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NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

VOL. 45

DECEMBER, 1964

NO. 11

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Baptist—Minister	<i>Dr. G. N. Hamilton</i>
Assistant	<i>Rev. D. M. Veinotte</i>
Lay Assistant	<i>Lic. David Wilton</i>
Lay Visitor	<i>Mrs. Hance Mosher</i>
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Pentecostal—Minister	<i>Rev. C. N. Slauenwhite</i>
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Sanatorium Chaplain	<i>Rev. J. D. MacLeod</i>

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to the nurse in charge.

HEALTH RAYS

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH AND GOOD CHEER

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DECEMBER

No. 11



A Christmas Carol

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the Shepherds
said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come!

But it was said, in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to Him.


All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

But they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith or morn,
Shall daily hear the angel-song,
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

—James Russell Lowell.





Christmas is upon us once again. It is a season of good will, and I take this opportunity to express sincere best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all at the Sanatorium.

As always, I sincerely hope that the New Year will bring to each person at the Sanatorium a fuller measure of health and contentment of mind.

Merry Christmas to all.

Richard A. Donahoe
Minister of Public Health

Halifax, Nova Scotia
November 23, 1964





Christmas Greetings From Our Medical Superintendent

Just a year ago, I was writing Christmas greetings and now it is that time again. How could a year go by so quickly? Will Christmas this year be better or worse than last?

The answer, of course, is that it will be better for some and not so good for others; better for those who have completed their Sanatorium stay and returned home, and not quite so pleasant for those who have just started treatment. Certainly it is neither good nor heart warming to be separated from home and loved ones at any time of year and especially not at Christmas time.

Cast your glance around you. Is it not true that you as patients are blessed by new friends whom you did not even know a year ago. Whether they are other patients or are members of staff, in their hearts they wish you well. It is my privilege at this time to represent them all and to wish for each of you on their behalf a very Merry Christmas, and a New Year filled with happiness stemming from good health, good friends and a heart filled with contentment.

Mrs. Hiltz joins me, too, in extending to our patients, our readers and our staff a Very Merry Christmas and may God bless you one and all.

Joseph Earle Hiltz, M.D.



The Sanatorium Cracker Barrel

J. E. Hiltz, M.D.,

Medical Superintendent



Recently I had to speak to a young man for using profane language at and in front of women patients and staff members. I was interested in his theory that he had not been using profane language because he did not believe in God nor in Jesus Christ. He seemed somewhat taken aback when I pointed out that this had no bearing on the case as, whether he believed or not, he

had hurt the sensibilities of others. Acceptable conduct is not based upon what we believe as individuals but rather upon our consideration for the beliefs and welfare of others. If more individuals, groups of people and even nations would bear this fact in mind this old world would be a better place in which to dwell.

* * *

On November 5, we were privileged to have at the Sanatorium the members of the Halifax County Tuberculosis League to hold their 55th Annual Meeting. Founded in 1909, this is one of the very oldest Tuberculosis Associations in Canada. Its activities are chiefly in the welfare field and many of our Halifax County patients receive assistance from them in the form of a comfort allowance, assistance with the purchase of dentures or clothing and in other ways. President Victor Hart, owner of the "Green Lantern" in Halifax, presided over the sessions. At lunch in our Sanatorium dining room eighteen persons, including a few members of the Sanatorium staff as guests, enjoyed a good meal and the pleasure of each other's company.

* * *

We were also privileged to be hosts to a meeting of the Valley Medical Society in Miller Hall on November 25. Vice President Dr. Garth Vaughan, who was a patient here a number of years ago, chaired the sessions in his usual competent manner. In all, twenty-seven physicians were present for the meeting followed by dinner in our dining room.

It is always good to have persons from outside our staff visit us. Especially is this true when they have interests in common with ours—such as tuberculosis associations and medical or nursing groups.

On Monday, November 9, His Honour Lieutenant Governor H. P. MacKeen, at Government House in Halifax, invested Dr. Helen M. Holden as a Serving Sister and her husband, Dr. John J. Quinlan, as a Serving Brother in the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem of which Her Majesty the Queen is the Sovereign Head. This was a fitting recognition of the good work of this husband and wife medical team on behalf of the St. John Ambulance Association, of which Dr. Quinlan is the Chairman of the Kings County Branch. Our sincere congratulations are extended to both of these members of our medical staff.

* * *

In closing, my wish for you, one and all, is for a very Merry Christmas, a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year and all that is good in the years ahead. God Bless!

BOW ARROW—THE NON-SMOKING HOSPITAL

Dr. M. O. J. Gibson, this year's Chest and Heart Association overseas scholar, is medical director of Bow Arrow Hospital for chest diseases at Darford, England. He was one of the speakers at the 1964 annual meeting of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association and at the Wednesday plenary session described how he got smoking stopped among patients in that hospital.

It seemed to Dr. Gibson that it was something of a study in futility to be treating patients for chronic chest conditions while they continued with habits which provoked their ills.

As the new year was approaching he therefore visited each of the patients in his 90-bed hospital and presented them with a choice of three lines of action. They could stay in the hospital and stop smoking, they could go home or he would make arrangements for them to go to another hospital. Practically all elected to stay.

At midnight New Year's Eve bells were rung (there were plenty ringing outside as well), the nurses went around and collected all cigarettes, ash trays and matches at the same time opening windows to get rid of the smell of smoke.

Visitors were requested not to take cigarettes or matches with them when they went to see patients and were told firmly that they must not smoke in the hospital as the

(Continued on page 17)

A Sixteenth Century Christmas

Henry VIII made one lasting contribution to history — he instituted the Christmas feast. While this may have been an expression of, or an excuse to exercise, his own particular art of gluttony, nevertheless we must credit him with the fact that it was during his reign that Christmas came to be celebrated with gay and joyous social festivities. Many of the yuletide customs which he originated have been passed down to us through history to add cheer to our own celebration of this wonderful season.

In Henry's time the feasting lasted for twelve days, from Christmas Eve until the Epiphany, January 6, but preparations began weeks before with the cutting of enormous yule logs, the gathering of holly, laurel and ivy to decorate the great halls; the boar hunt in which the king himself played an active role, and of course the cooking of the enormous amounts of "pyes", puddings and other delicacies to satisfy the monarch's gargantuan appetite. One of these delicacies was frumenty, a kind of wheat porridge boiled with eggs, milk and spices. It was considered good luck to eat frumenty on Christmas morning with brawn, which was boar's meat soaked in ale.

Plum puddings were made by the score, because it was also considered lucky to eat one plum pudding on each of the twelve days of Christmas, making a wish with the first mouthful of each one. These were not a dessert, by the way, because they originated as a plum soup made from mutton broth, sherry, prunes, raisins and spices. Bread was added later to thicken this mixture and it became plum porridge. Finally meat and suet became part of the ingredients and it evolved to one of the main courses. We moderns may consider the custom of combining meat with fruits, sweets and spices rather odd but in Henry's day meat dishes were sweet and gooey and highly spiced.

Christmas pies were rectangular in shape, symbolizing the manger of the Christ Child and the spices they contained represented the gifts of the Magi. Other ingredients could be eggs, sugar, all kinds of game and fowl, plums, dates and oranges. One such pie prepared for Henry is said to have weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds and to have been nine feet in length, and the recipe included two bushels of flour, twenty-four pounds of butter and eight kinds of meat, and had to be wheeled into the dining hall on a cart. It seems quite characteristic of Henry that one way his subjects curried favour with him was to create something special for him to eat. There is an account of a widow Cornewallis who so pleased him

with the gift of a Christmas pie that he presented her and her descendants with a manor house and title. One cannot help wondering if one of those descendants could have been the Lord Cornwallis who left his mark on our Annapolis Valley, but let us not digress.

The mood of gaiety generated by Henry spread to the neighboring towns and villages and the poor of the countryside went from one manor house to another, their carols echoing on the frosty air, but the winter's cold was neutralized by the generous helpings they received from the wassail bowls at each stop. Wassail is an Anglo Saxon word meaning "be well". The response to this was "drink hael" or "drink well". The wassail recipe consisted of ale, sugar, beaten eggs and nutmeg served warm, with pieces of toast floating on the custard-like concoction. "Drinking a toast" originated from these pieces of the soaked bread which were considered the best part of the wassail brew.

Meanwhile, back at the castle, preparations were in full swing for the Christmas feast which began at three in the afternoon and lasted until midnight. The food served at one of these feasts staggers the imagination. When the King and guests were seated, the Lord High Steward, clad in scarlet, rode into the torch-lighted hall on horseback, followed by Heralds. Next came the chief cook carrying the boar's head. It is interesting to note the exalted position of cooks in those days—they were never considered menials. After him came the Earl of Sussex who carried the blood-stained sword which had been used to sever the boar's head. Hardly an appetite stimulant, one would think, but then severed heads were not exactly a novelty in those days. Next came the chief butler and the beverage steward carrying between them the great loving cup containing the wassail. Floating in this were twelve roasted crabapples symbolizing the twelve apostles. Three cloves, representing the Holy Trinity, were stuck in each apple. This was presented to the King who drank from it and it was then passed to each person in order of descending rank.

The fourteen Knights of the Bath now entered carrying aloft fish dishes, including porpoise, whale and seal. Then came the puddings made of blood, suet or pork and of course the plum puddings. These were drained with wine and lighted.

Roasted meats made their appearance next, usually wheeled in on carts—suckling pigs, whole roasted calves, stuffed geese, gilded swans, venison and mutton. The carv-

(Continued on page 26)



Rawding's Roger Q (Roger), Windward Silver Dart, C.D. (Pierre), and Roger's Frere Richard (Dick) relax beside the Sanatorium Canteen.

If you should ask the average person what the smartest animal in the world is, you'll probably get the answer: the dog. We heartily agree after reading of the prowess of Windward Silver Dart, C.D. (Pierre), owned and trained by Miss Elizabeth Manning, N.S. Sanatorium Staff, Rawdings Roger Q. (Roger) and Roger's Frere Richard (Dick), owned and trained by Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Quinlan, N.S. San. Staff and their nieces Patricia and Kathleen Quinlan.

Pierre placed first in three Basic Obedience Competitions at Lawrencetown, then went on to the New Brunswick Circuit Obedience Trials. There he made five qualifying scores out of six, earning his Canadian Companion Dog Degree. The last day in Saint John, N.B., he racked up a score

of 191 out of 200—the highest score in the Novice 'A' class. The judge was an American from Ohio.

Roger earned another point toward his Championship at the All Breed Show, in Berwick. He also took Best of Breed, second prize in Group 1, and Best Canadian Bred at the Wolfville show.

Dick also brought credit to his owners by being placed second, only a few points behind Roger.

Congratulations to the owners and trainers and to those beautiful dogs.

Since winning his C.D. Pierre has been stricken with a mild attack of epilepsy. We wish him a speedy recovery so that he may go on to win further fame.

A WINTER TOKEN

From the depths of the still black heavens
Comes the crystal white of the snow,
The night holds many mysteries
No man shall ever know.

The snowflakes gently falling
Without the slightest sound,
Will form a soft white blanket
To lie upon the ground.

From the echo of the hills
You can hear a church bell ringing,
And far off in the distance
A group of children singing.

The earth is quiet and still,
Peace lies o'er the land,
The marvels of this world
Were made by God's own hand.

He makes the earth so peaceful
On this cold and wintery night,
And in the darkest corner
He sends a beam of light.

God gives us strength and courage
And blessings from above,
He sends each tiny snowflake
As a token of His love.

—Joan Elaine Schmidt

Question Box

Dr. J. J. Quinlan



Q. Is it true that the tuberculosis death rate in Nova Scotia is decreasing at a slow pace?

A. The death rate from tuberculosis in Nova Scotia is now so low that a further decrease must of necessity be slow. We are today much more concerned about the morbidity rate; that is,

the number of persons developing tuberculosis for the first time and previously diagnosed cases reactivating. Gratifyingly, both these rates are decreasing, although all too slowly.

Q. Why is pleurisy connected with tuberculosis, when tuberculosis is inside the lung?

A. Pleurisy is inflammation of the pleura, a membrane which completely envelops the lung. Consequently, any inflammatory process such as tuberculosis or pneumonia may involve this covering and produce pleurisy.

Q. Was a local anaesthesia ever used in chest surgery?

A. Local anaesthesia in the past was frequently used for major chest procedures such as thoracoplasty and, in some cases, of resection. However, under modern conditions it is rarely necessary. General anaesthesia is so pleasant and so safe that the patient can be spared the mental trauma of being awake while his surgery is carried out.

Q. How much of the lungs can be safely taken out? If the lungs have a lot of scar

tissue on them is it more risky for the patient?

A. There are many reports of individuals undergoing pneumonectomy on one side and as much as a lobectomy on the other and still being capable of living a quiet normal life following surgery. We have not carried out such extensive resections at this institution, but we have done bilateral lobectomy on a large number of patients with apparently little effect on their lung function.

The presence of scar tissue does interfere to some extent with the proper functioning of the lung and its presence in large amounts would affect our decision concerning surgery to a considerable extent.

Q. Do all patients have to take the TB drugs after they leave the Sanatorium if their disease is arrested?

A. Much will depend on the extent of the original disease, the response to treatment and how long they have been under treatment. Most individuals today are leaving sanatoria far earlier than was the custom in the past and carrying on their drug therapy at home.

The size of the lungs is surprising. Their surface is fifty times that of the skin. And if their walls were spread out flat, they would cover some 2,600 feet.

A child has pink lungs; an adult has gray or black lungs. And the city dweller, who breathes in industrial fumes and smog, has darker lungs than one who lives in the county.

Worry is interest paid on trouble before it comes due.

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HEALTH RAYS

VOL. 45

DECEMBER

No. 11

STAFF

Managing Editor May Smith
Business Manager John Akin
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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.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

"We Wish You A Merry Christmas

To each subscriber, advertiser and friend of Health Rays Magazine the cheery greeting goes out with sincerity. To patients we would like to add our wish for your early and complete return to good health and that your journey home may soon become a reality.

THE EDITOR AND STAFF

And a Happy New Year."

November has passed and here it is Christmas again! The summer evaded us but by the feel of the past weeks winter is not going to. There have been many and varied signs of pre-Christmas preparations for sometime; it seems each year the decorations are being put up earlier. Remember when it was just a very short time before Christmas that we got out the decorations? Probably our young people will say "you're getting old and forgetful" and looking back it just seems that way—I shall not argue.

However, in looking back we realize that Christmas has lost much of its significance as a holy day and has become more of a holiday, with each year's accident rate climbing.

Occasionally we read that the world wants to come back to the old-fashioned Christmas, but it doesn't know the way. There was evidence of this two years ago when the Toronto Star Weekly published a religious article by Patricia Young, and the cover of

the paper featured the Nativity Scene. Last year the Star asked her to do another article along the same line for its Christmas issue.

Probably the trouble with "bring back Christmas" campaigns is the mistake of confusing holiness with solemnity. Christmas is meant to be gay. The first Christmas was proclaimed joyously. But over-drinking, over-eating or children fretting over disappointing presents is not gaiety.

The world—or part of it—is trying to find its way back to Christmas. That way is somewhere in between holier-than-thou solemnity and worldly abandon.

However, as long as we celebrate Christmas there is evidence that people do realize deep in their hearts the real goal that lies before them and with kindness toward each other they will be more eager to find the right star and climb the right hill to the manger.

MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE.



San News

NEWS OF THE NURSING STAFF

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. D. MacLeod have entertained several groups of our student nurses at their home on Main Street. These pleasant occasions are very much appreciated.

Mrs. Bao-Chu Mao, graduate nurse from Formosa is taking a postgraduate course here at the Sanatorium.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Newcombe on the birth of a son, Ian William, November 16.

There is much to be said in favour of having outside interests and I think some of our nurses are very versatile, participating in many community activities as well as sports. Miss Vilda Skerry and Miss Gayle Wilson were successful in getting a deer. Along with Dr. Rostocka they have taken up "Prospecting". Attending the class in Conversational French, held at the Sanatorium, are: Mrs. S. Zirkel, Miss Vilda Skerry, Miss Gayle Wilson and Mrs. Hope Mack.

The Valley Branch of the Certified Nursing Association held its monthly meeting at the Sanatorium.

Mr. Robert MacKenzie, Director of Nursing Education, is a patient at the Victoria General Hospital, where he has undergone surgery. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Sorry to report Mrs. Leonora Spencer is on sick leave. Our best wishes for her return to good health soon.

We are pleased to have Miss Madeline Spence, Director of Nursing Service, back with us after a prolonged sick leave.

Sincere sympathy is extended to Mrs. Shirley Clerk on the death of her mother, Mrs. Berenice Cook. Many will have fond memories of Mrs. Cook when she was a member of our staff.

A party in honor of Mrs. Alice Levesque was given recently by members of the Nursing Staff. Mrs. Levesque was the recipient

of a gift along with good wishes for many happy years of retirement. Mrs. Levesque is now living in Kentville.

Mrs. Donald White and Miss Clara Gray, former members of the Nursing Staff, were recent visitors at the Sanatorium.

PATIENTS' PARTY

A card party sponsored by the Catholic Women's League, Kentville Council, was held in the Conference Room October 29. The room was nicely decorated for the occasion in the Hallowe'en motif and there were thirty-two patients present.

Mr. F. C. Barrett, Director of Rehabilitation, introduced the President Mrs. M. J. MacDonald and convener Mrs. C. H. Guild.

Very Rev. J. H. Durney directed the games and gave out the prizes assisted by Mrs. Mary MacKinnon, of the rehab department. Prize winners were: Auction 45s, Mrs. Patricia Schofield, Mrs. Frances Manuel, John G. Vaughan and Franklin d'Entremont. Crokinole: Mrs. June Wegger, Mrs. Daisy Mullen. For those who did not win at games, there were prizes by lucky draw, so that all patients present received a prize.

Following the distribution of prizes, lunch was served by the hostesses assisted by the dietary department.

PATIENTS' PARTY

The November card party for the patients was sponsored by the Good Neighbours Club of Centreville. Mrs. Mary MacKinnon of the Rehab Department introduced the hostesses, Mrs. Lois Manson, President, Mrs. Kay Murray, Mrs. Jacqueline Spinney, Mrs. Minnie Sheffield and Mrs. Jessie Harper.

Mrs. Manson, assisted by Mrs. MacKinnon, gave out the prizes. Highest in 45's Mr. Stowell Vaughan, Mr. John Chisholm. Ladies'

(Continued on page 26)

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Chaplain's Corner

Rev. K. G. Sullivan

This story is one which should help us live better, not only at Christmas but throughout the whole year:

"Once upon a time a man's soul rose from the dead in the winter instead of the spring. Christmas instead of Easter.

Some years ago there lived in a small English city a man whom I shall call Fred Armstrong. He worked in the local post office, and he was called the 'dead letter man' because he handled missives whose addresses were faulty, or hard to read. He lived in an old house with his little wife, an even smaller daughter, and a tiny son. After supper he liked to light his pipe and with his children around him in the dooryard garden, he would tell of his latest exploits in delivering lost letters. He considered himself quite a detective. There was no cloud on his modest horizon.

No cloud until one sunny morning when his little boy fell ill. From the first sight of the sick child, the doctor looked solemn. Within forty-eight hours the child was no more.

In his sorrow, Fred Armstrong's soul seemed to die. The mother and their little daughter were also crushed, but they struggled to control their grief, determined to make the best of what was left them in life. Not so the father. His life was now a dead letter with no direction. In the morning Fred Armstrong rose from his bed to work like a sleepwalker, he never spoke unless spoken to, and he answered in as few words as possible. He did his tasks in silence, ate his lunch alone, and sat like a statue at his own supper table, and went to bed early—yet his wife knew that he lay most of the night with eyes open, staring at the ceiling. As the months passed from May to December his apathy seemed to deepen.

His wife tried to reason with him. She told him that such despair was unfair to their lost son and unfair to the living. She feared that he would brood his way into an asylum. But nothing she said seemed to reach him.

It was coming close upon Christmas. One bleak afternoon Fred Armstrong sat on his high stool and shoved a new pile of letters under the swinging electric lamp. He saw on top of the stack an envelope that was clearly undeliverable. In crude block letters were penciled the words: 'Santa North Pole'. Armstrong started to tear it across and throw it away, when some obscure impulse

made him pause. Slowly he opened the letter and read:

'Dear Santa Claus:

We are very sad at our house this year, and I don't want you to bring me anything. My little brother went to Heaven last spring. All I want you to do when you come to our house is to take Brother's toys to him. I'll leave them in the corner by the kitchen stove; his hobbyhorse and train and everything. I know he'll be lost up in Heaven without them, most of all his horse. He always liked riding it so much, so you must take them to him, please, and you needn't mind leaving me anything, but if you could give Daddy something that would make him like he used to be, make him smoke his pipe again and tell me stories, I do wish you would. I heard him say to Mummie once that only Eternity could cure him. Could you bring him some of that, and I will be your good little girl,

Marian'

That night through the lighted streets, Fred Armstrong walked home at a faster gait. In the winter darkness he stood in the dooryard and struck a match, then he opened the kitchen door and blew a great puff from his pipe and the smoke settled like a nimbus cloud around the heads of his startled wife and daughter. And he was smiling at them just as he used to do."

CHRISTMAS TIME IS . . .

Christmas time's for dreaming
Thoughts of long ago . . .
Holidays of childhood,
Memories all aglow.

Christmas time's for music,
Carols and angel choirs . . .
Hymns from snow-capped steeples,
Glowing ember's fires.

Christmas time's for loving
Friends and kindred, too . . .
All the weak and friendless,
All the tried and true.

Christmas time's for praying
That our hearts may see
Over stars and candles . . .
To Eternity!

—Alice Kennelly Roberts.

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Children Are Chief Victims Of Epidemics

Headlines in papers of Western Ontario early in July made frequent use of the word "swamped" to describe the chest clinic. The St. Thomas Times Journal heading implied the reason for the rush: **CHEST CLINIC SWAMPED AFTER TB OUTBREAK.**

The word "after" is worth some sad reflection. The population of Middlesex County, like the population in most of the rest of Canada, has been urged by public health officials in general, and tuberculosis workers in particular, to attend mass surveys. As usual a discouraging number of persons were too disinterested to attend. It took an outbreak to alert the community to the trouble undiagnosed cases can cause. Conspicuously, the swelled attendance was chiefly children being brought by their frightened parents. Adults were in a distinct minority though it is more than likely that the source of infection is an adult, or adults, in need of treatment.

The outbreak which caused the lineups at the clinic was centred in Holy Cross Elementary School, London. From a student population of 350 and a staff of ten regular and several part-time teachers, 13 students were admitted to Beck Memorial San-

atorium and seven other students and two teachers are being given drug treatment on an out-patient basis, making a total of 22 cases.

This situation is not nearly so rare as public health officials could wish. In recent years five of the ten provinces have reported epidemics at the Canadian Tuberculosis Association annual meetings. Very often these were centred in schools and for this reason caused real alarm. The concern of parents is for their children. The concern of health officials is that these outbreaks show how much damage can be done by an undiscovered source.

Within the last year Ontario has had three warnings of how much tuberculosis still lurks just out of sight. At Hearst a survey was undertaken and the coverage was more extensive than usual, due to the enthusiasm and thoroughness of the organizers who succeeded in getting 87 per cent of the population of 7,700 out for tuberculin testing and, if positive, for chest X-ray. They found 17 cases of active tuberculosis of whom eight were adolescents. They also found 18 inactive cases and 221 positive reactors under the age of 25.

Canadian Tuberculosis Association

NON-SMOKING (cont'd.)

smell of tobacco smoke stimulated the desire of the ex-smokers to start again.

The hospital board on hearing of his action suggested that it was undemocratic to say that no patients would be admitted unless they agreed not to smoke. Some beds must be available for smokers.

They did not say how many—so one patient dying of lung cancer was being allowed to smoke.

The programme with the other patients had worked remarkably well and a high percentage of patients have managed to keep from smoking after leaving hospital. This Dr. Gibson attributed to a feeling of fellowship which was developed, the "I'll stick to it if you do" attitude, plus a conviction that the medical and nursing staff were really in earnest about the seriousness of the results of smoking on their patients' health.

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Old Timers

With "the season to be jolly" coming up fast, we're glad—well almost—to have some snow around to help us get in the mood. Already the radio is beginning to give out with carols, and the various advertising media have been deluging us with gift suggestions for weeks. Our first reaction is an exasperated: "So soon? This is ridiculous!" then comes a second thought: that this one great lovely and loving time should be made just as long as possible. So in this mellow frame of mind, your Old Timers editor joins Anne Marie, our own Santa's-little-helper, in the news department, in wishing our readers all the blessings of the season.

Now to more practical matters, and the news. Cecil Rushton, who was here in 1958, paid a visit to the San. when he came in for his check-up last month. At the same time he renewed his subscription to Health Rays. Basil Carey, Springhill, was in for his check-up, too. Basil, who was here in 1961, says he often sees Ottie Smith and Frank Hunter, also ex-miner Old Timers from Springhill. They were here in 1959.

Tom Mullen, a brother of Steve, and like him a one-time postmaster at the San., now lives in Yarmouth. He and his wife, the former Ellen Mossman, who was a patient and later nursing assistant at the San., have

THIS HALF PAGE IS WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF

Don Chase, Ltd.

their own home, built a year ago. Tom works as bookkeeper for Munro's Furniture Store, and Ellen works nights at the Yarmouth hospital. They are 1944 Old Timers.

News of Alfred Davidson, formerly of Halifax, he now lives in Ottawa, where he is caretaker for two churches. Alfred, who was here in 1959, says he likes Ottawa fine, and especially enjoys the football games. Too bad Ottawa didn't make the Grey Cup for him.

Betty Drake, now Mrs. Tait, lives in North Sydney, and in September became the mother of a baby boy. Previously she had been working in the x-ray department of Point Edward Hospital.

Don Ritcey, who was here in 1952, and lived for some time in Kentville and Greenwood, has been appointed town clerk of Port Hawkesbury, C.B.

Beulah Trask, of the San. switchboard staff, visited a former roommate, Bunny

MacKay Mullock and husband Earl at their home in Pleasantville, Lunenburg County, just prior to the departure of the Mullocks for a three-month holiday in Florida. Bunny was a patient here and later a member of the San. nursing staff. Earl was a patient here in 1945.

Visiting at the home of Dr. Quinlan and Dr. Holden is Edna Mae Downie White, who will be remembered as a much loved operating room supervisor at the San. for many years. She is staying in Kentville while her husband recovers from major surgery undergone at Blanchard-Fraser Memorial Hospital.

A weekend spent at Mahone Bay this past Fall brought forth news of some Old Timers in and around there. First of all, Cecil Kennedy, who was a patient here quite some years ago, but who will be better remembered as Director of Rehabilitation at the San. in the 'fifties, has a charming summer home in Mahone Bay. He is now with the Hospital Commission and lives in Halifax. An Old Timer dating back to the early 'thirties is Delbert Saulnier. Delbert was around the San. for a number of years, working in various different jobs, and finally went to Halifax to learn the fine art of barbering. He now lives in Mahone Bay, where he drives the mail and does some barbering in his spare time.

Rev. Murray Gardiner, who was a patient here in 1938, has been the minister of the United church in Mahone Bay for nine years. He looks very well. Rev. George Ernst, who was here around 1935, also lives in Mahone Bay. There he is a dealer in antiques, and also does woodworking as a craft. Some years ago he found it necessary to retire from the ministry for reasons of health. Another Old Timer in Mahone Bay is Frank Mader, who is associated with his father in the hardware business. Frank was here in 1951.

Back around 1940 Wilhemina (Billie) Creelman was here as a patient and later on the nursing staff. She is now Mrs. MacDonald, having been married about a year ago, and is superintendent of Victoria County Memorial Hospital, C.B.

Finally we would like to tell of a very pleasant meeting with an Old Timer during a visit to New Glasgow in November. Whom should we meet coming along the street but Betty Logan MacCausland, so we dropped into a nearby restaurant to catch up with the news over a cup of coffee. Betty was able to make a good long visit home because the firm for which her en-

(Continued on page 26)

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Discharges N. S. San Oct. 16 to Nov. 15/64

Mrs. Eileen Robinson, 11 Dawson Street, Pictou; Ivan George McLaughlin, Glenholme, Col. Co.; Mrs. Jessie May Burgess, Hantsport; Johannes G. Post, New Glasgow; Aubrey Sanford Purdy, Westchester Station, Cumb. Co.; Louis Joseph Comeau, Meteghan, Digby Co.; James Frederick MacDonald, Harrigan Cove, Halifax Co.; Mrs. Christina Brown Tanner, Purcell's Cove, Halifax Co.; Mrs. Delphine Marie Belliveau, Belliveau's Cove, Digby Co.; Perry Malcolm Kelly, Wallbrook, Kings Co.; Samuel Maurice Moore, Carroll's Corner, Halifax Co.; Joseph Francis

Kelsey, Middle Sackville, Halifax Co.; Newton Wilson Conrad, Cherry Hill, Lunen. Co.; Stanford Austin Marriott, Spryfield, Halifax Co.; Harold Lester Hodgson, North Street, Westville.

Admission to Point Edward Hospital from October 16, '64 to Nov. 15 inclusive

John Jacob Hiscock, 12 Curry St., Glace Bay; Mrs. Rose Ann Sutherland, St. Peter's, Rich Co.; Mr. James Francis Beaton, 5 Ocean St., New Waterford; Mr. Hayward Russell, 27 Rear Blackett St., Glace Bay; Mr. Layton Reginald Fillmore, 14 Hollis St., Halifax; Mrs. Jean Paterson Stoker, 294 Centre Ave., Glace Bay; Miss Joanne Krewenki, 36 Rowe St., Bridgeport; Mr. Peter Marshall, Barra Head, Richmond Co.; Mrs. Mary Rose Marshall, Barra Head, Rich. Co.; Mr. Daniel Martin Ryan, Baddeck, Vic. Co.; Mrs. Sara Agnes Nearing, 360 Whitney Ave., Sydney; Mr. James Francis MacLeod, 66 Pellett Ave., New Waterford; Mr. Donald Angus MacEachern, Port Hawkesbury; Mr. Leonard Antle, 42 Smith Street, New Waterford; Mr. Ross Michael Northrop, Reservoir Rd., Sydney, N.S.; Mstr. Evan Arnold Forde, 11 Lingan Road, Sydney; Baby D'Arcy Eugene Forde, 11 Lingan Rd., Sydney; Mr. Arthur Peter MacKinnon, 739 Alexander St., Sydney; Mrs. Mary Jane Pettipas, 54 St. Joseph's St., New Waterford; Mr. Chesley Gordon Strickland, 9 Grant St., Glace Bay; George Felix Reeb, 26 Franklyn St., New London, Connecticut; Mrs. Martha Christine MacDonald, 80 9th St., New Waterford.

Patients discharged from Point Edward Hospital October 16 to November 15, '64, incl.

Wilbert Bernard Hall, Port Morien, N.S.; Hayward Russell, 27 Rear Blackett St., Glace Bay; Wayne Donald Moore, R. R. No. 2, Marion Bridge; Harry Edgar MacDonald, D'Es-cousse, Rich. Co.; Robert George Morrison, 176 Lisgard St., Sydney; Miss Christine Munroe, 8 Campbell St., Sydney; John Joseph McArthur, 659 Prince St., Sydney; Arthur Francis Baker, 84 Victoria Road, Sydney; James Francis MacLeod, 66 Pellett Ave., New Waterford; George Felix Reeb, 26 Franklyn St., New London, Connecticut, U.S.A.

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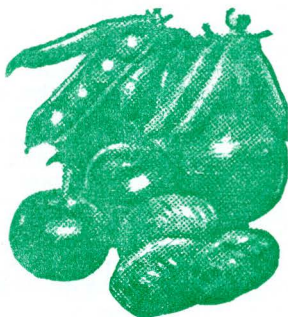
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Is There A Santa Claus?

(The following, reprinted from the editorial page of the New York Sun, was written by the late Mr. Frank P. Church:)

Many times the question is asked by children, "is there a Santa Claus?" And to most of us it is a baffling question. A letter and its answer by Mr. Church were as follows:

"I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'if you see it in The Sun, it's so'. Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia O'Hanlon

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith

then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight.

"Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

Via The Stethoscope

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Blest Christmas Message evermore
Will Ages span—
The Message rings from shore to shore:
"Good Will to Man,
God's promise of Eternal Love
And Deathless Life,
Infinite Peace, so far above
All Mortal strife."

—Cynthia Jackson
The Stethoscope

FACE THE FACTS . . .

The most lovable quality anyone can possess is tolerance. It is the vision that enables one to see things from another's viewpoint. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to let people be happy in their own way—instead of our way.

—Tolerance

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MARITIMES



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

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

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

After a night on the town, a reveler found himself too drunk to find his car and decided to phone his wife. "Hello, honey, this is me. Can you come down town and pick me up?—Of course, I can tell you where I am, just a minute—I'm at the corner of Walk and Don't Walk."

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY THE

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LIMITED

An elegant lady asked the floorwalker in a large department store: "Where do I get some silk covering for my settee?" He answered: "I suggest the lingerie department. Two aisles down and turn to the left."

Little five-year-old Betty was taken to church for the first time. As she walked out of the church with her parents, the preacher stopped her, leaned over, and asked her how she liked church.

"I liked the music okay," said Betty, "but the commercial was too long."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Barber Shop: "We need your head to run our business."

Shoe Store: "Shoes—\$8.50 a foot."

Pet Shop: "Everything must go! Lost our leash."

Candy Store: "Sales Clerk wanted—diabetic preferred."

The hardest problem a child faces these days is to learn good manners without seeing any.

"Little worries," says Jim Maguire, "really don't hurt anyone except the people you keep telling them to."

Friend of ours went to a high class teenage wedding recently. "It was beautiful," sez he. "The bride wore a veil so long it almost covered her slacks."

"How's your tail bone?" asked nurse, Mrs. Naugle, of the strict bed patient, as she rubbed his back. "Does it hurt?"

"No, no", answered the emaciated shut-in.

"Don't you let it get sore—do you hear?" cautioned Mrs. N.

"I'm keeping an eye on it!" was the very serious promise.

Remember the good old-fashioned winters? It won't be long before you get the drift.

When asked if she had any particular qualifications or unusual talents, the job applicant said she had won several prizes in cross-word puzzles and slogan writing contests.

"Sounds good," said the personnel manager, "but we wanted somebody who will be smart during office hours."

"Oh," assured the applicant, "this was all during office hours."

Eminent psychiatrists were being taken around a mental hospital. In the corridor they met one of the patients.

"Why," one of the specialists asked him, "do you remain all huddled up in this corner, all alone, scratching yourself?"

"Because," replied the inmate, "I'm the only person in the world who knows where I itch."

"Have you ever driven a car?" the lady applicant for a license was asked.

"One hundred and twenty thousand miles," put in her husband, "and never had a hand on the wheel."

HIM: Well, I suppose you're plenty angry because I came home with this black eye last night.

HER (sweetly): Not at all, dear. You may not remember it but when you came home you didn't have that black eye.

With modern medicine doing so well at increasing our life expectancy, we'd better be careful about adding to the national debt—we might have to pay it off ourselves, instead of passing it on.

A pessimist feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he feels better.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE SAN

I arrived at the Sanatorium on a fine sunny day and the first thing that impressed me was the beauty of the well-kept grounds, with colourful flower beds everywhere. The buildings too impressed me with all those steps! And I mused "do the Architects who design hospitals ever think of the old and sick who must climb and climb to get to the admitting desk." However, once inside I felt like I had entered a friendly home, and I soon became one of a large family.

Sanatorium rules, like any hospital, are sometimes hard to understand, and they vary from floor to floor. For instance on first East the rule was 'two teaspoons only on your breakfast tray'; one for your cereal, the other for your egg, coffee and jam. I asked for a third but was told "No! two is the limit." So I had to stir my coffee with a knife and eat a soft boiled egg with a fork. I had eaten my cereal with one spoon and I needed the other one for my jam. Anyway, one can get used to anything, probably too much so; I may shock my friends when I go home by stirring my coffee with a knife.

Then I was moved to third West and to my surprise I find three teaspoons on my breakfast tray! So, no more gripes there. I really enjoy third West. I can look out on the town and it is really pretty when it is lit up at night. I can also see the sky, something I missed while in third East. Regardless of age I think most people like to look out on a bright moonlight night, it usually recalls pleasant memories and it is so restful. I should like to take those blinds off third East.

It takes some adjusting to get used to hospital routine but it is not all bitter. I wondered on Thanksgiving Day how many patients noticed and appreciated their trays. They were so attractive, with fancy paper covers and napkins. The turkey dinner, with all the trimmings, was delicious.

It would be so helpful if there was a sign at each entrance to the town telling

how to get to the Sanatorium. Some friends one Sunday morning saw most of Kentville before they located me. When they finally did arrive visiting hour was over. Another couple drove as far as Palmetter's Country Home, where they made enquiries and had to retrace their steps losing part of the visiting time.

I am not being critical—just talkative; so I hope I am not expelled before I am cured. We are a talkative trio on West III and find many things to laugh about.

—Mary Frances King

[Town signs, long needed for the direction of visitors, have been manufactured and will soon be in place.—Ed.]

THE LIBRARY

What do you like to read? Perhaps your taste runs to historical novels, stories of mystery or adventure, or to romance. Maybe you prefer non-fiction biographies or true stories of travel and exciting incidents. Whatever your taste in reading may be, I am sure you will be able to find something of interest in the Sanatorium Library.

Many of you are already familiar with the library services. For those of you who are not, perhaps a brief review of a book that I have read recently may sharpen your interest.

The name of the book is "Love Is Eternal". It is not a new book, but its subject matter will always be of interest to many, for it is a biographical novel of the marriage of Mary Todd and Abraham Lincoln.

For almost a hundred years historians have attempted to prove that Abraham Lincoln never loved Mary Todd, that he married her out of duty and confusion, that she was a trial and a cross he had to bear. Irving Stone, the author of "Love Is Eternal", shows that nothing could be further from the truth.

Mary Todd was a beautiful and high-spirited girl with a witty tongue, and one of the best educated women of her time. She came from a wealthy and socially prominent

(Continued on page 26)

Christmas Greetings from

Minas Coal & Supply Co. Ltd.

WOLFWILLE, NOVA SCOTIA

SIXTEENTH CENTURY (contd.)

ing steward now beagn his gigantic task because all meat had to be cut into bite-size pieces which could be handled easily with the fingers. Forks were not introduced into England until the reign of Elizabeth and even then they were considered an effeminate fad. Nor were there plates—food was eaten off slices of bread. Desserts consisted of perfumed fruits and candied flowers.

During the Christmas feasting all class distinctions disappeared and servants ate in the same hall with their lords and ladies, and afterwards danced together and were entertained with stories and songs from minstrels and travelling players. Christmas was then, as it is now, a time of gaiety and good fellowship, when wrongs and social inequalities were forgotten and the wealthy shared their goods with those less fortunate than themselves. Men were filled with love and understanding and all knew, for a little while at least, peace and good will.

Aileen Quinlan, B.Sc.,
N. S. Sanatorium

PARTY (contd.)

high Mrs. Mildred Fancy, low Mrs. Frances Manuel, Cribbage Mr. Laurie MacKenzie; Monopoly, Mrs. Daisy Mullen, Mrs. June Wegger.

Refreshments were served by the sponsors, assisted by the dietary staff. Our thanks and appreciation to the Good Neighbours Club for a very enjoyable evening.

OLD TIMERS (contd.)

gineer husband, Gordon, works had sent him down to Pictou on a wharf construction job. Betty and Gordon live in Massachusetts, near Waltham, and are engaged in building a new home. We mean that literally, as they are doing the building themselves, once the framework was up. Betty is hoping for the next few months at home in order to finish the house, but there is always the possibility of a posting to some far, exotic land. A letter from her came to the San. a short while ago, and we hope she won't mind us

quoting a paragraph from it, which seems to express a very fine philosophy of life: "So much of San. life gets into one's system—besides streptomycin, that is!—that you always feel it is a strong part of one's development—living with so many different types, being cooped up when you don't feel sick and getting mad at the world in general at times, then rationalizing that 'there must be a reason', etc., etc. One of the great advantages I took with me, which I know will always be, is an appreciation for every wonderful day there is, in spite of whatever problems it may have."

LIBRARY (contd.)

Kentucky family; she had a great love for elegant clothes, jewellery and beautiful horses. Politics fascinated her, and while visiting the home of her sister, who had married the son of the first governor of Illinois, she met and fell in love with Abraham Lincoln.

He was enormously tall, lean and awkward, but in his homely face and strange personality Mary Todd divined greatness—and this greatness was to carry him all the way to the White House.

"Love Is Eternal" tells of the stormy romance before she and Abraham eventually reached an understanding. Of her struggles over the years because of her husband's inbred melancholy. And in the end it shows that Mary Todd Lincoln became the woman her husband fashioned.

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