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ACROSS THE ISLAND

More Money Urged For Health Research

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BEFORE I get into the subject of today's column, a message to the lady who was kind enough to call me about an Eaton's catalogue of 1911, please phone me again, or drop me a line with your name and telephone number. I mislaid the paper on which I took the note. I shall be going away on Friday morning for a brief vacation, so perhaps you would be good enough to phone Women's Editor Audrey Jenkins, if you do not get me earlier. Both of us are very much interested in the old catalogue.

THE AMERICANS have recently launched and retrieved another manned space rocket, now they have Explorer 2 seeking a soft landing on the moon.

Both feats leave me cold, and disinterested. I've said it before, and I'll say it again with new and greater emphasis: To me it is virtually a crime against humanity to spend many billions – a billion is a thousand million dollars – on this ambitious space program which boils down to a prestige race between the United States and Russia, instead of earmarking even a fraction of this huge sum for medical research that could bring results that are really worthwhile.

I've been a daily visitor at the hospital now since mid-July, with the exception of a few short weeks. Most of my time has been spent in the room of Mrs. Matheson, but I have talked to a few other people, and heard about others who have been patients there.

Grief-Stricken Lady Is Seen

ONE EVENING a lady walked out of the "Intensive care" unit, with uncontrollable tears streaming down her face. Her husband was critically ill – I understand there was a combination of heart trouble, and a stroke – within 24 hours, he was dead. I am not using the name out of deference to this grief-stricken lady.

If I could have walked up to her and told her that new medical research had the answer to her husband's problem, I wouldn't have traded that privilege for all the money that the Russians and the Yanks can spend on space flights, or on any other combination of added expenditures.

Not long ago a young man told our family that his lovely wife cannot recover. It's still a secret between him and a few close friends. The malady is cancer, that scourge that strikes terror into the hearts of so many people today.

Asthma doesn't sound like a fearsome disease; not to those who have had no acquaintance with it.

I've been calling on a friend these last few weeks, though, who could tell you different. It's agony when a man literally has to fight for every breath he draws. If I could tell this man about a new medical breakthrough on his problem, how infinitely

better it would be, than another trip beyond the area of this earth by men financed by powers seeking dominance in a new medium.

A lovely young woman has been a patient now for some two months, or more. Her condition has not been understood, even though skilled medical people are taking advantage of all of the knowledge medical science has discovered thus far - Another example of the need of research to which I have referred.

The lady went home this week.

My hope, Joan, is that you can stay home, without any recurrence of the ailment that sent you to the hospital several months ago.

Neighbours Fear For Son's Life

I MET a next-district neighbor, Claude Wood, about two weeks ago. He was good enough to ask for Mrs. Matheson even though his own heart was filled with fear. Mr. and Mrs. Wood's three-year old son, Donald, was to be operated on next day – there was a growth on his kidney – and five skilled medical doctors gave the parents very, very little hope.

The doctors had feared the growth would be malignant. What I would have given that day if I could have told these parents that a medical breakthrough held the answer to their fears.

This is one story that ends happily, though. I've been talking to my neighbours several times since then, and the news is good. The growth was not cancerous, and the little boy is on the road to recovery.

Courageous Young Man

BETTY CAROL and I hope to call on a young man who is in the Saint John General Hospital Friday. Bill Owen – his father was an Island man – has been flat on his back since an automobile accident injured his spine several months ago.

Bill is determined to get mobile enough to complete the course for his Master's degree at Queens University which he had planned to attend this term.

I've been told that there are fairly heavy odds against this development, but I don't discount the effect that Bill's courage can have on his immediate future. Many a person has fought his, or her way back to health, after even skilled medical advisors have said it was impossible. Bill, all of your friends here are pulling for you to do the same thing.

I don't know any of the accident details but I understand he was thrown out of the car and had the great misfortune to land with his back on a piece of pipe. Otherwise he would probably have escaped with a severe shaking up, or bruising.

If I could tell Bill tomorrow that medical research teams have discovered something that has real meaning for him, I wouldn't trade the experience for all the achievements huge nations have made in their race to outdo each other in many fields.

Severe Ulcers Cause Distress

MANY PEOPLE suffer these days from severe ulcers, some of them have severe bleeding. I often wonder why there is so much of this sort of thing now.

I had a severe ulcer attack about 10 years ago, and I was thinking this week that I could have written a most interesting column on ulcer "cures" had I only made notes of the many remedies that were offered to me during the two or three years that trouble was a real problem to me.

I've talked about only a few of the cases I've bumped into in recent weeks. There are many others. There is the problem of heart ailments, of blood pressure running wild, and many others.

Recalling only a few of the many people I've talked to at times, during my weeks of visiting my wife, there were Albert Court, Millcove; Howard MacKinnon, Charlottetown; Eric Jessome, Kensington; Mrs. Horace Hyde, Murray River; Mrs. Daniel Beaton, Bill Murley, Roy Huestis, John H. Wood, Hazelbrook; Mrs. George Cudmore, Charlottetown; Mrs. White (can't recall the first name off hand) from the Hampshire district; George Wotton, Charlottetown, Allie Cutcliffe. City; Mrs. Dan Myers, Mount Albion and Mrs. Wesley MacNevin, Hunter River, formerly of Stanchel. I said these names were from memory, and my memory is behaving poorly. I've missed perhaps a half dozen others, please excuse it.