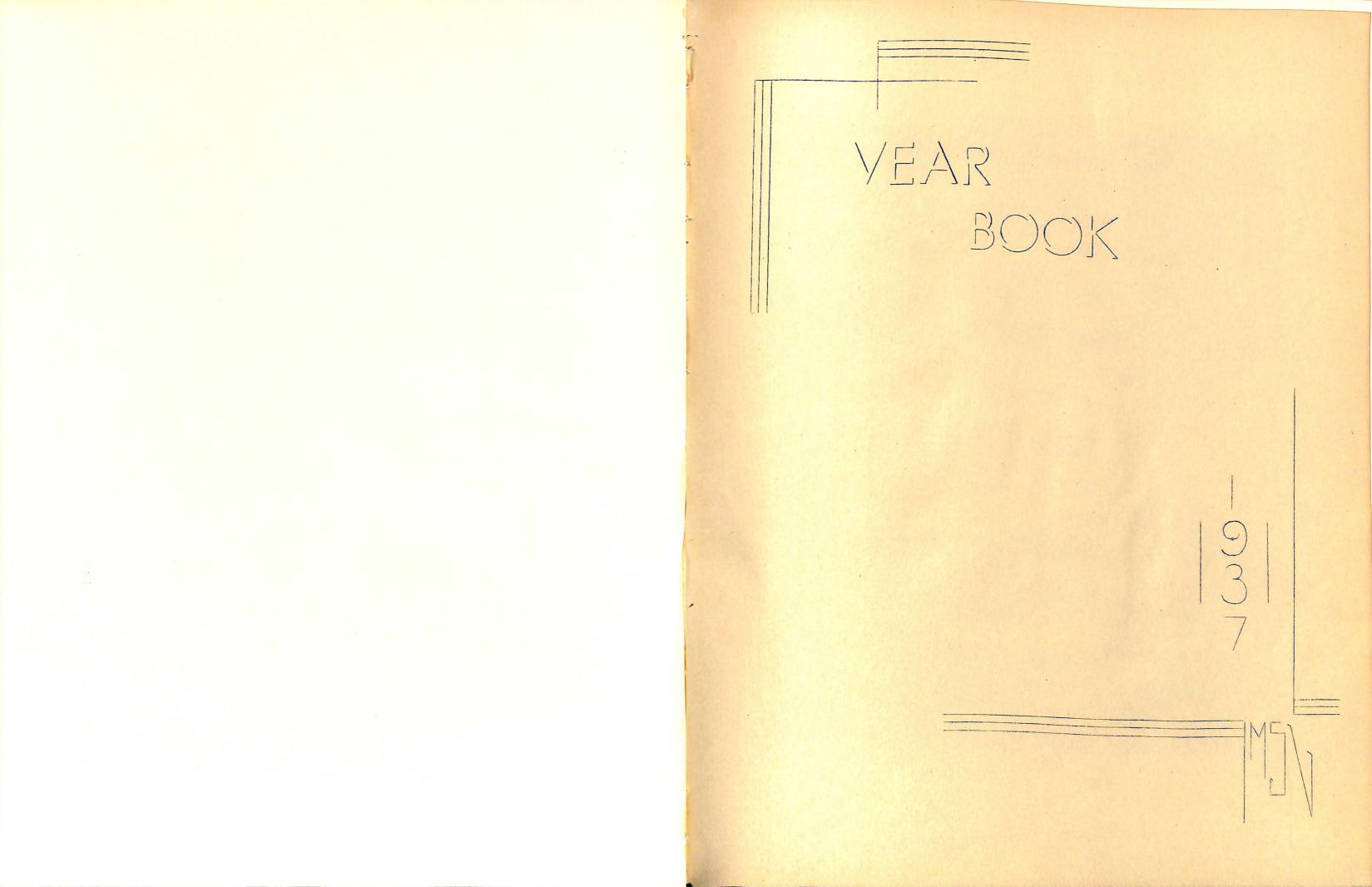
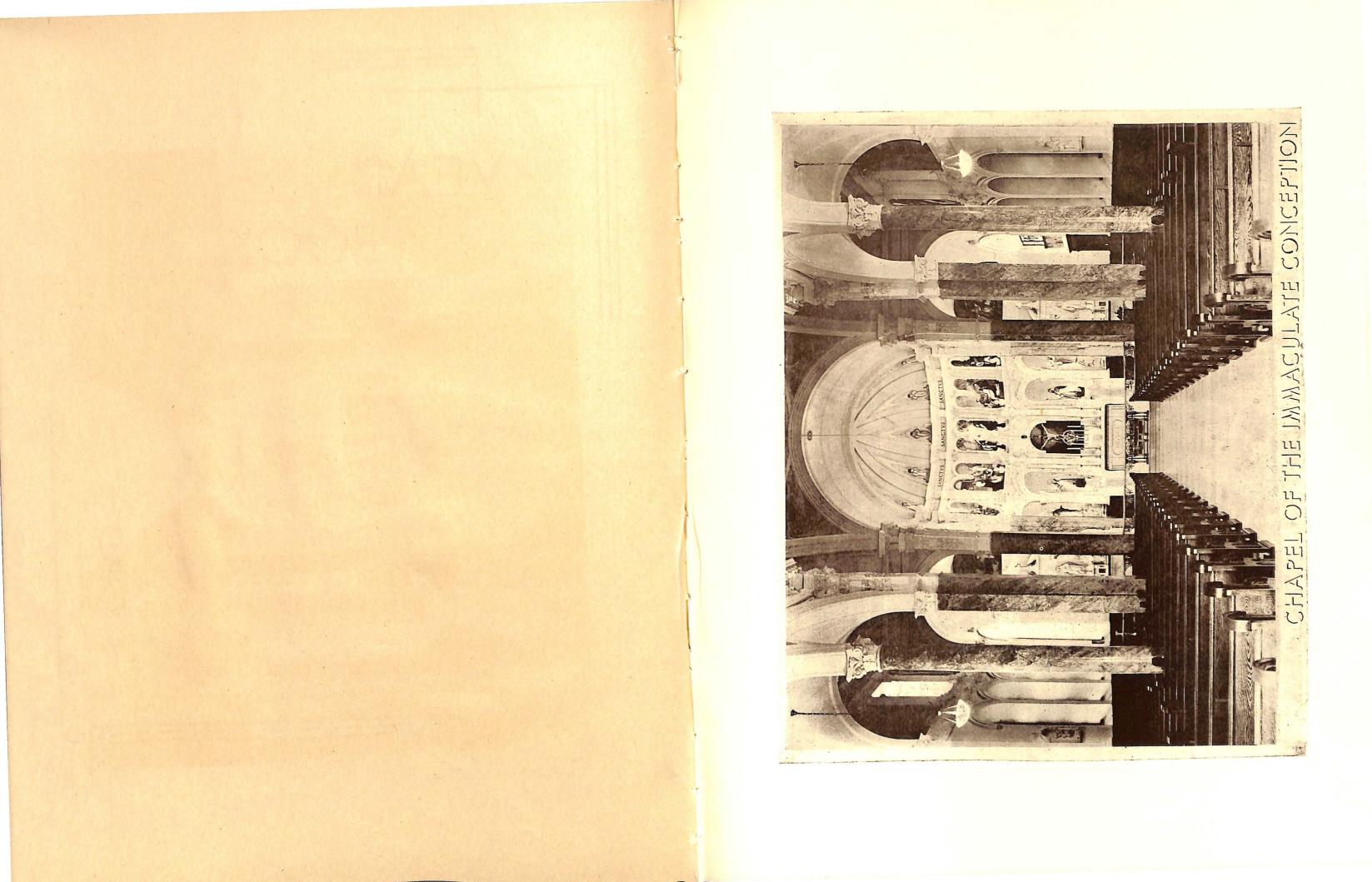


KAPPA Kronicle

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX NOVA SCOTIA





To Our Father in Christ File Excellency The Post Reverend J.J. P. Pally D.D. Whom God in File Providence Fias set over us as Shepherd and Bishop of our souls We dedicate this Book In Faith and loyolty

OUR NEW ARCHBISHOP

On February 17, the archdiocese of Halifax, doubly bereaved for more than a twelvemonth by the loss of its archbishop and its Vicar Capitular, was consoled by the news that a new archbishop had been appointed in the person of the Most Reverend John Thomas McNally, D.D., Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario. Immediately telegraph wires buzzed with congratulations and prayers of thanksgiving were offered to heaven for what appears to all an ideal choice. The accompanying photograph of our new Archbishop showed a prelate of fine face and dignified bearing, a figure stamped with that blending of authority, intellectual power and personal charm that marks the great churchman.

Archbishop McNally is one of the most distinguished prelates of Canada. Born in Prince Edward Island, his first scholastic training was obtained in Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, where he was gold medalist for two terms and completed the three year course in two. His intellectual gifts were next displayed at the University of Ottawa, and so impressed his superiors that when he decided to enter the priesthood he was sent to the Canadian College at Rome. Ordained in 1896, he remained for some time to study in the Eternal City and formed during this period friendships with churchmen who have since become internationally famous.

Returning to America, the young priest was sent to Portland, Oregon, as pastor of the Cathedral there. Three years later he came back to Canada to assume parish duties in the Province of Quebec. In 1909 his knowledge of Canon Law caused him to be appointed notary of the First Plenary Council of the Church ever held in this country. In 1913 he was consecrated first Bishop of Calgary. In this position his knowledge of languages acquired in Rome and Ottawa served him in good stead, for he speaks French, Italian, and German with fluency. For eleven years Bishop McNally remained in the West. In 1924 he was named Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario. in which diocese he again distinguished himself for leadership in affairs of the Church and the community. During the last twelve years the number of priests in the diocese of Hamilton, Ontario, has doubled, and a corresponding increase is shown in the number of Catholics. The cathedral which Bishop McNally planned and built is architecturally one of the finest in Canada.

Viewing his zeal for the House of God, his strong opposition to forces subversive to religion and true citizenship, his fine appreciation of highest Christian culture, his vigorous administrative abilities, and his genuine sympathy and kindliness combined with personal charm, is it any wonder that we of the waiting flock look forward with joy and satisfaction to the day when we shall welcome our new Shepherd and offer him our sincere homage?

THE KING SPEAKS

May 12, 1937

All day the tramp of marching feet hath been Like thunder shaking the whole earth; the call Of trumpets and the distant rise and fall Of cheering is on every wind, a din As when the waves of seven seas begin Their roaring; for Old England's kith and kin Are gathered in great joy; a people all Rejoicing stand about her as a wall Across the world the millions listen in:

A sudden hush. The nations lean to hear The words of peace that on the silence fall; Across the seven seas the strong words ring In blessing and in greeting most sincere: "God bless you all, my people-God bless all!" Once more the shout: "God bless, God save the King!"

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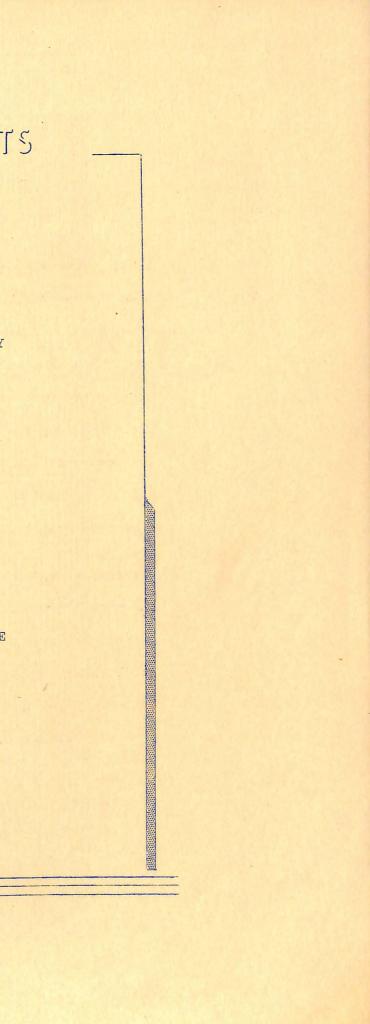
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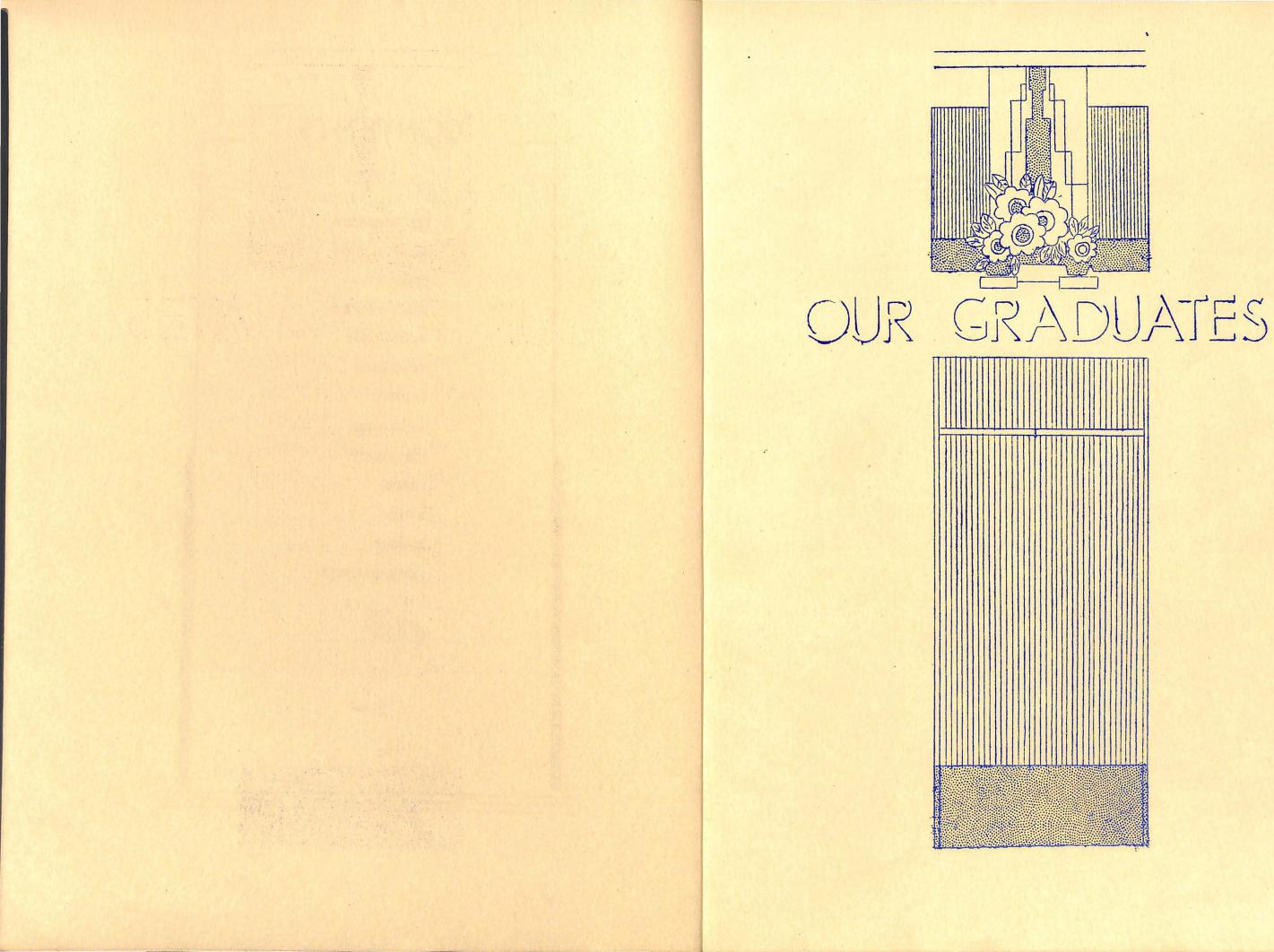
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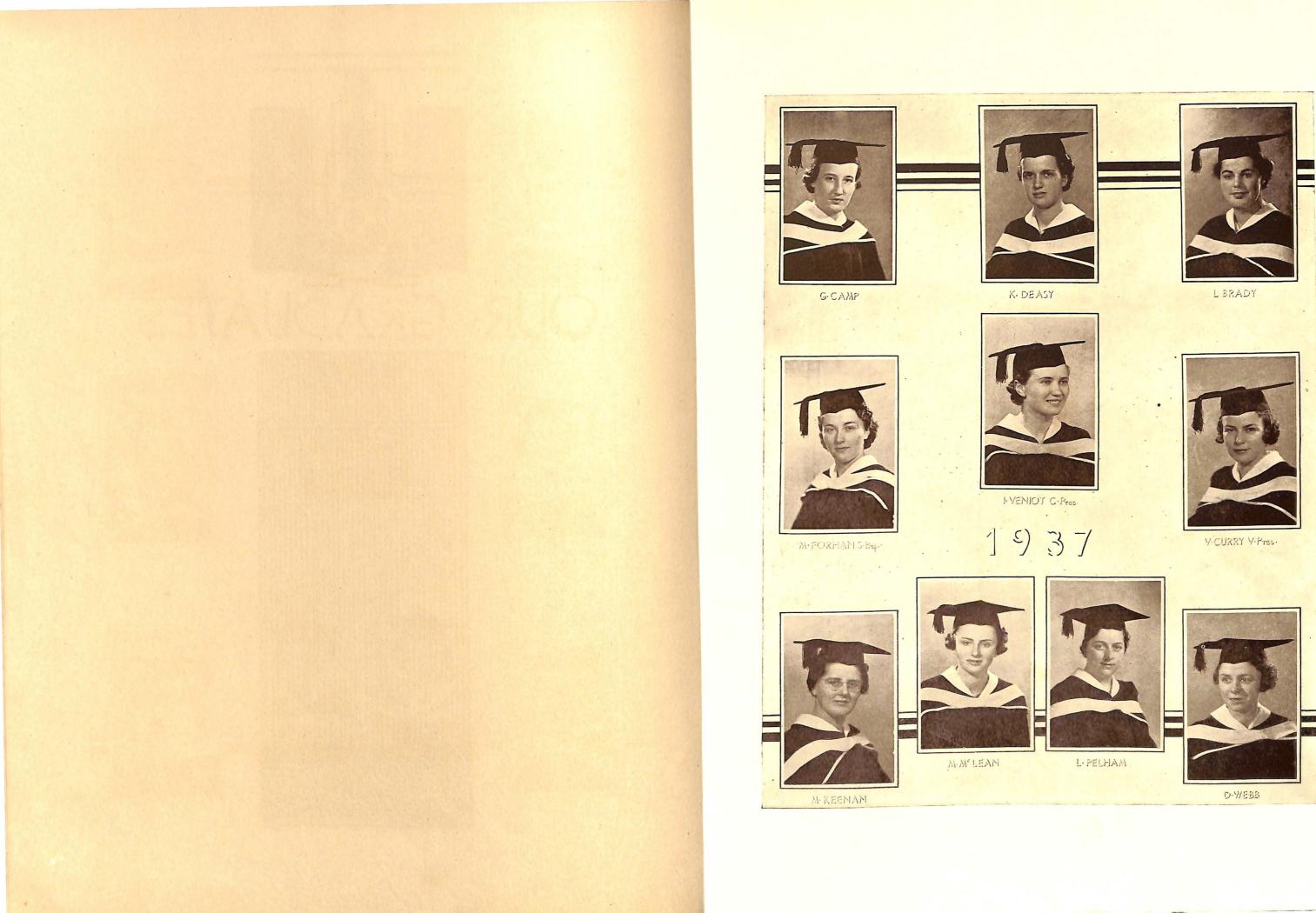
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ALUMNAE

SAPPA KRONICLE



















Irene Veniot, generally known as "Dick", represents the intelligentia of Bathurst at Hount Saint Vincent. She may be described as "petite", being approximately five feet tall, with clear blue eyes and blond hair. Her immaculate appearance is a key to her steady and reliable character.

Irene is one of those rare individuals, a born leader who can direct without coercing or antagonizing. In her capacity as college president she fulfils her office most efficiently, and with great sincerity. She is cuiet and reserved, with a pleasing manner and a very generous nature.

Irene possesses argumentative ability of which she makes the greatest use in certain classes. She is fond of good literature and a keen student of modern philosophical problems. Judging from her never ending chats in education class, she must be well informed on this subject. Irene is skilled as a swimmer, a skater, and a Badminton enthusiast. She has the honor of being the one and only B. H. Sc. graduate of the class of '37.

IRENE VENIOT

President Sophomore Class '35 President Junior Class '36 President Senior Class '37 President College Student Body '37





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Sodality Prefect 1937.

President Study Club on Marriage 1937

Writer of Kappa Alumnae Notes 1937

Artist for Sodality Bulletin Board 1936 and 1937.

The most distinctive characteristic of Marie's appearance is that it is omnipresent. Secrets are the "bugbear " of her existence--she can't understand why the law permits such horrid things. Her excessive curiosity has stood her in good stead for it extends to the field of knowledge, as her considerable scholastic attainments, both in high school and college, have shown.

Marie boasts the only auburn tresses in the college and these are given meticulous care. In the way of diversion, parties are her specialty, and the happy faculty is hers, of enjoying herself to the full, and at the same time providing entertainment for others. Scrupulously careful, staunchly faithful, utterly tactless, highly interesting, hopelessly helpless--that's Marie.

Call her by her full title, Marie Loretta Rita, sympathize with her in her ailments (and they are legion), unfold to her all your secrets, and you will be her friend forever.



Vice-President of Sophomore Slass 1935 Magazine Collector C.C.S.H.C. 1935 Vice-President of Senior Class 1937 Advertising Manager of Kappa 1957 President of C.C.S.M.C. 1937

"Tot an Angle but an Angel", Verta is one of the three "little" girls of the senior class and a daily patron of Pender's Bus Company. Angelic of countenance at least, her attractiveness is enhanced by her unusual voice and slow charming smile. Verta may be classed among those individuals known as "nose wrinklers" and has a special technique for lifting her left eyebrow which is inimitable. Of late she has been wearing a new coiffure, which to say the least, is "fetching". Although naturally reserved and di nified she is sometimes decidedly "pixilated" (especially in Education Class) Verta possesses a calm, composed, selfsufficient disposition, which often stands her in good stead. Her deep secretiveness in certain matters is a source of profound annoyance to some of her friends (especially the writer). An ardent scholar philosophy holds the place in her affections with Latin a close second. Her chief interest in life, however, seems to be to increase the number and variety of her "platonic" friends.

VERTA CURRY



LORETTA BRADY

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Manager of Basketball Team '37 Chairman of Ring Committee '37 Typist for Kappa '37 Treasurer of Mission Club '36 Delegate to Mission Crusade '36

Gladys:

The mystery lady of the Senior Class. Little more is known of her today, than was known of her when she first set foot in M. S. V. Her height, angularity and silence would fit her as a worthy stand-in for Garbo. (In fact this might really please her as she is such an avid movie-lover) Gladys accuires much of her beauty sleep during classes, and consequently she has never been involved in any disciplinary troubles. It is whispered that she is a crack Sadminton player, an excellent swimmer and past master in the maidenly art of knitting. We know her dancing ability, for which art she has a great liking. Her greatest asset is tactfulness, and balancing liability, self effacement. The phrase most often on her lips is "Sure, I'll do it!" She is extremely generous, being the highly valued go-between for her stranded Halifax friends at H. S. V. Gladys has all the cualities which go to make the perfect Social Worker, and as she is specializing in Sociology this year, maybe that is her aim. We can't be sure however! She is especially fond of Philosophy but not at all enthused about History. Nothing bothers our Gladys, as she is always perfectly calm. Her favourite proverb is the old saw, "time and tide wait for no man", the same cannot be said of her, as she is neither time nor tide. Hayhap some fortunate young gentlemen will be making our Miss a Mrs. You can never tell about these "quiet ones". Her intimate friends tell us she is a loyal, sympathetic, humorous and kindly soul but to most of us she remains the college riddle ---- though a popular one.

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"Personality rules the world." If that be so, Loretta has a great kingdom ahead of her. She possesses a wholesome, vibrant personality. Her very presence adds an atmosphere of laughter and gaiety, and has often made what promised to be a dull hour boom with fun; Loretta has that natural art possessed by few and admired by all of making strangers feel at ease in her company. Among her assets is her gift of conversation of which she has abundant use, not only in her "impromptu" talks for public spea ing classes, but in her clever descriptions of amusing incidents. Her unfailing good humour has won her a host of friends, and her sympathetic and understanding nature has held them. Where work is concerned Loretta is a firm believer in the comfortable dictum: "What you don't do today you can always do tomorrow; so why worry?" Her athletic ability has made her a valued member of the basketball team. We have always marvelled at her speedy passing on the floor as well as at her powerful Australian crawl in the water, which has wown her many swimming honors. And then in dancing, where Loretta has shown exceptional grace, she has always held the title of the "best dancer." Mount Saint Vincent College bids "au revoir" to her Worcesterite whom we had almost Nova Scotianized . Now our work is all invain for Graduation Day has come and Loretta is again claimed by Uncle Sam, who reluctantly lent her for four years.

GLADYS CAMP

Star Commuter

Himeographist of Kappa 1937.



KATHLEEN DEASY

Girl Guide Lieutenant 1935.

Junior Vice President 1936. Chairman of Mystical Body Study Club 1936. Secretary of Student Government 1937. Vice Prefect of Sodality 1937. Secretary of Marriage Study Club 1937. Social Editor 1937.

Kathleen Deasy of Dorchester, Massachusetts, is able to boast of her direct Irish parentage but her dark eyes betray a distant French ancestry. Tall, boyishly slim, with an enviable carriage, Kay sometimes looks like a young girl in her very early teens- but that is not when she is smartly dressed in her sophisticated Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. With excellent taste in dress, her great distinction is a continual freshness of appearance-she never has the "just-wakened-up-reaching-for-bedroom-slipper" air. Sensitive, kind, and impulsive, Kay is ready to give those welcome, unasked, unobtrusive "lifts" that are so heart-warming. Her seeming independence hides a very real shyness.

Kathleen's ability in the classics is a matter of awesome wonder to some of us but she herself insists on decrying her scholastic attainments. We know better, however! as she has a keen sense of fun and an occasional irrepressible desire for out-of-the-ordinary modes of action, casual acquaintances sometimes do not realize that Kay is a lover of the deeper things. The word "versatile" best describes Kathleen--she enjoys dances, reading, movies, so-called high-brow lectures, and even (!) class work. She has a decided taste for "amonds", Amy Lowell, and a variety of vagaries which are apt sometimes to change suddenly and unaccountably.



A lover of books and a dreamer of dreams arguerite is on the way to a place in the literary world. Of medium height with brown hair and that certain French chic for choosing clothes, she is a familiar figure at Mount Saint Vincent, where she has attended School since Grade VII, ardently pursuing courses in History and English and all things intellectual. Marguerite's tastes vary. She is well known for her dramatic ability, having played invortant roles in "Quality Street", "The Rivals", "Marie Antoinette" and "Little Women". She loves tennis and is fast becoming an experienced driver. She also relishes an afternoon nap and even indulges in one after breakfast. on occasion. Truthful and sincere at all times, Marguerite is the most loval friend one could have. She is always ready for an argument, whether in defense of a friend or on the relative merits of Canada and the U.S.A. What Marguerite intends to do is still a mystery, but it is pretty certain that she will be either a teacher of English and History or a Librarian. Time will tell!

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MARGUERITE KEENAN

Editor of Kappa Kronicle '37 Vice-Fresident of C.C.S.M.C. 137 Secretary of College Co-operative Club '37 Student Librarian '37

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Treasurer of Student Body '36

Sodality Reporter 136

Sophomore Editor of Kappa 135



MARGARET MC LEAN

Secretary of C. C. S. H. C. '37

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Captain of Basketball Team '37 Chairman of Picture Committee '37

Business Editor of Kappa'37



Study Club 1937

Lonore is the "Lady Bountiful" of the College, generous, goodnatured and ready, willing and able to help any of her companions who are worried. Perhaps she is too kindhearted for her own good, although she is well able to take care of herself and very few take advantage of her. She is a short, typically Irish colleen, with her dark hair, blue eyes and two flashing dimples that are the envy of every girl in the college. Lenore's intense love of St. Patrick, the auld Sod and anything and everything green is well known to all who come in contact with her. She is not phlogmatic by any means, having ardent likes and dislikes. Thank goodness, her likes predominate! She is a vociferous reader and her love of English is one of her strongest passions. Singing (especially at choral practice) and music are more of her many and varied interests. Any character sketch of Lenore would not be complete without mentioning her absolute aversion to tomatoes and anything that even looks like one. With regard to her scholastic ability she usually leads not only her class, but the whole college in class marks and examinations. She tells us her aim is to become President of the Irish Free State at the first opportunity or failing this to marry at least six Irishmen.

It has been said that "good things come in small packages" and this proverb may very truthfully be changed around to "good people come from small towns". At least, this may be said of Margaret, the tall, fair, slim, goodlooking lass who hails from Cape Breton. Margaret has a magnetic personality and a fund of wit and humor. One of her greatest assets is her staunch loyalty to her friends. She is an excellent dancer and is much interested in athletics, being one of the College "stars" in Basketball, and an adept at tennis and swimming. She is an ardent week-end fan and the manner in which she rushes around on Friday, getting things in order, denotes her popularity in the "little" city. Margaret is the possessor of a keen brain, but she usually follows the line of least resistance. However, she manages to "get there" and after all, "that's something," says she. All in all she is a grand sport; so, New Waterford, we thank you for Margaret, of the House of McLean.

LENORE PELHAM

- Secretary of Sodality 1937
- Sodality Editor of Kappa 1937
- President of Cooperative Study Club 1937

- President of Mass Study Club 1937
- Secretary of Church in Troubled Countries
- Manager of College Cooperative Club 1937
- Editor of Catholic Notes 1936

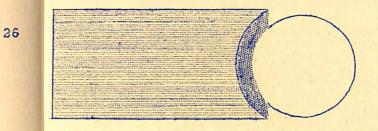


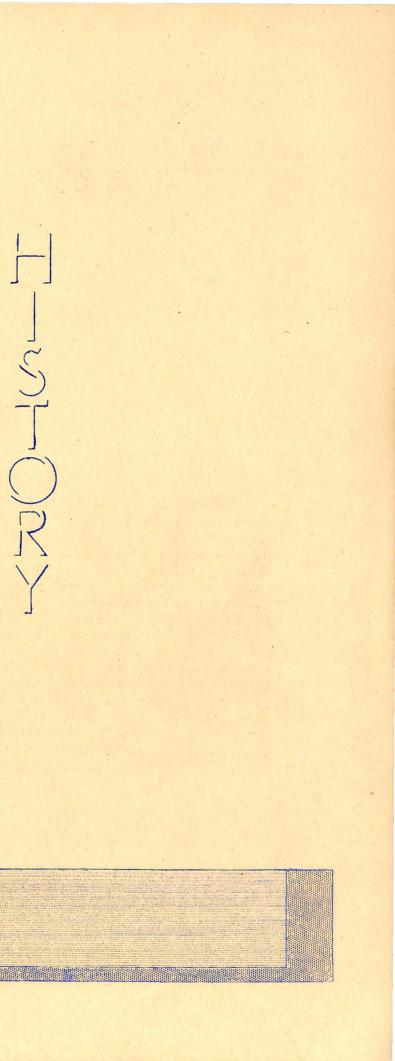
DOROTHY Webb

Treasurer of Sodality 1937

Treasurer of the C. C. S. of M.S.V. 1937 President of Mystical Body Study Club '37 Circulation Manager of Kappa 1937 Chairman Literary Committee of the C. C. S. M. C. 1937

Donothy is a tall, willowy creature -- a decided brunette with especially attractive sparkling eyes. She has a well developed taste in style and is always different in appearance. She is quiet and reserved, and her slow . smile is a joy to behold. Her sense of humor is keen, and she can be especially giddy on occasions. She has a charming voice and a pleasant manner, and is one of those extremely fortunate creatures with no worries, except that classes be finished on Friday at least not later than three o'clock. She also has an "and-wouldn't-it-be-a-wonderful-world-if-classes-on-Mondaybegan-at-eleven" complex. She has proved herself a good student mll through her college career. Dorothy pretends to be lazy and tries her best to give that impression, but in reality, she is anything but lazy. She loves flowers, candy, and hardboiled eggs. She possesses a very good memory, and likes to do things in her own good time and sweet way. She is kindly, sympathetic, and very practical. Contrary to expectations, she is unspoiled (though she is an only child). Her calm, unruffled disposition acts as a check on her more impulsive neighbours. She is determined to complete her collection of Sociological Pamphlets (or else to find some place to put them).





SOPHOMORE YEAR

Our Sophomore Year! Now we who are about to graduate, look back upon it fondly and a bit wistfully. We were considered the youngsters then; the president of student government looked after us assiduously and our College Mistress introduced us as her babies. We looked up from a distance to the seniors who were ruite seniorial that year and felt extremely flattered when treated as equals by them. For most, it was the first year at college and so in the early part was a period of adjustment to a new mode of studying and living. To those of us who had just graduated from the stricter Academy discipline our new found collegiate freedom was Heaven-sent and entirely wonderful. At first we found the lecture style of classes difficult to follow but exems were far off so we did not bother about them unduly. Instead we tramped the road and knew the joys of the Autumn woods. The days passed almost unnoticed and before we realized it, it was time for the first classmarks. It was then that we drifted quite informally into the Latin and the French "club". The Latin Club was a hectic affair which held session at noon time and there feverish attacks were made on Sallust without (please note) the help of a "trot," The French Club was more leisurely and lighthearted and head warters were in the Social Room. Very often it did not meet (Fremch translation can be tried at sight.)

For Dean's Day the college presented "Daddy Long Legs". Nowire, remember the mishaps of the play--the tea and table lamp that crashed to the floor during the all important performance. Then came Advent and just before Christmas Santa Claus visited the college at the request of the seniors and gave gifts to each and every one.

After Christmas we were faced with the Midyears and for a time were cuite serious and scholarly. The Social Room was deserted and the snowy world out-side held no allure. But when the last examination was over, the exciting winter sports occupied much of our time. We Scphomores celebrated the completion of exam week, by a tea which we gave for the rest of the college. In February the college presented Sheridan's "Rivals" at the Nova Scotian Hotel. That provided an interesting and exciting break in the term. When Vocation Week arrived the Sophomores portrayed the virtues of single life by a play written and directed by a member of the class. We covered ourselves with glory on the t occasion and felt quite important.

From Easter until June the time fairly flew. Exams and Commencement seemed very close. On Class Day we sat at the lowest places at the Banquet table and realized once more that we were very young. Later we experienced College elections and farewell ceremonies for the first time. On Graduation day when the seniors received their Bachelor's hoods and degrees we understood the value of our Sophomore year.

At last we were Juniors who looked forward to the coming year, for we now knew the meaning of college loyalty, school spirit and class friendship.

Marguerite Keenan '37.

JUNIOR YEAR

In September 1935 we began our second year at Hount St. Vincent College. Junior year has always impressed me as the happy medium of our college days. We are no longer new and unfamiliar as we were upon entering our Sophomore year; yet we are not confronted with the thought of bidding farewell to Alma Mater.

The social year was ushered in by the annual informal and most enjoyable picnic and corn boil at which the seniors acted as hostesses. Following this event, we, the Juniors, entertained our college sisters at a Hallowe'en masquerade. Other social events and teas enlivened our scholastic routine, which is quite a strenuous affair in one's Junior year.

Dean's day, October twenty second, was fittingly observed with the excellent performance of Barrie's popular play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals". The annual public play was "Marie Antoinette", with Marie Ackermann, our very gifted Mount alumna, in the title role which gave ample scope to her histrionic ability. The Lieutenant Governor and his party honored us with their presence on the first night.

Perhaps the greatest event of the year was the First Maritime Crusade Convention, in which each crusade unit throughout the Maritimes, was represented. The first afternoon of the convention the delegates were entertained at the Mount. A quaint, colorful mission play was given followed by tea in the Students' Dining Room - Not often graced, as then, by the presence of gentlemen! The Solemn Benediction at SturPatrick's Church stirped us all deeply. The success of this Convention made us, even at the time, look forward eagerly to the next one.

Dalhousie examinations soon occupied our attention and time, and then Christmas Vacation. This ended, classes were soon followed by the ever-important mid-year exams. Almost immediately after, an inspiring retreat was held u under the direction of Reverend John Myers, a Redemptorist. Among the other spiritual exercises of the year were those of Vocation Week.

January 1936, however, was not ushered in with a note of complete joy and happiness as death took toll of three great figures. The first was King George V; following closely upon his death was that of our dearly beloved Archbishop, The Most Reverend Thomas O'Donnell. Death, still unsatisfied, finally laid its hand on Right Reverend Thomas Curran, Vicar Capitular of the Archdiocese, who was a true model of Christian piety. May they rest in peace.

So quickly did the weeks after second semester go by that Dal exams were again on the horizon, closely followed by the Mount exams. These were the prelude to the events never to be forgotten at Mount St. Vincent; those of Convocation Week; Baccalaureate Mass, Class Day Exercises and then the goal achieved--Graduation and receiving of the degrees merited by the graduates.

We, the Juniors of '36, returned home as Juniors no longer, but with the rights and duties of Seniors having been conferred upon us.

Gladys M. Camp '37

SENIOR YEAR

In September, 1936, ten students returned to Mount Saint Vincent College for the third time. It was the usual thing to return to the Mount in September, but there was something different about it this time. We were seniors! The leaders of the College! Full of dignity and importance we strutted by the gaping sophomores.

Graduation seemed still a long way off, but how the days flew! It shortened the year to look forward to June first, but our joy was tinged with regret as we realized that the old folks are right when they say "School days are the happiest of your life". Even in our senior year, we knew that our carefree days were gone when proctorship and other duties reminded us that we were to be shining examples.

Assuming a dignified manner, we welcomed the new students. "How young they seem!" we whispered to each other. The Sodality opened and our own classmates were installed as officers; the first Student-body meeting was held with our class president in the chair; we led the line into Chapel and occupied the first pew; there was **To doubt**, that we were seniors.

However we forgot our dignity long enough to enjoy thoroughly the cornboil and weenie roast, when we entertained the rest of the college up at the tennis courts, when Loretta had the coffee spilled over her new dress and we embarrassed Margaret by coaxing her to sing.

Shortly after we were honored by a visit of His Excellency, the Most Reverend P. A. Bray, Bishop of St. John and a lecture by Doctor M. M. Coady of Saint Francis Xavier's. A gloom was cast over both College and Academy, when Sister Mary de Chantal, who had for twelve years been the beloved Mistress General of the Academy, left the field of her labors forever.

The first big event was Dean's Day, October 26th, when "Little Women" was the feature of the programme. That was the day, Marquerite showed her ability as a character actress in the role of "Aunt March", and we all recited Lenore's greeting to the Dean.

Again the fact that we were soon to graduate was brought home to us when the Alumnae held their Annual Reunion and banquet and we, the graduates of 1937, were their guests, soon to be included in their number.

Before we had time to realize it, Christmas vacation came along and our thoughts and steps turned homeward, again with a slight regret as we remembered that it was our last vacation from the Mount. After the holidays we returned, resolved to make our last term the best of all. When the mid-year marks were posted, every senior came through with flying colors. After exams, we turned to winter sports with renewed vigor and made our last round of the "old reservoir" and took our last slide down the "power-house road".

As the annual three-day retreat approached we entered into it wholeheartedly, knowing that it was to prepare us for our first venture in the world, and probably to stand by us for years to come. We attended Mass and made our Stations faithfully during Lent, an opportunity which may not always be ours.

Our study clube, our basket-ball gemes, our classes together, English IV, when we all labored over those quarterly themes, Philosophy and Apologetics with their lively discussions, all form a galaxy of happy memories as we leave. Some of us may have failed to make the year a perfect one, but we hope that our noble attempts repair these deficiencies, because we wish to look back upon our last year as our best at Mount Saint Vincent College.

Kathleen Deasy, '37

THE GRADUATE

What is it that endears this place to me? Its changing beauty as the seasons pass? The knowledge gained with every busy class? The happy blend of work and gaiety? The laughing comradeship of girls I see? The chapel rich with paintings and stained glass? Dark silhouettes of gowns hast'ning to Mass? The life I led, - all peace and harmony?

Yes, all of these. But there is something still -Something intangible and undefined -Something that now is part of my whole life. The spirit of this house - Truth, with good will Shall stay forever deep within my mind, And strengthen me against all worldly strife.

Mary Nolan '39



OUR DRAMATISTS



SENIORS

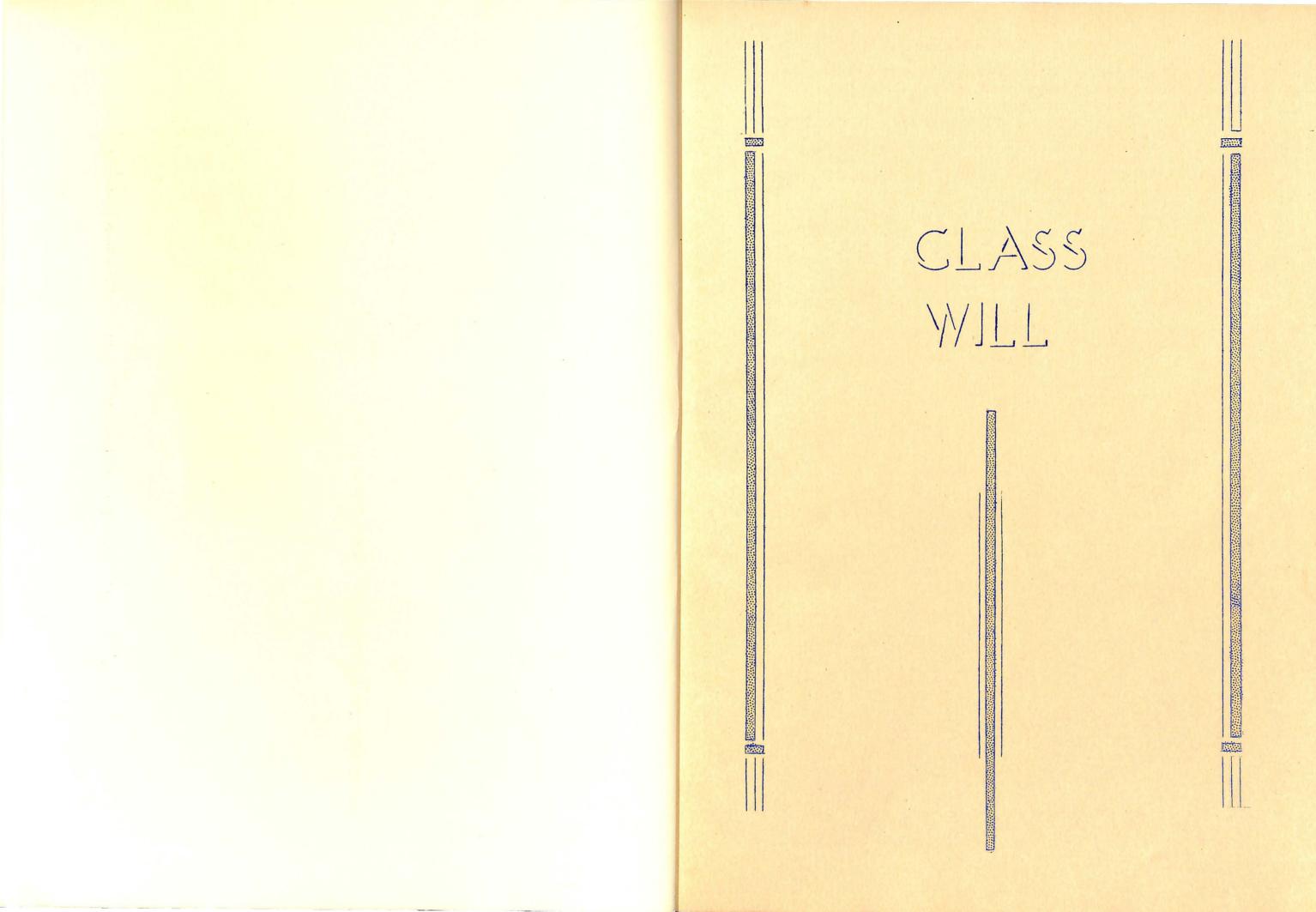




JUNIORS



POST GRADUATES



We, the graduates of 1937, being as sane now as we ever expect to be, do of our own free will and under no compulsion whatever hereby dispose of our possessions in the following manner.

<u>First</u>, to Sister Evaristus and to the faculty, we give our sincere gratsitude for their solicitous care during our college career and we also leave to them our loyalty, hoping that it may stand firm through all the years.

Second, to Sister Francis de Sales, our College Mistress, we leave every good wish always, and hope that the memory of our mistakes and failings will be overshadowed by our few successes.

Third, to the Juniors we leave the joys of the Senior Year, hoping that they will uphold its dignity as we have done; to them also we leave our perplexities in studies and student government. We bequeath to them particularly the sorrows of proctorship together with the "visiting cards."

Fourth, to the Sophomores and Freshmen we leave our sympathy for the work that is before them. We also bequeath to them the joys of college life which we know we shall miss so much.

Fifth, to the future generations of College girls we leave the Willow Canteen, hoping that it will not tempt them too much during campusses.

Our personal belongings we dispose of as follows:

I, MARY IRENE RICHARD VENIOT, do will and bequeath to Margaret Mary McDonough, and Julia Miriam Cahill my wicker chair that they may rock away their Junior year. To Mag, I leave my liking for "fish", may it prove more beneficial to her than to me; Jo Judy, my excess height which she may use when accompanying Dot Murray down the aisle; Bo Hopeski Willard, my healthy appetite, which added to her own may increase her avoirdupcis. With Dot LeClair, I share my efficiency for catching colds and sore throats. To Mary Veronica Mulcahy goes my French accent which, supplemented by her proficiency in the German tongue, will make her the perfect linguist. To Irma Charman I bequeath my fund of sound advice, to be taken regularly before retiring. To Finnegan, I leave the order for my dietician's trousseau, so that she may spend some profitable hours in the sewing room.

I, MARIE LORETTA RITA FORMAN, in full possession of all my faculties and after weighty consideration and deliberation, in this my last will and testament, do bequeath---To Marietta Wall my fondness for chocolate cookies and my theme song "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie " To Rita Fawson exclusive possession of the much talked of "fairy stitch", with the earnest hope that she will eventually finish that mauve sweater. To Viola Pride and "Rosie McDonough, our mutual friend "Bunny", that between the two he may be well cared for and protected. To Mary Nolan my extraordinary memory hoping that she will never again appear for sociology class when she should really be at choral. To Mary McLean my capacity for making myself seen and heard in a certain class. To Nancy O'Hearn, Mary McGonagle, Mary McLean, and "Liz" Campbell a trust fund of two cents in order that they may have something to fall back on in financial emergencies. To Gerry Meagher, "the poor little girl so far from home", my cross and chain, on which she has cast an envious eye many a time and oft. To Mary Mulcahy the "Dance of the Nymphs" to add to her already vast repetoire, and to whomsoever has him, I leave my little Turk, "Abou Ben Adhem", as there's very little hope of my ever getting him back.

I, Verta Clare Agnes Curry, regretfully departing from college life, do hereby will and bequeath to Doris Nichol my ability to remember all things at all times, so that she may not return to Bermuda only to discover that she has left her trunk at M. S. V. "Mary Mul" is to become the proud possessor of my voice, so often termed eccentric. Aside from ordinary occasions this may be of assistance at choral class. To Agnes O'Donnell I am leaving instructions in detail as to the proper method of crocheting white gloves. The finished product will be useful for Agnes' graduation, or mayhap they will be finished just in time for her daughter's graduation. My natural bent for Latin is to be left to and cultivated by Madeleine Jones. She is to use to the best advantage this gift and always have a ready answer for the professor, whether right or wrong. Doris Dyer is to inherit my ability to converse as much as desired at table without having to remain a half hour after the others are gone, to finish the first course. In conclusion, I bequeath to Rita Fawson my sprinting powers to be used especially on rainy windy days when people's hats keep blowing off. To everyone I wish success and happiness throughout their college years.

I, Loretta Frances Brady, do hereby donate to Donalda Kelley my ability to keep the top-flat quiet not only when procter but at all times. This may be done very easily if she practises what she preaches, as I have in the past, and stay quiet at all times. To Eileen Finnegan I leave my ability to meet medical students so that she may some day gain her life's ambition and marry a doctor. To Rita Morris I leave my ability in shorthand so that next year she can take dictation at two-hundred words a minute without batting an eye-lash. To Jennie McMahon I leave my ability to keep away from getting campussed. To Eva Barnaby I leave my shy, retiring nature to help her to stay out of trouble. To Elizabeth Campbell I leave my patriotism to the United States so that when I am not here to defend Uncle Sam next year she will do all in her power to defend him for me. To Melba Calloi I leave my chair in the library where I have spent nine and ten hours a day so that she may carry on the good work and become as conscientious as I was. And last, but by no means least, I leave my voice--but as I feel it too great a gift to give to one girl, I will leave it to the Choral Practice class so that they may sing all the sweeter because of me.

I, Gladys M. Camp, do hereby leave and bequeath to Viola Pride my share in the seven forty-five a.m. bus as well as all the accessories that constitute said bus. To Florence Butler and Gerry Meagher I must leave my most prominent possession, my decided immunity to all so-called "crushes". They may divide and share this possession between them as they best see fit. My slimness of figure I leave to Katherine Kelly and to Lillian Wagstaff my enthusiasm for Social Work and Sociology II class. To Irma Charman I bequeath my crayon pencils so accustomed to travel, must be employed for the purpose of art if not travel. To this end I am sure Irma will be very capable of employing them.

I, Kathleen Marie Sarah Deasy, in this my last will and testament, bequeath to Dorothy Ann Murray my melodious voice with the advice that she remember to control it when emerging from the refectory. To Betty Harris I leave my ability to catch the 8:00 bus on Monday morning, an accomplishment that she will always appreciate. To Margaret Gilmor, I leave my after dinner attraction toward Rockingham and my long-legged stride to bring her back for 1:30 class. To Melba Callow I leave full monopoly on Art's telephone calls, that she may always love "Art for Art's sake." To Agnes O'Donnell, I leave my position as information with the hope that she will answer all questions as willingly and patiently as I did. To Alice Margaret I unwillingly part with my devotion to Horace, hoping that she may someday appreciate the luxury of eating cabbage on a Sabine farm.

I, Marie Kathleen Marguerite Anna Keenan, do hereby bequeath to Margaret McDonough my amazing and envied rapidity at serving, that she may have great patience next year; to Mary Nolan I give my down-to-earthness and wideawakeness in walking through the corridors; to Elizabeth Campbell I give my extraordinary ability at logic and calm demeanor; to Mary McGonagle I give my dust, and fondly hope that she will treasure it forever; to Florence Butler I give my standing cupboard bill---she is permitted to pay it in small instalments, provided she never sends a proxy.

I. Mary Margaret Mehitabel Lilioukalani McLean, do in my final will and testament made on this 28th day of May in my usual state of mind, hereby dispose of and becueath to the names frequently mentioned thru this will all my peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. To Dorothy Murray I give my deep appreciation of the Conservative party that she may learn to know, love and cherish their ideals as I have done. To the coming English 4 class I bequeath my sixth "sense" that they may anticipate the bell and thus relieve the suspense of the teacher waiting for you to appear. To Peg Daley, I leave my figure and my diet to retain it: you merely eat three full meals ---- gouter three times a day and then a light lunch before retiring. Eat only fattening foods-then comes the figure you have long desired. To Irma Charman I bequeath my green elephant but it must be forfeited to the estate if it is allowed to wander into Peg Daley's zoo. To Donalda Kelley I give my appreciation of poetry that when she steps into English 4 she may comment on poetry at ease. To Eileen Finnegan I leave my place at the table that she may always keep that dignified and quiet atmosphere in the manner I did. To the Commercial class I leave my self-acquired key-board that they may accomplish the speed they desire.

I. Lenore Francis Mary O'Gorman Pelham, being, I hope, of same mind, do hereby will and bequeath to Ryta Fawson, my unfailing tact. May it serve her as well in every situation as she claims it has served me during the past three years. To Julia and Margaret, I leave my knowledge of the ancient and honorable art of knitting, "Ith it, I'm sure, they will be able to finish their angora dresses, in at least three years. To Julia, also, go my dimples, since she has been such a persistent and staunch admirer of them. To Melba (Cassius) Callow, I leave the famous red-cake box, promising her that it shall be kept supplied for her benefit. To Marietta, I leave my heart, also to her goes a class mark, here and there on special request. To Mul, I leave my intense love of German, especially my ease in translating that language, my promptness in passing in themes, and other tiresome exercises and my ability to write twenty-page letters which she doesn't at all want but which. I think. she greatly needs. To Nancy, I leave my love of Mc's and Mac's and also my fondness for "archery". My imaginative powers, which enable me to conceive a four-sided triangle with absolutely no difficulty, I leave to Mary Coady, together with my passion for philosophy. To Finnegan, I give my auntship, with a regiment of nieces and nephews, so that she won't be quite so lonesome next year. I might caution her not to forget that some of the nieces are excellent cooks, especially of chocolate cake, My love of Ireland, I leave to Peg. hoping that she will keep it clive and flourishing. My love of Music, especially choral, I leave to Muriel Bayer, together with my sociology note-book. To Florence Butler. I leave my sweet disposition so that she will cease to lose her temper so often. My talkativeness I leave to Gabrielle Gagne, and Laurette.

my love of English which added to her own will give her that perfect accent to take back to Quebec. My squeaky shoes go to the one who is brave enough to wear them, they might prove useful to Florence, since she likes the limelight so well.

I, Catherine Dorothy Webb, being of sound mind (?) do hereby will and begreath to Viola Pride, my sense of honor, which would never stoop so low As to steal her best friend's beau;

to Rita Fawson my third name and my ability to pronounce the "r" in Charlie. To Marietta Wall, with much regret, I leave my long curly eyelashes, to save her at least the five minutes daily that she spends curling hers; to Margaret Daly, a bill of expense for "Peter's" funeral and to Florence Butler, my prespective trip to Bathurst this summer. My delight in attending Sodality functions promptly I bequeath to Mary Mulcahey; to Mary Coady, my position as Librarian of the Mission Club, to supply her with an adequate excuse for visiting the Infirmary more often; to Jean McCormack my extra-curricular activities so that she may be seen at M.S.V. more frequently, and to Margaret Wohin I leave my tireless zeal for Saturday morning Sociology trips.

We nominate and appoint Miss Madeline Jones executrix of this, our last will and testament, and direct that no bond be required of her in virtue of such appointment.

In witness whereof, we, the Graduates of :37, Mount Saint Vincent Gollege, hereunto set our hand and seal on this the twenty-ninth day of May, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven.

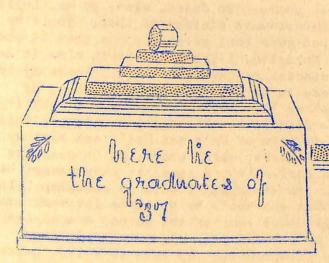
Irene Veniot Marie Forhan Verta Curry Loretta Brady Gladys Camp

Kathleen Deasy Marguerite Keenan Margaret McLean Lenore Pelham Dorothy Webb

Witnesseth: Signed by said testators: as their last will at whose request and in whose presence, we have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

Geraldine Meagher

Viola Pride



VALEDICTO

"The world shines bright to inexperienced eyes, And death seems distant to the gay and strong: For in the youthful heart proud fancies throng, And only present good can nature prize. How then shall youth o'er these low vapours rise And climb the upward path so steep and long? And how, amid earth's sights and sounds of wrong, Walk with pure heart and face raised to the skies? By gazing on the Infinitely Good Whose love must quell and hallow every other. "

" At last, our graduation day has dawned; the world shines bright, and hope is alight in our hearts. We have looked forward longingly to this hour, but now that it has come, we find its joy tinged with the sadness of farewell. Yet happiness predominates, for today crowns our labors of the past four years with achievement.

Here at Mount Saint Vincent we have received the threefold education of character, of mind, and of body. The aim of our teachers has been a harmonious development towards the ideal so beautifully praised by Wordsworth, that of "the perfect woman nobly planned." They have placed in our hands a scale of enduring values, based upon faith. Religion has hallowed all our days in this home of prayer, and we fully realize that it is only by contemplation of "the Infinitely Good" that we can mount the steep path of righteousness, which is after all the very reason for human life. We have been taught to seek in all things that "Infinitely Good;" we have been nourished upon truth as our daily food.

From our classmates also we have learned much of value. We have formed friendships here that will color our after-lives with gladness, as they have already played a helpful part in college life. All these influences. in their individual ways, have moulded our characters and built that foundation upon which the structure of the future will rise. Education does not end with graduation -- nay, rather it begins. We realize however that, if we live up to the principles and remain true to the ideals of our college days, if we carry the tradition of Mount Saint Vincent along with us, we shall be successful in whatever sphere we choose.

For all these gifts and benefits we are extremely grateful: first, to God. who is the ultimate Bestower; then, to our parents whose loving sacrifices and generous hearts have made possible our college career; to our teachers whose loyalty, sympathy, and encouragement have never failed us; and to our friends who have meant and will continue to mean so much in our lives. From full hearts we thank Alma Mater for the dower with which she has enriched us and for the honor which she bestows on us today. Now for the first time we may express the gratitude which we have always felt and will always feel.

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This day marks the parting of the ways for us. No more shall we revel in the joys or take part in the activities of undergraduate life. Just for the present we are graduates; tomorrow we shall step into the ranks of that loyal body, the Alumnae of Mount Saint Vincent. This it is that consoles us in our farewell. We do not leave our Alma Mater forever, but, among her loving alumnae, we shall continue to be one with her, to share her joys and sorrows. Thus it is that, with many good wishes and fervent prayers for our teachers, friends, and classmates, and for the future of our college, we bid Mount Saint Vincent-----farewell.

Lenore Pelham, B. A.

THE ALUMNAE PRESIDENT WRITES:

Dear Graduates of 1937,

Don't turn this page until you have read it through! In a few days you are leaving Mount St. Vincent forever, after spending three,

perhaps four, happy years there. Are you going to forget all about her now, or will you return and visit sometimes, because you have fond memories of college days? Or are you going to lose touch altogether? You may say, "But how can I keep in touch when I have graduated?"

You can, through the Alumnae Association. Join this year as soon as you leave college. How? Come to the first meeting when you are notified in the Fall, come right up to the President and introduce yourself as a graduate of '37, pay your dues, (\$1.00 a year) so that your name is on the active list, and let me tell you that you will be more than welcome in the society.

The Association is several years old now, but it will continue to expand only by the co-operation of the graduates who join and lend their support to it. We need more members, generous with time and talents, and these days more than ever are talented graduates going forth from the Mount.

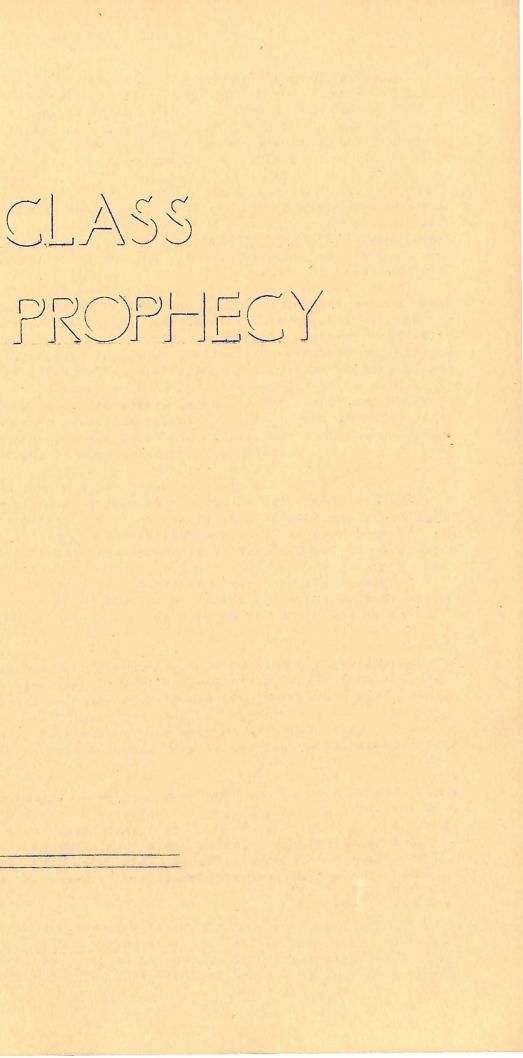
For our size, we have an enviable record. We aided the college library in its early days with a gift of one thousand dollars. We furnished a room in the Halifax Infirmary at the cost of three-hundred and fifty dollars, and this year we have just completed a five thousand dollar fund to establish a perpetual scholarship in the college to be awarded this fall. This is the result of the generosity of former Mount girls like yourselves, who are asking you now Graduates of 1937, to swell their numbers. You can join even if you live outside of Halifax. You would be amazed at the loyalty of our New York members.

The duties of an Alumna are not so onerous: three meetings a year and the annual reunion. Above all, do feel that you are wanted in the Alumnae, and do feel that you want to be in it. There are benefits to be gained too. Perhaps your daughter will win the Alumnae scholarship. Show your affection for your Alma Mater in a practical way: be a good Alumna! If you belong to Halifax, so much the better.

Today, accept the heartfelt congratulations of the Alumnae on your success and fine achievement of winning your degrees. Let us become friends now and continue side by side the good works we are now undertaking for the sake of "the dear old Mount".

Sincerely yours,

Muriel C. Donahoe, M. A. President, Mount St. Vincent Alumnae.



Dear Sister Francis de Sales:

Having noticed the speculative gleam in your eye, the anxious expression of your countenance and the sighs that escaped from your lips many a time and oft--when you considered the futures of the Graduates of 1937--"Our Nells" who went forth to see what the big world was like, I determined to send out scouts to gather information concerning them.

The first news item is from Bathurst--Irene Veniot is married to a scientist and to gether they are scientifically raising their large family. She presides at their weekly family council meetings, where the children read well prepared papers on such interesting topics as "Domestic Government" and "Discipline or Death". A list of rules and regulations compiled in a fetching Blue Book is presented to each child when it lisps its first word. Bells summon them to prayers, recreation, study and meals. Signs of "Silence!" and "Must you walk on the rugs" are conspicuous throughout the house. The character of each child may be ascertained by a glance at his or her chart and the calories consumed by each child per day is also faithfully recorded.

Halifax--Marie Forhan having grown impatient with the delay of the construction company for the proposed Halifax-Dartmouth Bridge, commenced operations herself. Miss Forhan finally found a use for the information gleaned in the Design class of M. S. V. and let herself go completely in the matter of decoration. This ducky little bridge was commenced at Tuft's Cove, but due to an oversight in the plans, became a bit uneven and was later utilized as a Roller Coaster. However, since the bridge in the meantime had become famous for its girders with bulbous legs "Bun Feet" and its buttercup pattern and fairy-stitch motif running riot throughout, no comment was made on the fact that it failed to reach the other side.

Peoria--Loretta Brady and Margaret McLean have continued their partnership. Now they are on the radio sponsored by Schliessanbaum's Prepared Particles for Pigeons. Margaret writes the bed time stories and Loretta reads them; so tune in any night when the tots are being put to bed and hear Loretta's mellow woice saying, "Hello, Kiddikins". They wind up the program with their famous rendition of "Only a Rose". It is rumored among certain circles that their contract will not be renewed.

Asmogoach--Have just caught up with Gladys Camp, who is on tour as a snake charmer in the Bing Bang Circus. Her success is probably due in part to her enigmatic nature, which first became famous at M. S. V. and which is now bringing her a goodly share of renown and sufficient lucre to keep the wolf from the door, from the snakes, and from recognizing her coat as its former mate. When speaking to the reporters, Madame Gladiola Campoona stated simply, "My friends are snakes".

Ecum-Secum-Mrs. Sandy McTavish (nee Lenore Pelham) has attained much publicity by designing and making the costumes for the Annual Orangemen's Day Parade. Tut! Tut! Lenore, you who used to be such an ardent supportor of the Irish, to have allowed your finer instincts to have been swept away by a "Eoot

May 28, 1937

Mon" whispered in a burry voice.

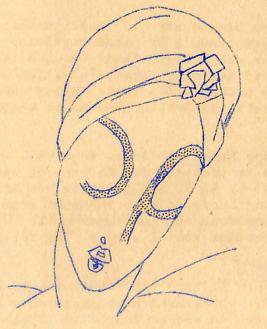
Omatoe--Verta Curry is continuing her mission activities and is working very zealously among the pignies of Africa, where she attained her high degree of authority because of her superior stature -- and is endeavoring to raise the pigmies to her level. Miss Curry, who is nothing if not broadminded, obligingly consented to meet them half-way, which she did by removing several lifts from her shoes.

Foggy Bay--Marguerite Keenan gave up the chair of Medieval History in the University of Washington and when last heard of was leading an expedition into the Jungles of Africa. Her friends predict that she will not return to civilization, once the jungle life gets her. In all probability, it was undertaken in order that she could practise her elocution without the interference of well-meaning friends--evidently preferring the growls of the wild beasts to those of said friends. Although always a nature lover, one cannot but think that she has taken an unfair advantage -- especially of the elephants, for, alas! poor creatures, they cannot forget.

Dover -- Dorothy Webb, growing tired of being continually spurned by the opposite sex, has heroically hidden her grief under a faded uniform, and a smile, turned her home into a nursery, and is now busily engaged in teaching the little pets the intricate art of folk dancing. However, it must be admitted by all who know her that she is merely marking time till she marches to the altar.

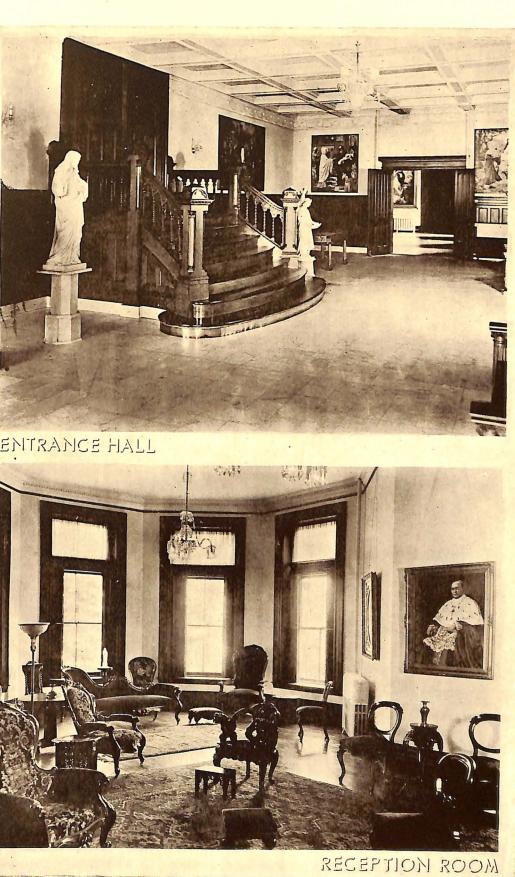
Moose Mines--Kathleen Deasy, the star mathematician, is being congratulated on her success in finding the fourth dimension. Miss Deasy, who will never let well enough alone, is now looking for the fifth! Her latest book, "Microscopic Maneuvers in Mathematical Mysteries", with its slogan, "The Easy Way is the Deasy Way" has been instrumental in compelling the dean of a well known university to resign his position and take up a milk route.

And now, dear Sister, while I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this information, since one hears so many garbled accounts of the lives of celobrities, nevertheless, all things considered, I give you the information for what it is worth -- discount for cash, or easy terms arranged.



Hopelessly yours.

Marietta Wall '38





Artistic and Cultural Atmosphere

The visitor to Mount St. Vincent is struck upon his entrance with the atmosphere of quiet, peace, and classic beauty that pervades the low-studded marble-paved hall with its simple oak benches in Ionic style, its Ionic pillars and oak panelling. The walls are set with seven beautiful paintings which represent the Dolors of the Virgin Mary, ranging from the Prosentation of the Divine Child in the Temple, through the sorrows of The Flight into Egypt, the Loss of the Child Jesus, the Meeting of Son and Mother on the Way to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the Taking Down from the Cross, and the Entombment. Devotion and beauty go hand in hand in these marvellously human interpretations of the life of Christ and His Blessed Mother. Coloring, expression, figures, are all perfect and convey an impression of harmony that lingers in the memory. On either side of the broad staircase leading up to the massive oak doors of the Chapel, two other paintings attract the eye. To the left is a magnificent portrayal of Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem; on the right. Christ descending the Steps of the Praetorium to take up His Cross. The perfect balance and startling contrast is immediately apparent. Here there are over a hundred figures in violent action, the multitude in both pictures conveying the perfect impression, ecstatic joy on the one hand, hatred and hostility on the other.

The reception rooms on either side of the entrance hall contain more art treasures. That on the left, besides various paintings of high merit, displays excellent portraits of past Archbishops of Halifax, that of the late Archbishop O'Donnell being especially life-like. The opposite room also has a very fine portrait in full figure, of Cardinal Martinelli, who up till his death several years ago was Cardinal Protector of the Halifax Sisters of Charity. Four very striking paintings occupy the walls of this room. They represent the Church in Art, the Church in Music, the Church in Science and the Church in Philosophy. The last named is the first according to historical chronology, representing as it does, Justin Martyr in earnest argument with a group of Alexandrine philosophers. The Church in Science is represented by Volta, explaining a piece of laboratory apparatus to his disciples. The first two mentioned show Michelangelo presenting to Pope Fahr III his plan for the new Church of St. Peter at Rome, and Palestrina offering one of his compositions to Pope Plus IV. Each one of these masterpieces is a lesson in history and proclaims Catholic culture in unmistakable terms.

The Chapel of Mount St. Vincent, apart from its architectural beauty (it is Romanesque down to the last detail) contains paintings that lift the mind of the worshipper to the contemplation of Divine things. Behind the beautiful altar four striking figures fill the broad niches of the apse. These represent the Doctors of the Blessed Sacrament, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard. Above these there are five insets forming a sort of frieze. These pictures all deal with the Blessed Sacrament and represent in order, The Gathering of the Manna in the Desert, the Miracle of the Loaves, and The Washing of the Feet at the Last Supper. Adoring angels fill the niches above, while the words SANCTUS, SANCTUS, SANCTUS, in full relief call upon the worshipper in solemn warning of the Great Presence. The altar piece itself, the centre of focus, is the figure of the Crucified Christ (after Guido Reni). Over the side altars are two beautifully devotional paintings. The Marriage of Our Lady to St. Joseph and The Agony in the Garden. At the chancel ends, the subject of the Passion of Christ is continued in the Betrayal, and The Denial by Peter (on the South Side) and Pilate's Wife's Dream, and the Ecce Home (on the North Side). In the pendetives supporting the dome are the figures of the Four Evangelists.

each with appropriate symbolism. Over the door leading to the sacristy is a lovely triptych of St. Catharine of Sienna.

At the rear of the Chapel are two paintings of great beauty representing the First Communion of St. Aloysius, and Our Lady appearing in vision to St. John Berchmans.

All of these marvellous pieces of art are the work of one of the Community, whose rare gift in pictorial representation is consecrated wholly to sacred subjects. The effect produced is one of admiration and elevation of spirit; these works of consecrated genius proclaim the glory of God more eloquently than any sermon.

COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

1937

Theatre Party

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26

Guests of

Mount St. Vincent Alumnae Executive

Class Day Thursday, May 27

Solemn High Mass Saturday, May 29, 9:45 A.M. Celebrant The Right Reverend Charles E. McManus, V.F.P.D.

> Baccalaureate Sermon The Reverend John L. Quinan

Afternoon Tea for Our Mothers in honor of the graduates Saturday, May 29

> Annual Commencement Tuesday, June 1, 3:00 P.M.

Conferring of Degrees The Right Reverend Charles E. McManus, V.F.P.D.

> Address to the Graduates John A. Walker, L.L.B.,K.C.

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Daylight-Saving Time

CLASS DAY ORATION -

Today we are happy and yet a little sad because graduation marks our coming of age. Today we have completed a certain phase in our education; we have reached a goal toward which we have worked for many years. Now a definite part of our life is completed and we will never again take part in the happy, carefree routine of our under graduate days; now we must accept the responsibilities of adulthood.

In the pre-depression years it was the fashion to regard life as a grand foot-ball match where the decent fellow "played the game". Graduates of those years believed that the world would welcome them immediately and that success would be within easy reach. Now it is different, and the depression, together with the world upheaval now in progress, have made us realize that society has need of courageous young men and women who grow up quickly and who face life and all its perplexities squarely. Now all know that it is but a superficial view of things to say that life is made for pleasure and happiness. At graduation time especially, we understand it is our duty to follow St. Paul who said, "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I thought as a child. But, when I became a man, I put away the things of a child".

Education has often been called "a preparation for life" and it can very truly be said that our armor has been made firm during our college years. We have been shown how to live and have been warned of the dangers that may beset us. We are well equipped to give battle. To each graduate is sounded a challonge--we have been given much; shall we have the courage to forget our own interests long enough to repay our great debt?

We know well that the world has no need of our little knowledge and that our diplomas will not be passports to success. Society has need, however, of the courage, ideals, and generosity we may possess. That is our challenge--to treasure the lessons and examples that were so deeply impressed upon us during our college years. Our Church expects the same and wants us to pay our debt by being true followers of Christ.

When we became a part of the swift moving society of today we must keep our balance and sense of values. We must use our intelligence in fighting the crying evils of the day and we must not be swayed by our emotions nor follow the crowd blindly. Our ideals have been set; now it is our duty to keep them high. We know that it is not easy to do these things for they all entail a forgetfulness of self.

Today, then, we pledge ourselves hopefully and prayerfully to accept this challenge gallantly. We know that this promise is the best way we can show our sincere gratitude to our parents who have made possible our wonderful preparation for life and to our Alma Mater who has so generously and tirelessly given us all the help we need. That is all they ask of us for they made the sacrifice long ago. Now the only payment they wish is to see the fruition of the hopes they have in us.

Marguerite Keenan '37

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME

Piano Trio: Danse Negre..... Cyril Scott Miss Donalda Kelley, Miss Madeline Jones Miss Mary McLean

Valedictory....Lenore Pelham Miss Marie Forham

> Presentation of Candidates for Degrees The Right Reverend C.E.McManus, V.F., P.D.

> > Presentation of Certificates in Education

Address to the Graduates John A. Walker, K.C.

Recessional......Selected

Bachelor of Science in the School of Home Economics: Mary Ireme Venüot

in the School of Secretarial Studies: Loretta Frances Brady Margaret McLean

Bachelor of Arts

Gladys Mary Camp Marie Loretta Forhan. Verta Clara Curry Marguerite Kathleen Keenan Kathleen Maria Deasy Lenore Frances Pelham Catherine Dorothy Webb

Certificates in Education

Margaret Mary Cummings, B.A. Katherine Eleanor DeVan, B.A. Mary Eugenie Stevens, B.A. Rose Ellen Sullivan, B.A.

RELIGIOUS SCHOLASTIC MISCELLANEOUS

ACTIVITES

On September 21, 1936 the first formal meeting of the Sodality was held, with the solemn installation of the officers occupying the session efect ecretary easurer stress of Ceremonies tholic Notes Reporters

SELFLESS REVERENT COURTEOUS/

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LIKE

MARY -

Marie Forhan		\Pr
Lenore Felham		Se
Dorothy Webb		Tr
Kathleen Deasy		Mi
Irene Veniot		Ca
Julia Cahill		. va
Conclding Meagher	-	Sa

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SODA ---

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Geraldine Meagher -- Sacristan Following an explanation of the spiritual and temporal aims of the Sodality, the officers were inducted into office in accordance with the solemn Sodality Ritual. Thus activities of the Sodality year commenced.

In order that the work of the Sodality might be carried out systematically and effectively, various committees were formed, as follows:

> "The Outstanding Feasts of Our Lady and the Saints" Chairman: Marguerite Keenan

"Catholic Literature" Chairman: Kathleen Deasy

"Timely Religious Topics" Chairman: Lenore Pelham

"Bulletin Board" Chairman: Geraldine Meagher

These committees took charge of the Monday evening programs, and the work done by them has been successful indeed. Several excellent talke were given during the course of the year, and much valuable information was acquired from each and every committee report. Especially deserving of mention is the work done by the "Bulletin Board" committee and that on "Timely Religious Topics".



Besides these committees, six Study Clubs were formed, the purpose of which was to study :--

- 1. "The Church's Teaching on Marriage" President: Marie Forhan Secretary: Kathleen Deasy
- 2. "The Church in Troubled Countries" President: Agnes O'Donnell Secretary: Lenore Pelhan
- 3. "Cooperatives" President: Lenore Pelham Secretary: Marguerite Keenan
- 4. "The Mass" President: Lenore Pelham Secretary: Geraldine Meagher
- 5. "The Mystical Body of Christ" President: Dorothy Webb Secretary: Margaret Daley
- 6. The last club continued the work done last year for the study of the Sacraments among the young girls enployed at the Mount. The club for the French speaking girls was conducted by Irene Veniot, and that for the English speaking girls was under the leadership of Lenore Pelhan.

These study clubs have been very valuable to the members and each meeting has been enthusiastically attended. We feel that this year much has been accomplished with the aid of these clubs and the information gleaned should bear abundant fruit in later years. In connection with one of these study clubs a cooperative undertaking, known as the C. C. C. was begun. This buying club is under the direction of the members of the cooperative club. The officers of the C.C.C. are:

> Lenore Pelhan Manager: Salesmen: Marie Forhan, Mary Coady Treasurer: Dorothy Webb Secretary: Marguerite Keenan Bank Keeper: Margaret McLean

Thus along with the theory, we are getting some practical training in the Cooperative System.

One of the first features of the Sodality Program was the sponsoring of a Slogan Contest, which was won by Lenore Pelham with the slogan "Be Marylike". Later a design, embodying this together with another entry, was made by Geraldine Meagher, and together these were adopted as our sodality emblem, which is used as the heading of the Sodality page. Lenore Pelham and Geraldine Meagher were awarded spiritual books for their work on this project.

On December 8, several college girls were received into the sodality. The ceremony was held in the Mount Chapel and after the reception, Reverend Father O'Reilly, Chaplain, addressed the students. The ceremony terminated

with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Sodality as usual rallied to the Christmas Call for assistance and generously responded to the annual fund for the Orphanage. The Bundle Committee was not successful, however.

The greater part of the spiritual activities during Lent was devoted to increasing a realization of the tremendous importance of the Passion of Our Lord, through prayer and mortification. Meditations on the Passion were also made. As in former years, the Sodality gladly enbraced the privilege of contributing toward the fund for flowers to be used to beautify the Repository on Holy Thursday.

Vocation Week exercises this year were held in April, the program being a radical departure from that of other years. On Monday, the purpose of the week's activities were outlined, the opening prayers recited and Marie Forhan nominated as Chairman of the week. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings, Reverend Clergymen from Halifax addressed the Sodalists on the various vocations. Reverend Charles Frecker discussed Marriage, as a contract, a sacrament, and a state of life. Reverend John Burns, Ph.D., treated the religious Vocation, discussing first the love of God, then the more perfect expression of the love of God in the religious life, and finally the Religious state itself. Reverend P. J. Skinner, C.J.M., of the Holy Heart Seminary, spoke on the Christian Vocation, developing the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ and the duty of the Christian to become Christ-minded through justice and Christ-hearted through Charity. It is impossible in this brief space to express the splendid efforts of the Fathers, but certainly it is no exaggeration to say that the first two succeeded in causing us to look forward eagerly to the one following. Father Skinner's final words brought regret that the week's exercises were over. Each of us felt a new pride in the wonderful faith that is ours, and a new realization of the high destiny to which every Catholic is called -- high yet with the way lighted and made possible of ascent. by the power of the grace of God.

As this report is given to the editor, Mary's day activities are in the offing. After a year of so many blessings derived from the Sodality, it is fitting that Our dear Mother's one personal appeal to us should meet with generous response. May it be so! On May 10, a coronation in Our Lady's honor will be held. We hope to have every sodalist participate in this ceremony. On May 15, Sodality elections for next year's officers will be held. Thus will terminate the college Sodality year. It remains for us to carry our devotion to Our Mother Mary, into our lives outside school walls, that she may be able to see in us, the true children of Mary.

Lenore Pelhan, Secretary. '37

MISSION CLUB

Mission Activities in the College Unit began with the resuming of classes in September and we are glad to report a successful and interesting year. The second Thursday in each month was chosen for the regular meeting. These meetings were opened with a prayer, the official Crusade Hymn, and the recitation of the Crusaders' Pledge. The Mission intention for the month was read and explained, and when reports were given and business completed, appropriate topics of interest to Crusaders were presented. On several occasions during the year Catholic Action Projects were suggested and taken up by the College Unit.

Mission Week was duly observed in October, and on Mission Sunday the Academy presented a play to which the College girls contributed generously. The Feast of St. Francis Xavier was anticipated by a Triduum ending on the "feast itself with a Mission Programme in the Chapel. Inspiring posters were placed where they might be seen by all.

We have kept in touch with our adopted missionary, Right Reverend William T. McGrath, and twice during the year a money offering and spiritual alms were sent to him. The College has been especially interested in one of the former Mount graduates who is now a Maryknell Sister in Manchukuo. She has supplied us with detailed and interesting description of Missionary life among the pagan Chinese. General contributions have also been sent to Sister.

The money that has been dispersed during the year was obtained from dues, from mite boxes, which were always in evidence in every classroom, and from two plays which were directed and put on by the girls themselves.

Vigorous efforts were made with regard to stamp collecting and these stamps we forwarded to the Jesuit Stamp Bureau in Montreal. We supplied the Halifax Infirmary and Camp Hill Hospital with Catholic reading material, and for the past month every girl has been busy gathering in books and magazines for the new lending library that is to be opened shortly in Rockingham. College Crusaders intend to give their services as librarians during the summer months.

At our final meeting to be held next week we are expecting a visit from Reverend John Lanigan who will speak to us on the Home Mission Field.

Following are the Spiritual Report for the year and the financial Standing.

Masses 1,	932
Communions 1,	747
Rosaries 2,	
Benedictions	772
Aspirations	
Acts of Mortification 2,	615
Stations	602
Visits 1,	238

FINANCIAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR 1936-7

Receipts

Balance on hand	\$ 1.98
Club Dues	27.60
Mite Boxes	20.34
Crusade Fee	36.00
Proceeds from Mission Play	14.08
Donations	40.00

142.00

My dear Sister Francis de Sales,

Your very welcome letter reached Fushun a few days ago; imagine how gratifying it is to realize that away off in Canada prayers are being offered up for us in a very special way! Do tell all the members of the College Mission Club how grateful we all are for their thought of us, Sister, won't you? The International Money Order followed the letter and it too was greatly appreciated. I can't help feeling an ever-increasing strengthening of the bond that will always unite me to my dear "Alma Mater". In spite of thousands of miles the Mount seems very close.

We have almost reached our sixth full month of language study. Little by little, the mystifying characters begin to take on familiar meanings. At the moment, I spend six hours each day plodding away a la Chinese. We drill for hours on phrases; isolated words are practically ignored, since there are so many hundreds of idioms. We read our books backwards, write characters in reverse order, and in every way try to adopt the customs of our adopted country.

Occasionally, in my capacity as nurse, I have access to the homes. Ordinarily, language students don't venture forth during their "formative" years. They have been a revelation, the scenes that I have witnessed within the past six months. I never realized that such appalling poverty existed as indeed it

Disbursements

Home Missions	\$22.00
Western Canada	49.00
Propagation of the Faith	20.00
China	10.00
China Mission Seminary	5.00
Africa	2.00
South Carolina	5.00
Dominicans	5.00
Manchukuo	5.00
Austria	2.00
Negro Missions	3.00
Halifax Unit, C.C.S.M.C.	5.00
Magazine Subscriptions	7.10
Postage	1.90
	142.00

Ecce Ancilla Domini The Catholic Mission Fushun, Manchukuo

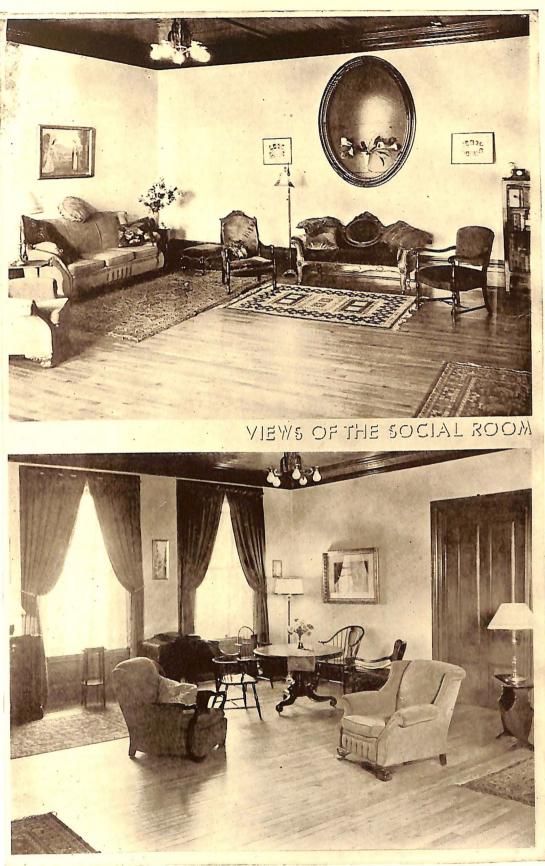
does in North China. The poor people live huddled together in tiny rooms, each room serving as living-room, parlor, kitchen, bedroom and cellar. In spite of the wretched living conditions they smile benevelently upon the world and appreciate the slightest kindness shown. They are beautifully disposed towards Christianity and seem to grasp the truths of Our Holy Faith with very little effort. The day before yesterday, we visited the home of a Christian, but recently received into the Church, whose little girl of twolve and little boy of three were very ill with pneumonia. As we were leaving the court-yard and acknowledging the profound inclinations of gratitude the patients' mothor was giving, we were approached by a young man, rich in tatters and tares who begged us to visit his mother who lived a few steps away. As a matter of fact, their home was over-looking a muddy stream that contributes to Fushun's sanitation program. The door of this little "villa on the sea" was pasted with scraps of torn paper to keep out the wintery blasts. On the k'ang the patient reclined, gasping for breath. The poor son was beside himself to think that real medical care was at hand. We took the lady's pulse, on both wrists, as this seems to give us much "face". Then medicine was prescribed. I noticed a little shrine away up on the wall to the pagan deity, joss sticks burn before it and many k'ou-tous are made to appease it. My companion hastened to speak of the One True God, and it was interesting to watch the reaction. After three days of instruction our pagan lady begins to show real interest in the Faith, and soon she will be ready for Baptism and Heaven.

This morning, I was assigned to accompany two of our Chinese novices to Mukden, they both needed medical care at the foreign hospital there. We started off from Fushun by bus and there was much to be seen all the way in. It took about one hour and a half to reach our destination, Mukden, the ancient capital, was the focal point in the Boxer uprising, somany precious memories for us Christians cling to it. As we rode along, we passed country-folk, some balancing donkey carts lumbered with various burdens, and old ladies snoking long pipes. In many little villages, I noticed not a few of the houses made of mud, the roofs were made of Ka-liang-mi stalks, a grain substitute for rice used in these parts. At several stops, I had a chance to observe closely the little villages, I noticed the blind-fold donkeys who go about in a circle for a long time thrashing the grain. The blind-folding is to prevent dizziness! Perhaps the most outstanding sights were the little devil-workshop houses about the size of a small dog-kennel. They appear every few miles along the highway making us realize more and more forcibly what a grasp Satan has on this poor country. Do you know, Sister, that the Vicariate of Fushun is a little larger than the whole state of Kentucky? So you see how much prayers mean to the few laborers over here.

There are just ten Sisters here in our convent. Three of us are language students, the others are all engaged in some form of work or other on the compound, such as the dispensary, the old ladies' home, the vestment department and yes, parochial school. It would delight you to see the young scholars, many of the pagan, wearing on their uniform sleeves the school badge, a redlettered chi-rho.

I really must bring this rambling dissertation to a close, dear Sister. There are so many, many topics that young missioners-at-home would probably like hearing about that the temptation to linger with you longer is felt; however, I must stop now notwithstanding.

(Continued on page 98)







MUSIC

The Music Department, for which the Mount has long been noted, started off this year with many talented additions in all branches. In the piano depart - ment among the newcomers we have Nancy O'Hearn, an Academy graduate of last year; Margaret Gilmor; Lilian Wagstaff; Bermuda's gift, Doris Nicholl, and more recently Gabrielle Gagne, our French mademoiselle.

The Violin department has been especially fortunate: the Academy gave us the "star" Eileen Joyce: Mary McLean, one of our B. Mus. candidates for '38 is now studying violin, as is Catherine Kelley of Liverpool. The orchestra is comprised chiefly of college girls this year -- Eileen Joyce, Joan Davison, Mary McLean, and Catherine Kelley are the violinists and Madeleine Jones and your "correspondent" are the pianists. The orchestra has received many favourable comments whenever 'it performed. Eileen Joyce is now a member of the Canadian Broadcasting Company playing with the C.B.C. studio orchestra and may be heard over CHNS twice a week. And we have a smaller orchestra which is making itself known in musical circles in Halifax, made up of Muriel Carey, Eileen Joyce, Joan and Madelyn Davison.

Two new additions to the singing department are Mary Nolan and Laurette Gagne. As usual the Glee Club is a weekly feature. Everybody is invited to join, that is, everyone who can make even a pretense of vocalizing. The results have been exceptionally good this year on the few occasions when the club has performed. At present everyone is working with renewed vim and vigor on the numbers to be sung at the Commencement exercises.

The recitals have been fairly regular. The soloists have been excellent, a credit to their teachers. The orchestra has played numbers at a few of the recitals. Our "post-grads," Muriel Carey and Mary Dee, come back occasionally to favour us with solos, both vocal and instrumental. We have two new "dueters" this year -- Margaret Gilmor and Doris Nicholl have joined forces for several recitals and have acquitted themselves very creditably. Miss Joyce and Miss Davison, our star violinists, have played duets at some of the recitals in a truly artistic manner. Mary McLean has joined the Jones-Kelley troupe for the Closing trio.

History of Music and Appreciation of Music classes are well attended by the students specializing in music. The Appreciation class, since it studied the rise of Opera in the Italian School of Music, has been especially interested in the broadcasts from the Metropolitan Opera House during the winter season.

All of which just goes to show that we are "carrying on" here at Mount Saint Vincent.

DEPARTME



Donalda Kelley, '38

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SONATA

One of the most interesting topics studied in our music class this year was the development of the Sonata. Many learn to play monatas but they know nothing of their history or even of the real meaning of the word Sonata which is derived from the Italian word "sonare", to sound, and the name Sonata therefore implies a sound piece.

The Sonata, in its development, passed through a number of stages. However, the real beginning took place accidentally. Excessive elaboration of the Madrigal led to the practice of accompanying the voice parts with viols. Later the viols were left by themselves, making a kind of chamber music without the voices. These were called Canzones and were known as the first sonatas. They had but one movement and were simply airs arranged in parts, for an instrument or instruments.

About the middle of the seventeenth century these "airs" became more elegant in character and soon two types of Sonata developed "Sonata da Chiesa" and "Sonata da Camera". The "Sonata da Chiesa" was grabe and solomn, being adapted to Church music. It consisted of slow movements, intermixed with fugues. The "Sonata da Camera" was a variety of airs, such as the Allemande, Courant, Serabande, etc.

The "dance" and newly-invented opera or dramatic cantata influenced the Sonata greatly. From the "dance", the Sonata developed varieties of rhythm, as in the Suite, each dance tune maintaining a distinctive style through out. From the drama two general ideas were derived, one from the short passages of instrumental prelude and the other from the vocal portions.

It is not known who experimented with Sonatas of several distinct movements. However, many composers have been mentioned in different places as having contributed works of the kind, for example; Farina, Cesti among Italians, Resemuller among the Germans, and John Jenkins among Englishmen. It is said that the works of these men composed in the early part of the seventeenth century, show a state of form which eertainly was not realized till more than a hundred years later.

H. J. F. Biber is supposed to have written the first Sonata in the real sense of the word. This was a violin Sonata in Cminor and was published in 1681. It consisted of five movements in alternate slow and quick time. In the first movement the contrapuntalism of the music of the Church is brought into use, in the second and fourth movements, dances, and in the third and fifth,pperatic or dramatic declamation.

The next stage of development was the attempt to balance distinct subjects and to distribute key and subject in large expanses. This was done by alternating two characteristic groups of subjects almost throughout, in different positions of the scale and at regular intervals of time. This is the first great effect of the Sonata order, which brought out the importance of distributing the various movements, and also balance between movements. The works ôf Carelli especially contain the above mentioned developments. He composed sixty Sonatas, twenty-four "Sonata da Chiesa" for strings, lute and organ, twentyfour "Sonata da Camera" for the same instrument and twelve Solos or Sonatas for

Concluded on Page 80.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

There is no better way by which the mi

There is no better way by which the mind of a young woman can be developed so naturally, so definitely, so comprehensively, so vitally and so permanently as by standing before an audience and expressing independent, original thought which has not been committed to memory. The advantages resulting from training in impromptu speaking are manifold. It develops the powers of expressing thought orally, it improves the language of conversation in society, and it qualifies a woman for leadership among her companions. Moreover, it helps to overcome the shyness and timidity felt by many who are victims of the common self-consciousness of weakness and it develops the self-consciousness of power, which is one of the basic elements that enable men and women to do successfully what God meant them to achieve for themselves and for their fellowmen. The practice of oral expression develops independence of character which will ultimately lead to the development of originality and of one's special individuality and will enable a woman to cooperate with her fellowmen most completely by helping to do the work for which she has been endowed with special power. There is no other way that a young woman can learn to read good books so productively, as to read for a definite purpose, not merely to store the mind, but to gain new thought, for the purpose of using it soon. For those of us who hope to become teachers, it is well to know that public speaking is one of the best possible preparations for a position as teacher in the schools and colleges. The only way a woman can become a good public speaker is by speaking in public. The younger she is when she begins to speak regularly in public. the greater her success will be. The three laws given for developing power in speaking freely are--1. Practise speaking 2. Practise speaking 3. Practise speaking.

Because public speaking is one of the best agencies for developing the fundamental powers of the mind and preparing it for continuous independent development through life, it is an essential subject in the curriculum of Mount Saint Vincent College. The classes have been especially active this year, two debates being very important parts of that activity. The first was an inter-class debate between Public Speaking Classes I and III. The subject was "Resolved that peaceful methods are more effective than force." The participants, on the affirmative side, Dorothy Webb, Lenore Pelham and Kathleen Deasy, and on the negative, Donalda Kelly, Agnes O'Donnell, and Muriel Bayer. The decision was given in favor of the negative. The Freshman-Sophomore Public Speaking Class later debated earnestly yet good-naturedly on "Resolved that Canada would be better outside the British Empire." Elizabeth Campbell, Melba Callow, and Eva Barnaby very ably upheld the affirmative and Mary McGonagle, Nancy O'Hearn and Anita Faulkner the negative. The result of the judges' voting showed the sides so well balanced that no decision could be given.

Parliamentary Law is the subject matter treated in the Public Speaking III Class. A Parliamentary Session conducted by the students was held for the Dean on Tuesday, May the fourth, which demonstrated the knowledge and skill acquired by the students during the year.

The annual Public Speaking contest, sponsored by Mr. Haliburton, was held on

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AND DRAMATICS

on March the twenty-sixth. In order to make the contest more natural and less trying to the contestants a change was made in the arrangement of the programme. The participants were divided into two groups, five in each. The chairman for the evening, Miss Kathleen Deasy, introduced each speaker separately. As the speaker was introduced, she came in, made her speech and joined the chairman on the stage. When the first group had finished, there was an intermission during which Miss Joan Davidson gave a Violin solo, aco ompanied by Miss Madelind Jones, after which Miss Mary Dee, B. Mus., rendered two wocal selections. These two popular artists as usual pleased the audience with their simplicity and charm. The second group of speakers then proceeded in the manner before described. The judges, Mr. Haliburton, Mr. Gerald Flavin, and Mr. John A. Walker, decided in favor of Miss Lenore Pelhem, who spoke on "The World's Debt to the Irish", and who rendered her speech in such a natural, eloquent, and convincing manner that the decision was received with heartfelt and enthusiastic applause. The other contestants, all of whom were a credit to the Public Speaking classes of the Mount, were Misses Agnes O'Donnell, Nancy O'Hearn, Mary McGonagle, Rita Fawson, Muriel Bartholmay, Doris Nicholl, Verta Curry, Marguerite Keenan and Elizabeth Campbell.

Today, when the Little Theatre movement is receiving so much attention everywhere, it is very important that graduates of any College should have sufficient and capable training, if they are to be able to take part in this socially prominent movement. Since the graduates of M.S.V. will be expected to become leaders in their respective parishes, this form of study has not been overlooked. Among the dramatic presentations given during the year was a delightful performance, "Little Women", presented on Dean's Day. Those taking part in it were Madeline Davidson, Agnes O'Donnell, Dorothy Mackasey, Marietta Wall, Marguerite Keenan, Muriel Bartholomay, Catherine Kelly, Dorothy LeClair.

Two French plays were given by the French 11 Class, and were very much enjoyed. The Dramatic Class also presented on April 19, two one-act plays, which were not only acted but also directed by the students.

All this practical knowledge has added to the value of the theory taught. Thus Dramatic and Public Speaking have not only proven interesting but also very instructive and profitable.

Dorothy Webb, '37

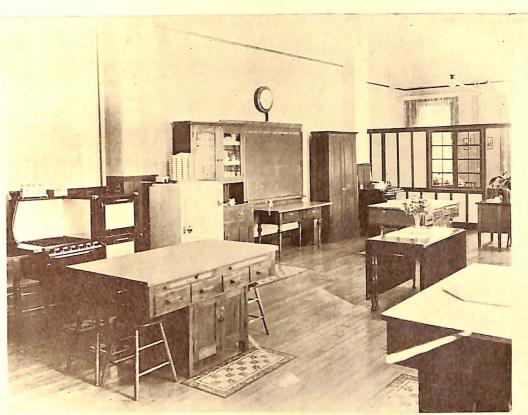
SNOW IN APRIL (To W. H. Davies)

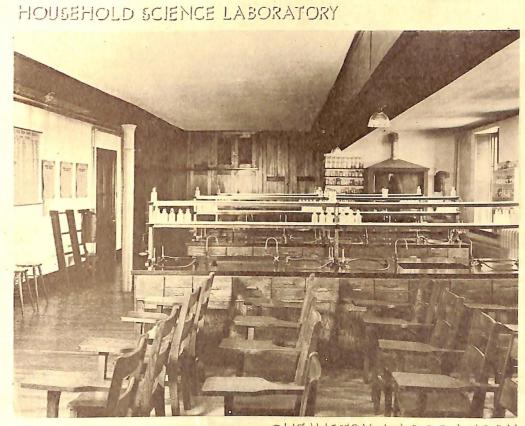
"A rainbow and a cuckoo's song May never come together again." W. H. Davies

(A robin singing through the falling snow-Where are the rainbow and the cuckoo now?)

I heard a robin sing through falling snow. I listened spellbound as I walked along. The thick white flakes came drifting soft and slow, And floating sweetly through them came his songe

"I'll ne'er hear that again," I thought; but oh, I did. I did! for on another morn A robin sang again through falling snow With all the magic of an Elfland horn. Mary Nolan







HOME ECONOMICS

MARKALING CONTRACTOR C

Although Home Economics has been placed before the public as a course of study for many years, it must be acknowledged that even today it is not recognized widely as a definite asset to the educational program. A strong barrier of prejudice on the part of school boards and parents stands between Home Economics and its permanent position on the school curriculum. Such a prejudice is a challenge to every Home Economics teacher. Nothing less than a sharp struggle must ensue if she is to succeed in eradicating old and firmly rooted ideas. Home Economics is as yet a pioneer field and demands all the courage and persistence which the Home Economics teacher can muster.

Perhaps the greatest barrier to the progress of Home Economics is the almost universal ignorance with regard to its objectives and its contribution to the objectives of education in general. Too frequently it is regarded as offering merely cooking and sewing, and even these in a superficial manner, with little benefit to the pupil. This accusation may be true in some specific instances, but it is untrue and unfair to the course to make so general a predication.

The objectives of Home Economics are valuable and varied. That they bear very close relationship to the objectives of secondary education can be shown clearly. The Seven Cardinal Principles of this secondary education, as held and used as standard for building curricula by the educator of today are: Health, Command of Fundamental Processes, Worthy Home Membership, Vocation, Civic Education, Worthy Use of Leisure, and Ethical Character. To how many of these does Home Economics contribute?

The responsibility for health is shared by many agencies in any shhool. However, there are some phases of health towards which the Home Economics instructor can contribute in a peculiarly effective fashion. It is within her scope to inculcate in her pupils, the right food habits, economic and social, and to make them realize so keenly the importance of such habits, that their homes will be influenced. It is possible for her also to reach the nonparticipants of her course through her own pupils, by having them make health posters, give health talks, plan special diets for pupils requiring them, and the like. Furthermore, in the clothing department, she has ample opportunity to discuss proper clothing with regard to hygienic principles. A Home Economics curriculum, properly developed, will provide for the theory and the practice of specific health work.

Since the command of fundamental processes is the definite work of the elementary grades, the Home Economics course perhaps contributes less directly to this educational objective than to any of the others.

Home Economics makes its greatest contribution to education by preparing pupils to become worthy home members. By this we mean, that it acquaints them not only with the house-keeping skills of cooking and sewing, but also introduces them to such units as: family relationships, child care, home care of the sick, elementary nutrition, interior decorating, home furnishing.

A CASE FOR HOME ECONOMICS

budgeting, all of which enter into the home makers' problems.

Following closely in importance is the vocational training which Home Economics offers to pubils, the majority of whom are destined to marry and become home makers. If the course fulfills its objective of making them worthy home members it will also succeed in preparing them to make homos of their own.

For the civic, moral, and social objectives, the Home Economics teacher should share the responsibility with the rest of the staff. The informal atmosphere of the average Home Economics classroom, the limited size of classes, and the type of subject matter taught, combine to foster free discussion of many intimate problems, thus making it possible for the teacher to help the pupils to form the right ideals of conduct. The very nature of the work presents many opportunities for cooperating in other school activities. In almost all the schools, the Home Economics Department lends a hand at catering to such things as social gatherings and preparing costumes for the dramatic club. Home Economics offers many solutions to the problem of a worthwhile use of leisure, by providing pupils with the opportunity to learn to make and do the things they may like to make or do, which might range from dyeing a piece of cloth to planning a color scheme for a room, or from making fudge for an evening at home, to participating in community social life.

All of the training for these foregoing objectives of Home Economics, we have seen, are numerous and far reaching. However, observation points out that these objectives are not always realized by the Home Economics teacher. What then can be the explanation of such ineffectiveness?

Many factors contribute to it. Let us consider a few.

Perhaps the greatest stumbling block to the progress is the poorlytrained, unenthusiastic teacher. She may deal so inefficiently with the matter to be presented as to fail completely in producing the aims towards which her course is directed. Such a lack is nowhere more evident than when a teacher of a community gives up through discouragement and is followed by another teacher, who under the same set of circumstances, stimulates intelligent response from her pupils by her improved methods of teaching and her own personal enthusiasm.

A very probable factor which tends to defeat the purposes of Home Economics is the failure to adapt a curriculum content to the needs of a community. This is not at all an uncommon occurrence. For instance, in a community of small wage earners it can happen that pupils are taught fancy cooking instead of the fundamentals of cooking, or that they are not taught the value of the dollar, and how to make the best use of it. For these pupils, the acquisition of such knowledge is impractical and the course is not achieving its purpose.

The aims of Home Economics are further frustrated by the refusal of the members of a school board to recognize Home Economics as being as vitally important as other subjects on the curriculum. Hence, allotments in time, money, and equipment, are insufficient to carry out plans that would impart a worthwhile knowledge. At times, the lack of support may be so great, as to completely hinder a teacher, despite her resourcefulness and hard work.

Another obstacle is encountered in the inferior rating of Home Economics

with Arts and other courses. A very common belief is held that Home Economics is intended for children who cannot cope with Latin, higher mathematics and the like. This is a great mistake, for an incompetent child can make little more headway with Home Economics than with other courses. Moreover, this very prevalent attitude keeps bright pupils away from the department, and thus another vicious circle is set up. Particularly does this mistaken idea appear to be strong in Canada where the provinces refuse to consider Home Economics as worthy of credit for its annual exams. This is a silent proclamation of Canadian educators' opinion of the course and it will hold it back indefinitely until the mistaken notion is eradicated.

How is the Home Economics teacher to overcome the difficulties encountered by her course? What action should she take? Her first step is to arm herself with the qualities that make a true Home Economics teacher. Let her knowledge and teaching ability be supplemented by determination, ambition, enthusiasm, perseverance, resourcefulness and hard work. Until she acquires these and puts them into practice, she cannot be expected to help in advancing the cause of Home Economics, for it is only if she is successful with her work that she will arouse the outside interest of the community, because her teaching is an advertisement for her work. When she has succeeded in enlisting upon her side the favor of the community, then she may hope to raise Home Economics to a higher level in the estimation of the parents and school officials. By persistent endeavor, and the unwearying use of every device at her disposal she will eventually awaken sufficient enthusiasm, appreciation and interest, to establish Home Economics as a permanent course of study in every secondary school.

Is this too much to hope for as really possible? Can Home Economics ever take its rightful place in our school system? After all, is it not largely a matter of establishing a "right concept"? Is the ability on the part of the high-school student properly to inflect a Latin verb of the third conjugation or to translate a passage from Caesar (with the possible help of a key) of greater desirability always, than the knowledge of how to prepare adequate meals with low incomes, or to make one's own or one's family clothing? Is there not room for both types of education -- and may not both receive equal rating in the mind of educators and the public?

FAMILIAR PROFESSORIAL SAYINGS -(Can you place them?)

"What have you done now" "Isn't that true now, girls?" "We won't go into detail, we'll take that up later on in the work." "I could be hurb." "I know it." "Indeed, yes." "How much change would you like back?"

Irene Venict. '37

"Girls, please respect the silence." "Does anybody want anything repeated? "The College girls had better hasten" "Girls, please put away everything but Apologetics." "WHO IS THAT THOUGHTLESS GIRL TALK-

ING AT THE OTHER END OF THE LIBRARY?"

"Attentive Listeners"

A WONDERFUE CHANGE

I knocked on the door; a tall rough looking man came forward. He invited me in and introduced me to his wife who was spinning by the great open fireplace in the center of the room while she watched the supper cooking in the big. iron pot hanging over the open fire. Before supper I was given water and soap made by the boiling of ashes and animal fats. After I dried my hands on a towel made by the woman, we all sat down on benches pulled up to the hand-made table on which beans, meat, fruit, and milk had been placed. During supper the woman told us about washing her clothes in the river that morning and then how she hung them to dry on the bushes, and that she would finish her washing when she had smoothed out the clothes by drawing them back and forth over the back of a chair. After supper when the woman was sweeping the rough boards of the floor I had a chance to examine the cabin which was only one room. Besides chairs and a table there stood in the corner a ward-robe, in which the clothes were kept. Next to this stood two beds with their high posts, straw mattresses and ticks. The walls were the logs of the cabin, the spaces filled in with clay. The one window was made of greased paper through which the light of the grease lamp showed out through the night.

The evening passed quickly as we listened to the ghost stories told by the man. At bedtime I climbed into one of the beds and soon fell asleep -- suddenly I heard -- "It's time to get up"--- I opened my eyes expecting to see the woman putting the dishes on the table and the man fixing the fire. Instead the brightness of the sun shining in the window made me realize that I was not in the log cabin but in a modern bungalow, I had returned from 1837 to 1937. As I dressed I began to compare the house of my dreams with the room I was in. I noticed first the electric light. This is the great achievement of Edison and has been improved by the chemist. Then my eyes rested on the radio. This wonderful piece of mechanism is almost wholly a chemical product. After I listened to a broadcast from London, I was ready to go into the housewife's laboratory, the kitchen.

Even in the humblest abode the kitchen is nothing but a chemical laboratory and every cook a chemist. True, the cook works with pots and pans instead of retorts and test tubes; with wood or gas fires instead of Bunsen burner; with flour, meat or vegetables instead of the various acids, bases, and salts. Here in this room, which in the early days was bedroom, diningroom, and kitchen all in one, I glance at the appetizing contents on the other plates of the electric stove, which is enameled in blue and white to harmonize with the blue enameled walls and the dainty blue ruffled curtains. Contrast the light aluminum pans with the heavy iron or earthenware pots of other days. Aluminum, a light strong metal was isolated by a Chemist who made possible its use in the household, when another chemist produced it on a large scale. Before this time aluminum cost as much as one hundred and forty dollars per pound. Now it can be bought in the five and ten stores.

The floor of the modern kitchen is covered with linoleum, in which blue and white are attractively combined. The lincleum is the direct successor of the rag carpet and is also a chemical product. A small closet in the corner holds a vacuum cleaner and a dust mop, on the other side of the room is the sink and washer are made of an alloy of metals and covered with enamel.

Rdequate Breakfasts and Luncheons (and how we do it at M.S.V.)

Dear Housewives, Young Homemakers and All Whom this may concern!

Do you have difficulties in planning your menus? Do you find it hard to stretch your pennies so that you may give all those under your care just the meals you feel are adequate for them? If this is the case, won't you read my letter through to the end and see if you don't get some helpful ideas? Of course, I realize that if you have a family of various types and moods, your menu planning problem is a difficult one. However, with a little forethought and consideration, you will, I am sure, be surprised to learn how easily you escape these difficulties and how attractive a menu you can prepare for as small an amount as twenty-five cents for luncheons and fifteen cents for breakfasts per capita.

In our second semester of Foods II at Mount Saint Vincent, it is part of our class work to prepare attractive, nourishing and appetizing meals for the above cost. We find this a most interesting part of our course and realize how helpful it is to us, not only for the present, but also for the future.

You may be interested to know the plan we use -- one which we find very sat tisfactory and convenient. Since "we are only three," we usually invite one or two guests to our breakfasts and one to our luncheons, at which meal we have an "even four." For each meal then, we have a hostess, a host, and one or two guests as the case may be. All of the preparation of the meals as well as the planning and managing is done by the hostess, assisted by the host.

For our breakfasts, any preliminary preparation is done the evening before. This includes partially setting the table, checking supplies, preparing and chilling the fruit or fruit juice. If a cooked cereal is used, as cream of wheat, its cooking is begun the previous evening. Then, on the following morning, we are allowed one hour to complete our tasks, which include the preparation and making of the main dish, its accompaniment, the hot bread, completing the table setting and leaving the pantry in order. Then, while we are enjoying our fruit and cereal, our main course is keeping hot in the warming oven. Coffee, if served, is often made at table in the electric percolator. After breakfast, we are allowed forty-five minutes for completing the cleaning up processes and often we are able to have all "spick and span" in less time.

Now this plan doesn't seem hard to you, does it? You see how, with a little planning, you can easily prepare an appealing and nourishing breakfast. Would you like a few examples to give you an idea of just what our breakfasts do comprise? In all meal planning, cost is not the only thing to be considered. Our caloric value must meet our energy expenditure requirements. For breakfast, we allow 600-800 calories per person. That being settled, we always try to work in an attractive color scheme.

Here are a few of the breakfast menus we have prepared, each of which was planned by some one member of our class. The menu immediately following

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— for 40¢ a Day —

was served on Saint Patrick's Day and it lent a colorful and appropriate touch to the table. The centrepiece decoration used was a potted shamrock.

> Fruit Cup Cream of Wheat with Apricot Juice Creamed Eggs on Toast Parsley Garnish Graham Toast Butter Coffee

The fruit cup consisted of grapefruit and pineapple with the juice colored green. In the creamed egg sauce, green chopped peppers were used to contribute their share in honoring Erin's patron saint.

Suppose you are anxious to prepare an attractive and easy breakfast menu for some guests who are coming to spend pre-Easter days with you and you wish to have a Lenten breakfast with no meat. Here is a menu which met with our approval at one of our breakfasts.

> Orange Halves with Mint Garnish Rolled Oats with Raisins Sauteed Tomato Slices on Toast Rounds Cheese Sauce Hot Buttered Bread Coffee

Orange was the predominating color in this breakfast and a pretty orange and green centrepiece was chosen.

However, now that the Lenten season is over, a new and tasty addition in our menus will be noted. This facilitates to a great extent our problem of breakfast menus, because there are so many different ways of serving breakfast meats, as sausage, ham and the "old faithful" - bacon, either alone or in combination with other foods. The following menu was served in our Department and was decidedly attractive and appetizing.

> Tomato Juice Cocktail Corn Flakes Milk and Sugar Bacon Banana scrved in Shell Hot Raisin Muffins Butter Cafe au Lait

To harmonize with the color scheme - red and white - a centrepiece of red roses and white baby's breath was chosen.

This, I hope, has been sufficient to give you a general idea of our planning and preparation and the style of breakfasts we are serving at the Mount Foods Department.

Now, to journey on in our discussion to luncheons. Up to the present, three very attractive luncheons have been served by the students. Our cost could not exceed twenty-five cents and yet our calories must be adequate. We allow 900-1200 calories per person. In the plan which we follow for luncheons, the hostess is responsible for all the ordering, preliminary preparation and managing, but all the products are prepared by the other members of the class. The hostess is assisted in serving by the host.

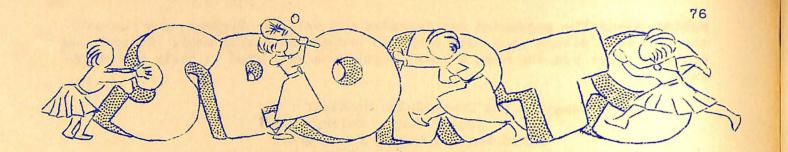
Our first luncheon was served the week following Easter, so the color

tobemo naturally suggested was lavender and yellow. Perhaps, you yourself may, at some future time have cause to prepare an Easter meal. In case you do, I'll give you the menu I used, hoping you will find it tasty and colorful.

> Cheese Soup Celery Thins Baked Hamburg Loaf Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Orange Sponge Mauve Tinted Whipped Cream Hot Cornmeal Muffins Butter Coffee Fruit Cup Cheese Bits Onion Soup Hot Bran Muffins Tamale Pie Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Citrus Juice Cocktail Saltines Cream of Celery Soup Veal Loaf with Apricots Lima Beans in Tomato Cups Pineapple Delight Hot Graham Muffins Coffee With best wishes for your success, I remain, Sincerely, Viola Pride 138.

Pineapple and Grape Juice Cocktail Our centrepiece chosen was of wind-blown Lavender cosmos and yellow The next week, the luncheon was a "spicy" one, well liked. The color Do you not think these tempting meals for so small a cost? Our secret? Just a little well-planned and executed preparation, and one hundred percent co-operation among ourselves. At our last luncheon, a most attractive meal was prepared which was very tasty. Would you like the menu? Our next project is the preparation of a seven course formal dinner with Russian Service. I should like to tell you about this too, but the Editor shakes her head and says "I can't wait"- so I must be satisfied. I certainly hope that this account is going to be of help to you all. and, speaking for myself, I do not hesitate to assure you that your efforts to secure tasty and adequate breakfasts and luncheons will be crowned with success should you try out some of these suggestions.

jonguils. scheme was carried out in yellow and white. Here it is-



In September, 1936, the outlook for the various sports of the year seemed promising as we watched the trains arriving at Rockingham depositing cheery, athletic lasses laden, not only with bags and suitcases of all descriptions, but also tennis rackets, badminton gear, and skating and skiing outfits. From their equipment we concluded that the students not only were ready for strenuous and intensive study and noses-to .. the-grind-stone, but also for time out for sports. One lass who arrived with her riding outfit has since enjoyed her mor ningcanter on the Gym horse, more commonly known as the "obstacle".

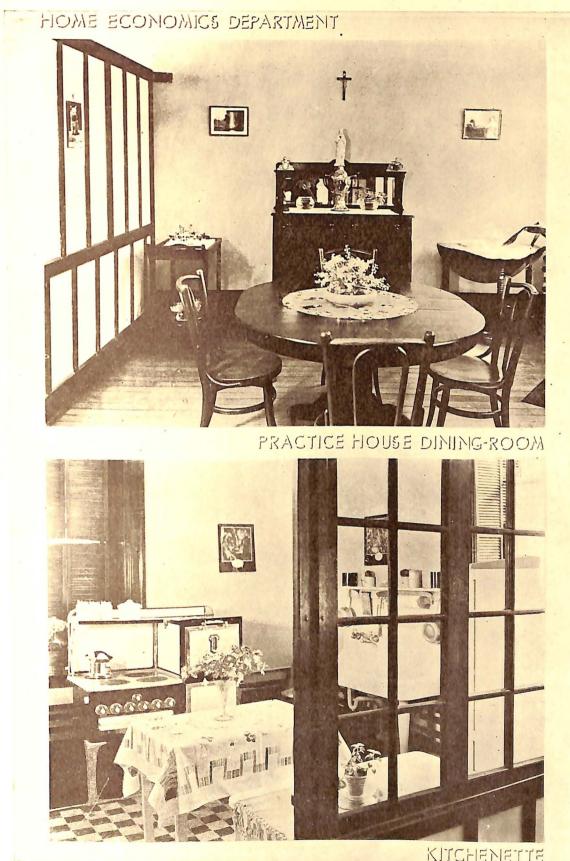
The tennis season opened our year for sports with Doris Nichol, "The Bermudean" claiming all honors on the court before the Canadians had time to brush up on their tricky serves and backhands. This was followed by that longdreaded and terrifyingly strenuous sport "physical training" or P.T.; whore bear walks, elephant hops, camel crouches, and back-forward-up-and-over bends were served fron four to five three evenings a week with pains a la aches to top it off.

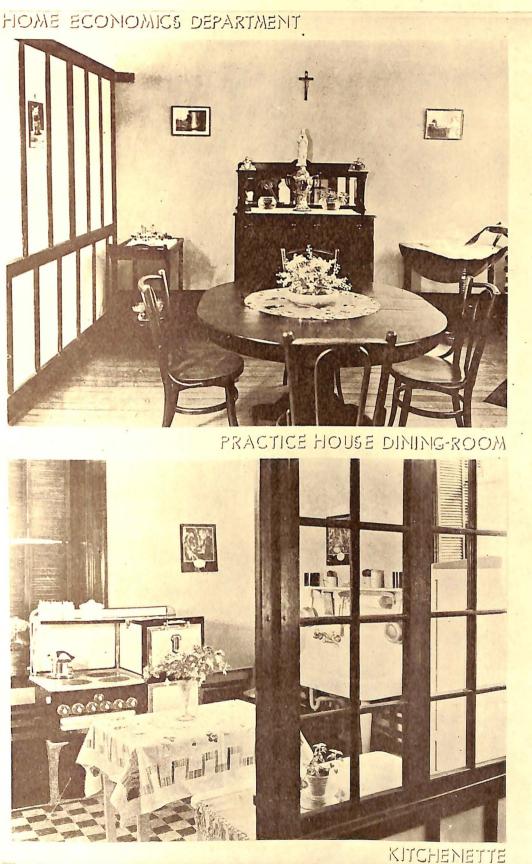
Then came the exciting and joyous season of skiing and tobogganing with emphasis on the tobogganing where we saw the participants dressed in varied colors of the rainbow, -very dashing indeed in their cosy ear muffs, woollen mittens, and chic suits. Here on the beautiful hills of the Mount Campus which seem constructed on purpose for skilers and tobogganeers, with their sudden drops and unexpected curves and bumps, daring antics and miraculous escapes were the order of the hour. When the days sport ended, other colors, mostly black and blue this time, adorned the Collegians of the toboggan trail.

For those who were not inclined towards the more strenuous sports that all-American indoor sport "knitting" was very popular all winter. It has been said this sport was created to give women something to think about while they are talking.

Throughout the year the favorite Mount sport is Basketball, in which the College was so far ahead of the Academy that their score was 18-1--nuff said. Pardon me, Providence must be thanked for sending us our star guard in the person of Loretta Brady who proved our greatest asset in the final game. She was ably assisted by Dorothy Murray - Donalda Kelly---forwards; Mary Coady - Agnes O'Donnell -- guards; Margaret McLean - centre. After this game, Athletics fell into the background with club meetings, Dal exams, finals taking its place; the only time remaining for sports was a short period for a hurried game of badminten, the daily, never-to-bo-missed hike to the village, and that grand finale the hundred yard dash to the Pender Bus.

Margaret McLean, 137.





SECRETARIAL SCIENCE

I have sighed, wept bitter tears and finally given up in sheer desperation upon hearing oft-repeated remarks such as the following: "Why do you go four years to college for a commercial course? I have a friend who obtained a position after six months at a business school." To such well-meaning but unenlightened inquisitors I have, with admirable self-restraint, replied with the single word, "Indeed !" and thus terminated the conversation. Let me tell you why I have APPARENTLY wasted four of the best years of my life in securing a Baccalaureate Degree in Secretarial Science at Mount Saint Vincent College.

Upon graduating from high school, I determined to go into the business world, even though I was confronted on all sides by the discouraging reminder that the field was already overcrowded and that it would be useless for me to attempt to make my way in it. I fortified my resolve with the old adage, "There is always room at the top," and decided to aim at the summit.

Now, if you want to make a cake, you prepare a batter of milk, flour, eggs, and the other necessary ingredients. The more you beat the eggs and the thoroughly you stir the mixture, the better cake you will have; and if you add to that batter fruit and nuts, you have a dish fit to set before the king. Of course, I did not exactly plan on being set before the king as his secretary or in any other capacity, but I did aspire to serve some one really worth while; I wanted to be more than just a good stenographer. This meant that I needed more than the bare fundamentals---I must add fruit and nuts to the batter. Shorthand and typewriting are not the only things a girl needs in order to take her place in the busy business world. And so I came to Mount Saint Vincent.

I have not been disappointed in my dedision for I have gained all and more than I anticipated. Here I have received the technical skill necessary to maintain the ordinary routine duties of the office, and I have gained beside, the cultural background of the academic subjects----the fruit and nuts of the cake. By my study of philosophy, history, sociology, economics, French, etc. I have enlarged my vocabulary and broadened my views so as to be able to understand and interpret a much wider range of knowledge, and to find greater ease in composition either dictated or original. By my mathematics and science, my brain has been sharpened and my mind trained to think for itself, so that I have much greater independence of action.

Of course, here at the Mount, we have had the inestimable advantage of a Catholic education, which combined the excellent instruction of the classroom with the splendid example given us by our religious teachers, who have ever spurred us on to reverence and respect our Superiors. In our doctrinal and ethics classes we have received a firm grounding in the truths of our holy religion, which will be a strong safeguard in the days to come when the false glitter of earthly things may tempt us to forget our duty to God. In this world of shattered hopes and vain illusions, we need the comforting support

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of our faith.

Nor has the physical side of our education been neglected. In all indoor and outdoor games we have been guided by the principles of good sportsmanship, a quality that enters so largely into that intangible but valuable asset, personality. That personality is a potent factor in gaining success in the business world is acknowledged by all thinking people. The ability to create good fellowship among those with whom we work is a powerful means of achieving advancement among them. Although personality is to a great extent innate, our natural gifts can be augmented and improved by the proper training. Under our system of student government here at college we have been placed upon "our own" and have been given the opportunity to develop our natural powers of leadership and initiative, led only by the sense of honor. This experience will be a great help when we are left to our own resources in an office.

But after all, my entire day is not to be spent within the four walls of an office. I shall be expected to take my place in my community and contribute my share to its improvement -- and how much richer my life will be in the light of my greater capacity for enjoyment. The very atmosphere of the Mount with its exquisite setting, its simple furnishings, and its gorgeous paintings, has been an inspiration in itself. The excellent speakers we have listened to, the charming plays we have seen, and the choice music we have heard; all these, too, have cultivated our tastes. The friendships we have formed and the associations we have been allowed with those who are cultured and refined have given us a grace and poise with which to meet new contacts.

I feel I have made no mistake. My four years have been well spent, and the degree I hope to secure will mean to me the completion of a course which has eminently fitted me to go forth into the world because it was based on the principle voiced by Our Holy Father, Piuc XI in one of his encyclicals, "Education is the preparation of the soul for God."

Loretta Brady, 137.

DEVELOPMENT OF SONATA -- Continued from page 64 //

violin and violincello.

For a long while the domain of the Sonata was influenced by violinists and writers for violin. During this time considerable development was made towards the realization of harmonic form as accepted in modern times. Dominico Scarlotti during this time wrote an irmense number of Sonatas for the harpsichord. In many respects his principles of structure and treatment are altogether in the direction of modern ways. He was not a great master of the art of composition, but he was one of the rarest masters of his instruments. He had a style all his own, the most familiar traits being vivacity, humour, and genuine fun. His works are genuine "Sonatas"--self-dependent and self-sufficing sound pieces.

There are many well known composers who have contributed a great deal towards the development of the Sonata, but Beethoven, perhaps more than any of the others, deserves first mention. He was the first composer to whom the limitless field of human emotion and imagination was opened. In his works the importance of the 'idea" more than the structure was emphasized. He thus became the prototype of genuine modern music and the first exponent of its essential qualities, and his works manifest an ideal continuity and sublimeness, which is musically felt even where there is no direct external sign of the connection. With him the long process of development appears to find its utmost and complete culmination .-- Mary MacLean, '38

All the social problems of our harassed and bewildered world come under three headings: (1) the achievement of international peace, (2) a just economic and social order and (3) a sound, humanized system of education. Of these, education is the fundamental problem because upon it depends the solution of the other two. Social injustice or the menace of international war cannot prevail in a society of soundly educated people.

Most problems cannot be solved directly, but entail roundabout methods; nevertheless, the end must always be kept in view. It is the same thing in education. In all our attempts to solve the problem of education with all its various intricacies, if efforts are to lead anywhere, a definite aim must be decided upon and then worked for. Aims in education are of great significance both to the individual and to society because they represent the weaknesses and felt needs of the people. For example, Americans are trying to curb crime waves by introducing or stressing moral and character training in the schools. Which aim then, will set educators on the right road? Upon reading discussions of the aims of numerous educators it would appear that philosophers are guibbling over names rather than theories. To the Catholic, knowing that truth lies in the Church, Thomas a Kempis's words seem to sum up the whole thing very neatly: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all else shall be added unto you."

But for the non-Catholic mind struggling for the truth, it's not so simple as all that. In fact, there are almost as many different philosophies of education as there are educators. Herein lies the principal defect of modern educational theories, i.e. their lack of a clear ideal which is at once defined and universally esteemed. Specialization, scientific methods, character training and personality studies -- all have failed to reach the goal they set out for. Every system of education is based on a philosophy of life and almost every non-Catholic educator has a philosophy of his own. How can there be any true education when such differences of opinion exist? In the Encyclical of Pope Pius XI on "Christian Education of Youth" we read: "In fact, since education consists essentially in preparing man for what he must be and for what he must do here below, in order to attain the sublime end for which he was created, it is clear that in the present order of Providence, since God has revealed Himself to us in the Person of His Only Begotted Son, who alone is 'the Way, the Truth and the Life', there can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education. From this we see the supreme importance of Christian education, not merely for each individual. but for families and for the whole of human society, whose perfection comes from the perfection of the elements that compose it."

The salvation of the world lies in the hands of the educators. As the world is educated so shall it live. It is important to notice throughout the history of education how when countries wish to bring about some reform ... ; measures to adopt that reform are first introduced into the schools. How important then is education.

But if education is all-important, so also are teachers. Good teachers are the backbone of the nation. It is not what a teacher inculcates, but

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ON EDUCATION

what she is, that is of first importance. Methods are secondary to high ideals. "Perfect schools are the result not so much of good methods as of good teachers, teachers who are thoroughly prepared and well-grounded in the matter they have to teach: who possess the intellectual and moral gualifications required by their important office; who cherish a pure and holy love for the youthe confided to them, because they love Jesus Christ and His Church, of which these are the children of predilection; and who have therefore sincerely at heart the true good of family and country." (Encyc.) A teacher cannot hope to convince her pupils of the necessity of right living unless her own life is beyond reproach. It is well to remember that imitation is one of man's most inherent instincts and that the old maxim "Actions speak louder than words" is especially true for teachers.

The subject of education is man, whole and entire -- body and soul, with all his faculties. "Christian education takes in the whole aggregate of human life, physical and spiritual, intellectual and moral, individual, domestic, and social, not with a view of reducing it in any way, but in order to elevate, regulate and perfect it, in accordance with the example and teaching of Christ .---- The proper and immediate end of Christian education is to cooperate with Divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian, that is, to form Christ Himself in those regenerated by Baptism -- " (Encyc). Only in the Saints who have in every way ennobled and benefited human society, is the purpose of Christian education perfectly realized. So the end and object of Christian education is to form (1) true Christians and (2) useful citizens.

- What shall our part be in this universal work? It is our duty to encourage and support all those labouring in what Saint Gregory Nazianzen calls "the art of arts and the science of sciences". Some of us shall be teachers in our own right and those of us who intend such can afford no half measures. Here is the place for "all or nothing". This does not mean however, that a teacher should have no outside interests. In fact she owes them to herself, for remember, we are not true to society in a large sense when we fail to treat ourselves as well as we treat others. Nevertheless, half-heartedness, can never be satisfactory, much less worthy. And since it is character that counts, we must first control and develop ourselves if we are to control and develop others.

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Rose E. Sullivan B. A. '36



OUR GREAT NEED

There is no frigate like a book To take us leagues away, Nor any coursers like a page Of prancing poetry. --Emily Dickinson.

Whatever did people do with themselves in the days before books! What could life have to offer when libraries were still an unknown quantity? To us, life without books is simply unimaginable. For many, books are the chief source of enjoyment. For others, they provide the only happiness, whereas the person who does not use books for information just doesnot exist. But how many people have access to all the books they want, or at least to a fair amount? Thanks to our modern and efficient public libraries, many people hold such a fortunate position. But such people (in this country at least) form a very small minority. What then is to be done about the unfortunate majority?

It is fairly safe to say that everybody likes books. Tastes differ, of course, but nevertheless everyone is a book-lover in his own field. The little boy devouring the comics, the housewife who collects cook-books, the novel reader, the student, the librarian--all have a craving for books which almost nothing else can satisfy. Why is it that books have such a universal appeal? The answer is to be found in the following short poem by W. D. Nesbit.

Who hath a book Has friends at ha And gold and gear At his command; And rich estates If he but look, Are held by him Who hath a book.

And if there is anybody who is not interested in reading, surely there is not anybody who could not <u>become</u> interested. How great then is their loss who feel themselves deprived of the use of books or who are even unaware of their deprivation--a loss not so much of enjoyment (although this is great indeed!) but particularly of information.

Doubtless some of you college students have been told that you read too much. But, when you think of the great difference between those who read too much and those who read too little, perhaps those who read too much can be excused on the plea that they are only making up for those who do not read enough. Well, how are we going to fix it so that all will have an equal opportunity?

Let us start with the school library because that is the first with which we come in contact in real life. The cost of the school

V state and state and state of the	Tho	hath a book
and,		Has but to read
	And	he may be
		A king indeed;
in the best ward with I	Iis	kingdom is
		His inglenook
A state of the second second	411	this is his
		Who hath a book.

library fades into insignificance in comparison with the benefits it bestows! Therefore, every school will find it profitable to invest in a library of its own. This is especially true for districts like Halifax where there is no special children's public library. The librarian should know the tastes of the children and choose her books accordingly. There is no need to go into details on the importance and significance of the impressions and influences formed in childhood! Suffice it to say that good reading habits acquired in childhood will result in good reading habits in adulthood.

And yet statistics show that only two percent of the money spent on education in America is used in buying books for schools, which means that not one-tenth of the pupils have one-twentieth of the books they need to gain any kind of education. If we are to work towards the education of the whole man, schools must demand efficient libraries.

The child who has been made library conscious, when he leaves school will naturally turn to the public library which should serve the needs of everybody, from the student to the practical man. The child, the homemaker, the laborer, the office man, school-girl, college student, teacher, social butterfly--all should find their needs satisfied to some degree in the public library. Professional people, of course, cannot expect to find detailed information in all

If the library serves only a certain class, then it has no claim to the name public, because it doesn't really serve the public. Notice -- the library should serve the needs of the people. Have you ever heard of the man who couldn't afford a business education, but after spending a certain number of hours daily in the public library studying accounting and bookkeeping, passed the required examinations successfully? Or have you heard of the business man who discovered in the public library how to utilize certain waste products, thus saving his company thousands of dollars yearly? Many other instances of the sort immediately leap into the realm of possibility. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt puts it very succinctly when she says: "There is no question in my mind but that the public library is essential to the growth of the people in any community. Unless one can read and find answers to the numerous questions which come up in everyday life, the opportunity for mental growth is necessarily denied. Therefore I feel that wherever possible there should be a good public library in every community." An up-to-date, efficient, and progressive public library is an essential in every community.

But what if the library is unsatisfactory? The loss is inestimable, and danger as well as loss is involved, especially for the young, because if there are no worthy books, inveterate readers will turn to trashy books, thus impairing the mental health of the community. Or worse still, what if there is no community library at all? We spend years learning how to read and growing proficient in the accomplishment, but what use to learn to read if there is nothing more to devour than the daily or weekly newspaper? After all, we can always get the news items on the radio.

Reading in past centuries was the privilege of scholars and learned men; but in our day, which we complacently call modern, this need not be so. Relatively speaking, small libraries are of little value. Even the smallest community may have the widest possible range of intelligences, tastes, and hobbies. A small library, then cannot begin to serve the needs of even a proportionately small community. If several small communities faced with this same problem would band together to form one large library, how much more satisfactory the arrangement would be. All needs could then be served through this one

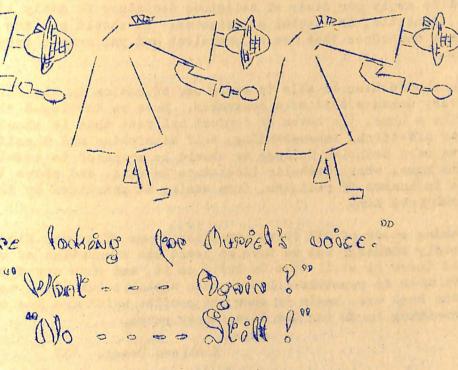
regional library. A book truck could be employed to convey books from one district to another, or if that is impossible (though I cannot see why it would be) books could be mailed on request. Thus one regional library could serve the needs of all its people, whereas the half-dozen libraries that might take its place could not serve the needs of one-sixth of the people. Nova Scotians are gradually becoming conscious of the need for library service, and when the point of consciousness which brings action is reached, the regional library must prove our salvation.

All very well to talk, you say? But in this case speech and action are one. Mount Saint Vincent now boasts of a lending library to serve the needs of the people in Rockingham, and who knows how far it may go in years to come? The library room is located in the cottage at the North entrance gate and, take it from one who has seen its birth and laboured in its growth (it is by no means mature as yet) it is a joy to behold. Of course, you librarians who hold really important positions, will smile at our naivete. But when you have thought until you can't think any more and planned until your brain is in a whirl, and transformed an ordinary room into a delightful colorful little lending library with new book shelves, a desk, table, and chairs, linoleum, curtains, (to say nothing of the most important item of all -- the books), when you had no money to do it with, it really seems guite a wonderful accomplishment. Well, congratulations are in order because that is exactly what our librarian has done. Not a cent has so far been spent on books and there are over a thousand already, all donated or lent.

Why not plan to visit our new lending library, and may I say, "All donations gratefully received?"

There are looking for Mussel's

Rose E. Sullivan, B.A.



HOW MUCH ARE WE WORTH ?

As we reach the end of school days and are ready to begin a career, let us look into ourselves and take stock. What have we to show for our eight years of grammar school, four years of high school and four years of College? During this time our parents and families, our priests and teachers, have worked together and denied themselves that we might have a proper background of mental, physical, and moral training.

Are we equipped mentally for our chosen careers, since today almost every girl wishes to work for a certain length of time before she marries? First of all, we must have some specified skill, without which we cannot possibly obtain employment today. We must know how to apply successfully for work, how to justify our existence in the world of employment, and how to develop our occupational abilities. We must be able to solve our own problems and keep ourselves mentally keen.

Are we also physically fit to follow a career and to keep up with others in the contest of rivalry that constitutes the business and professional world today? We must have patience to live and work with others and have full control of our emotions if we wish to be successful in our chosen field. Little hardships should not depress us, but should be endured uncomplainingly, so that we shall be prepared for greater ones.

Then there is the most necessary qualification of all---character. We were educated not only to acquire knowledge and culture, but also to obtain that wealth of religious training which helps to build the foundation of knowing, loving, and serving God and man. We must be able to recognize true values and to apply our study of religious doctrines to daily life in our occupational, domestic, and social experiences. It should prepare us to meet with the false doctrines that are so prevalent and yet remain true to our prim-

We should also be able to apply our education in the final career of almost every woman - that of a homemaker. Have we developed the qualities that will make a home, the haven of comfort and rest that it should be; the qualities of affection, understanding, self discipline and unselfishness? As products of a Catholic College we should be prepared to establish a truly Catholic home, where Catholic literature is read, and where the smallest child has the influence of religion, from seeing it practised in the daily lives of

Taking stock of all these qualities, some of us may find that we are still sadly lacking; but we have at least the foundation of our Catholic training, and there is still time to build on it, and show our appreciation to those who have made it possible. Let us then assemble our stock on hand and putting it to the best use, begin to show the profits which are due to those who have been investing in us for the last twenty years.

Kathleen Deasy, 137

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A MODERN CRUSADER

G. K. Chesterton's recent death has made his fame grow apace, and at last the world seems to have realized that it has lost a great man who championed truth. Chesterton, an author, poet, controversialist, and philosopher, was born in London, in 1874. He attended St. Paul's school where, he says, much of his time was spent in writing poor poetry instead of working. He decided, at first, that his interests lay in art, rather than in literature, and consequently enrolled in the Slade School of Art; but later he took up journalism seriously, and began to contribute to the "Speaker", "The Illustrated London News," and several other magazines.

Chesterton married Frances Blogg, who made him ideally happy, and he continued on the road to fame, for his wife's practicability and talent for home-making complemented his genius. In 1922 he was received into the Catholic Church, and his wife followed him four years later.

So much for the life of Chesterton, his date and place of birth, his early success, his death. But what of the man? Chesterton is entirely personal in all his works; not for an instant does the reader lose sight of the great personality behind the print. Chesterton's character can be easily summed up by his own estimation of Don John of Austria -- he is the "last knight of Europe who takes his weapon from the wall". Even if he did not go forth to battle in the trappings of chivalry, he had the spirit of a crusader. He wrote "I am one of those people who believe that you've got to be dominated by your moral slant. I'm no 'art for art's sake' man. I am guite incapable of talking or writing about Dutch gardens or the game of chess, but if I did, I have no doubt that what I would say or write about them would be colored by my view of the cosmos". Everything written by Chesterton is like a clarion that shouts to Heaven that he was a Catholic and proud of it, that he believed in liberty and wished to promote it. Each article and poem contains a challenge, (hidden, it is true, in some) to all those who attacked the beliefs he knew to be true. Chesterton had the strength of his convictions and defended them lustily. He was incapable of writing for money, prestige, cr even for the sake of art. When he devoted his best energies to the defense of the most valuable things in Western culture, G. K. invested it with all the color, pageantry, and strong-armed knighthood of historic times. He took part in many debates, and in each defended the Christian cause. In 1925 he founded his own paper "G K's Weekly" to be the official organ of the Distributist League; this advocates the small farmer system, of which he was a staunch supporter.

But what exactly is the spirit of a knight or crusader, which Chesterton exemplifies so well? He defines it admirably, although indirectly, in the characterization of his herces: Don John of Austria was the ideal of a gallant knight; Alfred the Great, the herc of the BALLAD OF THE WHITE HORSE trusted in God, and fought for Christianity. By them he shows clearly that a crusader is one who fights for Christ and truth, who is brave, romantic and gay. This

K. CHESTERTON

was his ideal, and his life was modelled upon it. Chesterton, the man, had the light-hearted, simple faith of a child, and a deep love of God that was akin to that of St. Francis of Assisi, whose biography he wrote so well. His intellect had not a little of the penetrating kasaness of St. Thomas Aquinas. He was indeed well-equipped for his battle for truth and Christendom--"with the awful clarity of a child's eyes he saw the nakedness of kings and Princes of the world, and with the rapier of a full man's reason, he proved it."

Chesterton's personality was delightful. He was continually making jokesnot the kind that are only understood on one side, but whimsical ones that are chuckle-provoking. In THE WELL AND THE SHALLOWS he apologizes for buffoons like himself, and he was always playing up to his rotund figure. About Chesterton there was always the oddness and confusion that throng about the absentminded, and he was a magnet for the eccentric. It is on record that he once telegraphed his wife as fellows "Am in Market Harborough. Where ought I to be?" His buffcenery is reminiscent of the famed monk who was Our Lady's jester.

Chesterton never lost his joy in living, and this partly accounts for his stimulating personality. In his autobiography, he writes, "I have said that I had in childhood, and have still partly preserved <u>out</u> of childhood, a certain romance of receptiveness, which has not been killed by sin or even by sorrow; for though I have not had great troubles, I have had **many.** A man does not grow old without being bothered, but I have grown old without being bored. Existence is still a strange thing to me; and as a stranger I give it welcome."

Chesterton has changed the rallying cry of crusaders from "Swords about the Cross" to "Typewriters about the Cross", and today many Catholic writers are following his challenge. We may say of G. K. Chesterton what he himself said of Belloc: "He has fought the greatest battle for the good things of any man of our times."

Marguerite Keenan, '37.

CHESTERTON, THE ESSAYIST

G. K. Chesterton has been termed the most prolific essayist of modern times and probably of all times. He was the nearest thing to perpetual literary motion that common literature has seen. His imagination was one of a stonishing fertility; his style is inimitable, lucidly articulate, and filled with a wealth of illusion and illustration. As master of the paradox he makes his essays vigorously scintillating forces, indicating the depths of his imagination and his definite convictions, agents radiating his brilliancy, his geniality, and his good humour.

Since Chesterton was prominent as a journalist, controversialist, lecturer, biographer, critic, philosopher, theologian, his essays could not but express his versatility. Consequently we find them ranging from WHY I AM IN BED to WHY I AM A CATHOLIC.

In THE HOMELESSNESS OF THE JONES' we have Chesterton defending the policy of Distributism and opposing before the public what is wrong with Industrialism and Collectivism. He is the sincere champion of the working class and as such he makes just and sharp criticisms of the manner in which this class has been hypotized and led blindfolded into situations like Manchesterism. Such systems are a necessity to the people of England, they are told. They are promised conditions existing only in veritable Utopias, which are never realized. This method has been used by the ruling class to fool the laborers by putting before them a bright future. Chesterton condemns the rulers of the land for attempting the same schemes with regard to Collectivism, and he regards this movement not "as a wine, but as a medicine". "It may be the world's deliverance, but it is not the world's desire", declares Chesterton. So ends an essay, in which he has ably and cleverly expressed his opinion on a vexing political matter. He has strongly and resolutely upheld the cause of democracy which permits private enterprise.

Very humorously in WISDOM AND WEATHER Chesterton proceeds to awaken his readers to the fact that common things are not necessarily commonplace. He chooses a variety of subjects to illustrate this point--deaths, first loves, mother-in-laws, the weather, comradeship. Analysing these, he proves his statement by employing clever paradoxes which provoke many chuckles. His comment on comradeship is particularly enlightening. It makes one laugh jut it also makes one think. His expression of frank ideas is very pronounced, yet at no time does his frankness overstep the bounds of refinement.

The purpose of the group of essays termed SIDELIGHTS is to judge America and the rising Generation. In the foreword, Chesterton discloses the fact that he is not hesitant in offering a criticism on these subjects. He looks upon such a hesitant attitude as a shocking exhibition of mildness, tact, and failure to condemn; hence he prepares the reader for what is to follow in his book--namely, criticism on New London, Newer York, and other Essays.

Chesterton's power of ridicule is vividly exemplified in ON CALLING NAMES--CHRISTIAN AND OTHERWISE. He wittily sets forth the existing tendency of calling everyone by their Christian names, or by the most intimate substitute for their Christian names, as nothing more than a slipping up of etiquette and he shows a preference for the "superior social system" of the Victorian Age. He even goes so far as to state that such a "slipping up"indicates a decline in civilization. His essay is very entertaining, but his criticism is too severe. Our custom of abbreviating names has no doubt removed in part the beauty of names but it is an exaggeration to say that the practice has destroyed the individualism and the significance of a name, so that it means nothing at all.

WHICH IS GOVERNMENT shoots a very straight-sailing dart at the ineffectiveness of American Justice. The style is very direct and here and there are intermingled wit and irony. It is an open challenge to the law enforcers of the United States, and to the nation as a whole, the criticism not only of a brilliant and humanity-loving man, but of a courageous one.

IN SHAKESPEARE AND SHAW Chesterton has taken the opportunity to offer his opinion upon two figures prominent in literature. He alters the general relative conception that we hold of these two men. Very logically, he states the reason why he sees Shakespeare as the man who is capable of being irresponsible and gay, and Shaw, in spite of his humour, as an earnest sage and seer. That Shaw is graver than Shakespeare is a conclusion that can be arrived at only after some deliberation. Delivered to us in a clear and thought provoking style, this fact assumes the proportion of an important discovery.

Chesterton was doubly fortunate. He was extraordinarily equipped to

write, and the results of his efforts reached people the world over. It was then in his power, once he had attained fame, to impose his opinion upon the world, and this he did through the medium of his essays, in the (London) Daily News, the Illustrated London News, G. K.'s weekly, and numerous other publications to which he contributed. Needless to say, his other works were channels of communication, but they could not reach as varied and as widespread a number as did the essays which he so frequently penned; nor could they be expected to exert the same amount of Chestertonion influence. The essays were the link between G. K.'s criticism on matters religious, political, philosophical, historical, literary, commonplace, with the day in which he lived. They were the stream which carried within its current a message to the human race, from the brilliant, genial, and lovable Chesterton.

Although it has been estimated that he will live longest by his poetry, he will not be quickly forgotten for his essays, because they represent Chesterton in everyday life, Chesterton informally, Chesterton writing in a vigorous and brilliant style, Chesterton expressing his frank opinions.

Irene Veniot, '37.

CHESTERTON, THE ALL-ROUND WRITER

It was to be expected that the death of Mr. G. K. Chesterton would call forth numerous articles concerning his life and works. He has endeared himself so to his millions of readers with his ready wit and humorous philosophy that his death brought almost universal mourning. For forty years, he was one of the most important figures in English literary and Catholic life, being, as he called himself, a journalist. A bibliography of his books, however, would number about seventy titles, and the fields they represent are poetry, drama, novels, detective stories, essays, short stories, biographies, history, travel, philosophy, hagiography, and religion. From this we can see that he was a most versatile writer and that scarcely anything escaped his notice. As his brother Cecil said of him, "He wanted to give every word a sword and feather". Thus with his literary genius, he introduced into the English language a new style which was a huge success. It is a style all his own, and it is one of the reasons that made him so well-loved. This style linked prose and poetry and has always a beautiful force and rhythm. The qualities of a creative imagination were his also, as is exemplified by his paradox, antithesis and epigram. Indeed, he has been called the "Prince of Paradox". Though he employed all forms of writing, he excelled in each and every one. In them all, Chesterton, the man, rises up before one's eyes. He was so thoroughly human and humane that he took the world's heart by storm.

Many critics believe that his poetry is the strongest and soundest part of his work. He is a master of rhythm and has true poetic energy and passion, which is nowhere better exemplified than in his superb, best-known poem, LEPANTO. It is in this modern, singing epic, so thoroughly original and full of sharp contrasts that his mastery of the language is evident. His poetry deals with a great variety of themes; war, love, religion, satire. In the EARLY FLEET STREET BALLADS, we get the rumble of London traffic, and the cries of the newsboys. His love poems show a reverence and devotion which is rare in modern love poetry. He writes delicately and feelingly of his ideally suited wife. BAY COMBE is an excellent example of this. He was also a genius at humorous verse and he employed his humor as a weapon to destroy foolish practices and theories. Most of these are mirthful, rollicking, exuberant. He pokes fun at all sorts of people and makes them love it. His COLLECTED POEMS contain such pieces of rare humour as a BALLAD OF ABBREVIATIONS TO A MODERN FOET, THE NEW FICTION, all of which carry lessons, and ironically point out some modern errors. This work also contains snatches of parody on such old favorites as Wordsworth, Byron, and Lovelace. He makes the Skylark reply to Wordsworth, the soa to Byron, and Lucasta to Lovelace. It is impossible not to chuckle aloud over such peams as the HORRIBLE HISTORY OF JONES, SONGS OF EDUCATION, and the LOGICAL VEGETARIAN. He shows his deep religious spirit and his ardent devotion to Our Blessed Lady in the BALLAD OF THE WHITE KNIGHT. He was also master of the satire and employed it often and well; but it is always tinged with humour and kindliness and never stings, for he could not be Chesterton and be mean; he was too big a soul for that. The rise of satire in poetry is well illustrated in his SON OF THE WHEELS and in the SECRET PEOPLE.

His short stories are always delightful. In his TALES OF THE LONG BOW, he threads a series of short stories together, to make a fascinating whole. This book treats of incidents in the lives of a group of merry, human, levable men. Their separate adventures are so linked as to form a most entertaining narrative. These men of the "long bow" set out to attain the impossible; they attempt and succeed in disproving certain proverbs--How Colonel Crane fulfilled his vow to "eat his hat", Robin Owen Hoore succeeded in "setting the Thames on fire", Captain Pierce contrived a "flying pig" and Parson White adopted a "white elephant" will serve to keep me laughing for hours. Chesterton sprinkles romance through these stories and does so in an extremely original and humorous fashion, of course, there is a lesson implied and the way in which these men of the "long bow" upset an election campaign proves interesting reading, while at the same time, it makes fun of an English people and their present day customs.

Chesterton is also an adept at criticism. He began his literary career as a Book Reviewer from which early experience he went on to give the world extended and penetrating studies of Dickens, Browning, and George Bernard Shaw. Perhaps his best known book of literary criticism is his brilliant .VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE. In his philosophical works, he denounces materialism and Rationalism. In HERETICS he derides the modern errors which prey upon human minds. He issues a persuasive plea for the dignity of mankind in the EVERLASTING MAN, and ORTHODOXY is witty and eloquent in support of Christianity. In all his works he shows this Catholic sympathy, and with his advent into the Church, his work became more and more enriched. He has been one of the Church's staunchest defenders and promoters, and his writings are impregnated with Catholic doctrine. There is no doubt but that he was a great philosopher, and the marvelous trick of it is that one gets philosophy almost without knowing it. He gives one sidelights on Nominalism, Idealism, Pantheism, and Monism in such a manner that one would think that one was reading a really humorous passage and nothing else. His ORTHODOXY was the cause of Theodore Maynard's conversion. Father Knox said of him, "If every other line he ever wrote except THE EVERLASTING MAN were to disappear from circulation, Catholics would still owe him an imperishable debt of gratitude."

As a controversionalist, Chesterton was almost without equal, starting that work by attacking the Boer War (which public crists really brought him to the fore) pursuing it in England and in America, where he defeated Cosmo Hamilton in the famous debate on Divorce, and Clarence Darrow on the return

to religion. He could and often did send rapier thrusts at Shaw and at Wells. However, he was so gracious and hearty about it all, that the palm was his in every case.

He himself said "It is easier to write a good "Times" leading article than a good joke for 'Punch'". He has proved himself to be the exception to his own rule, for it must have been with gusts of rumbling laughter that he wrote his numerous novels. These are full of romance and the joy of living. He poked fun at almost everything, yet under all this lightness and fun, he was in dead earnest. He gives his own opinion fearlessly. The rollicking FLYING INN gives his opinion of Prohibition, and in THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY Chesterton gives us a picture of the so-called philosopher of the present who ridicules belief in the natural decency of man and of human nature. But beneath all his fun, there is always profound thought, and this deep and logical thought has resulted in the masterpiece ST. THOMAS AQUINAS and in the well loved ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

G. K. Chesterton's autobiography throws very little added light on the knowledge already existing about him. It is written in his usual humorous, rare style, but he was too humble a man to say much about himself. His death left a gap that will not easily be filled. In his panegyric Father Ronald Knox said --- "If posterity neglects him it will pass judgment not on him, but on itself. He will most certainly be remembered as a great and solitary figure in literature, - an artist in word and ideas with an astounding fecundity of imaginative vision. He will most certainly be remembered as a prophet. The most important thing about him, and that which he himself would admit as such was that he was a Catholic." Another tribute paid to him was that of Archbishop Kinsley, who stated "Mr. G. K. Chesterton had such a grasp on the central truths of the faith that he was ready to meet and defeat all adversaries from every guarter; such a sense of the higher spiritual values that he could safely take part in the world's affairs. No one can measure the good influence that good man exercised simply by acting his faith, and by reacting as a good Catholic should do to everything hostile to it".

A recent poem gives an excellent description of this "laughing philosopher of the twentieth century".

> "Wise clown of Christ, bane of the clownish wise; Huge, humble Knight; piercing into English oak Wind swollen dragons; thou whose laughter broke Obscene enchantment that had bound our eyes: Restorer of our reverence and surprise, At simple men and things, whose name God spoke, Speaking the Word Who donned our flesh's cloak, And made our bread and wine His sacrifice ! Now to the gate where end our wanderings 'Ere Mary lead thee to the throne of Grace, Grave Thomas and gay Francis hasten down; And, like a mist athwart the golden wings, Surely there smiles a little ghostly face, Surely thy hand is clasped by Father Brown !!

> > Lenore Pelham, 37

BLACK MAGIC

'It's devilish strange all right. Animals are queer off n'on. There was old Dusseldorf now---any of you know Duss? No--I thought not--before your time. Funny sort of cuss--with a big red face and hands like hams. But kind--he'd give you his teeth if he thought you needed 'em more'n he did.

One day I am standing at the bar and Duss comes in. The club is pretty empty then--and Duss and I are the only ones at the bar. Duss orders a whiskey -- straight -- which strikes me kindo' funny as Duss is a very light drinker. Well, sir, when he reaches out to take that cup I see his hand which is shaking so you can almost hear it rattle. I look at him sharp like and Isee right off he's lost something--and it isn't his step-mother. When a guy's down I naturally feel sorry for him--and unless appearance is mighty "deceiving Duss is down so far he can't get his chin over the curb-stone. So I say "Have one on me". He wasn't over enthusiastic at first -- but he warms up tolerably after a few drinks--and pretty soon he is crying on my shoulder -- so to speak.

"Duss", I say, "what's on your mind?" "Nothing", he says.

"Loosen up, Duss", I come back, "it'll do you good to get it off your chest."

Well he, thinks this over for a spell--and presently he comes around to seeing it my way. Now, boys, I'll tell you what he told me--and if it isn't the queerest darn thing you've ever heard I'll eat my shirt. It's true too --every work of it. Found out for sure from an old cronie of Duss, Joe Sterne.

It seems old Duss has a brother some place in Africa. They are like two peas in a pod, Duss and Ralph (Rapph, that's the brother's name) when they are youngsters. But when Ralph is older he goes off looking for excitement and winds up in Africa in some forsaken hole a million miles from nowhere.

It's from here he sends Duss the baby ape. Yes -- it's a funny thing to send a person. Maybe Ralph was a little "bye" in the head. Wouldn't be the first time Africa's driven a white man loco. Anyhow, this ape isn't the kind that gets uncommon big--three feet -- maybe a little more. Still and all, three feet of ape isn't the most comfortable thing to have tearing around one's home. Yes, me too --- or a cat. Duss said it is so darn human-face all screwed-up, like an old man. His wife is up in arms from the first though -- and Duss wouldn't keep it either, --- only his brother sent it to him. Must say I've yet to see the brother I'd put up with an ape for.

Well, right from the first this monkey goes for Duss---won't pay much attention to anyone else--but follows old Duss around like a dog. Acts like a kid--forever playing pranks on someone. Darn clever, too. Not one possibility for a good prank slips its notice. At first Duss scolds it -- but it looks so hurt and pitiful he hasn't the heart to scold it anymore. He figures it doesn't mean any harm--so what's the use. They call the ape "Ralph"--after Duss's brother.

"One day Duss is dozing on the sofa and he wakes suddenly to find the ape bending over him. He is seized with a cold fear, for he distinctly sees his brother's face in the monk's--just for a moment, but unmistakable! Then this accounts for the haunting familiarity there is about the monkey that so often strikes Duss. He is shaken no little bit. To have one's brother forevor before one's eyes in the form of an ape isn't exactly soothing--and now that Duss has made a clear connection between the monk's familiarity, and his brother, Ralph, this is just what happens. It isn't long before old Duss is feeling queer about the whole thing; he wants to get rid of the ape but something holds him back--something he can't just put his finger on--but none the less real for that. He thinks maybe he should see a doctor----his mind--but he pushes this thought aside.

It happens soon after that. Duss is reading his paper when he hears a scream and a sound like someone falling. He rushes into the hall. His wife is lying at the foot of the stairs----dead----her neck is broken. Then he sees the monkey up on the landing with the mat in its hands. 'The mat', his brain cries-and understanding rushes over him, understanding and with it, blind rage. He goes mad--rearing, raving mad. He is up those stairs like seven devils are after him. He grabs a chair and let's the monk have it on the head-under his crazed strength its skull smashes like an egg-shell. The monk has played its last prank.

Two hours later the cable gram came from Africa. Duss's brother was dead. He died mysteriously about nine o'clock----at precisely the same time Duss had killed the ape.

Black magic--the cable explained trouble with the natives some time back. Over a woman, I think. They're mighty fussy about their women, these natives. A nyway, that was the only explanation there seemed to be--he'd been in perfect health (barring he was a mite queer off n'on since this native mixup) to the minute of the time he'd dropped dead.

Poor Duss--heard he got queer later. Somehow connected his brother's death with the ape's death--went around saying he killed his brother--but-didn't they see--he had to kill his brother because his brother had killed his wife. Yes, there's something funny about it,----weird, I call it. Often wonder what become of poor old Duss."

Irma Charman

Since the dawn of civilization there have been those who have dreamed of establishing an ideal state on earth, where men and women might live free from the social difficulties that beset ordinary mortals. So dreamed Plato in his "Republic" and St. Thomas More in his "Utopia."

In a previous article I spoke of the dreams of these and many others; dreams which remained dreams. Also I spoke of the attempts in our modern times to make an ideal world. Here, however I wish to tell of a dreamer who set out to build his Utopia amidst the fair guilds of Nova Scotia. Today there is nothing to remind the visitor of the effort to make a dream come true, save the habitation the dreamer built, while in the offing can be heard the clanging of a great coal mining industry and the rumble of the iron horse as it speeds on its way with the freight of field, forest, mine and factory, to the far ends of the earth.

Not many miles from the town of Maccon through which the trains of the Canadian National Railway pass on their way from Montreal to Halifax, and Sydney, is the site of an Old Indian Settlement which to the aborigines was known as "Menaudie" meaning "bagfull" or "plenty". The Acadians still retained the form of the name but spelled it "Menoudie" which has become "Minudie". Now the Acadians dyked the lands and tilled the fertile fields. In front lay the beautiful basin of Chignecto while in the background was the virgin forest. For one hundred and fifty years they tilled their lands in semi-isolation and lived happily. The days passed with only distant echoes of the struggle taking place for the mastery of a continent between two races. When urged by their compatriots to join in the conflict they refused, being content to till their lands in peace. But such was not to be.

One day in the year 1742 there set out from Quebec a small armed force under Coulon de Villiers on a daring exploit the consequence of which was to be fatal to the peaceful inhabitants of Minudie as well as for the New England troops who were quartered at Grand Pre in Nova Scotia, under Colonel Noble. When the French attacked, these troops were cut down almost to a man without warning.

Since the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, France had hoped to win Acadia back, but in 1749 the city of Halifax was founded by the English to strengthen their hold in Nova Scotia. The Acadians found themselves between contending forces. Things went from bad to worse and culminated in a force from New England capturing Fort Beausejour in 1755. The Acadians at Minudie were gathered in : along with their compatriots and deported; the settlement came to an end, but was later renewed when some of the exiles returned.

About this time there lived in Boston a poet and dreamer who coupled with his poetry and dreaming a shrewdness in business affairs. His name was Amos Seaman. In the vicinity of Minudie are ledges from which he quarried grindstones and from his trading between Boston and the West Indies he had acquired a fortune. Seaman occupied a mansion in Boston known as "The Boston House", but his heart was in Minudie which he had acquired by purchase from the military officer to whom it had been granted. He had a monopoly of the stone trade of

OF THE NEW WORLD

America and had established a large store in Minudie. He became known as King Seaman and here it was that he attempted to build his dream state. He built a house which to him was "home". He spent lavishly of the wealth he had acquired in trading ventures to make life ideal among the villagers of his beloved Minudie.

With his passing in 1866 the village began to fall on evil days. The support of the benefactor was gone. Since then the village has dwindled till now all that is left to recall the dreamer and his dream is "The Homestead" that he built and the recollections of some of the older generation who are passing.

This was not the sole Utopia of Nova Scotia. There was the "New Jerusalem" founded by Alexander McNutt in 1764 on an island at the entrance to Shelburne Harbor on the South shore of Nova Scotia and which is still known as McNutt's Island. Here too, the ideal life was to be lived but the scheme failed and McNutt's followers, like the children of the capitivity, sat down by the waters of Shelburne Harbor and wept for a lost cause.

One is reminded of the early settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. It also started out of an ideal state but fell away from its first conceptions. Over two hundred of the descendants of these pilgrims sailed away in 1759 to Liverpool on the South Shore of Nova Scotia, to start life anew. Many of their descendants are still to be found there and in adjacent towns and villages.

Genevieve Mac Mahon '39

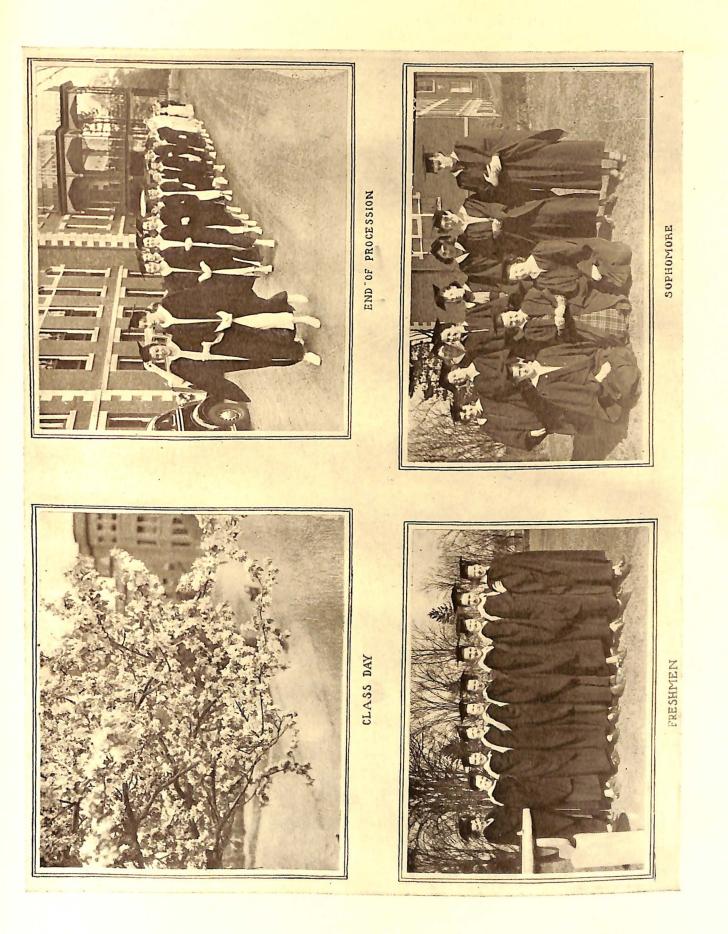
THE DIRGE

I am misunderstood by all -- I will go out on the campus and grass. I will speak with the birdlets and flowerlets---They understand How I am heckled and belittled where 'er I turn. I will run away -- if only it were winter Then I could freeze-A stony corpse--ah, hah--Then they would sorrow They'd say-" poor girl- we drove her to it. She was misunderstood." Ah sad cruel world! Ah life? Ah me ! Ah it! When we do part I will not shed one drop of moisture from my een. For I have been misunderstood. What if I haven't know my lesson for a week-? Ain't it spring?

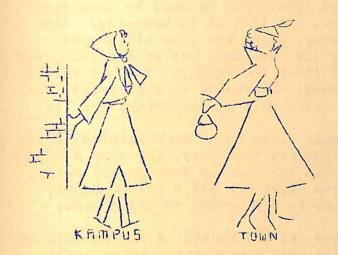
Irma Charman

The photographs of the graduates in this book were done by Mr. Jack Dodge; those of the college by Mr. C.H. Climo.

In the Art work the designs were done by Miss Geraldine Meagher, and the sketches by Miss Irma Charman.



HOW WELL DO YOU DRESS ?



Well-dressed people go far in this world of ours. We young people are apt to form our first judgments of people from their clothes and it takes us some time to discover the right girl in the wrong clothes: so it might not be amiss to discuss this all important (as it seems to us) subject of dressing well. Who said "Dress is the table of your contents" ?

The underlying principle in being well-dressed is suitability as to place, time, type, and age. It is never well to be first in fashion or the last one out of it. Next, we must dress within our incomes, and today, it is not difficult to dress well at a low cost. Very probably we may not be able to purchase an original model, but a good quality of an inexpensive thing does nicely. A French man has said: "The perfection of dress is in the union of three requisites -- in its being comfortable, cheap, and tasteful." With these points in mind we may go forward and purchase our wardrobe. Being college students, we shall be wanting simple, practical, and becoming clothes which are suitable for our life. We shall also want non-crushable good materials, mot easily soiled because we don't have much time to press and clean in college and those shrinkable allowances don't often stretch to cleaner's bills. So sport clothes are the most appropriate to buy for daily use because they may be of the gayest colors but severely plain in design. Knitted clothes are easy to take care of, need no pressing, and may be purchased at reasonably low prices in a variety of colors. Along with good woolen skirts and jackets and a variety of sweaters in their glorious colors, we are provided with adequate costumes for campus wear.

With plain clothes, we need plain, sensible shoes--heavybrogues, nicely trimmed oxfords or elkskin moccasins -- just as we like, but never high-heeled pumps or sandals. When we are purchasing shoes we should buy good ones because they give better service and better support.

When we go out of doors we'll need a jacket or a sport coat and a gay woolen scarf to tie over our head as well as brightly colored mittens or wellstitched pigskin gloves. Incidentally, the dirtier the pigskins the smarter they are on the campus.

EVENING [VERY RARE SPECIMEN] SUNDAY

Of course, when Saturday afternoon rolls around we must betake ourselves to town. Then comes the problem --- we are going to be in town and Emily Post requires that we dress just so. Very well, never let it be said that we didn't wear correct clothes in town. According to our taste, we may like the so-called "dress-maker" type of clothes or the tailored type. But we must be sure that the coat is well-cut, in good style and color, and that it is becoming. Then a lady never goes to town without a hat. Today, there are some odd -shaped pieces of cloth and felt which we dignify by the name, hat; but we are young and like them, despite disparaging remarks about their inadequacy. The hat should really cover the head and be becoming, at least. It should be appropriate for

Our shoes should be in good condition and, since we do much walking in the city, they should be of sensible cut, of a conservative color, and have a medium heel. The gloves and bag should finish off the costume and perhaps add color contrast to the outfit. Small people, of whom there are not a few among us, should never carry large bags but rather those in proportion to their size.

the style of the coat, and either the exact color or a good contrast for it.

Sunday is our regular "dress up" day, here at the Mount. A simple silk or woollen dress is the vogue. Ornaments are few, yet appropriate, and we don't tire so quickly of our simple dresses. A black or dark blue crepe or taffeta dress, classically simple in design, makes an ideal foundation dress. A variety of pretty collars and different colored jackets make several dresses from one. It is always wise to choose an effective costume but not one which will become too easily recognised either for its vivid color or striking style if it must be worn often.

Of course, dainty dresses need dainty shoes but it is not wise to have very high heels, nor too-low cut shoes especially at the Mount because of long flights of stairs and very slippery floors. We can look nice without ruining our feet--or our dispositions.

Just as I was pondering on a suitable ending and some final advice, my eye caught the title, "A Book of Useful Quotations." I wondered if there might not be something on dress and sure enough found two pages. I really must share some of them with you.

Ben Jonson says: "Out of clothes, out of countenance; out of countenance, out of wit."

And Ben Franklin reminds us to "Eat to please thyself but dress to please others."

While Addison wrote, "Had Cicero pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress than admired his eloquence, "

"The only medicine which does women more good than harm, is dress--"--Richter

You see, we are not the only ones who consider it all important to dress well.

Margaret McDonough, '39.

Galsworthy's treatment of Social Justice Through the Medium of the 1) rama

During the first quarter of the twentieth century, the drama in England has been largely dominated by three men -- Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy. Of the three, Galsworthy has perhaps stuck the closest to the traditional forms already current in the theatre; yet with them, he has, in his own way, produced something which is distinctive. For the most part his plays concern themselves with social problems, some of the day, and some of all time; yet he does not grind his axe with either the blatant didacticism of Mr. Shaw, or the subtle satire of such plays as Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and "The Admirable Crichton." Roughly the social problems with which Galsworthy deals are: (1) The administration of justice by the courts of law. (2) Class and caste relationships in society. (3) The maladjustment of certain individuals and types to the

- general laws of society.

To outward appearances Galsworthy presents the facts of a case in a simple, straightforward style, without effort or conscious striving toward a conclusion. He has a certain quiet, easy mastery, and naturalness of expression, which have the effect of heightening the impression made on his audience, and at the same time of conveying a sense of the author's absolute impartiality. He deliberately attempts to take the far view of the social situations which he presents, to make the audience the jury, and himself the cold, matter-of-fact surveyor of things as they are -- the judge, as it were. Actually, however, when his plays become more familiar, it seems to me that it is because he cannot see the issue itself clearly, that his attention focuses on the details which surround the issue. You begin to sense that far from being the cold impartial surveyor of facts, he is pulled both ways by his sympathies, until his approach to a problem is so befogged by sentiment that he could not, if he would, take up the cudgels for either side of the question. The most he can do is to present the conflicting elements of a question which he himself cannot answer. By this I do not mean that his plays are marred by sloppy sentimentality; as was said before, they are outwardly rather cold, precise. Galsworthy's good taste and literary ability prevent any display of cheap melodrama; it is the attempt to avoid just that which forces Galsworthy to the opposite extreme of presentation -- an apparent impartiality and aloofness. In any case, it makes no very great difference to his work as a dramatist whether or not he can solve the social situations with which he deals. He is, after all, a writer, not a social worker, and the business of the artist is to present things as he sees them. In some cases, however, his own uncertainty reflects and leaves a blurred impression on the mind of the audience; this seems to be the case in such plays as "The Pigeon," "Windows," and a few other of Galsworthy's works. Here even the art of the dramatist has been to some extent marred by the doubt in the author's mind, and by his sentimental approach to the question.

Of the three main problems with which Galsworthy deals, the first I am going to study is that of the administration of justice in the courts of law. Galsworthy himself was a lawyer, and some mention of the law or lawyers occurs in almost all of his plays. Ashley Dukes says that no dramatist can give a

more faithful impression of a magistrate's court or of a lawyer's office than Galsworthy. In some plays, however, the mention of the law is merely incidental. In others the question of the proper administration of the law becomes a major problem. Such plays are "The Silver Box," "Justice," "Escape," and "The Show."

"The Silver Box," for example, deals with the unequal struggle for justice of the poor, and the wealthy middle class. Jack, the son of a member of Parliament, and Jones, one of the unemployed, have, while drunk, done the same thing. Jack's father pays for his wrong-doing; Jones, having no one to pay for him, has to do so himself -- and it is the law which forces that payment. Looking at it from a reasonable point of view, there is undoubtedly an inequality in the treatment of the two cases. Galsworthy sees it and is forced to admit it. He depicts Jack as a weakling, "a nuisance to society," his father as a well-meaning but conventionally cautious and self-seeking member of the middle class, and the law as a rather stupidly blundering bit of machinery. On the other hand. Galsworthy himself belonged to the same upper middle class. and his sympathies and loyalties were instinctively with it. He was a lawyer. and though he liked his profession little, his loyalties were nevertheless bound up with it. Consequently, sympathy pulling against sympathy prevents the presentation of a clear issue, and he builds up a case also for his own class. and his own profession. Jones is displayed as a sullen loafer. Jack's father is placed in such a position that he will innocently suffer more than the offenders if he lets justice take its course, and his self-seeking is tacitly defended. The audience is led to sympathize with him to the extent that they blame him little for his action. In the same way the law, though represented as blundering stupidly, is shown to do so, not because of corruption, but because circumstances conspire to hide the truth. Those who control are pictured as victims of social forces as much as the more obvious sufferers.

Likewise, in "Justice" we are shown the mischief and miscarriage of justice which can be brought about by the machine of the law once it is set in motion--mischief done despite good intentions, mischief which might be prevented by a little initial sympathetic understanding. On the one hand Falder is represented as downtrodden, crushed in the wheels of the law. No matter what he does it turns against him, an inescapable net of misfortune seems to close in and tangle him inextricably in its web. On the other hand, he is not by any means the prototype of downtrodden virtue. He steals from his employers in order to go away with a married woman. He covers his theft in such a way that suspicion will most probably fall on an absent clerk. He forges references in order to obtain a job, and then runs away because he is afraid. In fact, he is represented as a decided weakling. On the other hand, the administrators of the law are not by any means ogres in human form. They are simply doing their duty, blunderingly perhaps, but to the best of their ability. The judge conscientiously tries to see the case in the right light, and to deal out justice both to the prisoner, and to the society whose rights he must guard. In the same way the prison officials are not shown as heartless monsters. but as men carrying out as well as they can a difficult task. As in "The Silver Box" three fairly defined character types emerge:

- (1) Those of the upper class who feel that the law should be allowed to take its course without reference to the particular circumstances surrounding the individual case.
- (2) Those whose sympathy is almost entirely with the victim, and who would wish the law almost entirely changed by individual circumstances.

where the right lay.

The second general problem with which Galsworthy deals through his plays is that of class and caste relationships in society. Like references to the law, it crops up continually throughout all of his works, but in some plays more than in others, the action centres about this question as a focal point. Such plays are "Strife," "Loyalties," "The Skin Game", "The Eldest Son," and "The Foundations." Of these plays, the one which is, perhaps, most typical of Galsworthy's treatment is "Loyalties." As "Strife" presents an economic conflict, so "Loyalties" presents a social conflict. An English officer and gentleman has stolen money from a well-to-do Jew, and the Jew, who has had to bear with snobbish treatment at his hands, exposes him. All the characters who come in contact with the case judge it, and take sides in the condemning or upholding of Dancy or DeLevis, according as they are led by loyalty to the tradition of their class. Winsor is true to his ideal of hospitality, and condemns DeLevis for making a scene while a guest at another's house. He is true to his class and race, and would like to shield Dancy even after he feels that he is guilty. Canynge is loyal to the traditions of the British Army, and would defend a fellow officer; consequently, he keeps back a fact which, in justice to DeLevis, he should tell. Mabel is loyal to her husband, even when she knows him guilty. Dancy is true to his spirit of bravado -- even to the death of a suicide. DeLevis is loyal to his race -- though that loyalty may interfere with his social ambitions. So, too, with the minor charactersthe clubmen are true to their club spirit; the lawyer, to his profession; the lawyer's clerk, to his employer. Looking at the question from a reasonable point of view, the Jew, DeLevis, is undoubtedly the one who has been wronged, and he is certainly justified in demanding retribution. If the problem were simply one of stolen money, the case would be different. It is not, however, the financial loss which he resents; if that were all he would probably have let it pass for Mrs. Dancy's sake. His own actions throughout show that he is far from the conventionally-conceived Shylock. It is rather against the stupid prejudice by which his race is persecuted that he is fighting. Dancy, on the other hand, has little to his credit. About the only decent thing about him seems to have been his love for his wife, and, to a certain extent, his physical courage. He made DeLevis suffer under a good deal of uncalled or snobbery, and there seems to be no reason why he should be shielded when punishment is his desert. As a matter of fact, except for Mabel, those who rally to his assistance do not do so for the individual. Their loyalty is rather to a member of their own class, a fellow officer in the army, a fellow guest, and a fellow club-man. Though the whole play gives one of the most clearly typical examples of Galsworthy's approach to a problem, nevertheless the author depicts Dancy more sympathetically than was his due, because he himself was bound by a loyalty to the class to which Dancy belonged, as well as by a loyalty to the ideal of fair-dealing and justice. The same three types of character are to be found here as in the other plays previously mentioned; here, too, is found the conflict of sympathies, and the outcome which raises a question.

(3) Those who see both sides of the question, whose loyalties pull one way, and whose sympathies pull the other. It seems to me that Galsworthy himself belongs to the third class. By training and instinctive loyalty he was in favor of enforcing the law: by a certain understanding of and sympathy for the under-dog, he was in favor of extending forgiveness and leniency to the victim. Like Cokeson, in the play, he could not decide even for himself

As a rule Galsworthy was more successful in the presentation of big general problems on the stage, than of those concerned mainly with particular cases. Nevertheless, in such plays as "The Fugitive," "The Mob", "A Bit O' Love", and to some extent, in "The Pigeon", and "Windows", he does attempt to deal with the maladjustment of certain individuals or types to the general laws of the country, or the codes of society. In studying this last phase of Galsworthy's treatment of social problems, I am going to take as an example "The Mob".

This is the tragedy of a man who tried to preach his ideals to the world at a time when society was most inimical to his doctrines. A great man is sacrificed because a mob is swayed by war-time prejudice. Yet the mob spirit is not wholly condemned; many individuals who make up that mob were bound by lovalties which seem to justify their animosity toward a man who was not able to adjust his ideals to the mood of a crowd. Again, there are not missing those whose sympathies are now with one side, now with the other.

Looking back over Galsworthy's dramas, a certain general sameness can be detected in all of the plays, regardless of the division to which they belong. First to be noted is the similar approach of the author to all of the problems which he presents. In almost every case that approach is ruled by sentiment rather than by reason. In some cases, for example in "The Fugitive", the sentiment becomes sentimentality. From this general sentimental approach follow certain similarities of presentation. First of all, there is seldom any decisive positive moral to be drawn; a problem is set but not answered. There is "a spire of meaning", or at least a centre of study, but it seems to me that the dramatist hardly ever succeeds in so posing his group as "to bring the moral poignantly to the light of day": at least if "moral" is used in the sense of "lesson to be taught". There is too equal a balance between what is said for and against both parties in the conflict. Looking at it from another angle, however, I suppose the author does paint a negative moral in most of his plays. He does not clearly indicate any positive lesson, but it must be admitted that he does show pretty decidedly that the present order of things is not right.

Besides these points, there are still more definite similarities, of construction, which follow from Galsworthy's general approach.

- (1) There are usually presented two groups whose interests oppose each other politically, economically, or socially, and for each of which much both of good and ill can be said.
- (2) There are those characters whose support and loyalty are almost entirely given to the group in control.
- (3) There are those whose loyalty and sympathy are with the under-dog.
- (4) There are those who are both ways, and are pulled now this way, now that by sympathy.

By means of these characters, Galsworthy sets forth the situation, but being himself most like the people in the last mentioned group, he proposes no satisfactory solution of it.

Margaret Cummings, B.A.

THE ART OF MODERN STRIKING

As you, dear reader, will undoubtedly admit, there is about the manner of "striking" to-day extensive high-powered mental ability coupled with the spice of variety. Is it not through strikes our temperamental "labourer" finds an Outlet for harassed feelings, and a mode of expression for ingenious originality? No doubt it is. Is it not through strikes our temperamental labourer makes known his great mind? No doubt it is.

The striker of today is as far removed from the first striker (poor simple creature that he was) as the toothpick from the elephant. Those sad old days when strikers merely went on "strike"--nothing more--(yes, it it's true--I have proof) I hesitate to think of it -- for when I do tears rise in my eyes, run over. course down my checks, and crash on the floor! No sitting-down, no standing-up, no eating-in, --- ah, how futile!

But today, glorious day of enlightment, do strikers merely "strike"? Perish the thought! Striking is today an art--bespeaking genius-clever, intricate. The buggy-age striker is no more--and well it is! For what did he do when he "struck"? I'll tell you: he went home, laid down his tools and went home; or better still, simply stayed at his place of work. Ridiculuous, isn't it? Why (I ask myself) why, when he went home, did he go home? I am deeply grieved --I cannot answer this question -- it haunts me! After all he only lived there. A nd again, why (when he stayed at his place of work) did he just "stay"? Silly of him, eh, what? Why didn't he "sit-down" or "lie-down" or something? Much more effective.

Do strikers go home to-day? Never! Do strikers just "stay" today? Never! They sit-down, they lie-down, they recline, they stay-in, eat-in, stand on their heads, stand on one another --- but never do they just "strike" ---- just "go home"!

All around us new and unique striking methods are blooming. I fear their beauty and depth of feeling are little appreciated by the majority of our citizens. For proper appreciation one must have the soul of the poet. However. the soul of the poet not being for sale, here arises a problem. To meet this problem I have prepared a little booklet -- "The Art of Modern Striking" This booklet is easily attainable (just write me) and even the striker will find my booklet a handy manual. For in it I have suggested many strikers' methods-so far undiscovered and beautiful poetic things they are, too.

I shall here list a few of these priceless gems:-1. Wailing Strike--Strikers keep up continual wail--very eerie in the evening. 2. Laughing Strike: - Chuckle and gaffaw and other sounds of mirth continually

emitted by striker. 3. Rabbit-Strike:-Striker hops about on all fours, refusing to eat anything but lettuce.

4. Invalid-Strike:-Striker pretends sickness--lies down and dies. This latter type of "striking" (found to be very effective on all occasions) is strongly recommended. Let my last words be a tribute to the practical common sense and effectiveness everywhere evident in this great movement. Don't they look "toocute" in the newspapers. The strikers, I mean--not my last words. Irma Charman

A WONDERFUL CHANGE (continued from page 72). Underneath the sink is a shelf which holds boxes of scouring scap and powders. These are some of the advantages that the new kitchen has over the old and are due to the findings of the chemist. Washday is made easier for the housekeeper in the modern home; for now another device has been added, the electric iron. How much better the clothes will look today than they did a hundred years ago when they were pressed by being drawn back and forth over the back of a chair. Of course, the clothes are different; that material that looks and feels like silk is only cotton that had been treated by a preparation made by the chemist, and has been colored with dyes made by the chemist.

Many factors have worked together to bring about this wonderful change since the days of our ancestors. Of all the factors, there is none so important as the science of chemistry. Chemistry is the science of materials. First it deals with materials as they are found in the natural state. In the second place, it makes synthetic products which have no counterpart in nature whatever. The Chemist's commandment is, "Thou shalt not waste."

Agnes O'Donnell "39

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THE ISLES OF BERMUDA ------

The discovery of Bermuda is attributed to one Juan de Bermudez in the year 1511; but its real history did not begin until about 1609, when the "Sea Venture", commanded by Admiral Sir George Somers, was wrecked on its shores. He later built ships of the native cedar and sailed to Virginia only to return a short time afterwards. At the death of Sir George, his heart was buried in a little town which now bears his name.

Bermuda, as everyone knows, is of volcanic origin, but was later built up with the skeletons of billions of little coral insects, "this gives it its limestone surface. It is not a part of the West Indies, being nine hundred miles distant and semitropical. Though it is only twenty-five miles long and two miles wide, it has a hundred miles of beautiful coral roads which make cycling the best in the world. Autos are prohibited by law. The water, which shades from turquise blue to the deepest purple, defies the brush of every artist, and it is so clear that objects can be seen from about twenty-five to thirty feet below the surface. The temperature in the summer rises no higher than eighty degrees, and in winter averages about sixty-five degrees, making the climate ideal for the hard-working business man.

The houses are built of coral rock hewn from the earth, thus providing both the cellar and the material. The only drinking water is rain water, which, falling upon the metallic roofs, filters, becomes pure and clear as a crystal, and finally makes its way to the tanks of the various houses. Plenty of rain is a very real necessity in Bermuda. The soil is only two to twenty inches deep, yot luxuriant vegetation abides there. Onions, potatoes, celery, parsley, lettuce and bananas are grown in abundance. The flowers, some of which are blooming all the year around are the eleander, which grows twenty feet or more high, the lily, hibiscus, poinsettia, and the rose. The cedar tree is most abundant, but the roads are fringed with the royal poinciana, pride of India, date and royal palms.

Bermuda has ton golf courses; one of them said to be the finest in the world. Hamilton, the capital city, is situated in the centre of the Island, and contains the finest hotels, a beautiful cathedral, and all the important buildings and shops, where one may purchase corals, amber, perfumes, etc., for prices much lower than those in the States.

One drives through the streets of Hamilton behind high stepping horses, whilst a negro coachman, sitting erect on a high box seat, holds 'the reins well in hand. Little negro children with their somewhat flat noses play about the streets or as on a Sunday, crowd in the Parks and enjoy themselves to their full extent. Now and then one hears a negro mother calling her little Bamboula to help put the baby to bed. Then next you will hear a decided wail issuing from the house, and it will be "mama" singing (?) baby to sleep. AND THAT SINGING!

This is not a picture of the "Gay Ninoties" but a description of Bermuda as it is today and always will be. Just picture yourself on an Island where there are no automobiles to be dodg**bd**; every minute, but where there **are_quiet** and peaceful "goings on", people sailing to and fro on bicycles, and just the click of the horses hoofs as they go tretting along the highways. Nobody hurries in Bermuda. No indeed! Everyday is just another day to them. Why should one hurry when the Oleander and the Cedar tree offer. such a cradle of rest under their spreading branches? Even the old hen cackles and takes its time as it strolls through the grass searching for its "gouter" as it were.

Now I want to convey to you a few of the Don'ts of Bermuda.

DON'T look for languorous lagoons, endless sandy beaches and waving palm tress at every turn. Bermuda is only semitropical.

Don't lie on the beach in the sun for a long time. Bermuda's summer sun is very hot.

Don't ride your bicycle on the right side of the road. Go to the left. If you go right, you go wrong.

From this mere description which I have given you of Bermuda, I hope I have tompted you to pay a visit sometime and enjoy the beauty of the Island for yourself.

Doris Nicholl

IHE "DORM" WAR _____ 🚯 _____

During these days of unrest, one more war does not startle the public to a very great extent; but when they find that the war is raging behind convent walls, people begin to sit up and take notice. The "Dorm War" has been binco September and the many famous battles that have been fought will go down in the girls' minds as history never to be forgotten. The battle ground for this war is St. Stanislaus Dormitory.

In this war, strange to say, there are not two sides to scheme and plot against each other because each of the eleven members has to fight against the other ten members in order to survive. The tactics employed by the fighters are almost as drastic -- at least we think so -- as those employed by the participants in other famous wars. For instance, when the rising bell rings on a Wednesday morning and you find that a very necessary piece of your clothing has been purloined and that you are in danger of missing your breakfast, the methods seem very harsh indeed.

There are certain well-defined periods during which the war is on or off. After a lull during the morning's repast, everybody rushes to the dorm to renew the hostilities of the preceding night. Pillows and words fly, only to stop abruptly at the entrance of the Inspector of Alcoves. Inspection over, everybody is absorbed in making the necessary adjustments and there is a time of truce as the combatants scatter to their charges.

Classes take up the hours until noon. However, the war is not resumed until after dinner because the soldiers cannot fight without nourishment and, as wishes sometimes come true, this short time is devoted to wishing for what we would like for dinner. When the bell rings all the dorm occupants rush down the stairs in a manner resembling "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (high heels, not horses make the noise).

After dinner everybody appears to be in a very pleasant frame of mind (due to the fact that wishes do come true) and a very enjoyable half-hour is spent knitting, reading letters for the fifth time, etc. Wery often a tall soldier gives a demonstration of the "duck-walk", the "kangaroo hop", the "caterpillar crawl", and many others, which sends the group into gales of laughter and makes everybody wish they had the next period or the afternoon off. The bell rings and everybody hurries to classes. When they're over the college goes to the village -- for a walk. Peace prevails for the nonce.

Supper fills everybody with apple-sauce - and other delicacies, giving them strength to carry on the strife for more air during the coming hours of rest. As usual nobody can agree, or rather they cannot convince one of the members that she will not freeze if another window is opened. Many precious half-hours are wasted in this manner every night and sad to relate the lone member has not been convinced yet.

It is not an unknown occurrence to come into your alcove and find it recking of perfume and your precious "Diana May" missing. Perhaps it was a perfume bug that visited the alcove; they are in style now. Such things just have to be tolerated. (concluded on p. 119)

BACK IN THE MIDDLE AGES

In a letter to the editor of a well-known Catholic magazine last October, a hostile correspondent wrote: "I like to read your paper, just to see how things were back in the twelfth century --- or would have been at that time."

It seems too bad that the writer has not a better idea of how things were "back in the twelfth century". If certain "things" were now a little more as they were at the end of the twelfth century there might be some hope for the world. For, as a matter of fact, the twelfth century saw the beginning of the highest development of European ideas in art, literature, thought, and government.

The thirteenth century marks the flowering of the Middle Ages with its great rulers, great teachers, great poets, and great thinkers. It can be called the century of all these things for it was not merely an age of industry, or an age of art; it stands not for one thing only but was great in all things. Oncof the things that marks the thirteenth century is the harmony of this time.

If it is the intellectual development of an age that really makes it truly great, the thirteenth century did more toward establishing schools for the training of the human mind than any other century. Not only did it establish schools, but the schools established have maintained their effectiveness down the centuries and are flourishing at the present day. With all the advances in modern education we have not found it necessary or advisable to change the essentials of education.

The schools were of two kinds: those for the preparatory and secondary education and those schools where a degree could be obtained; the latter schools being what we know as colleges today and the former what we know as academies. The students of these schools were usually of the upper class. as the wealthy did not have to earn their living and were more interested in war than in education. At the more important universities such as Paris. Oxford, and Bologna the humber of students registered was in the thousands: in fact at Paris it was between twenty and thirty thousand students toward the end of the thirteenth century. The students of those days must have been most eager and willing to learn, for they usually slept in barns with hay for a matress and ate the scantiest of meals. One can not help comparing their lodging with the luxurious dormitories and the fraternity houses of the present.

Universities pride themselves on the number of volumes written by their professors. This is no more true today than it was in the thirteenth century for Saint Thomas had twenty or more volumes which were of great importance and Duns Scotus also had a very extensive list of works.

The most significant chapter in the history of the thirteenth century however is to be found in its architecture. This century developed its own ideas in building and applied them so well that no structural problem was left unsolved and not a feature of ornament left unsuggested. The great center for this Gothic architecture was in the North of France but it spread into every country of Europe and it developed very rapidly and with great effectiveness. The greatest art was displayed in the Cathedrals. It has been said that if a

man were to devote all his lifetime to the study of one of the great structures of the thirteenth century--assuming it to be complete in all its arrangement-it is questionable whether he would master all its details.

Gothic architecture, of this period, was essentially French but none of the other countries slavishly followed the French models. English Gothic is quite distinct from the French, and while it has its defects it also has a beauty all its own and a simplicity and grandeur well suited to the more rugged character of the people among whom it developed. Italian Gothic has fewer merits than any of the other forms of art developed by this nation. In Italy, where there is bright sunlight, there was less need for window space for which Gothic was invented. German Gothic posessed less refinement than any of the others, yet it is not lacking in a certain straightforward strength and simplicity. Spanish Gothic is massive and extravagant and while it is not esthetically beautiful it is more romantic than the French.

The improvements introduced into architecture by the thirteenth century were practical and were never suggested for the sake of merely adding ornamentation. At the beginning of the Century, delicate shafts of highly polished marble had been used freely, but as these were mainly ornamental in character, they were gradually eliminated. The men of the thirteenth century built effectively, making every point count in the building: itself, securing ornamental effect out of actual structure such as no other set of architects have been able to surpass and probably only the Greek architects of the Periclean period ever equaled. This is the acme of architectural success and it is for this reason that succeeding generations have gone back lovingly to study the work of this period.

Experts in stained glass say that the windows of this period are not only more artistic but also more solidly put together than in any other. Glass of this age was magnificent. The "storied windows" presented legends of saints as well as passages from the Bible. These pictures were literally sermons in glass.

One of the most interesting social benefits of the century was the development of arts and crafts. Instead of becoming mere machines as a result of monotonous occupation, workmen took intense pride in their work. Beauty and usefulness were combined, for they learned to make beautiful things for the use of the household as well as for the adornment of the house. Thus was created a new interest in life for people who found their principal pleasure in their work. There were guilds of stone workers, netal workers, tailors, bakers, etc. Each guild banded together to aid its members. The guilds were taught how to perfect their work and how to do new things. They were also beneficial to the members that were sick; for all other members contributed to their support until they recovered or died. The guilds also had certain rules which aided them morally, such as attending church on Sunday and abstaining from servile works. The labor unions of today could learn much from the crafts and guilds of the thirteenth century.

Of the many great men of this period none typifies the power of human intellect better than St. Thomas Aquinas whose real greatness can be seen from the fast that Pope Leo XIII in a papal bull, insisted that St. Thomas be the standard of teaching for philosophy and theology in Catholic institutions throughout the world.

St. Louis may be regarded as the greatest of rulers. There is not one phase

of his life which was not distinguished nor any part of his career which is not worthy of study as an example of what can be done by a simple earnest man to make life happier and richer for all those who come in contact with him. As a son and a father he was a gracious model. As monarch of France for over onehalf century he stood head and shoulders over the rulers of his day. That he regarded his duty to Christendom as greater than his duty to France is shown by the fact that he spent much of the wealth of his kingdom and finally gave his very life to halt the advance of the Turkish power in Europe.

Dante, the immortal poet, also belongs to the thirteenth century. His Divine Comedy is one of the greatest things in history. It is not only a magnificent poem but marks the beginnings of a literature in the vernacular, the first flowering of a national literature. It stands with the Iliad and with Shakespeare's plays, as an immortal achievement.

The Parliament of England today which is really the most stable one in the world, has the thirteenth century to thank for its beginnings. The famous Magna Charta which enunciates "the rights of Englishmen" is but the prelude to the English parliamentary system, which gave to the people a part in their own government. Thus was developed that type of representative government which in England and in America is the basis of true democracy.

So it is evident that some of the most precious things in the world of education, art, labor, intellect. literature and government, had their beginnings "back in the Middle Ages". Truly the Thirteenth Century was rich in all that is signified by the words <u>intellect</u> and <u>culture</u>.

THE NEWLY-WEDS

These couples starting out in Spring Have not a penny; They're pioneers, → and as for cash, They haven't any.

They're going to build, - oh, yes, But isn't it funny? They never take a single thought About the money.

There'll soon be extra mouths to feed, But that's all one: There's lots of work to do meanwhile, And isn't it fun?

They're up at dawn, the whole world's new, And breakfast's bliss when set for two: Worries belong to human folk But to the birds life's just a joke.

Loretta E Brady, 137.

SEATTLE. THE QUEEN CITY OF THE NORTHWEST

"My heart's in the highlands. My heart is not here."

My heart is in the Westland, my home, the city of Seattle. This city, the largest of the Pacific Northwest, is situated on the east shore of Puget Sound 125 miles inland from the Canadian boundary on the north. It occupies a beautiful site, with Puget Sound and the snow-capped Olympics on the west. Lake Washington and the Cascades on the east and Mt. Rainier on the south. Lake Washington is connected with Puget Sound by a ship canal over eight miles long. The canal passes through Lake Union and connects with the Sound by means of one of the largest locks in the world, made necessary by the difference in levels between the bodies of salt and fresh water.

The site of Seattle was undoubtedly once well known to the Indians and it is said it is named after a young Siwash Indian brave, Chief Seattle. The first white settlement was made at Alki Point in 1852 by Denny. This point which they called N. Y. Alki, the latter word meaning in Siwash "By and by", is now within the city limits. Four years later it survived an attack by Indians and was incorporated as a town in 1865. Seattle had grown to some size and had been chartered as a city nine years when in 1889 a \$15,000,000 fire wiped out the business district, but it was soon rebuilt on a more substantial plan. At an early date it became prominent as a commercial center for the Puget Sound region and its prosperity was greatly augmented by the discovery of gold in Alaska and the Yukon region in 1897 and Seattle immediately became the outfitting point of this great field. In 1909 the Alaska-Yukon and Pacific Exposition was held in Seattle for the purpose of exhibiting the resources of that region. At the close of the exhibition a number of the principal buildings became the property of the University of Washington and still stand as a memorial.

The University of Washington, under the management of the state is the largest institution for higher education in the Pacific Northwest. Holv Names Academy, Forest Ridge, Scattle College, O'Dea High School and St. Edward's Seminary, constructed several years ago by the late Bishop Edward J. O'Dea. are Catholic Schools of a high order of excellence. Among the larger buildings are the Worthern Life Tower, L. C. Smith Building, the Post Office, the Court House. the Federal Building, and the Public Library, erected by a gift of Andrew Carnegie. The library maintains nine branches and has over 300,000 volumes. One of the most attractive and largest church edifices is St. James Cathedral which was begun in 1905 and dedicated in 1907. The architecture is a mixture of Roman and Gothic. The late Edward J. O'Dea, the first Bishop of Seattle, was consecrated in September 1896. His successor is the present Bishop G. Shaughnessy.

The parks and boulevards are unusually complete for a city of the age and size of Seattle. There are 1,900 acres under the jurisdiction of the park commissioners, including forty-four improved parks and twenty-four equipped and supervised playgrounds. A zoological garden is located in Woodland Park, which also has an athletic field, picnic grounds, and bathing facilities. Ravenna, a public ground in which the natural scenery is finely preserved, is noted for its large trees, mineral springs, and beautiful cascades. All these parks are connected by boulevards and winding drives. Are you thinking of staying fair, young and beautiful? Go to Seattle, buy a one-way ticket. You'll never want to return. Try it and see.

Mary Coady, '39

THE JOYS OF A COMMUTER, OR, WHY GIRLS BOARD AT COLLEGE

The first duty of the rail-commuter is to shunt away with the morning train. The number of minutes by which a commuter precedes the train at the station is inversely proportional to her length of time as a commuter. The psychological explanation follows: As a commuter commutes, she finds that minutes are lost at the station. Slowly she realizes that these minutes may be converted into sleep. Daily she increases her sleeping moments until that inevitable point is reached -- here, in a foolhardy effort to gain that last delightful reclining moment, she loses three hours -- waiting for the jitney.

Between the eighth and tenth mile of her journey, the commuter emerges from her drowsy coma sufficiently to become aware of fellow travellers. These travellers belong to distinct types:

There is the darling that Mamma sent off (male, age 19). He has arranged around him, comic sections, a soft lacy cushion, a warm warly rug, a bag of mixed fruit, a waxed package containing egg sandwiches and molasses cookies: the mother who finds difficulty in convincing the conductor that her size eight offspring is under five years of age--but who am I to judge? -the sleek haired youth who approaches from behind with an anaemic smile and a "Would you like company, Miss?"; the happily ignorant individual who rode all the way in the second class car with a first class ticket;

the commuting bachelor-girl, not a day over forty, perhaps the best dressed occupant, and in effort to remain so she dusts off suspicious looking seats with her lace trimmed handkerchief. She is well informed of the current weather and never fails to impart her knowledge to us less observant commuters. Occasionally we meet the timid soul who seeks refuge in the nearest seat. He sits in the eye of the sun for a considerable time. At length he gains enough courage to pull down the blind. In his haste to get the blind down unnoticed, he pulls it off the runner. Aware of the damage he has done, he

peeks around and, seeing that the accident has been unnoticed, he sneaks to the seat across the aisle.

Near him is the musical chap who croons as he rides, under cover of the noisy motion of the train. The train stops, but he still croons. He hears a snicker and becomes painfully aware of his amused audience. He immediately seeks shelter behind his newspaper.

Then there AD the flapper who sits facing the others, the unoffensive traveller, the cld lady and gentleman going to the city, the hockey team, the excursion travellers, the tract distributors, and the neglected news boy.

A very interesting object in the coach is the drinking stand. There are those who will get a drink when they want it. And those, sitting about two seats from the stand, whose throats are parched but have not the courage to present themselves at the stand, fearing perhaps that the cup will not come down with the first try or not knowing exactly whether to push, pull or turn the tap. Then there are those sitting at the other end of the car who strut up and down the aisle taking advantage of this convenience three and one-half times every twenty miles.

At length the commuter, having exhausted all things of interest within the car, seeks the window for diversion. The train stops at a suburban station. She sees a young chap in the distance headed in great haste for the train. The commuter becomes interested in the runner, sits up and grips the seat in an effort to hold back the train. She follows him down the road until she gets him on the train. The commuter then relaxes but only to see another runner coming at top speed from the same direction. She sits up again and grips the seat until she gets this one safely on board -- then she sits back, exhausted.

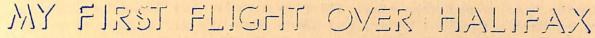
Presently the commuter finds herself donning coat and hat. realizing that she must be nearing her destination.

It is true that a commuter may occasionally miss an Apologetics guiz because the train has been an hour late; but just as often she also misses that hour in which she intended to do her weekend assignments. Granted that a missed train may dispense from a few morning classes: almost as often the evening plans must be foregone because the afternoon train was missed.

Many a breakfast is left wholly or partially untouched on the table. coiffures often suffer and a train whistle assumes the effect of a bee sting: but our life is not monotonous, we have our distractions. I can remember vividly standing on the observation platform while the train steadily backed up to the station at which I had forgotten to get off. I stood there, with the wind blowing in my face while the passengers crowded around me (their curiosity had been aroused when the conductor, the brakeman and I ran through two sleepers like three possessed). The train stopped, with a sigh of relief I alighted, and my public called good-bye.

Commuting really is enjoyable. There is seldom a journey which does not hold some interesting diversion -- and then there is always the chance of a railroad strike.

Doris Dyer, '38



I wonder how many of us who have lived in the same city or town for several years, ever stop to realize what our town or city is: beautiful, plain and simple, or very pretty and clean? I have lived in the city of Halifax. Nova Scotia, for five years, and not until the last summer did I really begin to realize what my city was like and how visitors would be taken with it.

It happened when I was dared to go up in an aeroplane one bright summer afternoon. It sounded delightfully exciting; so before I replied. I began imagining myself telling the girls and boys in my set who had never had such an experience, what a marvelous feeling it was looking down on the ordinary country, now transformed, and the strangest, most absurd feeling on landing. finding yourself shouting with great force and suddenly realizing that people were smiling at you, for forgetting you had landed and that it was no longer necessary to shout: so I said; "Yes, I'll do it, I'd love to." But as we were walking up from the North West Arm, having paddled up from the Waegwoltic Club and landed at the Armdale Boathouse, I began to feel a bit doubtful about the dare I had so willingly accepted -- especially as it was my first flight. And this feeling began to be physically felt -- since I had just eaten a couple of chocolate bars and had some orange pop, a horrible mixture for anytime. There is no wonder I was so shaky while being helped into the cock-pit of the small moth-plane.

A second before I had noticed my pal, who had dared me and who was getting great enjoyment out of watching me, speaking to the pilot, a short distance awav--what was he telling him? to give me a thrill? to fly fast and high? what if something should happen? While all this was going through my mind. I did not notice that he had scrambled in beside me and fastened both our safety belts. Suddenly the engines roaring awoke me fully to reality. When I was valiantly struggling to ask what the conversation had been a few minutes ago. I was checked by being motioned to look over the side. I did, very cautiously, expecting to see the people crowding around the plane as close as they were permitted, but, oh: I could see mere dots -- we had left the ground, and I was actually about two thousand feet above Halifax.

When I finally recovered from this and got my air-lungs, I ventured to look again. This time I really began to take notice of what I might possibly never have the opportunity of seeing again. What was that lovely crystalshining body of water below us? As if the pilot had sensed my thoughts we dropped about two hundred feet (so did my stomach). But now I could easily recognize the water below as the North West Arm --- how beautifully formed it was --- and how lovely the sailboats, the tiny cances, the larger yachts with their sails proudly bearing smaller coloured ones to denote to which club they belonged. I could not distinguish the row of boat-clubs on the Halifax side--the Armdale Boat-house, the Public Baths, the Jubilee Boat-house, 'I wonder who is practising in that 'scull'? They won't have much more time for the "Rodeo Week" sports !' I thought. That brown building down from the hill must be St. Mary's boathouse, and no mistaking the lovely large white building with its spacious lawns and fine swimming enclosure, as the Waegwoltic Club, and since I knew, I suppose I half imagined I could see some of the girls and boys

As we left the great beauty spot of Halifax, I caught a last glimpse of the Sailors' Monument at the point of land in Franklyn Park. Then a great many trees told me that we were leaving the park, and more water informed me that we were in the fine Harbour to which a great number of ships find their way during all seasons of the year, two spots of land in the water --- first Mac Nab's Island (where several times I had gone for the day to swim and picnic) and second George's Island. We were now directly over the harbour, and smoke from one dock told of a ship leaving. Then a little to the right was the steadily growing town of Dartmouth, and I could dimly make out the ferry leaving the Halifax side. The huge grain-elevators gave the waterfront an impressive appearance.

Down below must be Young Avenue .--- yes, it was, I had glimpsed the stone gates to the entrance at the far end of the Avenue to Franklyn Park. This is one of the lovely residential sections of my city. House after house gaily painted in bright colours, usually white or yellow with a stray brown one. Many gardeners would find plenty of work in the summer-time mowing these lawns, I was thinking. And in the centre of these lovely homes I made out the South End Tennis Courts, where I had seen three of our best Canadian tennis players compete, and where I had a great many times played myself.

By now I was quite at my ease, and except for twice having flown into air-pockets, the going was very smooth, made possible undoubtedly by the pilot, knowing I was slightly nervous. But I became so thrilled, excited, and completely absorbed in the things I saw and recognized, that I completely lost all my former fears. Now I recognized the centre spot of the city, of which we are all so proud ---- the Citadel ---- not easily missed as it is located on the highest part of the city. Its. formation is that of a perfect star. Here, I was told, the soldiers were stationed during the World War, 1914-1918, and some prisoners were chained in the dark underground cells, which can be seen and inspected even today. The city is kept at the exact time by the historic old clock, in a smaller building on the side of the hill. At one point of the star, I saw my old familiar-looking high school, the Halifax County Academy, having spent three happy, busy years there.

Here I took time off for a minute to push some of my hair off my face, and to get my breath once more. I glanced at my pal seated next to me, and he was every bit as much excited about his fourth flight over our city and was getting every bit as much enjoyment and thrill as I was out of seeing by air the things I have tried to explain to you. He looked up and smiled, and then motioned me to look down again. I saw a great number of houses of which a lot were alike, made of white stucco, I thought, but which I remember being told, was the reason for this district's name the Hydrostone. This section is so exposed to the Bedford Basin that it was completely destroyed by the Halifax Explosion, during the World War, in the year 1916, when two ships, one German loaded with high explosives, collided at the far end of the Halifax Harbour and almost at the entrance to Bedford Basin. This district has all been rebuilt and greatly improved since that awful catastrophe which in a few seconds

so returned men tell us.

Oh, I do so hope I shall be able to get a good view of Dalhousie University! How perfectly the city is laid out, just one straight street after another, the same distance apart, dotted here and there by lovely trees. Again the pilot must have detected my thoughts, for sure enough I could make out the campus of Dalhousie University, but I had missed seeing the Forest Building and the Pharmacy Building. Now I could distinguish very clearly the recently built gymnasium, the MacDonald Memorial Library, the Nova Scotia Archives Building, the Murray Homestead, where the boys in training get their meals, the football field where all kinds of athletes. come to compete in the sport-meets held at regular intervals. The Union Jack looked splendid floating in the breeze in the centre of the campus, giving the final touch of beauty and proudness to this great old University. On the same campus near the Arm side I noticed the Buildings of King's College affiliated with Dalhousie. And to the left of them I recognized the girls' residence of Dalhousie, Sherriff Hall, which looked very lovely with the warm summer sun shining down upon it.

I wish it had been possible to have seen more of the business section, and the fine buildings we can boast of, such as our new government building. our lovely churches---old St. Paul's, and beautiful St. Mary's Cathedral, and the public gardens of which anyone would be proud. King George once honored Halifax by presenting the gardens with two beautiful white swans. But here I had been dreaming; what had I missed seeing? Suddenly I experienced a most disagreeable feeling in my "inners", and I lost my breath once more. Then my arm was grabbed, and my pal tried to shout something, but all I could hear and feel was the increased rush of air past my ears. Bump! Bump! What was that? Again I cautiously peered over the side of the plane, and to my astonishment we were once more on land, and I could see tiny black spots becoming larger and larger --- yes, they were people --- and we taxied up to where it seemed I had been such a long time ago. My! what a lucky person I was, I realized, to be living in such a beautiful city! If I should be asked what city was the most beautiful, in my own mind, I would tell them to see for themselves and take a flight over the city of Halifax --- "The Playground Of The Atlantic!" Yes, I know. distance lends enchantment but I am glad I took the dare.

THE "DORM WAR !! ((continued from page 110)

Pillows often drop from nowhere on your head during your eager wait for "lights out," just when you are conveying a fat, juicy chocolate to your mouth. The chocolate manages to smear itself over the new spread, and your book never fails to land right on top of it. With your hair in your mouth and eyes, you are vainly trying to clean up the mess, when a sweet voice says: "Lights out, girls; goodnight."

did more damage to Halifax than many months of bombardments offected in France-

Margaret F. Gillmor. Class '39.

Alcove 4 (Eva Barnaby, \$40)

IN DEFENSE OF SAINT JOHN -----

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I arrived at the Mount on September 14, about 5:45, and found that classes did not begin until September 16, so some kind soul took pity upon me, and asked me if I would like to go to town. "Town?" I said vaguely.

"Yes, you know, Halifax."

I didn't, and so my acquaintance with Halifax began. I looked forward eagerly to seeing a strange city, and was quite wild at the prospect of visiting new and unfamiliar shops. I was rather dazed the first day and did not see very much, but since then my mind has been carefully, very carefully. enlightened as to what are the good things to be seen in Halifax. Its citizens defend it so aggressively that I begin to wonder, and grow suspicious.

"What has Halifax that Saint John hasn't got?" I asked two of these defenders. I was informed that Halifax had a larger population, to which I retorted that quality, not quantity, counted,

"We have a better, safer harbor than you have,"

"Perhaps so, but Saint John has the largest drydock in the world." Nobody seemed in a position to challenge this, and I was left in unmolested position of being a citizen of the city containing the world's largest drydock.

One day, I unthinkingly made the remark that it rained a great deal. Instantly I was cried down and ridiculed by many indignant potential citizens of Halifax. "Imagine a person from Saint John talking about rain. Why it's so rainy and foggy there that you never even see the sun," After all, a city can't do much about its climate, and it was only a remark, but I said: "Fog makes your hair curl, and if you have a permanent it stays in longer." When they considered the time they spent in curling their hair, when they might have been resting after the heat of the day, when the fog would do it for them in Saint John, they admitted that there might be something in it.

"Halifax is older than Saint John." Well, if this be true I would not brag about it, considering their relative merits.

One of the rays of sunshine in my life burst in upon me during sociology

class. "All the larger and more important cities have Town Planning Commise sions." The thought struck me - Saint John has a Town Planning Commission. The conclusion was obvious; as yet I had not heard of one in Halifax, and if there was one I felt sure that knowledge of its existence would have been thrust upon me.

I fear that if I continue in this strain I will never again see Saint John, but as its sole representative I felt it my duty to defend its honor. Perhaps, though, everyone will be so taken up with Commencement that I will yet escape with my miserable life to return to that despised city.

THE ROMANCE OF TRADE

Tours to the various places of interest in Halifax have been an important phase of our college years. Among these, as among all other things. some stand out as unusually interesting, and this is especially true of the trip the Economics class made to the National Harbours' Board Buildings, the piers and cold storage plant on March 30 . I am sure that many of the Haligonians present had never been there before and did not realize how proud they should be of the trading facilities of their native city. We had always been taught in geography that Halifax has the third longest harbor in the world, but this fact did not mean much personally, to me at any rate. until it was brought home by a graphic example given by one of our guides. He informed us that our sea wall, if I remember rightly, is 2700 feet long. long enough to enable both the "Queen Mary" and the "Normandie" the two longest ships afloat to dock, and to do so without the use of tugs. Twenty tugs are used for this purpose in the New York Harbor. This is no mean reason for our feeling superior !

During our visit to the piers we were constantly aware of a busy hum of activity. Indeed, we had to be continually on the watch lest one of the tiny motor trucks incessantly popping up in front or back of us, run us down. One shed was especially interesting, being filled to capacity with products to be loaded on a ship bound for England. There was such a variety of things there that it is almost impossible to list them all. There was copper and zinc to be made into armaments, (may we be preserved from another war, however 1) rubber; automobiles, both completed products and auto parts; hemp; corn flakes split peas for planting, in short almost everything "from a needle to an anchor". Another shed contained row upon row of bags of potatoes and turnips, just arrived from Prince Edward Island and in readiness to be shipped to far distant places. One of the outstanding features of the piers to my mind was the cleanliness and order. Imagine thousands of bags of potatoes piled neatly one upon the other and not one bag out of place ;

Many of us when we saw the boat being loaded for England, wished very poignantly but in vain that we might go on board and travel with it to its journey's end. As this wish could not be fulfilled, perhaps we got second

Mary McGonagle, '40.

best when we had the pleasure of being shown around the beautiful C. P. R. liner "Montclair". Friends of the members of the Economics class should not be surprised to receive during the next few weeks letters written on this ship's private stationery, which we were given as a souvenir.

Our next stop in this very interesting tour was the Cold Storage Plant, where the products of the fisheries industry of Nova Scotia are frozen and packed prior to their exportation. We were taken into rooms where the fish is stored and where the temperature was 15 degrees below zero. Here we were glad of our heavy coats, and most of us came out with red sheeks and noses, glad to be in the warm sunshine once more.

This visit ended our tour, but did not, I am sure, end our interest or pride in the trading adventures of our own Halifax. The whole class is very grateful to the Port Manager, R. H. Hendry; Traffic Manager, A. P. Kelly, and Mr. Dennis Moriarty who conducted the tour and who kept us all interested and on the alert by their timely statements and explanations. If possible every citizen of Halifax should visit these scenes I have tried to describe and see for themselves why Halifax is an important trading center and why each and every one of us should be proud to be a Haligonian.

Dorothy Webb, 137

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES

Euriah Horatius Smith sauntered down to the village store at precisely 6 a.m. with his hay fork slung precariously over his shoulder.

"Heigh-Ho, Hezekiah, fine mawning, I was jest axing the wife if it weren't going ter be a fine day for haying."

"Well, now, Euriah Horatius Smith, it might rain because there were tails in the sky all yesterday night and it was that sun drawing water," and with that he settles back again, testering the rickety chair on its last legs.

Euriah enters the store muttering to himself that he guessed his grandpappy knew what he was talking about when he said to get everybody else's idea and then take your own in the end.

"Hey! Ezzie, how's that black cat of yours that went and got caught in my mouse trap?"

"Fine, Euriah, t'was a pity but look't, when that cat washed his ears this mawning his tail was a-pointing due west. Fine day."

Chewing his tobacco, Euriah, on his way home, stopped to chat with Farmer Jones.

"Euriah, t'will be raining 'cause that light shower we had a week ago while the sun was shining hasn't brought any results yet."

"Haying eh!" speaks up Calibas, "well, me weather vane points to fine weather."

Euriah Horatius Smith relinquished his hay fork and leaned on the gate leading to his hay field. "Two says it'll rain, two says it'll be fine, anyhow, I guess that's the village clock striking eight and too late ter do the haying".

Although superstition is gradually being replaced by science and good common sense, how many of us still act like Farmer Euriah Horatius Smith and persist in dallying our time away?

Whether rain or shine make hay!

Lillian Wagstaff, 139

SOCIOLOGY

That the field of social service is an ever widening one and one that holds great promise for the future is being realized more and more by college students. Everywhere there is a continual demand for trained social workers to replace those who have had no special training in the work. The study of social service is by no means overlooked here at the Mount. There are two courses given in sociology, one is conpulsory, the other is optional, yet each year the number of students going on to advanced course is gradually increasing as the realization of the opportunities this work offers, grows stronger.

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This year the instruction in the Sociology class has been mainly theoretical but in the advanced or Sociology 2 class there has been both theoretical and practical work. The class room lectures have included a study of organization and administration of a wide range of social service. The Technique of Social Case Work was one of the most absorbing of the numerous subjects treated, which subject included the study of Children's Institutions, Summer Camps, Sottlement Work, Girl Guiding, Town Planning and the Slum Clearance and Housing Movement, now attracting such widespread attention in Canada, England, and the United States. In addition a close study has been made of the Childrens' Protection Act and all relative legislation, as also of the laws, statutes, and regulations regarding labor, marriage, adoption, poor relief, crime, etc.

The practical instruction came on Saturdays when we went on observation trips which proved most instructive and very interesting. On these trips we covered all the important welfare centres and agencies of Halifax, and were thoroughly informed concerning the work, methods, policies, filing systems, and financing of each agency. Those in charge were most generous in supplying us with literature, including cards and blanks used in record keeping and with these we have been able to fill a huge scrapbook for future reference.

A medical-social course was given us at the Dalhousie Public Health Clinic where Miss Fenton, the head nurse, gave a splendid series of lectures on such subjects as: The Social Worker's Responsibility in Regard to the Public,Health, The Sources of Menace to the Health of the Community, The Relation of the Social Worker to the Hospitals and the Doctors, The Requirements for the Successful Case Work Visitor and finally Budgets for those on Relief. We found Miss Fonton's talks most instructive and the announcement that the sdries was finished was received by all with a feeling of deep regret.

Not the least important of our year's work has been that of surveying the City of Halifax. To the social worker "Know Your City" should mean far more than a mere familiarity with its plan of streets and its points of interest, and we have found that from a social view point Halifax possesses countless valuable resources, which we would never otherwise have known about. This survey work took us individually all about the city to the Board of Trade, The Community Chest Headquarters, The Salvation Army, the Court House, the various Departmental Bureaus, The Immigration Headquarters, Pension Offices, the Board of Education, the City Clerk and Tax Collector's Office, The Provincial and Legislative Library and to scores of other interesting places. (Concluded in Page 196):

DESIGN CLASS

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When it was first suggested that I choose as an elective, design class, I refused absolutely even to consider it. Design class to me seemed to offer opportunity only to those students whose artistic ability was of exceptional quality. Yet the suggestion rather attracted me. I realized that such a class would be of interest, even to one as ignorant as I. My friends who had taken the subject assured me that design was of inestimable value to the indifferent art student and even to those persons whose aesthetic sense remains undeveloped. I elected the course.

The design class deals with a variety of subjects all of which can be applied to every day life. The main subjects treated in the first semester are Color, Harmony and the Principles of Design. These two subjects form the basis for the more attractive study of Home Decoration in the second semester. The principle of balance is brought into practical use in the study of furniture arrangement. The principle of harmony (harmony in the parts of the design as distinct from color harmony) becomes important in the selecting of furniture to suit the architectural style of a room. Again the practicability of both the principles of harmony and that of proportion is realized in combining pieces of furniture of different periods. e.g. a Jacobean chair would be ridiculous in a Louis XV room. Heaviness and clumsiness characterize the early English type. Lightness and daintiness the French type. The different phases of the subject of Home Decoration are wall and ceiling treatments, floor coverings, draperies, room accessories, lighting arrangements and finally period furniture.

To you potential home-makers, this subject is of particular interest. The furnishing of a home brings up many problems that may be solved only by good taste, either natural or acquired. To those whose color sense is lacking, whose sense of proportion has never developed, and to whom furniture arrangement means overcrowding and unbalancing, a study of the principles of design is absolutely necessary. Color is the essential part of home decoration. The clashing color scheme is a usual error and does more to destroy the harmony of a room than any other sin against good taste. Such a color scheme might be a combination of bright green and as bright a red. Red and green, we learn, form a complementary color scheme. But to decorate a room with these two hues used in their intensity and in large areas is like trying to keep an unfriendly dog and cat together. In both cases there is need of a go-between. This go-between with reference to the color scheme is the peacemaker gray. Subdue one hue; allow its complement to predominate, and the result is harmony. A drab color scheme can also ruin the desired atmosphere of a room, e. g. too much subordination can rob a room of life and personality, can take from it its claims to individuality. Frequently persons forget or are ignorant of the first rules of furniture arrangement and beautiful furniture, exquisite coloring and dainty appointments lose their appeal when combined with unbalanced furniture arrangement. Balance is merely coordination between the halves of a whole. An example would demonstrate more clearly perhaps. Suppose one wall of a room has a door at the centre and a bookcase to one side. To create balance a bookcase should be placed on the other side of the door. This is called formal balance and can lend dignity

SELFISHNESS VERSUS THOUGHTFULNESS -----

Selfishness is the easiest fault to detect among the vast variety of faults to which we human beings have fallen heir; it is the most universal of faults, and certainly the most despised, so it would seem in every way to be extreme. Wherever people are living together in groups, the defects of each individual are bound to be unearthed, and boarding school seems to be the best threshing machine in the world to bring assets and weaknesses to light. Undoubtedly, too, the boarding school does the most in the way of correcting undesirable traits and fostering lovable ones. This is brought about not only by the advice and warning of solicitous superiors, but also by the effects of group disapproval. A student, unfortunate enough to be the victim of selfishness, has to be a little wary in coming to a girls' boarding school, because for some reason or other, the ladies have been labeled "gossipers", (I have the urge to start an argument at this point, but such a digression would never be tolerated) and one of the favourite topics is the predominant fault of other girls. Woe betide the "other girls" if their fault is selfishness! They will not find caterers in college life!

Gossip, in its ordinary acceptance, is by no means to be advocated, but when it is nothing more than unmalicious discussion, as is often the case, it does bring out proper social ideals, and it does show how unpleasant some faults make community living. Girls are frequently more frank than they are painted, and they express their disapproval of selfishness in no uncertain terms. This is sometimes a rude awakening to the selfish girl, for she is so wrapped up in self, that she is unaware of her offences to others, and in her own estimation she is "tops". Perhaps she has wondered why her company is not sought, and why she has not more friends, but invariably she concludes: "I'm O.K; there must be something wrong with the rest of the world." However, before many weeks in boarding school have passed, the selfish girl will be making use of a process quite new to her ~introspection. She will find that "if you live in a house of selfishness men will pay you in your own coin." If she wishes her future school years to be happy she will act on her discoveries, and the renovation will begin.

Much could be said concerning the selfishness of college girls toward their parents. The supreme sacrifices of parents for their children is an exemple that is held up for the world's admiration, and we, for whom these sacrifices are being made, should be the last to make light of such heroic self-denial. Our parents are doing all in their power, that we may take our place in life among the best of educated Catholic women. And yet, how often we find girls making such unreasonable demands on their parents. Because a more financially-fortunate friend has the latest thing in fur coats or a new dress modeled by Patou, many parents will receive an SOS for an increased allowance, with a P.S. attached, requesting money for a wonderful opera or show that is coming. If we do not belong to this class of girls, we are certainly included among those who at times fail to cooperate in making things pleasant for teachers and fellow students. We are far too busy to offer our assistance in any class project; why bother helping officers to keep college-order, to edit the college magazine, when we have "important" personal matters to attend? We come to table with a grouch, or, if we do condescend to talk, our conversation is directed to one girl, to the embarrassment and exclusion of the others.

These little points may seem trifling, but they make a big difference in daily life.

No girl, on the other hand, is so admired and so loved as the one who is constantly thoughtful of others, the one who is generous almost to a fault, and the one who can converse on some more important topic than self. Such a girl is never too unconcerned to forget to be sympathetic in times of trouble; she is never in such a hurry that she cannot make frequent visits to the sick room. For such a one, "virtue brings its own reward" in the form of lasting friendships, popularity, admiration, strong character, and a feeling of satisfaction that cannot be explained. We like the girl whom we can ask to do make , even though we know it is going to cost her. We consider her a genuine, valuable friend, one who makes life worth living. How few there are!

Various theories have been offered as to the cause of present day world conditions, and many remedies suggested. Some of these remedies have been given a try; we find in different countries forms of Communism, socialism, democracy, dictatorships, civil strife and revolution, and <u>still</u> the world has its troubles. It was only when men, less material-minded than most, studied the problem that we found the real answer to our difficulties. The answer is individualism or emphasized selfishness. The few men who hold the world's wealth in their hands are greatly to blame for the misery of the poverty-stricken, because they do not know the meaning of unselfishness, and thoughtfulness toward others. So engrossed in self are they, that nothing matters except self-gratification and self-esteem.

The clergy tell us (and who more fitted to tell us?) that the reason for the failure of so many modern marriages is due to selfishness. We are welltrained in the art of "taking", but "giving" for many is well on the road to becoming obsolete. If our character, our peaceful relations with others, and the success of our marriage, depend on ridding ourselves of selfishness, then we cannot afford to pass up the small chances afforded us in college.

To quote Frederick K. Stamno, "! selfish life never feels the suffering of others, never enlists the hearts of men against injustice, never abandons itself to the service of love, never knows the meaning of heroism, and never makes itself indispensable to the on-going creature". May such a life never be ours!

Verta Curry. '37.

SOCIOLOGY (Continued from Page123))

To complete our course there is still one thing to be done--our field work, and this is being mapped out for this summer. There is also a Mount Saint Vincent Social Service Club in the process of organization. From these two sources we will be furnished with practical experiences which should prove invaluable to us in the years to come.

Marie Forhan, '37

BOOKS

There is something about the spring that is drowsy -- a sort of sleepy haze that broods in the early sunshine and lives with fresh growing flowers. Every one is weighed down by a sort of dreamy laziness -- hours pass, where, no one knows. Work accumulates -- when to be finished, no one knows. Even reading palls, -- just to stretch catlike in the sun seems the most satisfying thing to do. At such a time something more interesting than usual is required to tempt you to take a book and read it. Such a something is what is found in "An American Doctor's Odyssey" by Dr. Victor Heiser. There is something fascinating about its easy, yet quick-moving narrative; there is something active and adventurous, something alive about it that stirs you out of your sluggishness. It is an American doctor's story of his struggle against disease and infection, suffering and needless death; a story which takes you through the States, the Phillipines, Italy, Japan, China, India, and to many other parts of the globe. As immigration official, diplomatic envoy, head of the Bureau of Health, in the Phillipines, and research worker for the Rockerfeller foundation, Dr. Heiser waged continual war against disease, plague and epidemic: continually he promoted the installation of efficient systems for insuring public health, continually he worked to eradicate the insanitation and neglect of preventive measures which allowed disease to work such havoc over large sections of the globe. Dr. Heiser's work in the Phillipines as head of the Bureau of Health, after the Americans took possession of the islands in 1898. is given with particular detail; and the attempt to build up the vitality of a race weakened by the regular recurrence of plague and tropical maladies, forms a tale that is fascinating in its succession of widespread effort, and almost miraculous achievement. The story of the rooting out of the Black Death, and small pox from the islands is interesting, not only because of its bearing on modern times, but in a less degree in its relation to the history of those sicknesses in the past. In this continual struggle against insanitation and disease, one thing that is particularly noticeable about Dr. Heiser is that he never lost touch with the people whom he treated. Wherever it was possible he tried to introduce reforms by educating the people rather than by force; the superstitions, the folk practices of the oriental people were interfered with as little as possible, and those which had to be rooted out in the interests of sanitation were dealt with as gently as possible. "An American Doctor's Odyssey" is a vigorous tale of adventurous attempt and achievement, told in a clear and vibrant style.

"As The Morning Rising" by Sigrid Van Sweringen is a novelized life of Mother Elizabeth Seton, from her early childhood to the time of her husband's death and her own conversion to the Catholic faith. Based on fact though it is, the story is rather highly coloured by the author's own vivid imagination, and the character of Mother Seton is somewhat idealized. Particularly in writing of Elizabeth Seton's childhood, the author seems to stretch the facts; the jealousy of Elizabeth's stepmother and her unjust treatment of the child, in contrast with the positively angelic behaviour of the seven-year-old Elizabeth, seems to me a bit over-done. The style, however, is attractive, and the story holds your interest.

Phillis Bentley's Lew novel "Ereedom Farewell" is much more swiftly moving than two earlier economic novels, "Inheritance," and "Modern Tragedy," The scene is set in Rome in the life-time of Caesar, and immediately after his murder. The color, the intrigue, the mixture of baseness and nobility of Roman life of the time, are faithfully portrayed. The story concerns itself mostly with the life, rise, and fall of Caesar, and the character of the hero is neither idealized nor debased; he is shown as he was realist, with an outstanding ability for leadership, but with little understanding of the real needs of the Roman people. His achievements were built on a foundation which could not last. Freedom wa gained by taking away freedom until, finally, at the battle of Phillippi it was lost forever to the Roman people. While the story is fictionized, the main historical events are accurately related and above all the true historical spirit of the age is preserved.

During the past few years the market has been deluged with theories of society, ranging from communism on the one hand, to Fascian on the other, from Democracy to the Totalitarian State. Each theory is proposed as the remedy for the ills of the world, each as the only means of bettering world conditions. In such a time of doubt and confusion, it is essential for the world that some fundamentally sound social doctrine be found, one which is at once ideal and practical. Groping among the confused and contradictory theories of the day, Catholics ask themselves where that dectrine is to be found. What are we to hold? That is the question which Reverend Paul H. Furfey answers in "Fire on the Earth," In a precise logical style he sets forth the ideal Catholic system of social thought and action, a system based on the fundamental doctrines of Divine Grace and the Mystical Body. From the statement of general principles, the author proceeds to the examination of particular problems and points to their solution by the application of those fundamental principles. The whole work is authoritative and inspiring, and its clearness and logical sequence is in marked contrast to the obscurity and confusion of most books on the subject today.

Those who had read H. V. Morton's "In Search of England" had some idea what type of book to expect when they heard of the publication of "In the Steps of Saint Paul." As always the author has caught the very spirit of the places he describes. Travelling through Palestine, treading the roads once travelled by the Apostle, the author has looked on the holy places through the eyes of his early guide, and has seen there the significance of the memories they hold, the shadow of the events enacted there. Vividly picturesque in its descriptive passages, the bock is yet something more than the narrative of a voyage. It breathes of the very spirit of the holy places which it describes.

During the past year many changes and improvements have taken place in the library. To begin with, the acession book now shows a total of over 14,000 volumes. In addition a lending library, in connection with the main library, has been opened for the surrounding villages. This is located in the cottage near the North gate. There a very attractive reading room has been fitted up, with a color scheme of gray and pale green with touches of coral. Multi-colored pamphlets are to be found on stands around the room, while recent copies of many magazines fill the magazine racks. The Library Science classes have had much practical work in the cataloguing and preparation of the books for the new lending library, On May 5, the Halifax branch of the Nova Scotia Library Association held its final meeting of the year at the Mount, where the members spent a pleasant evening inspecting the new lending library, the College Library and other departments of the College.

Dear book friends, another year has finished, so once again goodby, and a pleasant summer!

Margaret Cummings, B.A.

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Dear Alumnae:

fax.

Eileen Ryan

Mary Trainor

Anna Cameron

Annie Martin

Teresa Monahan

Geraldine Murphy

Pearl Sutherland

Glancing at the beautiful new swinging frame which contains the pictures of all Graduates of M. S. V. C., I suddenly thought that perhaps each of these "old girls" might like to know just what her friends of college days are doing. So. after extensive questioning on my part, I was finally able to compile the following information which I hope will prove interesting to each alumna.

RELIGIOUS

Elizabeth Adams	now Sister Francis Eleanor,
	is in the second year of her
	novitiate at M. S. V.
Dolores Donnelly	now Sister Francis Dolores,
Dolordo Domocri	has just entered upon the
	first year of her novitiate.
a la la Tenera	now Sister Frederick Marie,
Gertrude Foran	is missioned in Long Island,
	New York.
Margaret Foran	now Sister Thomas Edward,
	is a second year Novice.
Agnes Garnier	now Sister Agnes de Sales,
	is doing splendid work,
	teaching domestic science at
	Reserve Mines, Cape Breton.
Katherine Meagher	now Sister Ellen Francis,
	is to be professed next
Easter and is studying now to	add a B. A. to her B.S.Sc.
now Sister Mary Magdalen, is o	on the staff of the Mount
Commercial Department.	a to be professed part year.
now Sister Teresa Madeline,	Reard Hoort Correct in Holi-
is now Mother Murphy at the	Sacred heart convent in hart-
fax.	
now Sister Camillus de Lelli	s, is on the staff of the
Halifax Infirmary.	
now Sister Mary Margaret, is	teaching Household Science
at Port Hawkesbury, N. S.	
now Sister Marian Carmel, is	one of the music teachers
at the Academy of the Assump	tion, Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Giston Manage Many is a	+ Oxford Street School, Hali-

now Sister Teresa Mary, is at Oxford Street, School, Hali-

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Mary Devine

of Angels School in Brooklyn.

Carmella Gouthro now Sister Marian Carmelita, is teaching music in Edmonton, Alberta.

TEACHERS

now Sister Mary Mercedes, is on the teaching staff of Our Lady

Marie Amirault	is still teaching in her home town, Centre East Pubnico, N.S.
Muriel Carey	has quite a number of music pupils and has also organized
	an orchestra.
Patricia Clancy	is engaged in teaching at Mulgrave, N. S.
Eleanor Coady	is still doing work in the field of adult education in
	Newfoundland.
Isabel Creaser	had a school at Dublin Shore for the past year, but she is
	to have a position in Riverport next year.
Mary Dee	is on the staff of the Maritime Academy of Music in Halifax.
Josephine Flemming	is still teaching at Saint Thomas Aquinas School, Halifax
Catherine Galant	has no permanent position, but she does a good deal of sub-
	stituting in the Amherst schools in addition to having
	several private pupils.
Florence Houlihan	teaches the primary boys at Saint Mary's, Halifax. We
	hear Florence is going abroad this summer.
Marguerite Mackay	has Grade Eight at Saint Patrick's Boys School, Halifax.
Irene McQuillan	has the primary grade at Saint Patrick's Boys School.
Mary O'Brien	has been quite busy substituting in the Halifax schools
	during the year.
Margaret Preston	is teaching Grade Four at Alexander Mackay School, Halifax.
Miss E. C. Pye	is still teaching at Chebucto School, where she has
	Grade Nine.
Frances Romkey	is on the staffof the Liverpool Academy.
Delphine Stokes	is the Grade Seven teacher at Alexander Mackay School.
Aileen Wilson	is on the teaching staff of the School for the Deaf, Halifax.
Catherine Markham	is teaching History and Gymnasium at the High School in
	Dracut, Mass.
Mary Merchant	is teaching elocution and domestic science in Sydney.
Mariel Mossman	has a teaching position at Hubbards.
Constance McGrath	is on the staff of Saint Patrick's Boys School, Halifax.
Rhoda Parsons	is teaching at Alexander Mackay.

HOME ECONOMICS

Alice Ruel Margaret Mac Neill	is nursing in a private hospital in the Province of Quebec. is a dietician in Saint Josevh's Hospital, Glace Bay.
Anne Shea	has been most successful in her work as a dietician in the New York City Hospital System.
Mary Romans	has a very impertant position on the staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.
Marie Caroll	has been teaching domestic science at the Nova Scotia Training School in Truro for almost two years.
Helen Cameron	is still in Florida with her private patient.
Grace Leon	has been in training at the Halifax Infirmary for the past year and a half.
Eilleon Mullins Rita Mancini	we hear is going in training in New York. has recently entered the Halifax Infirmary Training School.

Halifax.

Astrid Buckley Hilda Durney Bernadette Lannigan

Claire Henley Annie Mancini Rita Maxwell Marie Mac Neill Marion Mc Donald Mary Pumple Agnes Mac Lennan

Lucille Theriault Alberta Venict Patricia Fitzpatrick,

Mary House Irene Jordan

Monica O'Reilley

Corinne Veniot

Lawrence.

Kathleen Thompson Coline Claney

vear.

wife.

MARRIED:

Doris Beed,

Evelyn Campbell

Lavalie Bixley Norma Buckley, Mary Sullivan,

Ruby Zwerling Zita Barker,

has been Mrs. Vincent Coy for several years now. Eileen Sheehan is Mrs. Sam Jacobson of Halifax. now Mrs. Walter Dow, has one child, a baby boy. (Isn't the shortness of this list a rather striking illustration of the number of college graduates who have sacrificed marriage for a career?)

(Since the ladies of leisure lead a life of ease there's little that can be said about them, so I have merely listed their names)

BUSINESS WORLD:

is working in her father"s drug store in Sydney. is with the firm of Johnston and Ward in Halifax. is on the staff of the Robert Simpson Eastern Ltd. in is busy with her tea room in Sheet Harbor. is doing secretarial work for her father in Sydney. is engaged in secretarial work in Boston. has a secretarial position in Sydney. is with one of the Insurance Companies in Halifax. is with the Canadian Electric Co, in Saint John. is in Ottawa doing secretarial work and Josephine has her former position in Inverness. is on the office staff at Wood Bros. in Halifax. is still with the Employment Commission in Ottawa. we hear, is an embalmist and is working with her brothers in Saint John. is with Dosco Steel Co, in Sydney. is on the staff of the Public Works' Administration in

and her sister. Geraldine are employed on the office staff of the Crompton & Knowles Loom Works in Worcester. is working in her father's drug store in Bathurst.

SOCIAL SERVICE:

has been with the Halifax Welfare Bureau for the past

and her sister-in-law Rose Orlando Clancy are still doing social work in Montreal.

LIBRARY WORK:

is librarian at the Science Library in the Nova Scotia Technical College, Halifax.

our most recent bride is now Mrs. Theodore McCormack of Grand Lake N.S. Mrs. Fredrick Hoss is the proud mother of two children. Mrs. Ronald Mc Isaac, resides in Montreal. Mrs. Thomas Meehan, makes a very successful doctor's

LADIES OF LEISURE:

Rose Chambers Patricia Jones Doris Otto Rita Nugent Marie Carpenter Geraldine Furdy

Moira Desmond Margaret Lauder Marie Soper Mary Parsons Francoise de Billy Mary Egan

Harriet Myers Dorothy Harrison Mary McDougall Louise Harris

MT SCELLANEOUS

Betty Kelley Margaret Morrissey Ruth Elliot Eileen Sheehan Mary MacDougall

is attending the Maritime Business College. is also taking a course at the Maritime Business College. is in her senior year at Regis College. is attending Nazareth College in Kentucky. sailed recently for England to attend the coronation, Mary is to be presented to their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth at the Court of Saint James on May 6.

Well, my dear Alumnae, I hope these few remarks have been interesting to each and everyone of you and have settled that eternal question; "What's Soand-so doing?" Best wishes to you all.

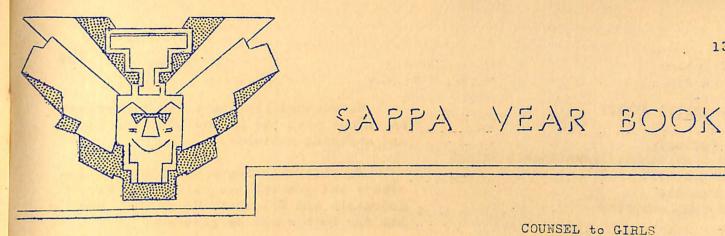
> Your Alumnae Editor Marie Forhan, '37.

DESIGN continued from page 124

to a room. In an informal room, informal balance could be used. This means that different articles of equal weight and size constitute the balance. Such an arrangement has a charm that is delightful. Both kinds of balance should be used in every room.

Then take the case of unsuitable furniture i.e. furniture which does not suit the style of room e. g. a modern bungalow furnished with heavy, cumbersome mahogany furniture or an Early American home fitted with modernistic. steel furniture. These mistakes are perhaps exaggerated but similar ones are too frequently made. This is a fault that a knowledge of design principles could have rendered impossible. Indeed a study of design will teach one how to judge excellence or refinement whether in style, texture, or construction. Most persons unfortunately, are gualified by nature to recognize fine relationships of proportion in form, color, and composition which make for beauty but for those intelligent persons who do not possess this quality a course in good taste or beauty appreciation is essential.

Gene Stevens, B. A.



DEDICATION

To all those who ever felt an urge to turn handsprings in the Library, or to sing the "Organ Grinder's Swing" on the Top Flat after Lights Out, we dedicate this Sappa Year Book.

EDITORIAL

Ave -- and Vale! We have always wondered just what those two words do mean, and have here set forth our doubts in a plain question, which we implore (or defy) any interested person to answer.

We know it's just a fancy way of saving hail and farewell, but just who is ing farewell to what, or just what is saying hail to who? (Yes, bad grammar)

Do the graduates say hail to the She was small, fair, and indescribworld when they are entering it, and farewell to the college because they are leav-Her name was Hepzibah, and his was Ezekiel. ing it, or does the college say farewell to them because they are going, or hail to But, having written this far, I found to them because they have graduated, or does I had no plot for my characters. A reader them world say hail to the graduates because at once offered a plot in a grave-yard, the ware coming, or because they have grawhich I was forced by circumstances (and they are or do the graduates say farewell to other readers) to accept. say hail, because the graduates have their degree, or farewell because they are going'

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COUNSEL to GIRLS

Study your lessons while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying -And that gay girl who smiles today Tomorrow may be crying.

Those awful Spectres, the Exams -The nearer they're a-getting. The sadder will be she who crams, And these lost hours regretting.

Then be not slow, but use your time, And while ye may, shun folly And study hard; that - thru this rhyme-Your Class Day may be jolly.

STORY

It was spring. Under boughs staggering with the weight of apple blossoms, and filled with song-birds of every description, from the humming-bird to the loon, strolled two young lovers.

able; he was tall, dark, and unbelievable.

SPRING FRENZY

Ah Spring! You inevitable, inexplicable thing! You galvanize Reorganize And then surprise Me. I feel elated Elevated And then deflated Because of thee.

PROPHECY

We see ourself in the dreaded future, editing the "Maniacs' Monthly," a daily paper which is issued every night just at midnight, with contributors from every Asylum in North America. We see people paying us <u>not</u> to send them a subscription.

LAST WILL and TESTAMENT

Having realized that the year is drawing to a close, and being of definately unsound mind, we take our typewriter in hand, and do hereby set out our last will and testament.

We sorrowfully leave our typewriter to anyone with the needed powerful hands and enduring patience.

We gleefully leave our state of insenity and general imbecility to Mary McGonagle and Elizabeth Campbell. "To him who hath shall be given."

We leave to the next Sappa Editor our best wishes for a sappy year, and the following formula for obtaining the feverish state of mind necessary to compose the Sappa:

(1) Go to the Commercial Room and listen to a typing test going on.

(2) Stand in Saint Stanislaus Dormitory and listen to the conversation.

(3) Sit in the Social Room and listen to dance music on the radio.

(4) Peer into the Library and listen to the stillness.

We leave to our poor readers some strait jackets and rattles, these being the only things they will have any use for after reading this Sappa, and our most profound sympathy.

We appoint Lillian Wagstaff sole executrix of this will, and bog her to exercise due caution and discretion in the distribution of these our effects.

TOWN-FEVER

I must be off to the town again, to the crowded streets downtown; And all I ask is no school work, and nothing to "get me down." And the large bus, and the town road in good condition. And lots of money in my purse, and late permission.

I must be off to the town again; for the call of the latest show Is a gay call and a loud call -- I've simply got to go. And I'll be there with a new hat, and I'll be gaily humming; And a bag of goodies under my arm on my home-coming.

Mary Nolan '39

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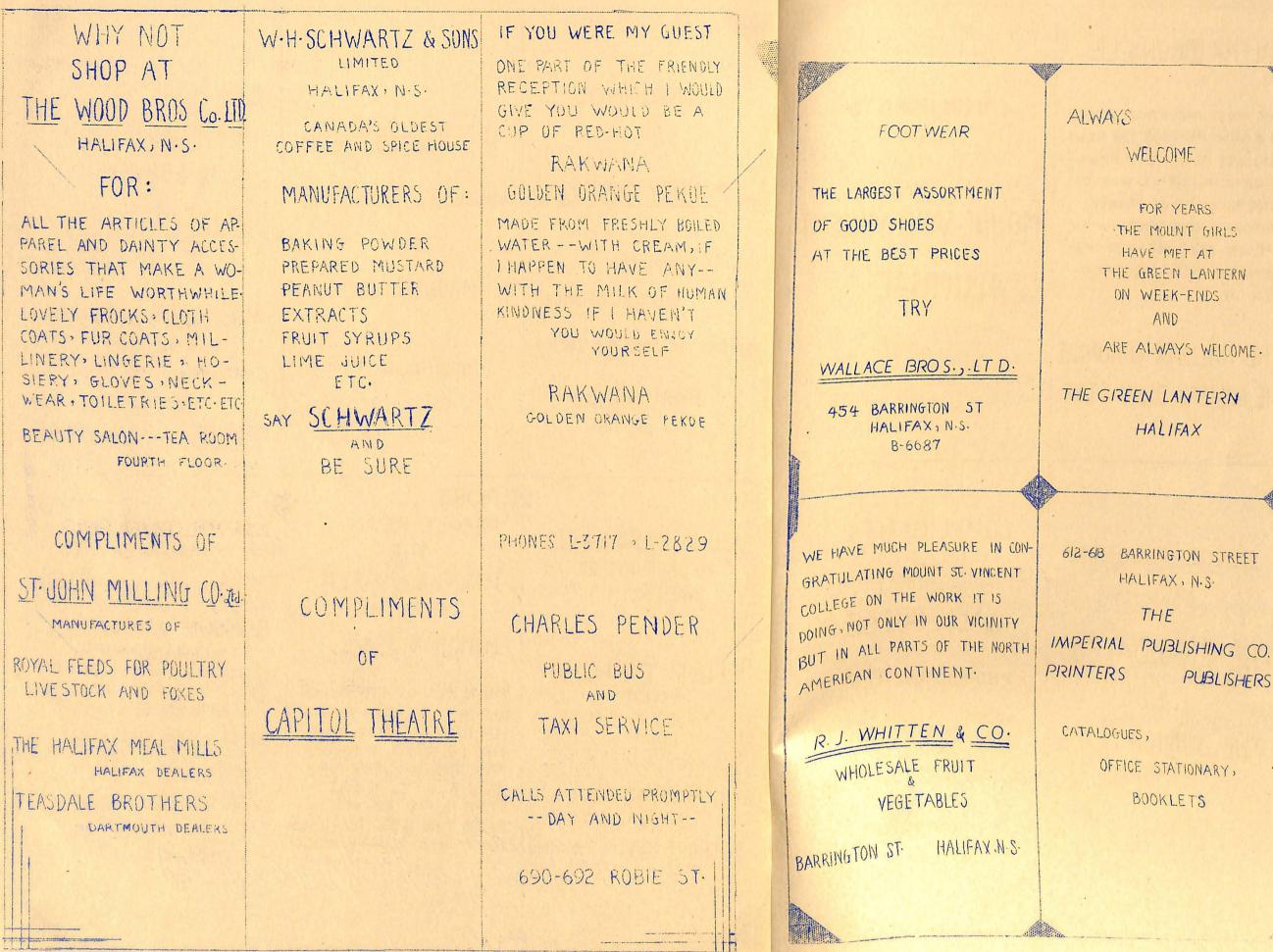
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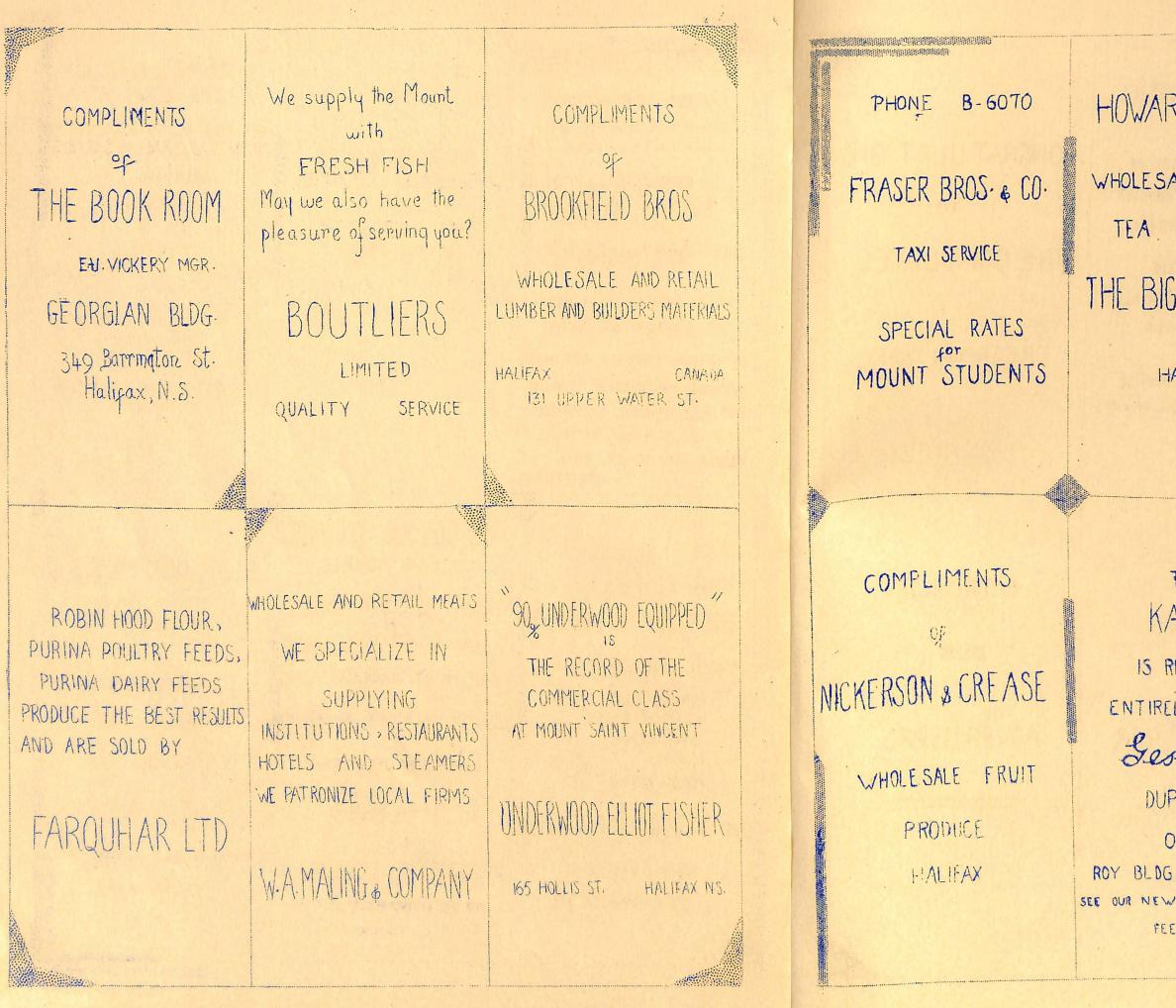
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