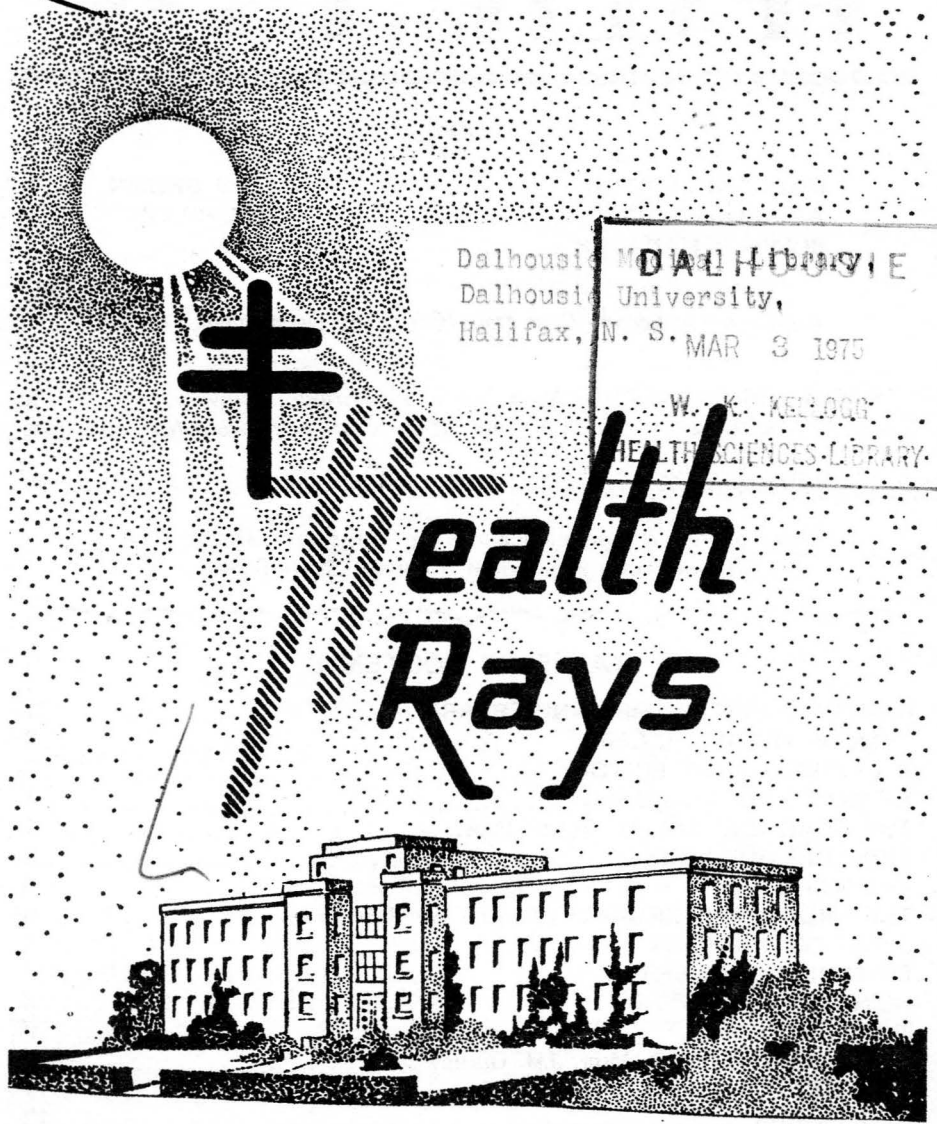


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# Health Rays

**THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM**  
 Vol. 56      February 1975      No. 2

# HEALTH RAYS

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## Sanatorium Visiting Hours

DAILY: 1100 — 2030 (11:00 a.m. — 8:30 p.m.)

# IODE CELEBRATES 75th ANNIVERSARY

February 13, 1975 marks the 75th birthday of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire.

During the anxious days of the South African War Mrs. Clark Murray of Montreal conceived the idea of forming an organization of women. She sent telegrams to the mayors of capital cities of Canada urging them to call together prominent women of their communities to organize Daughters of the Empire "Societies". The first chapter was formed in Fredericton, N.B. Today the I.O.D.E., as it has come to be known, has chapters in every province and territory of Canada.

It was only natural that the first efforts of the new "society" went into providing field comforts for Canadian servicemen fighting in South Africa. At the end of the war, money was raised to erect a memorial to the Canadians who died in battle and to this day the I.O.D.E. helps to care for the graves in Bloemfontein, South Africa. This early experience enabled members to render prompt efficient and united action during the times of the two World Wars, in Korea and for other National emergencies.

In 1919, realizing that a memorial other than the one of stone and mortar should be their tribute to those who had sacrificed their lives for Canada, the First War Memorial Fund was established. Money was raised to provide bursaries in Canadian universities for the sons and daughters of men killed or disabled in the war and to establish as a permanent memorial a scholarship for post-graduate study in Commonwealth universities. At the end of the Second World War money was raised for a similar fund. Since 1921 under the First and Second War Memorials 825 scholarships and bursaries have been awarded representing an expenditure of

\$1,682,710.00.

Links with other Commonwealth countries were forged in those early years. The Commonwealth Relations Funds awards scholarships to university students in India, Africa and the West Indies each year.

Many young writers and artists have received their first lift along the road to success by I.O.D.E. sponsored literary and artistic competitions.

The prevalence of tuberculosis in the early 1900's was of great concern to the Order. Chapters throughout Canada were instrumental either in establishing institutions themselves to combat the disease or in urging health authorities to do so. Many chapters are still closely associated with their local hospitals, giving all manner of specialized equipment and countless hours of volunteer labour each year.

The influx of immigrants from Europe after the First World War presented another challenge to the I.O.D.E. and this work has continued over the years under a co-ordinated immigration and Canadianization program. I.O.D.E. members greeted the newcomers at the ports of entry, later helped them to become established and assimilated into the life of the community by teaching them the English language and Canadian customs.

Life in 1975 is a far cry from life in 1900. It is a tribute to the founding members that their early concerns have provided a firm foundation for the growth of the vital, relevant organization that the I.O.D.E. is today. Education, Services and Citizenship are still the chief concerns of the Order. Many pioneer projects undertaken in the past are now government responsibilities. Members are ever

## FAMOUS TB'ERS — CICERO

*O, name him not; let us not break with him;*

*For he will never follow anything  
That other men begin.*

(Brutus, speaking of Cicero, in "Julius Caesar" by Wm. Shakespeare)

Cicero was an old man and living in retirement when Brutus, Cassius and other hotheads decided to kill Julius Caesar. The most distinguished statesman and orator in Rome was excluded from the plot because the conspirators knew he disapproved of murder and proscription. Cicero was the champion of social harmony and the rule of law; as the state's most eloquent citizen, he might have raised his voice against Caesar, but instead he remained aloof; and the Dictator fell.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born at Arpinum in the year 106 B.C. during the troubled period of the Civil and Social Wars. At seventeen he went to Rome to study law and eight years later made his first timid speeches in the courts. Within two years he had established himself as an incorruptible advocate and an orator worthy of note. A shining political career lay ahead when suddenly, in 80 B.C., he fell seriously ill, a victim to tuberculosis. This, weak and coughing blood, he traveled to the Eastern Mediterranean where he sojourned for two years recovering his health and perfecting his oratorical style. He returned to Rome a changed man and once more entered the political lists. In the years that followed, his talents won him several important posts culminating in his election as Consul in the year 63 B.C.

Cicero's consulship is famous in Roman history for his discovery while in office of the notorious conspiracy of Cataline. For executing the traitors without trial he was forced to go into exile some years later. By this time, Julius Caesar had made himself master of Rome and Cicero was content to

retire to Brundisium to compose his famous essays and edit the speeches which are his chief claim to immortality today. When Caesar pardoned him, the old orator returned to Rome but refrained from participating in political life until the Dictator's murder in 44 B.C.

Out of the chaos which followed, Cicero rose up to speak in the Senate for the last time. Fearing Antony's designs on the tottering state, he denounced the young soldier as a scoundrel and so signed his own death-warrant. Antony swore revenge and Cicero's name was placed on the Proscription List. The old man fled to the coast but, being ill once more, was unable to sail. While his ship made ready, he sat in his litter waiting for the worst to happen. Antony's thugs approached and their leader's sword swung down . . .

They cut off his head and his hands and presented them to Antony who gleefully nailed them to the Rostra in the Forum where his enemy had spoken so often: the Republic of Rome was dead. - Santa Magazine.

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### IODE CELEBRATES 75th ANNIVERSARY

(continued from Page 1)

conscious of new areas of challenge and undertake new projects with the same sense of dedication and tenacity of purpose as their predecessors. As long as there is a need, there will be an I.O.D.E.

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A father, buying a doll for his daughter's birthday, was told by the saleslady, "Here's a lovely doll - you lay her down and she closes her eyes, just like a real little girl".

"I guess," said the father sadly, "you've never had a real little girl".

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I am enclosing my subscription renewal. Please put the balance of the Money Order in the Jubilee Fund. I really enjoy reading this fine little magazine because it keeps me abreast of activities at the San. It is interesting to see the names of the patients who are coming and going - many of whom I know. Also, occasionally there is an interesting item by or about one of your doctors, or nurses, which I enjoy because I have such high regard for the medical and nursing staff at the San.

Over the years I have had the misfortune of having to be hospitalized on several occasions for various things. Never before did I experience the friendly atmosphere and real concern that pervades every phase of activity at the San. From the Medical Director, the Doctors, Nurses, on to the housekeeping staff, everyone does their part to make the San a real livable place for the patients. I mustn't fail to mention also the fine service and excellent meals from the personnel in the dining room. I can still see the smiling faces of the ladies serving the patients. God bless them all.

It has been brought to my attention that the Provincial Government has been toying with the idea of phasing out the operation of the Kentville Sanatorium, and incorporating such services in regional hospitals all over Nova Scotia. I hope we never see that day, because I believe it will contribute to a massive neglect of patients with respiratory diseases. They will never be able to develop the medical expertise that we now have at the N.S. San by splitting up the care of such patients all over the Province. I feel certain such patients will get a short shift at such regional centres, then sent home to suffer the consequences. During my stay at the San I was impressed with the number of patients who were actually referred to the San almost too late for the doctors there to be able to do too much for them.

Despite this handicap, the doctors performed near miracles in helping such patients. I have a feeling many general practitioners don't fully realize what they are doing, by not getting their patients to the San earlier. From such observations I just wonder what chances will such patients have at regional centres?

Patients and ex-patients who have received the fine medical services from the San should be doing something to try to prevent further reduction of the Sanatorium. I suggest every patient whoever spent time at the San should contact his or her Provincial Member and make it known, in no uncertain manner, that we are violently opposed to any such move . . . That's the very least we can do - those of us who have received benefits from the Sanatorium . . .

Thomas R. McNeil  
22 Sunnyside Drive  
Westmount, Sydney, N.S.

Ed. Note: We have written to Mr. McNeil to thank him for his kind words, and for his feelings of concern, which he has expressed so well. We have, over the past year or so, been given a number of assurances that the Sanatorium (by whatever name it may come to be called) will continue to hold a place in the health-care program. Also, that it is a "viable" institution, with a "mid-term" future, etc. We know that there are a great number of friends of the Sanatorium who will be most interested in future developments.



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## At Wit's End

by Erma Bombeck

I poured myself a bowl of cereal this morning and out dropped the weirdest array of raisins, flakes, oats, puffs and squares I have ever seen.

"Whatya call this?" I asked one of the kids.

"Frosted, fortified, cracked, Cran-bran flakes."

I dropped my spoon and slumped. "Don't tell me. Your father is on his annual crusade to consolidate all the empty boxes cluttering up the cupboards into one bowl!"

"Right," said my son. "If you think the cereal tastes rotten, you should dip into the ice cream. He found six cartons, each with a different flavor, with a spoonful left in each box and put them into one bucket. It looks like someone spit up at Howard Johnson,"

"Please," I cautioned, "no more."

"Not only that, he mixed all the cookies left laying around into one bag and everytime you reach in, it's like Trick or Treat. You don't know if you're getting one baked this year or not."

"I'll speak to him", I said. I found their father in the bathroom trying to siphon a cap of toothpaste into another tube. "I want to talk with you," I said.

"If it's about the jellies being mixed together into one jar, I think you'll find the flavor rather interesting."

"It's not just the jellies," I said, "You're becoming paranoid about empty boxes."

"What's wrong with that?" he asked.

"You're making skeptics out of the children. They don't believe anything anymore. They grabbed a box marked pretzels off the shelf the other night and sank their teeth into a banana flavored corn chip."

"The banana corn chips weren't moving in their box", he said.

"That's not the point. You do it with everything. Mother asked for an aspirin. I gave her one of the pills that you mixed together into one bottle. I didn't know if it would cure her headache, sweeten her breath, dry up her cold, put her to sleep, make her regular again, or control birth. I can't go on living with a man who grafts soaps together in the soap dish and who puts cake coloring in old shampoo and pours it into herbal shampoo bottles".

"Go on out and have your cereal," he said softly, "You'll feel better after breakfast."

I checked the dog's food supply. The box was full. I felt better already.

-From THE MIRROR

### THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveller, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same.

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence;  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -  
I took the one less travelled by,  
And that has made all of the difference.

-Robert Frost

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## THINKING OUT LOUD

If inflation keeps on going as it has been, a lot of folks will be able to file for Social Security and bankruptcy at the same time.

The way you should fold a road map is usually again.

When things go wrong, don't go with them.

Every self-made man requires working parts.

Even ignorance can be well organized and pass itself off for information.

Gossips are often caught in their own mouth traps.

The good old days - when you could live on \$10 a week, but you only made \$7.

For a community leader, life is one big bowl of charities.

To err is human - but it takes a better excuse the second time.

Roughing it, modern style: driving a car with standard shift.

Loose tongues have been known to lead to loose teeth.

Everyone finds he has good credit when he starts to borrow trouble.

Another trouble with white lies is that they pick up a lot of dirt in their travels.

Mum's the word, because chrysanthemum is too difficult to spell.

Why do some men look for home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service in a home?

If at first you don't succeed, do it the way she told you.

Driving is a lot like baseball - it's the number of times you get home safely that counts.

Some of the biggest problems for traffic planners are urban, suburban, and bourbon drivers.

Life for most of the world is a puzzle with a peace missing.

The most common investment problem seems to be the lack of money.

A beautiful theory doesn't have a chance against ugly facts.

Only a know-body can be a somebody.

Too many people insult friends and flatter strangers.

A friend is one who has the same enemies as you.

Some people recognize their duty just in time to avoid it.

If absence makes the heart grow fonder, many people love their church.

A balanced diet is what you eat at a buffet supper.

The average American should strive not to be average.

## SCAT, CAT!

"Cats my dear," said the spinster, "I hate the sight of them. I had a sweet little canary and some cat got it. I had a perfect goldfish, and some cat got that. And I had a simply adorable fiancee, and - oh, don't mention cats to me!"

A chip on the shoulder indicates there is wood higher up.

Mrs. Green had just employed a new black cook, with the understanding that she was not married. Next morning the cook arrived with four little black kids trailing after her. "But I thought you said you were never married," exclaimed Mrs. Green.

"Ah, weren't, ma'am", replied the cook, "But Ah weren't neglected either".

"Look here, waiter, this is supposed to be an oyster stew, and I haven't found a single oyster in it."

"Sir, if you ordered Irish stew would you expect to find an Irishman in it?"

Mother rabbit to offspring: "A magician pulled you out of his hat, and now will you stop asking questions."

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# THE WONDERS OF A QUIET ROOM

by Lea Palmer

It is good to go into "a quiet room".

It may be a little garden with its scent of old-fashioned flowers that brings a feeling of calmness to your mind and gives you peace.

It might be an old, secluded weather-beaten house that once rang with laughter from floor to roof, that recalls childhood joys when days were brimming with enchantment and brightly colored dreams.

Perhaps it is the songbirds perched on branches, singing anthems of joy that linger in your heart and comfort you in the warm sunshine, or in the gentle rain.

Sunlight slithering through a low, green hedge may recapture the tranquil hours after the storm when the rainbow arched the sky.

Musing in a quiet little sanctuary where you take time to pause as worries cease, and the pieces of life's puzzle fall into place, is a deeply needed thing to ease your heart and mind. You will find all life's puzzle fall into place, is a deeply needed thing to ease your heart and mind. You will find all life's answers edged in gold in "a quiet room," wherein lies the soothing grace and power of the Serene Healer of all things.

From SUNSHINE MAGAZINE

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## THE BROOK IN FEBRUARY

A snowy path for squirrel and fox,  
It winds between the wintry firs.  
Snow-muffled are its iron rocks,  
And o'er its stillness nothing stirs.

But low, bend low a listening ear!  
Beneath the mask of moveless white  
A babbling whisper you shall hear  
Of birds and blossoms, leaves and light.

-Charles G.D. Roberts

The above poem was sent in by Miss Mabel C. Moseley, 5222 Green Street, Halifax, along with "Snowflakes" (also in this issue) and several other selections, which we will be pleased to use. Thank you!

## A PAT ON THE BACK

A pat on the back from a stranger or friend, when your jaws start to sag and your knees start to bend, will bring you right up with new courage and grit, and you'll keep in that fight, though you were going to quit. You will feel it, you will hear it - yes, you will actually hear it for hours, saying, "Dig in, old fellow. Don't fear it; that isn't as hard as it looks. Be a man; there's a fellow back there who believes that you can".

Just a pat on the back. And for days and days, no matter how far you roam it still stays by your side, no matter how hard be your fight, it's whispering always, "You'll come out all right. There's a fellow back there who's believing in you, expecting each moment to see you come through with your colors still flying and leading your clan!" And the first thing you know you are saying, "I can".

◆◆◆◆◆  
**RON ILLSLEY**  
**ESSO SERVICE STATION**

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## Editorial Comment

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Following my pattern of leaving this column until the last, I have convinced myself that this was for at least two reasons this month. First, no material has been received from Eileen Hiltz, which may result in a double-installment for next month. Secondly, we had our Valentine Party last evening, February 13, and I won't have to postpone making mention of it. I could make this brief by saying that it was a success, or I could fill up a considerable amount of space by saying much the same thing.

The party was a success, we would say, by all standards. The attendance was good - close to seventy, we are told. The activity was centered around Bingo, with three cards being permitted for each player. Jack Bowser conducted the play, and his witticisms always add a good deal to the spirit of the event. Mr. Betik served as M.C., and Thelma Chute selected and distributed the prizes. The Cafeteria was well decorated and looked very attractive. The furniture was arranged so as to provide two long tables, with a "head table" for the caller, etc. The bingo set had been borrowed by Mr. Betik from the Kinsmen's Club, except for the cards and markers, which worked out very well.

About thirty prizes were distributed - for conventional bingo wins, to very unconventional "honours", such as the ones farthest from home - Yarmouth and Guysborough Counties - is it possible that we had no one from Cape Breton in our midst! There were the inevitable questions regarding the eldest, with the prizes going to three who are in their 80's. There were prizes for those who were here the longest (8 years) "won" by Thomas M. Sweet, and the shortest time, shared by Anita and James Robbins (4 days) - children of Wendell and Gail Robbins. There was also a prize for a young gentleman who confessed to wearing red undershorts. I won't divulge his name,

but he had been a patient for four days! There was even a prize and public acclaim for one who could, and did, prove that he had a complete upper denture. Mr. Bowser demonstrated how the candidate for this award could unquestionably support his claim. To Jack and Ford we will say that "only your dentists would have known"!

Meanwhile, back to the food! This was provided by the Dietary Department and enjoyed by all - everyone agreeing that it was very attractive to look at, as well as delicious to eat.

The young patients on East I had put a good deal of work into making table decorations, and these were very well done. Mrs. Pineo and Mrs. Young had obtained the materials and the guidance. Other decorations were made and affixed by the Rehab staff, assisted by patients.

Entertainment was provided by Peggy Gillis and her guitar. We very much appreciate her assistance, on short notice, and we enjoyed hearing her. There was a bit of audience participation, as well, and some of our patients have voices that should be heard more often. It must be mentioned, too, that we had Prof. Eugen Gmeiner, of Acadia University Faculty of Music, in our midst, and he rendered a couple of selection on the piano. He probably wouldn't care to have them recorded and played to his students, for we have heard people comment that our piano is out of tune. Also, Mr. Gmeiner's instrument is the organ (and as an organist he must have few equals), and the only music we could find was the piano accompaniment for "Fiddler on the Roof". All musicians should carry their music with them - even when in housecoat and pyjamas - like "I took me harp to a party, but nobody asked me to play . . ."

I would like to mention at this time the Patients' Recreation Committee,

(continued on Page 8)

## NOTES AND NEWS

Here is a note regarding Paulette, of the Business office : "Born to Albert and Paulette MacNutt, at the B.F.M. Hospital, a daughter, Jill Christine, February 5, weight 8 pounds, 2¼ ounces - a sister for Kelly."

We have a note from Mrs. Lilah Bird, R.R. 1 Wolfville saying that she will send us a short story for Health Rays. Here is part of her letter, "I was night nurse on East 1 for ten years. A year ago I suffered a stroke and a coronary, so my occupation now is writing short stories. One story has been accepted by the Nova Scotia Historical Society Quarterly, and will be published sometime this year. Another has been published in a Western paper in British Columbia. I have to live very quietly, and this project is something I have always wanted to do. I am also taking a correspondence course from the Department of Education. I look forward to reading Health Rays, especially "Old Timers". I hear very often from Mrs. Margaret Hurley, and several other patients I nursed."

Mrs. Ethel V. Middleton retired from the Housekeeping Staff at the end of January, following ten years of service. She had been Housemother at the Nurses Residence, mainly on nights, until the residence was closed, at which time she transferred to the main Housekeeping Department. A tea was held in her honour in the Annex, where friends and fellow workers gathered to express their best wishes for a long and happy retirement. Mrs. Jean Ells, former Head of Housekeeping, was

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able to attend. We understand that she was unable to find her gloves until she arrived home. (They were in her hat - which tells us something about Sanatorium tea!)

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### EDITORIAL COMMENT

(continued from Page 7)

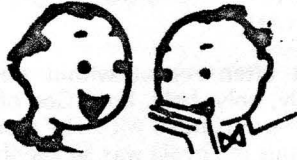
which has been chaired by Mr. Betik, meetings of which have been held on January 27, 30, February 7, and the next scheduled for the 21st. The aim has been to involve more departments, individual staff members and, of course, patients, in planning and following through on diversified recreation for patients. Recreation and entertainment has long been looked after by our Rehabilitation Department, but there are fewer of us now to demonstrate the fresh ideas (and the energy) appropriate to the changing needs of a changing patient population. So, let us get together and see what can come out of the good start that has been made in getting staff and patients to participate. It was good to see a number of staff members present on the evening of the 13th. They certainly didn't win many prizes, but we are frequently told that "if you play the game and lose, you are still a winner!" Somehow I don't think that this necessarily applies to bingo - unless one takes into account the awards for longest (yes, or the least) hair - or the equally revealing ones mentioned previously!

### SNOW FLAKES

Out of the bosom of the air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her  
garments shaken,  
Over the woodland brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-field forsaken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow.

(First stanza of Snow Flakes)  
By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

## Just Jesting



Doctor: "That pain in your leg is just a matter of old age."

Old-timer: "That can't be right. My other leg is the same age and it doesn't hurt."

A foreman watched a carpenter working on a house and asked him why he threw away some nails.

"The heads are on the wrong end", the carpenter replied.

"Fool!" yelled the foreman. "Those are for the other side of the house!"

After I had been hounding him about it for three months, my eight-year-old son at long last got around to thanking his aunt for a Christmas gift.

"Dear Auntie", he wrote, "I'm sorry I didn't thank you before for my Christmas present, and it would serve me right if you forgot all about my birthday which is next Saturday."

Two young children dressed in ragged jeans offered to clean up a woman's yard for a quarter. The woman agreed, and, seeing that the children were badly in need of haircuts, told them she would pay for their visit to the local barbershop.

By the time she got to the barbershop, the younger child was nearly through getting a crew-cut. "My, that haircut looks good on your bother", she said with pleasure.

"He ain't my bother lady," said the elder child, "He's my sister".

## SOCIAL TIES

Hostess at birth party: "I'm afraid your little brother is timid. He hasn't moved from that place all afternoon."

"No ma'am," replied his sister, "he's not timid. It's just that he's never had a necktie on before and he thinks he's tied to something."

West Point's drawing department is intended to teach its students engineering drawing, but ever so often some cadet attempts to show his artistic ability, too. Once, a cadet, required to draw a bridge, playfully sketched in a couple of children sitting on the bridge rail. This did not meet with the approval of his instructor, who sharply directed him to "take those children off the bridge."

Next time the instructor made his rounds of the drawing boards, he found his orders obeyed to the letter; the children had been transferred to the river bank.

"No", he protested, "Get rid of them".

On the third trip, the instructor found the children had indeed been done away with. In their place stood two pathetic little tombstones.

A young lady found herself for the long weekend with a notoriously strait-laced country family in England. Fearing that the pajamas she wore instead of a nightgown might be considered improper, she carefully hid them every morning when she got up. But one morning at breakfast, she suddenly realized that she had forgotten them, that they were lying brazenly on her bed. Excusing herself, she rushed to her room. The pajamas had disappeared.

While she was feverishly hunting for them, looking vainly through closets and drawers, a dour, elderly maid appeared at the door and surveyed the scene. "If it's the pajamas you're looking for, miss", she said, "I put them back in the young gentleman's room".



## Chaplain's Corner

MSGR. J.H. DURNEY  
From THE VETERAN

### POWER TO WONDER

The unbelieving world calls all the miracles of the Gospels "folklore," "fairy tales". That world simply KNOWS it is impossible to multiply a few loaves and fishes to feed thousands of hungry men and women. (Mark 8, 1-9). But the believer remembers, "All things are possible to God." Why should it be more difficult for the Author of nature to create food to feed those few thousands in the desert than it is to grow food in mother earth to feed the earth's millions?

The simplest divine action contains mystery beyond the world's understanding. Scientists are spending hundreds of millions every year to learn the secrets of nature. And yet, no man can create so much as that blade of grass that grows up between the bricks on our sidewalks. The farmer casts seed upon the ground, trusting to the God of providence to make it grow. That God sends His sunlight down upon the moistened earth. The seed dies, but "if it die, it bringeth forth fruit an hundredfold."

No man can half appreciate God's world unless he has a well-developed "power to wonder". He should be able to say with the poet,

To me the meanest flower that blows  
Gives thoughts too deep for tears.

Insensitivity to the wonders of nature leaves us blind to the presence of God. For the man who by humble reflection keeps the power of wonder alive, all nature speaks of God.

For a God who has created the whole universe - the sun, the moon, and the billions of stars - all this out of nothing, what problem is it to feed a few thousand men and women by multiplying loaves and fishes in the desert?

We must, then, each day take time to reflect upon the wonders of it all. We

must often repeat within ourselves, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts! The earth is filled with Thy glory!" St. Ignatius of Loyola was so keenly aware of the presence of God that, in saying grace at meals, he would flush with feelings of gratitude to God for His gifts. Such loving awareness of God in Himself and in His gifts makes all life a seeking for Him. And "If all life is a seeking, all death will be a finding."

---

### Daffynitions

Conscience: That impediment that so rudely interrupts when money is talking.

Thermometer: Something that should be bought in the winter - it's higher in the summer.

Gossip: A person with a keen sense of rumor.

Compromise: A friendly agreement in which both parties get what they didn't want.

Diplomat: A man who remembers a woman's birthday but forgets her age.

Patience: The ability to idle your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.

A Bigamist: Italian fog.

VIP: Very Impatient Patient.

A kid of 12 went to see the family doctor. He explained that he thought a dime was stuck in his ear. The doctor was sure the boy was kidding but looked anyway. Sure enough, there was a dime in the boy's left ear.

"How long have you had it in there?" the doctor asked.

"About seven or eight weeks", the kid answered.

The doctor was surprised. "Why didn't you come to me earlier?"

"To tell you the truth", the kid explained, "I didn't need the money before."

## BUTTERCUP

Little buttercup, flower of May;  
Come to brighten passing day.

In your shining, perfect bowl,  
You have caught the glory of the sunshine, gold.

Nodding here beside the stream,  
Spelling out a word of God's sweet dream.

Midst the grass from prying eyes,  
A dainty chalice for bee and butterfly.

In the classic beauty of your grace,  
Lies there a hope for human race:

Through the ages, plague and storm  
Nature has in truth preserved thy form.

In each tender petal light  
Distilled the rays of sunshine, bright.

Fill my heart with happy pain,  
For springtime hours that shall life again.

You shall be the motif of my dream  
When frost's hand has jelled the stream.

And when the nucleus of your form,  
Hides from the autumn winds forlorn.

And the world is locked in snow,  
This within my heart shall know:

With the coming of the spring  
All the world with song shall ring.

You shall fill the meadow fair,  
With your antidote for pain and care.

-Eugene L. Hamm  
Clarence, N.S.

---

The bright young lad was quizzing his father, "Is it true that the stork brings babies?"

"Yes, sonny."

"And Christmas presents come from Santa Claus?"

"Yes, sonny".

"And the Lord gives us our daily bread?"

"Yes, Sonny."

"Then, Daddy, why do we need you?"

It was Napoleon's genius to be able to ignite the common man to fevered patriotism. To exemplify the French spirit he is said to have told this story:

Once, while visiting the provinces, he came upon an old soldier who had one arm and still wore his uniform, on which was displayed the Legion of Honor. "Where did you lose your arm?" the Emperor asked.

"At Austerlitz, sir," the soldier replied.

"And for that you were decorated?"

"Yes, sire. It is a small token to pay for the Legion of Honor".

"It seems to me," Napoleon said, "that you are the kind of man who regrets he did not lose both arms for his country."

"What then might be my reward?" asked the old soldier.

"Oh, in that case I would have awarded you a double Legion of Honor."

With that the old soldier drew his sword and immediately cut off his other arm.

For years the story circulated and was accepted without question until one day someone asked: "How?"

Johnny, aged 4, appeared at his father's study door claspings in his hands a forlorn-looking chick which had strayed from a neighbor's brooder.

"Johnny" said his father, sternly, "take that chicken back to its mother."

"It hasn't got a mother," answered John.

"Well, take it back to its father," said the boy's parent, determined to maintain authority.

"It hasn't got a father, either", said Johnny. "It hasn't got anything but an old lamp!"

---

A small child asked his father if he had any work he could do around the house to replenish his finances. The father assured him that he could think of nothing.

"Then", suggested the modern child, "how about putting me on relief?"

## Old Timers

We will begin with several notes from Anne-Marie:

When Joan Walker was shopping in Halifax recently she ran into Jean (formerly Mossman) Smith. The two were in the Annex in 1942 and, somehow or other, recognized each other's voice in the store! Needless to say, they enjoyed their impromptu meeting!

Albert Longuephy of West L'Ardoise is spending some time visiting Richard Pottier in Berwick, and was in for his regular check-up. He looks remarkably well.

Friends of Mrs. Harriet Campbell will be happy to learn that she has been discharged from the BFM Hospital, having spent seven weeks there.

I am sending along Phoebe MacKinnon's note, which you could use in this column: (Phoebe and Harold A. MacKinnon, 1114 Placetas Ave., Coral Gables, Florida. She is a niece of Mrs. Harriett Campbell, who for many years taught sewing with the Rehab Department). And here is the note: "I don't know what I would do without your notes in Health Rays. I scan that column immediately and then take my time to read all the rest of the magazine. I pass Health Rays on to several neighbors who think it is the best little magazine. They clip so many items, one who uses the religious articles to work into her devotions at circle meetings, another who is a serious reader of medical articles, and another clips the poems and jokes. I don't imagine any issue gets more of a work-out than mine which, by the way, my Aunt Harriett always sends me as a Christmas gift. Speaking of Christmas, we welcomed a few cool days to give us an interest in shopping, decorating, baking, etc. We used to need a little snow to do the job when we were in the north, but now just the need of a sweater will nudge us in that direction. It makes the work load a little heavy though when we still have to mow the lawn, sprinkle and weed the flower

beds, while getting ready for the holidays. My poinsettias are blooming brightly in the back yard, as they do year after year. Enough of my "problems" - how are you these days? We do hope to see some of our old San friends next summer. You are usually on vacation about the same time we are but one of these days we will hit."

Thanks, Anne-Marie, I'm sure that many readers will find the above notes interesting. Perhaps I could mention that the MacKinnons are both known to many of our readers. The writer of the above was the former Phoebe Wellwood who, I believe, began "the cure" at Mountain San, in Hamilton, December '48 to February '49, at which time she came to "our San" where she was a patient, and working patient until discharged in March '50. She continued on staff until shortly before her marriage (on June 28, '51) to Harold MacKinnon, R.N., on the San staff. Our best wishes to you, as you bask in the warmth of the sunny south!

I saw Anne-Marie visiting another acquaintance recently. Mildred Irene Salter, of Hantsport, who was an in-patient for a week in January for assessment. Mildred had been a patient from May '49 to November '52, had studied shorthand and typing while at the San, and changed her occupation from teacher to stenographer. She has worked as a secretary with the Minas Basin Pulp and Paper Company since her convalescence from treatment.

Stan Robichaud, of the Rehab staff, was talking with Carl Ellsworth Peach of Hantsport, when they met while shopping at Towers. Carl was here from August '51 to June 29, '52. While here he had undertaken a course in general salesmanship, and had also operated Radio Station SAN, succeeding John "Bun" Akin in this position.

Here for a brief visit on January 24 (while bringing us a patient from Eskasoni) was Norman Daniel Morris, who was a patient at Point Edward Hospital from October 1955 until his transfer to the San in June '56, from whence he was discharged about one year later. He was age eleven when he

came to the San, and was a patient on The Hill. The Hill is still there, but he was surprised to see no pavillions there, having been a patient in Pavillion 5. He is married, they have two children, and he is a foreman with the oyster farm project.

Now, for a few renewals, while I search for some more of my notes. Gerald Uloth, Cole Harbour, Guys. Co., adds a note that he is enjoying very good health, and sends his best wishes to all of his friends; J. Clarence Mombourquette, Box 304, Bridgewater, says that he enjoys Health Rays, and sends greetings to the patients; and renewals from Jean and Sydney Roberts, 80 Belcher St., Kentville; Amidee Dugas, R.R. 1 Church Point; Mrs. Marjorie Cook, Bible Hill; Mrs. John L. Hines, R.R.1 Kentville; Mrs. R. Basil Elliot, R.N., New Ross (who doesn't say so, but probably misses the challenge of the daily drive over the snowy roads); Donald J. MacKinnon, 274 Leadbetter St., New Waterford; and Mrs. Jean Ells, former Head of the Houskeeping Department.

There are renewals from staff members, Dr. Holden (together with one for their neice, Dr. K. Landymore); Miss Eleanor MacQuarrie, R.N.; Joan Walker; Geraldine Ross; Anne-Marie Belliveau; Helen Smith; Mrs. Ethel MacKinnon (who helps support us with a number of gift subscriptions); and Mrs. Weldon Atkinson, formerly Ginny Allen, who was back on staff for awhile. There was also a renewal from Sadie Barkhouse, who took her training here as a CNA and continued her studies afterward.

We have renewals, plus contributions to the Fund, from Fred F. Hill, who is again wintering in Florida; Matilda Burke, R.R.1 River Bourgeois, who sends greetings to all of us; and Lauchlin D. MacKinnon, Loch Ness St., Inverness. Mr. MacKinnon, in commenting upon Alexander Graham Bell (in "Personal Encounters With TB", October '74 issue) says that it was his uncle, the Rev. John B. MacKinnon, who gave A.G. Bell's funeral service in

Baddeck.

Tom R. McNeil, 22 Sunnysdale Drive, Westmount, Sydney, sent us a contribution to the Fund, as well as a letter which we will be pleased to print in this issue. He gives permission to use all or any part of the letter as a means of getting a message to former patients.

Here is a note which Mrs. Madelon Misner received from Claudia Putnam, R.R. 1 Debert: "I was at the San on the weekend of Dec. 7. Again, the changes are really something. The new addition is really an eye catcher. I saw Dr. Quinlan, who looks as fit as can be. I don't know how he does it, with all the patients going in and out. Dr. Holden, Dr. Rostocka and Dr. Kloss look well also. I was really sad to hear of Dr. Crosson's death. He must be missed very much. I know if it hadn't been for him, many times I'd have cried for days if I hadn't had a talk with him. He was a great man and one I shall not forget.

"My family is growing fast - too fast it seems. Paula is in school this year, and Shawn starts next year. Dennis is now 15 months old. Our family is growing in another way. We're expecting our fourth in May. Makes a nice family, don't you think.

"Well, say hello to everyone down there for me. I know I always say it, but I will ever be grateful to everyone for making my stay a better one. The Health Rays keeps me in touch with the San and some friends I met while I was there. Hope all is well with you and your family. Good-bye until next time."

Mrs. Wilda Marcotte, Tatamagouche, wrote a note early in February saying that she had just returned from a month in the VG Hospital where she had both hands operated on. She enjoys Health Rays and says "Hi" to all those who knew her when she was

(continued on Page 16)

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## Ins And Outs



### NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM ADMISSIONS

JAN. 1 to JAN. 31, 1975

ROBIE RAYMOND TOOLE, 44 Church St., Bridgetown; DONALD STILLMAN MACDONALD, 1018 Orchard Drive, New Minas; MICHAEL ISAAC SACK, Micmac, Shubenacadie; DALE TREVOR SELLARS, 40 McKittrick Rd., Kentville; ERNEST HENRY MACUMBER, R.R. 2 Canning; FOSTER BURTON KING, R.R. 1 Hanstport; MRS. MARION GRACE TULLOCH; MRS. DOROTHY ERNESTINE PIGGOTT, 57 Granville St. East, Bridgetown; MRS. VIOLA MARION YOUNG, Newport Sta., Hants Co.; JOSEPH AUGUSTE JAMES, Saulnierville; MRS. LILA ELEANOR PICK, White Rock, R.R. 1 Wolfville; DONALD EDWARD BARDSLEY, Sunrise Manor, 2406 Gottingen St., Halifax; JOHN WILLIAM PARSONS, Hantsport; THOMAS ARTHUR SMYTHE, Box 245 Bridgetown; ARNOLD THEODORE MCDOW, Upper Dyke, R.R. 2 Centreville; HOWARD ERNEST JOHNSON, 77 Exhibition St, Kentville; WILLIAM GERALD WOODWORTH, Nictaux Falls, R.R. 3 Middleton; ARTHUR SYNEY NICKERSON, Box 3080 Rockville, Yar. Co.; HENRY ADELARD COMEAU, Box 41 Metegan; JASON ANDREW THWAITES, 3 Rogers Ave., Amherst; GEORGE ALONZO REDDICK, R.R. 1 Lincolnville, Guys. Co.; MRS. VERNA ALBERTA WHYNOTT, New Albany, R.R. 3 Middleton; MRS. ELVA JEAN DEMONE; MRS. DORIS MAY

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JAN. 1 to JAN. 31, 1975

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THOMAS ARTHUR BERRY, Pleasant Lake, R.R. 4 Yarmouth; ROBERT ALAN SUGG, Seal Harbour, Guys Co.; ERNEST HENRY MACUMBER, R.R. 2 Canning; WILLIAM LAWRENCE SHEA, 2395 Agricola St., Halifax; GEORGE PHILIP CORBIN, 36 Tupper Road, Kentville; MRS. LILA ELEANOR PICK, White Rock, R.R. 1 Wolfville; LAWRENCE EARL WOODWORTH, R.R. 1 Berwick; RONALD WALDO PIKE, 24 Overlook Rd., Kentville; THOMAS ARTHUR SMYTHE, Bridgetown; RUSSELL LEON THOMPSON, Brant St., East Preston; ROBIE RAYMOND TOOLE, 44 Church St., Bridgetown; GEORGE OGDEN ARMOUR, 11 Maple Ave., Middleton; MRS. EVA MAY COLDWELL, Box 24, Lower Wolfville; EDWARD HALL, Aylesford; DONALD STILLMAN MACDONALD, 1018 Orchard Dr., New Minas; MRS. MARJORIE MAY ROBAR, North River, R.R. 3 New Germany (Expired); WILLIAM KITCHENER DEXTER, Milton Highlands, Yarmouth; HOWARD ERNEST JOHNSON, 77 Exhibition St., Kentville; DONALD RAYMOND BROWN, R.R. 3 Wolfville; HENRY ADELARD COMEAU, Meteghan (Expired); MRS. WANDA MAURINE JACK, Milton, Box 1353 Liverpool; MRS. ALICE MAUDE MCNEIL, 105 Frederick Ave., Halifax; COLIN DANIEL LONGERGAN, Dalhousie, Springfield R.R. 3 Anna. Co.; ARNOLD THEODORE MCDOW, Upper Dyke, R.R. 2 Centreville, Kings Co.; FOSTER BURTON KING, R.R. 1 Hantsport; MRS. MARTHA ELLA BLANCHARD, 1043 Highland View Ave., New Minas; MRS. MARION GRACE TULLOCH, Box 24, Centreville, Kings Co.; ARNOLD VICTOR DURLING, Bridgetown; MRS. SUSAN JANE MARSHALL, Box 20, Eskasoni; MRS.

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A fifth grade teacher found this notation at the end of a test paper: "The views expressed here are not necessarily those of the textbook."

### ODE TO ST. JOSEPH'S

The following "sentimental ballad" was sent to us by Mrs. Mary Doyle, 2 Hickman Street, Glace Bay, who was a patient at St. Joseph's Annex, August '50 to April '51, and at the Sanatorium from April '51 to April '52. We took the liberty of adding the title, "Ode to St. Joseph's", for it arrived without one of its own.

Did you ever take the cure in old St. Joseph's  
Or come there for the closing of the day,  
Or did you come to help us push up daisies  
In the little seaside town they call Glace Bay;

Or to hear the breezes blowing through the building  
Or try and dodge the little flakes of snow,  
Or to take a chance of swearing at the meal trays  
In a language that the patients only know.

For the doctors come and try to teach us their way,  
And the nurses tell us soothing little fibs,  
But they may as well go chasing after moonbeams  
If the needles fail to penetrate our ribs.

For there's nothing quite so stubborn as T.B.,  
And the time it takes a chap to kill the bug  
It would make the stoutest heart among us quiver,  
To try and show the world a cheerful mug.

Now if there's going to be a life hereafter  
And if we are allowed to stay,  
I'll ask my God to help me drag my carcass  
From the little seaside town they call Glace Bay!

- Composed by the Patients of St. Joseph's Annex, 1951.

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## OLD TIMERS

(continued from Page 13)

on the San Nursing staff, 1963 - 65.

Mrs. Ernest Taylor, 5 Henry St., Truro, renewed the subscription of her last husband, saying that he had always enjoyed his times as a patient in the Sanatorium.

Mrs. Joan Pettigrew, R.R. 2 Halfway River, Cumb. Co., was a patient in '60, enjoys keeping in touch through Health Rays, and sends her best regards to all.

Renewals were received from: Mrs. Lawrence Forsythe, Middleton; Simon Nevin, Shubenacadie, when visiting at the San the last week in January; and from our old friend, Steve Mullen, 62 Prospect St., Yarmouth. Steve writes, "I read that two more of the staff had retired. Soon there won't be any of the old staff left. I am still puffing my way around, and don't get around too much without the car. We are having quite a winter - very little snow so far, but quite cold. (This was written on February 3, so perhaps he has had a little more snow by now. If not, I can spare a few loads from my back yard).

We were pleased, also, to receive greetings from Mrs. Ina Williams of Shelburne. Mrs. William (Faye) Leach advises us of a change of address from 29 Brule St., Dartmouth, to 33 Brule Street, Apt. 5.

Two further renewals have been received: Owen Lloyd Williams, of Monastery; and Howard Brown, of the San staff, and that appears to be our column for this issue. Hope to see you all next month.

## DONE WENT

Me love has flew,  
Her did me dirt;  
Me never knew  
Her was a flirt.  
To they in love  
Let I forbid,  
Lest they be good  
Like I been did.

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 as of January 28, 1975:

Previously acknowledged:	\$5,164.20
Recent contributors:	
Clyde O. Boutilier	
Clifford R. White	
Leonard Patriquin	
Mrs. Charles Purcell	
William Perkins	
John T. Pye	
Lauchlin D. MacKinnon	
Matilda Burke	
Tom R. McNeil	
Fred F. Hill	
Miscellaneous	
Total	81.00
Grand Total	\$5,245.20

Little Freddie was telling all, as he was discussing his new teacher.

"She's mean, but she's fair," he said.

"How's that?" asked his mama.

"She's mean to everyone", he replied.

Mother of small boy to child psychiatrist: "Well, I don't know whether or not he feels insecure but everybody else in the neighbourhood certainly does."



## Hazards to Artists' Lungs

The debonair artist, his beret askew on his balding pate, may also find something askew with his lungs, warned Dr. Bertram W. Carnow, Chicago Lung Association medical director.

Vincent Van Gogh may not have severed his ear for love for a woman, the doctor postulated, but rather from the irritability brought on by lead poisoning. And the halos of light one finds ringing heads in the artist's later paintings may, in fact, reflect eye problems visited on the artist by the excess lead in his system.

Carow pointed out, though, that the danger is often least to the professional craftsman, who is apt to associate any lung problem with his profession immediately, and seek help. The most hapless victim: the Sunday artist, for whom art is just one of life's little pleasures.

Asthmatics, people with emphysema, chronic bronchitis, allergies and skin diseases; and children, whose small air passages are particularly sensitive, were cautioned by Dr. Carnow to be watchful of any lung problems when making art.

Where does the danger lie? The doctor touched on hazards involved in a wide range of artistic endeavors. Among them:

\*\*Some pigments in oil paints are highly toxic because they contain such substances as lead, chromates and cadmium, Carnow said. No less dangerous are solvents such as lacquer thinners and turpentine, irritating to the skin and respiratory tract, he pointed out. And aerosol paints and solvents are a threat since their droplets are small enough to reach deep into the lungs, he held.

\*\*Non-ventilated work areas are a clear danger, Carnow maintained. Amateur photographers who use their bathrooms to develop and fix prints should make sure the small rooms are properly vented, as should potters who use kilns, apt to give high levels of sulfur dioxide and carbon monoxide.

\*\*The doctor associated several artistic endeavors with use of potentially toxic materials: welding with zinc, manganese and beryllium; clay modeling with silica, asbestos and lead chromate; pottery-making with bone ash, silica and nickle oxide.

Dr. Carnow advised artists to vacuum up left-over materials instead of sweeping them up, to change and launder their workclothes frequently and to keep their hands out of their mouths at all costs.

From the Journal of Breathing.

---

Aircraft pilots and other crew members should refrain from smoking not only during flight, but for six hours before taking off the ground. That's the recommendation of Dr. I. Herbert Scheinberg, of New York's Albert Einstein College of Medicine. He says that after smoking, carbon monoxide combines with hemoglobin and renders it incapable of carrying oxygen. This can cause impairments in eyesight, dexterity, and reflexes.

### STAGGERING STATISTICS

People who compile information on this sort of thing say that the average American living to the age of 70 will consume the equivalent of 150 head of cattle, 2,400 chickens, 275 lambs, 26 sheep, 310 pigs, 26 acres of grain and 59 acres of fruit and vegetables in a lifetime. No wonder we're always talking about going on a diet!

From The Link

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\* Certified by P.M.B.

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San. Chaplain -- Rev. William Martell

#### BAPTIST

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

#### CHRISTIAN REFORMED

Minister -- Rev. H. Kuperus

#### PENTECOSTAL

Minister -- Rev. T. Kenna

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Asst. Priest -- Rev. J.C. Thibau

#### SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Sidney Brace

#### 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

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC

Parish Priest -- Father Angus MacLeod

#### UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Allan MacIntosh

#### PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. E.H. Bean

#### SALVATION ARMY

Capt. Alex Swan