Swastika, Ontario. She is a member of the Westminster Presbyterian Church and takes an interest in community affairs. She is an avid reader and writes an average of two letters a day."

The above clipping was passed to me by Sidney Roberts whose wife, Jean, is a former patient and former member of the nursing staff. Last fall Jean was the winner of a Reader's Digest contest which gave her a trip to the sunny South.

Speaking of trips, by the time this is in print Eileen Hiltz will be visiting in one of the "faraway places with the strange sounding names" — Istanbul, I believe, is to be one of the destinations.

We have received subscription renewals from Randy Crossman, 132 Arthur St., Truro; Mrs. Norman MacLellan, Soapstone Mine, Whycomough; Mrs. A. W. Stiles, Lily Lake Mount Uniacke; Cecil Rushton, RR No. 1 Debert; Mrs. Roderick Briggs, 11 Fairview Ave., Amherst, whose husband was a patient in 1961 — and they both enjoy reading Health Rays; Mrs. Eudora Lawrence, widow of John Lawrence, popular Medical Records staff member; Hazel Carleton, Pictou; Leslie S. Asbell of Oxford, who was recently in for a check-up; James Harding and two staff members Grace Nickerson and Mrs. A. Elliott.

Health Rays Golden Jubilee Fund

Contributions to this Fund may be addressed to:

HEALTH RAYS Jubilee Fund
Nova Scotia Sanatorium
Kentville, N. S.

An official receipt will be sent to all contributors, and all contributions are tax deductible. Your contributions will help Health Rays to remain healthy.

The standing of this Fund as of April 30, 1973:

Previously acknowledged:	\$4,565.36
Recent contributors:	
Century Patrons:	
Nil	
Patrons:	
Interest	
Miscellaneous	
Total:	31.48

Grand Total \$4,596.84

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

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APRIL 1 TO APRIL 30, 1973

EUGEN FREIDRICK GMEINER, Acadia University, Wolfville; MRS. LAURA JEAN (MALCOLM) DORMAN, 299 Cornwallis St., Kentville; GORDON WILBERT CORBETT, Lakewood Road, Kings Co.; WALTER LAWSON COFFILL, Grand Pre, Kings Co.; ROYDEN HAROLD RAFUSE, Western Shore, RR 1, Lunenburg Co.; CHARLES BRUCE DOANE, Ingomar, Shelburne Co.; CLINTON LEROY SWINDELL, 127 Woodworth Road, Kentville; MRS. AUDREY MAE (DONALD) SHUPE, Martin's Point, Lunenburg Co.; MICHAEL RICHARD MURPHY, 5676 North St., Halifax; JOSEPH LEONARD MELANSON, Nictaux, Annapolis Co.; MRS. MARY AMELIA (SELDON) CROSSMAN, 10 Davison St., Amherst; LEEN G. NETTE, Aylesford, Kings Co.; BARRY CLARK BUCHANAN, 28 Park St., Kentville; RALPH HENRY SURETTE, Surette's Island, Yar. Co.; MRS. MARY ELIZABETH (Alexander) SACOBIE, Micmac P. O., Hants Co.; EUGENE NELSON BLINN, Spicer's Rest Home, Berwick; RALPH EDGAR BURGESS, North Kingston, Kings Co.; MARY ELIZABETH ROBICHAUD, Meteghan, Digby Co.; ROBERT CHESTER SMITH, 153 Townsend St., Lunenburg Co.; HERMAN LLOYD MANSFIELD, RR 1, Caledonia, Queens Co.; MRS. ELIZABETH MARIE (HILARION) FLYNN, Meteghan River, Digby Co.; MRS. MARGARET MAY (STANLEY) PORTER, RR 1, Cross Roads, Country Harbour, Guysborough Co.; CLIFFORD ROY HOLLYWOOD, Salvation Army Hostel, Gottingen St., Halifax; VERNON ROY GRANT, Nictaux,

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APRIL 1 TO APRIL 30, 1973

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(Continued on Page 14)

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 13)

tout; LLOYD VINCENT LEWIS, 60 Spencer St., Spryfield, Halifax Co.; MRS. MARY ELIZABETH SACOBIE, Micmac P.O., Hants Co.; HAROLD RALPH SISCO, Lockhartville, Kings Co.; MRS. JEANINE MARIE (BARRY LLOYD) MACDONALD, RR 3, Lower Sackville, Halifax Co.; ELLISON WILLIAM BURGOWNE, Springfield, Annapolis Co.; WILFRED RICHMAN VEINOT, Nictaux, Annapolis Co.; LEVI JOSEPH ISADORE, Nyanza, Victoria Co.; GEORGE JAND WINGAY, 22 Portland St., Dartmouth; MRS. DORIS MAY (GERALD) WALSH, Greenwood, Kings Co.; MRS. MARY ETHEL DAWE, 1010 Aalders Ave., New Minas, Kings Co.; HAROLD ROYDEN RAFUSE, Western Shore, Lun. Co. (Expired); THOMAS BURTON SMITH, P. O. Box 64, Falmouth, Hants Co.; GEORGE DAVIS KENNIE, 28 Elm Ave., Kentville (Expired); GERALD COLLIN GARRON, Barrington, Shelb. Co.; CHARLES BRUCE DOANE, Ingomar, Shelb. Co.; MARY ISABEL DAHR, Port Dufferin, Halifax Co.; CECIL AVARD RUSHTON, Lower Debert, Col. Co.; MRS. ELIZABETH MARIE (LARRY FLYNN), Meteghan River, Digby Co.; GEORGE FRANKLYN HARVEY, Black Rock, RR No. 3, Kings Co.; FRANK CHARLES GAUDET, Milford, Hants Co.; ALFRED EARL WEARE, 230 Exhibition St., Kentville, (Expired); HOWARD NORMAN BAILEY, 2536 Gottingen St. Halifax; GORDON WILBERT CORBET, Lakewood Road Kings Co.; AMEDEE JOSEPH DUGAS, Grosses Coques, Dig. Co.; EARL RAYMOND DOANE, 9 Prince St., Kentville; WILLIAM NORTON POSTDOWN, Berwick, Kings Co.; ROBERT CHESTER SMITH, 153 Townsend St., Lunenburg; MARGARET FLORENCE CAMERON, 257 Washington St., New Glasgow, Pictou Co.; MRS. LOUISE ELLEN (WHITFIELD) BARTON, Acadiaville, Digby Co.; JOSEPH HAROLD DE'ELL, Rockland, Kings Co.;

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POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

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APRIL 1 to APRIL 30, 1973

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APRIL 1 to APRIL 30, 1973

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—:O:—

BIRD LIFE

Old Lady (to librarian)—I'd like a nice book.

Librarian—Here's one about the cardinal.

Old Lady—I'm not interested in religion.

Librarian—But this is a bird.

Old Lady—I'm not interested in his private life, either.

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GOOD FOR WHAT AILS THEE

This item was sent to Dr. Holden by a representative of Dow Chemical of Canada, and we think that it is worthy of publication.

QUESTION:

Was Salisbury steak named after the city in England?

Lillian Mackenzie, Vancouver

ANSWER:

No, it was christened in honor of James Henry Salisbury, a British doctor who seems to have been quite mad about ground beef. Basically, a Salisbury steak is a hamburger patty tarted up with raw egg, bread crumbs, onions and seasonings, often served with gravy or a sauce. Dr. Salisbury, who lived from 1823 to 1905, outlined the recipe and its value in his book on nutrition, *The Relation Of Alimentation And Disease*. To treat a consumptive disease, he recommended a patient eat the chopped muscle of lean beef: "Broil slowly and moderately well over a fire free from blaze and smoke. When cooked, put it on a hot plate and season to taste with butter, pepper and salt; also use either Worcestershire or Halford sauce, mustard, horseradish or lemon juice on the meat if desired. No other meats should be allowed till the stomach becomes clean, the urine uniformly clear and free . . . and the cough and expectoration so improved that they cease to be troublesome." Discussing digestion, he declared: "I have had patients afflicted with grave diseases thrive and become perfectly well upon beef. Many of them have continued this as an exclusive diet from three to four years, before bringing breads and vegetables into their diet list. Good, fresh beef and mutton stand at the head of all aliments as foods promotive of human health."

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J. M. DUGUID, JEWELLERS

HOW MUCH IS A TEENAGER WORTH?

To some people, not very much!

To the Insurance Company, he's a bad risk!

To the patrolman, he's a hot-roddin' kid with too much time and speed on his hands!

To city hall, he's a future tax-payer!

To Uncle Sam, he's eligible for the draft at age 18!

To the school principal, he's a spit-baller!

To Mom and Dad, he's a tax deduction, and he may either make or break the family!

But . . . to the church, he's the gauge of what the church in a few years will be like!

He's a weekly challenge and inspiration to have in the Church Services!

To the Sunday School teacher, he's a burden to pray and to win to Christ! To the Lord Jesus, he's worth the whole world, for He gave Himself for the sins of every teenager!

————:o:————

AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city, that has no end.
Yet days go by and the weeks rush on,
And before we know it a year is gone.
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell.
And he rang mine. We were younger then,
But now we are busy tired men.
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
Tomorrow", I say, 'I'll call on Jim,
Just to show I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes, and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows.

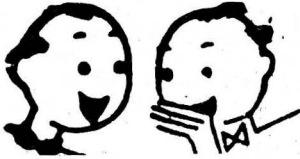
Around the corner, yet miles away,
"Here's a telegram sir, Jim died today."
And that's what we get, and deserve in
the end,
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

————:o:————

Stopping at a wayside service station in Arizona, the woman motorist inquired: "Do you have a rest room?"

"Nope", returned the attendant; "when any of us gets tired, we just sit on one of them oil drums."

Just Jesting



Cheer Up!

"I see by the paper that cheerful people are less apt to be sick than cranky people."

"I guess it's a case of the surly bird catches the germ."

TWO VIEWS

In one southern town, there are two churches across the street from one another.

"Couldn't those churches be combined?" a visitor asked.

"Not very well", was the reply. "That church over there says, "There ain't no hell", and this one says, "The hell there ain't."

At a Zoo a kangaroo suddenly leaped twelve feet over a barrier and took off at eighty miles an hour. A keeper dashed up to a baffled lady who had been standing in front of the kangaroo's cage, and demanded: "What on earth did you do to that kangaroo to make him go like that?"

"Nothing, really," the lady declared. "I just tickled him a little."

"Than you'd better tickle me in the same place," suggested the keeper grimly. "I've got to catch him."

KILL OR CURE

Two old farmers, who did not believe in unnecessary conversation, met one day. One of them had a problem and wished some advice.

"What did you give your horse when he had the colic, George?"

"Turpentine", replied George.

A fortnight later they met again "Didn't you say you gave your horse turpentine for the colic, George?"

"Yep", replied George.

"Well, I gave mine turpentine and he died."

"So did mine," said George.

Here's some advice it'll pay you to read: Don't plant more than you wife can weed.

—Anon.

Dirty days hath September,
April, June and November.
From January up to May
It's pretty sure to rain each day.
All the rest have thirty-one
Without much chance of any sun.
And if one of them had two and thirty,
They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

* * *

A man strolled into a neighbourhood tavern with a huge mangy yellow dog in tow and sat minding his own business until another guest, leading a ferocious looking bulldog challenged him.

"Whatcha doing with a mutt like that?" he demanded. "You should get a pedigreed dog like mine". The first man answered quietly, "Five hundred dollars says my yellow mutt can lick the daylights out of that bull of yours."

The bet was made, and sure enough, the yellow one made mincemeat of the bull in about two minutes flat. The bartender swept up the carnage and asked respectfully, "Where did that yellow dog come from anyhow?"

Its owner explained, "A friend sent him to me from Africa. All I had to do was cut off his mane and tail!"

* * *

Customer: "Is this hair restorer any good?"

Clerk: "Well, there was a fellow in here yesterday who got a bottle of it. He pulled the cork with his teeth, and today he has a mustache."

* * *

Two little girls were overheard talking about prayers.

"Do you say grace at your house with your meals?" one asked.

"No," replied the other, "We just say our prayers at night. We're not scared in the daytime."

* * *

"I was reading in the paper this morning about an editor who was struck by lightning while he was swearing. Remarkable wasn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. It would be much more remarkable if lightning were to strike an editor when he wasn't swearing."

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The junior exec had been complaining to his wife of aches and pains. Neither one could account for his trouble. Arriving home from work one night, he informed her, "I finally discovered why I've been feeling so miserable. We got some ultra-modern office furniture two weeks ago and I just learned today that I've been sitting in the wastebasket."

* * *

Then there's the story of the woman who called up the fire department and said, "Hello, is this the fire department?" A fireman answered, "Yeah, this is the fire department."

The woman said, "Look, I've just had a new rock garden built, and I've planted some new roses, and . . ."

The fireman said, "Where's the fire?"

She said, "I've spent lots of money having my lawn mowed and my hedges clipped. . . ."

He said, "Where's the fire?"

She said, "Some of my new plants are very expensive"

He said, "Look lady, you don't want the fire department, you want a flower shop."

She said, "No I don't. The house next door is on fire, and I don't want you clumsy firemen stamping all over my garden when you come over."

—:O:—

The earth is awake and the birds have come,

There is life in the beat of the breeze,
And the basswood tops are alive with the hum

And flash of the hungry bees.
The frogs in the swale in concert croak,

And the glow of the spring is here,
When the bursting leaves on the rough old oak

Are as big as a red squirrel's ear.
—From Corn-Planting by Peter McArthur

THOUGHTS AT LARGE

BY SYDNEY J. HARRIS

It may be true that the weak will always be driven to the wall; but it is the task of a just society to see that the wall is climable.

There are many things that defy even the mightiest intelligence; but there is no limit to the depths of stupidity.

Pain that is imposed by others is only a drop in the bucket (and far more tolerable) compared to the pain that is self-inflicted.

Teaching is a nobler profession than healing, for healing stops with the individual, whereas, as Henry Adams said, "A teacher affects eternity; he can never tell here his influence stops."

For every dog who barks from ferocity, a dozen bark from fear; and so it is also with people.

Companies spend a great deal (and often borrow to do so) in order to assure and enhance their future operations; yet we cannot see that the same great expense may be an essential part of the political economy.

Time teaches only one thing to the unintelligent: that it was better then than now.

— More people seem "complicated" to themselves because they're confused than because they're complex.

— The tragic flaw in great men is that they want disciples — not recognizing that disciples always coarsen, pervert, and eventually betray the core of the message greatness tries to transmit.

— What I propose is a "solution;" what you propose is a "theory," what he proposes is a "panacea."

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., C.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P. Medical Director
 J. J. QUINLAN, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C), F.C.C.P. Surgeon
 F. J. MISENER, M.D., F.C.C.P. Radiologist
 MARIA ROSTOCKA, M.D. Physician
 G. A. KLOSS, M.D., F.C.C.P. Physician
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Point Edward Hospital

D. S. ROBB, M.D. Medical Superintendent
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 MISS B. JOYCE LEWIS, B.Sc., M.A., P.Dt. Dietitian
 MRS. ELIZABETH REID, R.N. Supervisor of Rehabilitation

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain
 Rev. Gary Tonks

PENTECOSTAL
 Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

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

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

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

SALVATION ARMY
 Capt. Pauline Banfield

CHRISTIAN REFORMED
 Minister—Rev H. Vander Plaats

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

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

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ANGLICAN
 Rev. Weldon Smith

UNITED CHURCH
 Rev. Robert Jones

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

PRESBYTERIAN
 Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

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