

ant experience occurred. After the noise of the takeoff, I heard a ticking sound. Rather startled, I glanced at the fellow sitting beside me, for the sound seemed to be coming from him.

He smiled a big smile and said, "Oh, it's not a bomb. It's just my heart."

I was obviously surprised, so he proceeded to tell me what had happened.

Just twenty-one days before, he had undergone an operation that involved putting a plastic valve into his heart. The ticking sound, he explained, would continue for several months, until new tissue had grown over the artificial valve. I asked him what he was going to do.

"Oh," he said, "I've got big plans. I'm going to study law when I get back to Minnesota. Someday I hope to be in government work. The doctors tell me I must take it easy for a few months, but after that I'll be like new."

There you have two ways of meeting health problems. The first fellow, not even sure he had anything organically wrong with him, was worried, depressed, on the road to defeat, wanting somebody to second his motion that he couldn't go forward. The second individual, after undergoing one of the most difficult of operations, was optimistic, eager to do something. The difference lay in how they thought toward health!

I've had some very direct experience with health excusitis. I'm a diabetic. Right after I discovered I had this ailment (about 5,000 hypodermics ago), I was warned, "Diabetes is a physical condition; but the biggest damage results from having a negative attitude toward it. Worry about it, and you may have real trouble."