From the Chester Times of October 15, 1951

...s look as they mark the 250th anniversary of their corporate existances, have much to look upon with pride.

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News is News

A week ago this morning for the second time in three days I felt a pain in my chest. Recognizing a danger signal I drove to Chester Hospital and a cardiagram was suggested.

The result of the "reading" was that I was hospitalized with the information that a slight heart disturbance had been recorded.

The verdict of the three physician friends who sat in on the discussion was uncompromising: "We have caught this in time. However, you must go to bed for at least a month and probably for six weeks. You must cut yourself away from visitors, no matter how much you enjoy them. You must discipline yourself completely. You are under our orders for your own good."

The reward held out to me—if these rules are followed—is a return to normal life, which right now was never more attractive.

To one inexperienced in hospitals, the sudden turn of fate which places you under the constant surveillance of doctors and nurses and away from the busy routine of life is a "shocker."

This is a report only on the first week. The signs of improvement are definite; all tests have been favorable but the strict regime continues.

I wish I could convey something of the overwhelming emotion which comes to one who has received as many thoughtful courtesies as have been extended to me this past week.

There are so many things I'd like to say in return. (To those who have sent flowers I have found satisfaction in having some distributed to others in the hospital who can enjoy them with me—but please go slow.)

Seven years ago my brother, Ormond, who publishes a newspaper at Kearney, Nebraska, had an attack somewhat similar to mine. Sunday morning I received a letter from Ormond which said: "It isn't such a handicap and I think you can learn the same thing. Based on my experience, you can do a lot of things you want to do and not do a lot of things you do not want to do. Just find out what your limits are and then stay inside those limits.

"I've a hunch I could step up my present activities without any adverse effect but I know I can go my present pace without trouble, so I'm not trying to find out what my outside limits are. I just go along at a pace that must be well within my limits and I'm having a lot of fun living."

Why all that detail? Well there must be some way a newspaper man can express appreciation which overwhelms him. I'm trying to give the news.—Alfred G. Hill.

Thought for Today

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