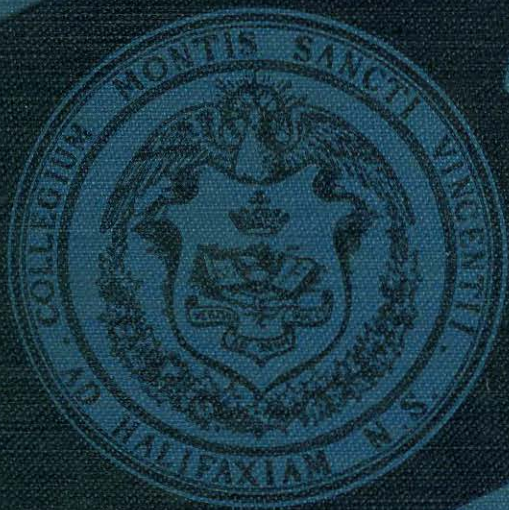


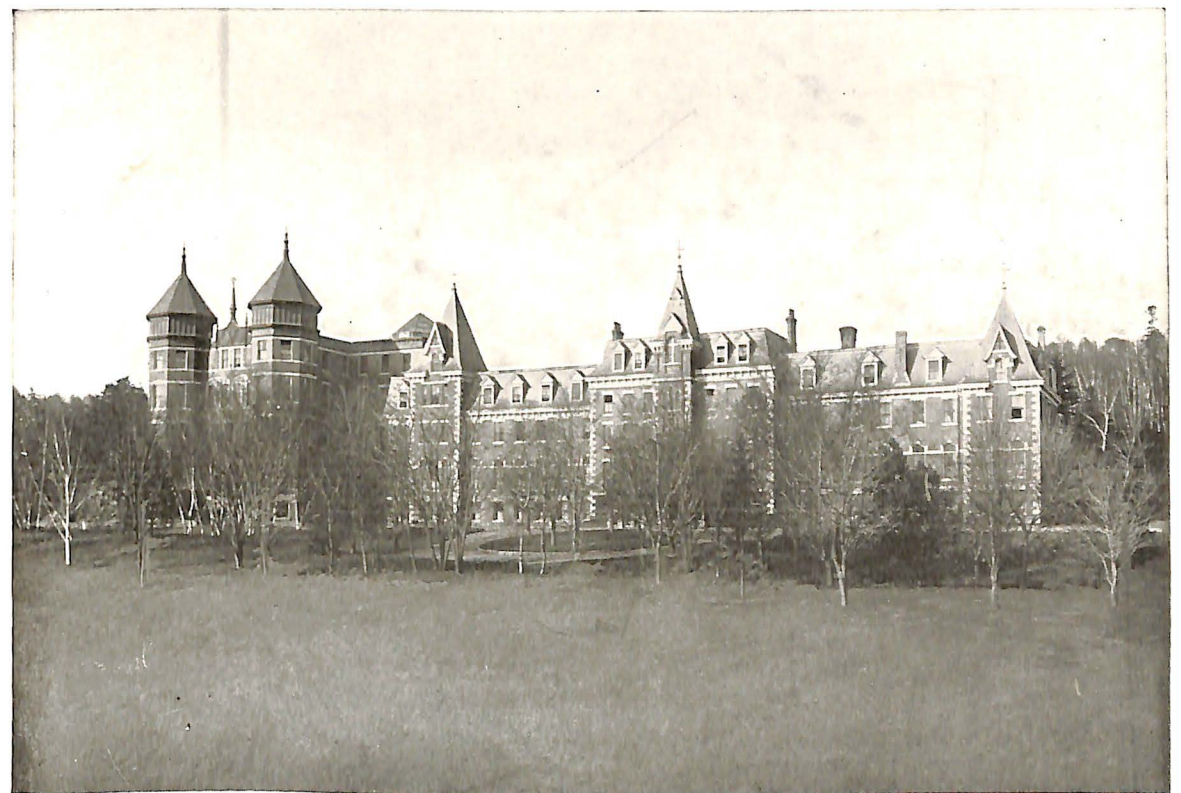
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Mary Martin -
August. 1944.

KAPPA KRONICLE



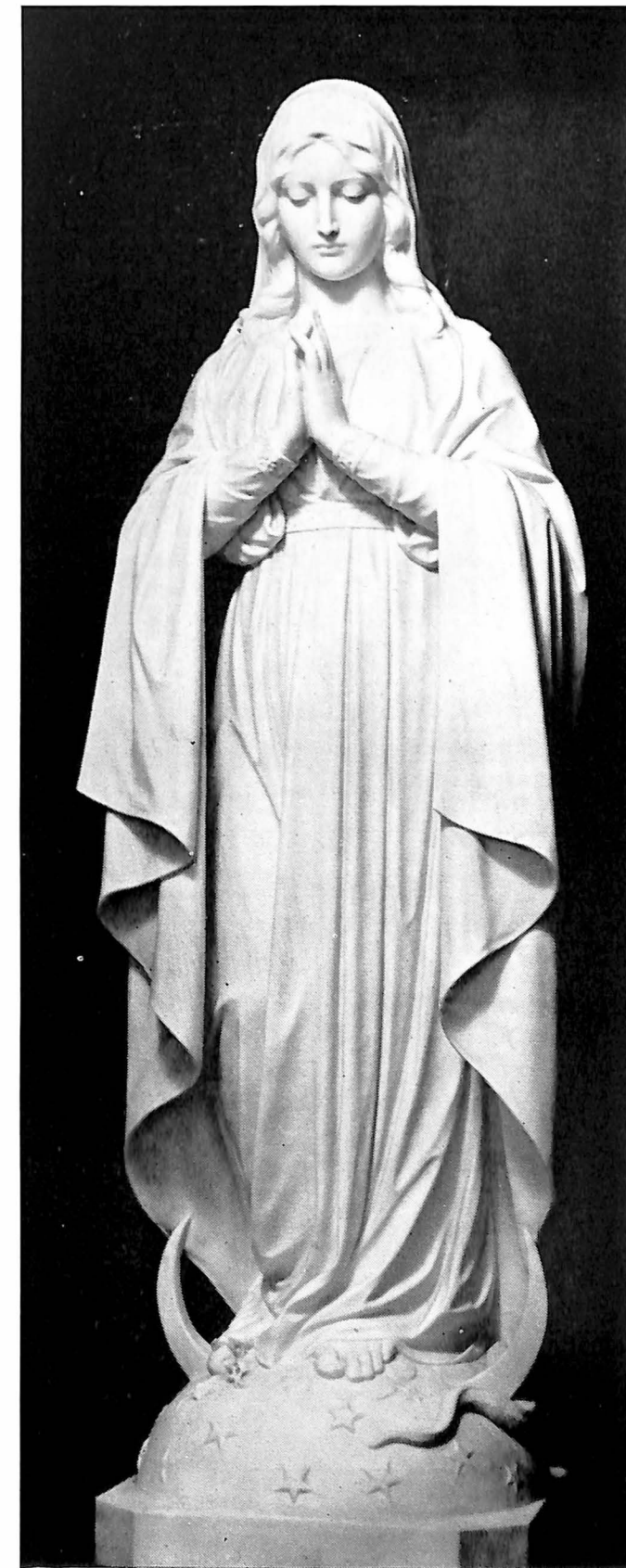
MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

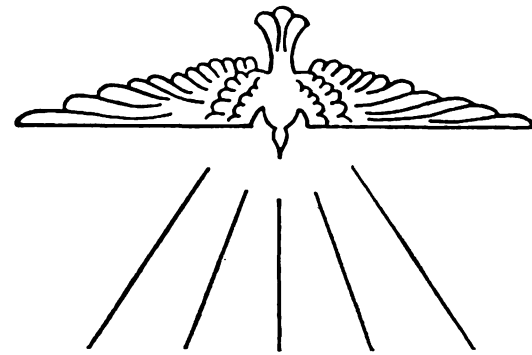
M A G N I F I C A T

My soul doth magnify the Lord. And my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Savior! Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for, behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me: and holy is His Name. And His mercy is from generation to generation to them that fear Him. He hath showed might in His arm; He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart. He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble. He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich He hath sent away empty. He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of His mercy, as He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end! Amen.

» » « «



Queen of the Campus



Foreword

FROM

Our Immaculate Conception Chapel where daily we seek refreshment in the quiet of the Real Presence

FROM

The many familiar shrines of Our Lady which have become true symbols of Mary's love and guidance

FROM

Our beloved teachers whose lives of dedicated service reflect Mary's life on earth

FROM

Our quiet convent halls and rooms where Mary dwells as Guardian

FROM

Our Sodality dedicated to Our Lady and pledged to Mary-likeness

WE

have chosen the theme of our 1944 Kappa— Mary, Our Mother, Our Protectress, Our Advocate.

Dedication

TO

Our dear Mother General in token of our appreciation and gratitude for the many privileges we have enjoyed in a Catholic College

TO

Your untiring efforts for promoting beauty and culture in our Christian education

TO

Your uncounted little personal kindnesses bestowed on each of us

TO

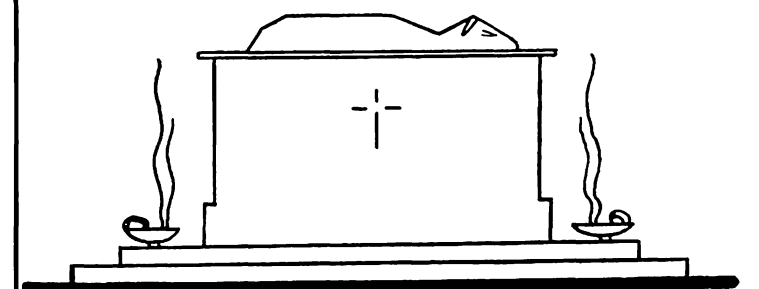
Your ever inspiring life of dedication to duty and to others

TO

Your long years of gentle guidance as Mother to us and to our Sisters

WE

lovingly dedicate our 1944 Kappa as a symbol of our abiding gratitude, our fullest loyalty and our deepest admiration.





REVEREND MOTHER MARY LOUISE
Mother General of the Sisters of Charity

Reverend Mother Speaks to the Students:

There is much being said these days about "progress". We hear of advances in science that are almost incredible; we are told of many more advances that are being prophesied for the future. Our reactions to these interesting items of information are varied and unpredictable. Some of us are dreamers, and we "look into the future as far as the human eye can see", and the picture we see there is in all respects perfect. Some of us are skeptics, and we doubt altogether the fulfilment of the promises which today's advertisers so blithely make. Some of us, and here we seem to find the majority, are optimistic, and we do console ourselves for the present with its privations and its limitations with the hope that before we die, we shall live in a "brave new world," where, although we may not be quite so specific in saying it, we do expect that there shall be neither wars nor rumors of wars, nor weeping nor sorrow, nor dying any more. The homely duties of everyday life will be cared for by the "kitchen of tomorrow", and sickness will disappear with an injection or a capsule.

Yet, if we are thinkers, we shall not mistake these contributions to our material comfort for Progress. Progress implies a going forward, progress implies a goal. It is characteristic of our materialistic age that we set the goal of our future happiness in the things of matter rather than in the things of the spirit. Those who do this are either ignoring or ignorant of the fact that man's final end is not in himself, but in God, and that the only true progress is an advancing towards the goal of our existence.

There is a second heresy which is prevalent today. Many of us who are not believers in political totalitarianism fall victims unconsciously to what an author has aptly named "the menace of the herd." We do our thinking in groups. Often our thoughts are dictated by radio commentators, or by writers of syndicated columns, and we form our conclusions, guide our discussions, even at times, formulate our ethics on a mass scale. To be individual is to be aggressive; to differ is to be eccentric. But here, again, we are wrong. The creation of man was in the beginning the creation of one man, and every human soul has been brought into existence by separate and distinct acts. "Personalism" is more than a name for a social and economic movement. It is a protest against a regimentation the more dangerous because the more subtle. It is a recognition of the fact that we are individuals.

Therefore, true progress can never be other than individual, and since we were made for the things of the spirit, it can only be in the realm of the spirit. "Be you perfect as your heavenly Father"—Here is the reason, the way and the goal of genuine progress!

With all this in mind, it is stimulating to read the message of our Reverend Mother General, Mother Mary Louise, to the College Students of 1943-44:

"Ask Our Lord to teach you to realize that the great aim in life is to become better; to grow daily more unselfish, more kind and more patient, more noble and more upright and more just. Try to train yourselves to see things in their true light, to judge things as Christ judges them—justly, kindly, mercifully."

MOTHER MARY LOUISE.

A Tribute from the Faculty

A little while ago an airplane roared over the chapel. Its angry whir was gone in a moment and all was quiet again. The sanctuary lamp glowed, the candles flamed, the Easter lilies sent up their incense—silently. Outside in the April sunshine a birch tree swayed silently in the Spring wind, pale green tips already showing on delicate twigs etched against the sky. Maples were reddening, the sap running freely through their veins. I could glimpse it all through the open window, and suddenly I became aware of the silence. What peace! what tranquil stillness! Yet I was conscious of the flood of life that permeated every corner of this house of God, of the thrilling activity that I knew was pulsing in classroom and corridor, in library and laboratory, in kitchen and store-room; life in its fullness from many hearts.

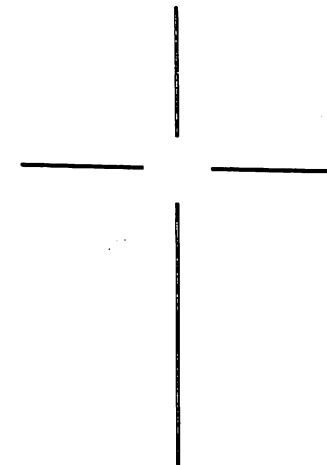
Its centre was here, in the chapel, a few feet from where I knelt. The Host in the Monstrance, surely, is the centre of our little world; yes, and of the larger world without, — of the universe itself. But God acts in human affairs through human agents, and if our life in this dear college is in truth a circle, it revolves around a human centre, as truly as the planets themselves revolve about the sun. God chose the centre; He tempered its strength, for it must bear the burden of a great wheel. The law that governs that wheel is obedience, and the hub of the wheel which must bear the stress and strain is a human soul — the soul of a woman called by God to responsibility and fashioned by His grace for the task.

In the shadow of the tribune one was kneeling (I was aware) who had borne this responsibility for eighteen years. When our college was only an infant, its charter scarcely a year old, our Mother General first knelt in that dim prie-dieu while the Sisters with glad voices chanted the "Te Deum". Twice had that song of thanksgiving been repeated after intervals of six years; and each time its tone was gladder. Each time, when the echoes ceased, there had come again that pulsating silence, while hearts bound together by closest bonds pledged themselves anew to "our Mother".

"In silence and in hope shall thy strength be." Had she taken that for her motto? Slowly, since 1926 the work of the Community has grown, as an oak tree grows, expanding first one branch and then another, sending forth leaves, bearing fruits; each season broader, stronger, towering upward toward heaven. In our college, a generation of students has come and gone. College girls have had their training, found their life-work, and gone forth light-hearted yet strong, with Mother's blessing upon them. The College staff, too, has changed, new members re-inforcing the pioneers or filling up the gaps made by "that fell sergeant, death". New horizons have opened, despite or even because of the clouds of war. Eighteen years is

a long time in the life of a little college, and through those years Mother Louise has been with us, sometimes gracing our social gatherings or enjoying our musical and dramatic programmes, sometimes bidding us welcome or farewell; often meeting us in the halls and on stairways, and always with her gracious smile. Truly she has loved the beauty of God's house and she has taught us to love it. Not only the chapel but every part of this His habitation gives evidence of her exquisite taste. Not merely with adornment, however, has she been content; with books she has enriched the library, and especially with autographed "first editions".

Sometimes, for long periods, Mother has been away; for the work of governing the Institute takes her on long journeys. Each year for some weeks or months we miss her smile in the corridors and her erect figure in the chapel; and then like sunshine she comes back to us, brightening the whole house with her presence. But whether she comes or goes, this House is always aware of her direction and her support; and not only this Mother-House but the ever-widening circle of the Institute of the Halifax Sisters of Charity that reaches out in all-embracing love to the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, the little children, the growing youth of Canada and the United States. Wherever the Sisters labor, in hospitals, in schools, in orphanages and asylums, in great cities or in tiny villages, the guiding spirit of our Mother General is felt, her heart and her brain are in action. Now that she is nearing for the third time the term of her immense labors, what can we of the College say but a loving, heart-felt "God bless her!"



The Students' Appreciation of Reverend Mother General

As another school year draws to a close, our thoughts are turned almost automatically to a survey of those things, both great and small for which we abound in gratitude. Not the least among these graces is Reverend Mother General herself. Those of us who came to the Mount as Freshmen this year found it difficult to believe that his quiet and unassuming person was the head of the entire Community of the Sisters of Charity. Those of us who already knew Mother could still marvel at her graciousness to "even us." Instinctively she made us feel as if we "belonged" to her in some special sense.

Although we see Mother General too infrequently for our own liking, and have few personal contacts with her, those few occasions have been memorable ones. She has always been an inspiration with her calm and queenly ways. When she has spoken to us, we have been deeply impressed by an inner grace and beauty which showed her to be without any affectation. What charm, what refinement, what utter loveliness!

Her keen interest in the education, both religious and secular, of all students of the Mount is evidenced in the untiring effort to secure the best for us. This same interest has ever been a source of pleasure and pride to us, and an encouragement to know that despite her full days, Mother has time for a thought in our direction and a motherly satisfaction in what we try to do.

We are grateful, Mother, for the numerous ways in which you have brought sunshine into our working days; we are grateful for the teachers whom you have given us to inspire us to nobler living, but in a very special way, we are more than grateful for having known you—for your beautifully attractive womanliness, for your ever gracious thoughtfulness of even the least, for all that makes you you.

In a truly catholic spirit, we pray that the circle of your acquaintances may be an ever-widening one, that so the influence of your deeply spiritual life may reach even to the ends of the earth.



Graduates



Mary Beryl Delouchry, B.Sc.

Record

Entered from: Mount Saint Vincent Academy

Sodality: 2, 3, Sec'y.-Treas. 4
Mission Club: 2, 3, 4
Glee Club: 2, 3, 4

Mint and thyme give out their perfume only when crushed. So, Beryl, whose sterling character proved its true worth under trial. With a faith strong enough to move mountains, Beryl has learned "to trade" as few among us, a grace which we may well envy her.

Dainty in person, clever in achievement, popular within and without the walls of the College, Beryl is a "Mount girl." Faculty and students join in wishing her a lifetime of happiness.

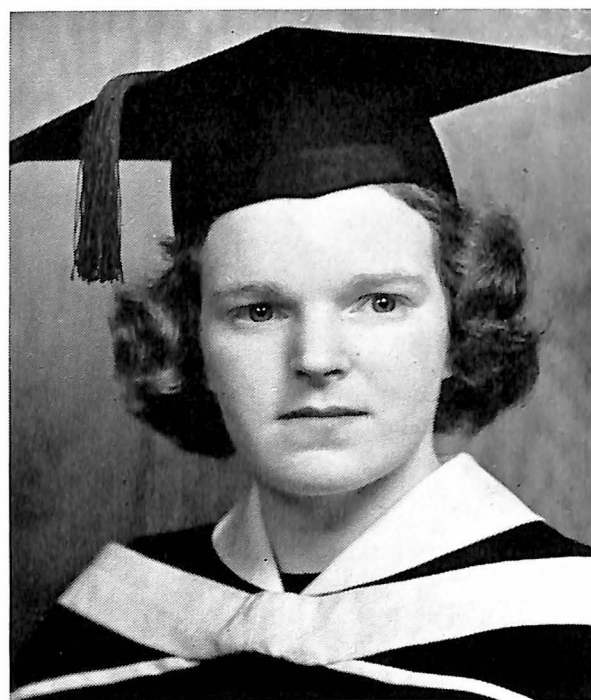


Isabel Jean Hyland, B.A.

Entered from: Saint Patrick's Girls' High School

Sodality: 2, 3, Prefect 4
Mission Club: 2, 3, 4
Phi Delta Phi: 3, Sec'y 4
Science Club: 2, Pres. 3
Glee Club: 2, 3, 4
Student Council: 3, 4

"Someone to live up to"—this characterization of Isabel by a fellow student would receive an affirmative vote in any assembly of the students. Quiet mannered and retiring almost to self-effacement, Isabel has at times astonished us by her Gibraltar-like stand on fundamental issues concerning the duties of the Student Council. As Sodality Prefect, she has been first and foremost Mary-minded, and herein lies the secret of her success in promoting devotion to Mary by example and by precept as well as in planning constructive meetings and activities. One knows not what to expect of Isabel in the future; indeed the past has taught us we may expect anything of her. One thing we know full well, she has her feet on the highway, and her hand in Mary's. She is walking in the right direction.



Mary Edith Patterson, B.A.

Record

Entered from: Mount Saint Vincent Academy

Sodality: 1, 2, Vice Prefect
3, 4
Mission Club: 1, 2, 3, 4
Phi Delta Phi: Sec'y 3, 4
Glee Club: 1, Sec. 2, Treas. 3,
Pres. 4
Athletic Club: 1, 2, 3, 4

We call her Suze—say she's mad about music, and torment her beyond all fairness—but that's because we like her. Edith's personality is matched only by her generosity which keeps her transposing music and copying; running off stencils and dashing off posters; whipping up something tasty from the latest cook book. She has won poster contests and art awards, she has carried off laurels for her literary articles, she displayed her vocal ability in her Licentiate Recital last year; and in the Spring Musicales, Edith's interpretation of "The Little Foreigner" stole the show. We hear, Suze, that Halifax is going to lose you to Montreal in the fall. We are sorry! We'll miss you, too, your humor, your generosity, the practical you, the idealistic you. But you have our wishes that wherever you are, your own refrain will come true—

"Let all your life be music".



Mary Teresa Savage, B.A.

Record

Entered from: Memorial University College

Sodality: 3, 4
Mission Club: 3, Pres. 4
Phi Delta Phi: 4
Writers' Club: 2, Pres. 4
Glee Club: 3, 4
Athletic Club: Pres. 3, 4
Student Council: 4

A true daughter of England's oldest colony, Mary has long since set in order her several loyalties. Conscientious, earnest, diligent, the student has not had to give place to the President of the Mission Club. As "big sister" to the younger students from Newfoundland, "our Mary" has played well the role of petitioner, champion, and even at times prosecutor. Coming to us from Memorial University College, she has shared but two years with us—all too short a time—yet long enough to reveal her fineness of character, her sympathetic nature, her possibilities for the future, and her well-developed sense of values.



Marguerite Cecilia Young, B. Mus.

Record

*Entered from: Mount Saint Vincent
Academy*

Sodality: 2, Our Lady's Chair-
man 3, 4
Mission Club: 2, 3, 4
Glee Club: Treas. 2, Sec. 3, 4
Athletic Club: 2, 3
Class President: 3
Student Council: President 4

Marguerite: Consult Webster, and you will find the meaning "a pearl". Not often is one so happily named; for all agree that here is a personality rich and rare. The setting, of course is the Mount. Marguerite Cecilia attended the Academy before she entered the College.

To the students, Marguerite is "Margo", petite, dainty, popular, who smiles her way through student-faculty clashes, just as she smiles and plays her way through difficult fugues and preludes. President of the Student Council, and chairman of Our Lady's Committee of the Sodality for the past two years, and filling both positions with unselfishness and efficiency, there is nevertheless an unassumingness about Marguerite which has endeared her to us.

A Lady-lover, first and foremost, her daily caring for the Sodality shrine and her patient stimulation of our sometimes flagging devotion, have been an inspiration.

We know her gift for musical composition, and indeed, this ability for harmonious selection and arrangement has been evident in her daily living. May her life be a melody, a directed and ordered "development" of God-given gifts of mind and heart and hand!



Undergrads

Freshman Class History

Freshmen! Where did it go? That is the question every Freshman asks herself at the end of the year. Here it is another spring, another June. But more important, another year has gone.

Remember last fall? Twelve of us started out on this momentous journey . . . twelve girls from everywhere, ready for anything, and so eager to get into it.

Those golden autumn days passed quickly. We'll never forget the scrumptious corn boil which began the social events of the new school year. The annual hike to Herring Cove was fun, wasn't it? . . . even though we missed the bus and had to walk an extra unintended three miles.

Do you recall our first class meeting in October? Three valuable things were gained from this meeting, our president, our class unity, and our motto. Dorothy Nugent, from New York, was elected president; we all agreed on this point from the beginning and we've never regretted it for one instant. Alicia Norris from Newfoundland, Eileen Chiasson of New Waterford, and Estelle Boyle of Newfoundland, were elected vice-president, secretary and treasurer respectively. Cosmopolitan? Probably the most important thing was the fact that we became immediately united. Throughout the whole year, we have kept a splendid corps d'esprit, with our motto as our guide, "All for one and one for all."

On October 26, the Feast Day of our President, Sister Evaristus, was celebrated. And what grand style! After "The Acts of St. Peter" was presented by the college, Sister Evaristus spoke to the girls and thanked them for their Spiritual Offerings, flowers, and a Victory Bond which was presented to her by two of our class members, Wilhelmina Heffernan and Beverly Mulherin. In the evening, the candlelight supper was certainly memorable!

Then came Christmas. Two members of the class, Alice Slattery and Mary Nicol, remained at the Mount for the holidays. When the girls came back, bringing with them a new member for the class, Joan Evans, they thought they had all the news but Alice and Mary matched every word.

We had not resumed our studies for long when the Freshman class decided to do their bit for the Missions. We conceived the idea of a "FRESHMAN HEART", made of red cardboard and containing numerous gifts. This Freshman heart was raffled, unlike the real thing. It was really a great success, probably because of the hard work Alicia Norris did to create it.

Here are two things no Freshman of '43-'44 will ever forget—the opening and closing sentences of Patsy McIntyre's editorial for the Freshman issue of the "Cap and Gown". "We are the youth of today—the leaders of tomorrow" and "Carry the torch high and keep it flaming with the light of truth, honor and purity." And if every editor personified his work as Patsy does . . .

Our Freshman year is over. Sometimes we hate to face facts, but when we face this one, we realize what a full, happy year it was. We don't think of the little things that peeved us at times, but rather, we remember the beautiful feasts, the companionships, and the many red-letter days which deviated from the "daily grind" and added still more pleasure to our full days. We shall always remember our first year at the "Mount" as one of the most outstanding in our young lives.

Sophomore Class History

When our president, Anne Varney, first called the class meeting to order, how could she really know what possibilities, as well as what improved to be more than equal to the task of keeping us happy and helpful. And with so many distractions! She has made the Honor List herself to save our scholastic reputation! The first venture with group work was filling the grab-bag for the Chaplain "somewhere up North". Remember how long we were getting started—and then the dynamic and triumphant success of our effort was both at home and abroad!

Then, that compelling piece of nonsense which was so sparkling with wit and typographical errors appeared. The quasi-editorial group temporarily quartered in L'Hotel Michel, working with the traditional secrecy and difficulty of the masters produced their premiere chef d'oeuvre selon du chat—Cativities! And was it meowing! That cat's nine lives were the only salvation of the producers for a while.

Sandwiched in somewhere between the free seconds we never could manage, the Sophomores, with seamstress Ann Dougherty, raffled a huge Christmas stocking just bulging with lovely articles—the proceeds for the Missions. That provoked the season's gaiety which continued and increased until after we came back from the holidays.

The grim spectre of mid-year examinations brought us to rock-bottom reality with unearthly suddenness. And Sheila Seale's mumbling Latin verbs in one corner competing with Marie Hayes struggling with Euclid in another didn't help to lessen the illusion. But very philosophically, we knew it, we wrote it and we passed—or we didn't, we didn't and we didn't! But our resolutions were to make up in the second half.

To keep up the morale, we went operatic. For weeks ahead press notices of our coming attraction, "Herman and Melancholia" appeared. The opera was planned, harmonized and produced all by ourselves, as no one of the audience could doubt. The golden voices of Marie Crooks and Ruth Cummings were featured as well as the tremendous interpretative powers of Josephine O'Sullivan. The response from the audience was sufficiently spontaneous to evidence their appreciation. And just to show how versatile a group we are, Ethel Mae and Teresa had prepared some delightfully delicious refreshments.

In March, more serious affairs. Can you imagine our unhidable pride when our president Anne and Mary Casey took on the debaters from Dalhousie? And we know you really can't conceive our excessive pride in the pair when the judges handed them a unanimous verdict. Mary again brought home to us the laurels when she was chosen winner of the annual Public Speaking Contest.

Following in succession, the Canadian Youth Commission Broadcast claimed our attention. Then, Commencement festivities were in the offing and Campus Capers. So, our schedule remains well-filled at the end as at the beginning. And ourselves? Well, we always felt we were pretty good, but now we know that the '44 Sophomores are "tops". So, everybody, you had better watch out because you can't keep a good man down!

Junior Class History

We were the same—at least, we thought we were; the Mount was the same—at least, the faces and places were familiarly welcoming; things were the same—and yet, somehow they weren't! Which dilemma was explained after an observant scrutiny. We had gone as Sophomores but our return was as Juniors.

Our gowns seemed to fit a bit better, our caps instinctively found a slightly more tilted angle and our bearing was definitely a bit more—well, we are Juniors, now! As we gradually settled down to the routine of the school year, we honestly did notice, but oh so covertly, the admiring glances of the underclassmen. Yet, being real Juniors, we could not feast on admiration alone, and so, we pledged a supporting arm to our president, Margaret Harvey, when she called the first class meeting.

Various circumstances had brought about a loss of a few of our former classmates, but new girls soon filled up the empty places. Helen Balah, who had taken a sabbatical year, was with us again in great glee—Betty Wallace of Halifax and Katherine Tobin of Newfoundland “belonged” to us in record time.

It was with a feeling of no little importance that we literally swore our fidelity as big sisters at the formal “adoption” ceremony. The legality of the proceedings provided great merriment but did also serve as a strong basis of friendship.

The first traces of sophistication (ahem, we're Juniors!) showed in the Hallowe'en Dance at Loyola Hall. Dancing was more fun than a theatre party or such, so—but it was not long before our more genuine selves were revealed! Witness Pooch's crashing debut and the casual acceptance of the applause for her chair-tumbling act! Then, the little group who were “with stood”, and to show their patriotism came wheeling back in one of Pender's chariots—oh the evils of the man-shortage!

After the first wholesale get-together, the various students applied themselves each to her proper field of concentration. Thus, you find a group of Juniors shining in the most diverse settings. If it's music—Helen Balah was one of the featured artists in the Musicale; we've heard her broadcasting occasionally; a definite part would be missing in the choral group, were Helen not in voice. Following in quick succession are Mary Martin and Margaret O'Brien. They'll take you with equal ease from Bach to “Bogey Wogey” and make you like them both.

Or if oratory holds you, look again, it's probably Margaret Harvey or Gertrude Delaney who made the Public Speaking finals, if it isn't Pooch with her inimitable eloquence. Special orchids for Marion Verge, the Debating Club president. She certainly chairmanned the Dal debate!

The Home Ecers reign in their own domain where Bernadine as President and Dolores as treasurer, along with Kay and Jean, give us to taste of the fruits of their labors in those famous luncheons and dinner parties. Be it lecture or Christmas Sale, Missions or Campus Capers, they show us “the how” of the beauty of the interior.

Now, we're into the fussings of Commencement activities—and with us Juniors in charge, you can count on the best time. But, confidentially, we have a few headaches to face yet, haven't we?

Chorus: The days are few,
The girls are many—
And oh yes, men—
We haven't any!

But we'll share the common burden and carry on to a grand finale—a year of great things in us and by us.



Features



Liturgical Pageant Repeated

The true significance of Christmas was revealed in the liturgical pageant "The Coming of the King", which the Eucharistic committee of the Sodality presented shortly before the holidays. The gifts which had been "earned" for the poor were brought to the altar during Mass and were offered at the Offertory prayers. The dramatic version of the longing of the ancient prophets for the Messiah as expressed in their prophecies and the corresponding fulfillment in the New Law was deeply imbued with meaning. The whole unrolling of the fulfilling of the prophecies was correlated with the chanting of the corresponding parts of the Christmas Mass, by a surpliced choir, which was brought to a climax at the Communion when Our Lady presented her new-born Babe to all.

The distribution of the gifts was made by Our Lady at the side of the crib, replacing the traditional Santa Claus. The Prefect of the Sodality, Isabel Hyland, was the Christmas Madonna for the season's festivities.

* * * * *

Collegiate Press Exhibition

A new note in the celebration of Catholic Press Month was struck when a combined program of original features was presented at Saint Mary's College by the various schools of the city. The need and advantage of at least one course in Catholic literature in every Catholic College curriculum was the subject treated by the Mount girls in a "staged debate". The text of their debate is found elsewhere in this book, in the section of originalities. The rest of us enjoyed it thoroughly and we are a critical lot! Therefore, the praises of their town audience sounded genuine.

[22]

Students in Fine Musical Performance

The Evening Musicales in which the Mount Alumnae presented us to the Halifax public was an outstanding musical success! We not only made the headlines, but we took the limelight with us that time! "Artistry in clear characters was indelibly impressed on the entire presentation. There was artistry in the choice of the program; artistry in the costuming, grouping, entries and withdrawals of the assemblies; in the brilliant playing and sensitive and effective interpretation of Helen Balah and Marguerite Young and in the clear, lyrically beautiful voice of Frances Leahy."

"The choral group with Marguerite Young at the organ, won their audience from their first number. "This is Worth Fighting For" sung with artistry, feeling and fine balance by the white-robed girls with their blood-red V's which gave a patriotic note to the program." The arrangement of Schumann's "Orchestra Song", which was excellently and cleverly sung by the seven parts of the Choral group afforded a pleasant merriment and won high admiration.

"The string ensemble delighted their audience with the opening selection, Grieg's Concerto in A minor" and won their enthusiasm with Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, and both ensemble and choral group brought the program to a brilliant close with Handel's Hallelujah Chorus in which the groups showed the same ability to co-ordinate voices and instruments that each group had previously shown in co-ordinating all voices and all instruments separately."

But fine as the press reports read, they can not be compared to the outbursts of admiration to which the students gave way on their return. Papers cannot give the inflections of voice ours did—all the way from Anne Varney's animated "The Mount certainly 'wowed' Halifax tonight" to Marion Verge's authoritative "Bob thought it was wonderful!" with the infinite variations of forty-odd girls giving forty-odd versions of the same thing at one time. And even more incredible—the Sisters let them all talk and seemed to capture one sole idea, that the Musicales had been a top-notch success.

The Musicales was under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, Most Reverend John T. McNally, D.D., the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. H. E. Kendall, Honorable Harold Connolly and Mrs. Connolly, Honorable W. C. MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald and Honorable F. B. McCurdy and Mrs. McCurdy.



Mount Team Defeats Dalhousie in Coal Mines Debate

On April 20, the Mount Saint Vincent debating team won a unanimous decision from the judges on the resolution, Resolved: That Canada Should Own and Operate the Coal Mines Throughout the Dominion.

Anne Varney, the Sophomore president, was the leader of the negative side and was ably assisted by Mary Casey, also of the Sophomore class. Both girls gave excellent arguments and spoke with grace in an easy, non-chalant manner.

The Dalhousie team, Patricia Ryan, leader, and Theresa Monaghan, upheld the affirmative. Their speeches were well given, but their arguments were not quite so strong as those of their opponents.

The discussion was most interesting from beginning to end. Marion Verge, president of the Debating Society, acted as Chairman for the occasion. The judges were: Mr. Fred MacKinnon of the Maritime School of Social work; Mr. Alexander Laidlaw of the Education office, and Mr. Maurice Keating, Assistant Supervisor of City Schools.

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PIONEERS OF SAINT MARY'S COTTAGE
a historic chip off the "New Block"



Catholic Youth Commission Broadcast

On April 30, five Nova Scotian students of Mount Saint Vincent College, participated in a broadcast over station CHNS Halifax, under the auspices of the Nova Scotia Committee of the Canadian Youth Commission.

The Canadian Youth Commission was formed for a life of two years, at the end of which time the studies and recommendations of the youth groups of Canada will be completed. There are seven subjects about which the views of young people are sought, Employment, Physical and mental health, Education, Recreation, Family Life, Citizenship and Religion.

The topic discussed by the Mount students was "Education". Isabel Hyland acted as Chairman and four sophomores, Mary Casey, Marjorie McDonald, Anita Keats and Marie Hayes took part in the interesting forum.

The requests for copies of the script by the CBC studio, as well as some interested educators, plus the many commendations received by an interested audience justified a great pride in our quintet.



Popular Pianist Scores in Recital

"It was an exceptional recital that Marguerite Young presented not only because of her able playing, sensitive and vital touch and understanding interpretation, but particularly because it revealed her possession of unusual natural talent both for performing music and for composition. This creative talent was expressed in her original composition Sonata in G Minor, and showed distinct imagination and originality, possessing vitality, character and colour". That's how the reporters put it!

For us, it was another of Margo's triumphs. She certainly sold her music that night—as she had sold herself to us early in the year. The admiration which filled the entire audience was something we had felt before on many occasions. But our own appreciation of our president was still further deepened by her gracious modesty and graceful poise throughout the performance.

Her ability as accompanist was shown in the selections with which Frances Leahy, vocalist, assisted. Frances, too, was at her best that night as she delighted her hearers with the voice to which we love to listen.

Congratulations came to Marguerite in all shapes and forms. A wealth of flowers, a deluge of gifts and personal public tribute of Very Reverend C. F. Curran S.T.D. who praised the young musician and her parents for their generosity in sharing her talents with God and country, as organist at Saint Agnes Church and a member of the Concert Parties Guild. Reverend L. L. Graham confirmed these congratulations.



Chronicle



THE CAPPING CEREMONY

September 17-20—New voices floated through the halls—"What does that bell mean? Where do we go now? Are you my room-mate?"—as thirteen new "Frosh" invaded the campus of Mountain Saint Vincent College, uncertain, yet eager for the joys and thrills of college life.

September 21—Registration Day, and the old girls arrive back, renewing old acquaintances and welcoming the new girls. The summer vacation behind, we looked forward to a full year, more profitable, better, oh, yes, better than last year.

September 22—College routine started as we began our classes. The thrill of new studies, great prospects of achievement and the year got off to a fine start, amid firm resolutions for success.

September 27—With a High Mass of the Holy Ghost in the chapel, celebrated by Father Cyril Martin, the year was formally opened. The inspiring talk by Very Reverend G. B. Phelan, President of the Pontifical Institute, was a fitting commencement as we dedicated our year of study to the fulfillment of God's will.

September 28—"M-m-m! Smell that coffee! Isn't the corn grand! May I have another apple?" With the annual corn boil, given by the Seniors in full swing again, another year is well on its way to being a good one. After being well-fed, our voices blended in harmony on songs old and new, and was followed by a "jam session". Back to chapel, after which we enjoyed games in the gymnasium. Sorry girls, we couldn't let you keep those "prizes", the owners would object.

October 9—Over the bumpy road, through the woods, the old bus slowly forged ahead. Finally there ahead was the hall, the church and convent. It was Thanksgiving Day, and the college girls were going on their annual picnic, this time to Herring Cove. The rocks, the sea and many other attractions including refreshments of course, gave the girls much to amuse them, and not one, but all were sorry to have to climb aboard the bus for the ride back to the Mount. Thoroughly satisfied with the day, and clinging to souvenirs, we were a happy if tired group.

October 16—The members of the M.S.V. Alumnae held their annual meeting with the President, Agnes O'Donnell, in the chair. After the meeting the Alumnae attended a delicious supper tastily and delightfully served in the Students' Refectory. After the banquet an interesting Fashion Show was put on through the courtesy of the T. EATON CO., Maritimes Limited. Models included members of the Alumnae and the College.

October 21—This afternoon, Mrs. Phoebe McKellar, dramatic interpreter from Montreal, entertained with scenes from Shakespeare. Her outstanding personality and the clarity with which she captured the varying moods of her characters delighted us all. She did much to bring to our minds the greatness of this playwright, and she stimulated interest in his many works.

October 26—With the beautiful and moving portrayal of the Acts of the Apostles, we fittingly celebrated the feast day of our College President, Sister Evaristus. The joy of the occasion, coupled with the gratitude of our hearts, helped us to excel in this production. The lovely "Charity" and the list "Orchestra Song" rendered by the Glee Club brought the programme to a close. But later in the Refectory, high tea provided a suitable climax to a glorious day.

October 30—Fateful day! Class marks published for the first time! However, in the way of celebration or otherwise, all gathered at Loyola Hall for the first dance of the season, sponsored by the Junior Class.

November 11—To suit the occasion, Armistice Day was observed with our entertaining a group of Service Women of the three branches at an afternoon social. Father M. McNeil S.J., Air Force Chaplain with his hearty singing and playing of the piano helped us in making the occasion a successful one.

November 12-13—Home Economics Convention—Truro. Members of the club arose with the sun and boarded the "Blueberry Special". Sister M. Clarisita, Professor of the Clothing Department, was one of the speakers of the day. An interesting day made up for the early rising it seems!

November 23—A recital was presented by the Staff of the Maritime Academy of Music in the Music Hall. The splendid program was more than appreciated by us all, the master musicians as well as the apprentices.

November 24—Our thoughts were centred today on our Divine Lord, as we joined a group of Service Women in a Day of Recollection given here at the Mount. The inspiring lectures of Father M. McNeil S.J., gave all renewed strength and devotion. A special thrill was the celebration of Holy Mass at 5 p.m.

November 30—Reverend John Van Gent S.J., Chaplain of the Dutch Navy in Halifax, opened to us a new view of his native land in a revealing talk on "Dutch Life". Hitherto little known, we came away with a better idea of the life and customs of those valiant people, and in many a heart was said a prayer for them that night, that soon again they may be free to enjoy life as they have in the past. Father's singing of native folk songs lent a note of completeness to our pleasant evening.

December 1-3—To commemorate the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the Mission Crusade conducted a triduum to one of our patron saints. Meeting every morning before classes, we all joined in honoring him.

December 3—On the Feast Day of St. Francis Xavier, the C.C.S.M.C. unit together with that of Saint Mary's College, presented a radio broadcast. The lovely strains of "Maria Walks Amid the Thorns", and "Rorate" went out over the ether in witness of our devotion and zeal as Crusaders.

December 8—New Sodalists were added to the ranks of our Sodality today, on this feast of the Immaculate Conception. Following the procession and reception in the chapel, a special treat waited the new sodalists in the Refectory.

December 9—The first all-College musicale of the year gave us a chance to witness appreciatively the diverse talents among the students. Solos, duos, group chorus and characterization made royal entertainment.

December 15—Repeated by popular request, the liturgical pageant, "The Coming of the King" gave us a deeper understanding of the wonderful mystery of Christmas. The gifts which we presented as an offering to the Christ Child during the Mass that morning were distributed to a group of children and their joy in receiving them showed us to a small extent what Christ's joy in receiving them must be. "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren . . ."

December 17—Jingle Bells! Jingle Bells! Santa himself came around to gather all good little girls tucked safely in bed, to the Christmas party of the Glee Club. So, of course we were all there! Festivity was in the air, and the carols, the entertainment, and the distribution of the gifts gave rise to much merriment.

December 21—Bags packed, farewells said for a few short weeks, the usual dash to the station, and the Christmas holidays had officially begun!

January 11—Back to class with stories of happenings, of dances, parties, and, in fact, FUN of three weeks at home, to tell. As the unpacking was gradually finished and the stories all re-told, we settled down to hard study.

January 31—After three weeks of preparation, the grim days arrived and we wrote our mid-year exams, with varying degrees of success.

February 11—From Handel's "Creation", we chose the lovely "The Heavens Are Telling" to sing in honor of our dear Reverend Mother General's Feast Day. Joining with the Academy, we gathered to give our affection and thanks to her on this, the happiest of days. It was with full hearts that we asked Our Lord's blessing for our well beloved Reverend Mother. The address from the students was particularly appropriate in its connecting two great souls who were being honored on this day, St. Bernadette and Mother General.

February 13—Crusaders of the C.C.S.M.C. gathered from all the schools and units in Halifax, at the Sacred Heart Convent, and among them was an enthusiastic group from Mount Saint Vincent College. Father Murphy, recently returned from China, gave us a graphic and highly instructive talk on the need for help for the Missionaries, whose work has been greatly retarded by the present war. One and all came away with renewed zeal and determination to aid these far off people in every way possible.

February 16—Mystery surrounded the movements of the Sophs for days as plans went forward for an evening's entertainment in the Gym. At last the final night, the overture is heard and the curtain rises on the Variety show featuring an old-fashioned opera. Hearts for all, with a quiz game and then refreshments.

January 18—C.F.C.C.S. Council Meeting—Isabel as Councillor, with Bernadine and Gertrude attended the meeting at the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

February 21—Outdoing themselves, the talented musical students of M.S.V.C. were presented in an Evening Musicale. The enthusiastic audience at the Nova Scotian Hotel testified to the worth of our performance. The soloists, the Orchestra, and even the song of the Chorus expressed our feelings exactly with the words "This is Worth Fighting For"!

February 28—As our share in the Intercollegiate Catholic Press Program, several of our students presented a one-act play at Saint Mary's College. Their ideas on the worth of modern literature and the need of good Catholic literature were echoes of our own. Following this instructive as well as entertaining performance, there was a marked stimulation and interest in reading.

March 1—Tonight was a big night as school nights go! It was our turn to meet Dalhousie and debate the question: That Canada Should Own and Operate the Coal Mines of the Dominion. Ann Varney led the negative side and was assisted by Mary Casey. It was a hard won victory

even though they won a unanimous decision from the judges, Fred McKinnon of the Maritime School of Social Work, Alexander Laidlaw of the Education Office and Maurice Keating, Assistant Supervisor of City Schools.

March 6—The Religious Opposition Finals show Ann Varney and Kathleen O'Donnell to be fairly well-matched rivals from the entire student body.

March 7—Phi Delta Phi celebrated their patronal feast with a remodelling of club plans and a newly chosen slate of Margaret Harvey, President, and Isabel Hyland, Secretary. In the evening, the pride of the native students was justified, and the amazement of the others increased as we witnessed the beauties of the Maritimes in an illustrated lecture by Mr. J. Humphrey.

March 16—The Mission Club staged a miniature Irish performance including Irish songs and dances and skits to celebrate the feast of St. Patrick. The whole place was ablaze with the green of that famous saint.

March 17—Collaborating with St. Mary's, an entertaining "It" show was presented in Loyola Hall. Songs, gaga, and a one-act farce made up the repertoire of the performers. All willingly took part in a game of Truth and Consequences, as well as in the refreshments served during an intermission. The show came to a grand finale with The Fatal Quest while the gallant Duke stole away with the orchids.

March 20—"The Things That Matter" demanded our attention for a few days when our Annual Retreat was on. Reverend M. Maloughney, C.S.C., who had recently come back from Notre Dame University directed the exercises and brought us well along in the paths of the Lord. As annually, reports went, "the best I ever made."

March 28—The chief undertaking of the Writers' Club for the year was the Scripture Symposium given before the Faculty and student body early in Passion Week. Mary Savage, President of the Club introduced the subject, The Public Life of Our Lord; Catherine Tobin spoke on the miracles of the first year; Mary those of the second year; Alice Slattery, those of the third year; then, Eileen Chiasson discussed the Sermon on the Mount, Alicia Norris familiar parables, and Marjorie MacDonald parables and other teachings of Holy Week, thus bringing the subject within the portals of Passiontide. In a brief address of appreciation, Sister Evaristus congratulated the speakers for the knowledge of Our Lord's life and teaching they had expressed so clearly and so interestingly.

April 2—A short visit from Reverend Hector Daly, S.J. brought back pleasant memories. While with us, Father took time out to enlighten us about the inner workings of the Canadian Youth Commission which is receiving so much attention at the moment. Coming from one of the National Executive of the organization, we were all ears!

April 5-12—"No more pencils, no more books," . . . that was the universal feeling as the Easter recess came round. Oh for a well earned rest!

April 16—The Seniors were the hostesses at a lovely tea for the mothers and friends of the students today. A pleasing program of moving pictures, walks about the house and dainty snacks in the transformed Music Hall prepared for a most enjoyable afternoon. Three cheers for the Seniors.

April 20—Having made us ready in the preliminaries, the ten finalists for the annual Public Speaking Contest entered the lists. A particularly fine feature this year was the presence as judge of Mr. A. J. Haliburton himself, donor of the Award. Nor did we envy the judges their task of choosing one winner! Finally, the announcement came that Mary Casey topped the list with Isabel Hyland running second. Honorable mention was given to Marjorie MacDonald and Patricia McIntyre

April 24—It was a most inspiring talk that one of our zealous Alumnae, Mrs. Matthew Scanlon, gave to the Sodalists of both the College and Academy. Her great devotion to Our Lady of Fatima, and her interest in spreading a love of this Blessed Mother were evidenced throughout the entire lecture, more particularly in the short meditations on the mysteries of the Rosary which Mrs. Scanlon gave so spontaneously.

April 26—The spring was heralded by the College Spring Musicales in which the students of Music once more delighted us and showed themselves in their typically true notes and artistry.

April 30—We've heard much and talked much lately about post-war problems. Tonight, we let an air audience have the benefit of our conclusions on "Education." Who could better make some worthwhile suggestions on this topic?

May 1—May Day and a sunshiny, inviting "come on out" feel in the air. So, we needed no coaxing to enjoy our supper in Marydale.

May 5—The Home Economics Club entertained the members of the Halifax Home Economics Association.

May 10—The grand finale of the Writers' Club, the literary symposium, took place as usual in the dining room of the Home Economics department. The subject of the day was the writings of Stephen Leacock, the laughing philosopher, whose death had recently saddened the reading world; but there is no gloom in his writings, so the occasion was a merry one. Sister Maura, the Club Moderator, paid tribute to the achievement, of Sir Charles Roberts and his writings in both verse and prose; she gave interesting details of his lecture visit at the Mount.

May 11—The Graduation Recital of our young maestro, Marguerite Young, in which she won high praise for her excellent performance.

May 13—Alumnae joined the students today in the annual Mary's Day celebration. A special coronation ceremony was held at which Mrs. Matthew Scanlon had the privilege of crowning Our Blessed Mother. A short meeting, then a lovely tea followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the day was complete.

May 14—"Immaculata Revelata", a beautiful dramatization of the Mass for the feast of the Immaculate Conception was offered by the Sodality on World-wide Sodality Sunday.

May 22—Within so short a time all the fun had gone out of life. Finals examinations begin—we'll join you soon again.

May 30—A surprisingly delightful treat was ours to have Earle Spicer, internationally famous Baritone, give us a recital. Such a vivacious personality singing through his songs, such a well-balanced program for his audience. When shall we expect you again, Mr. Spicer?

May 29—Commencement Week makes up for the grim interlude. Another school picnic at Herring Cove; the Alumnae Executive entertaining the Graduates at a luncheon at the Lord Nelson Hotel; Class Day, THE day; the Baccalaureate Services, with the Class Oration and the planting of the Class Tree; the Sophomores' reception for the graduates. Then, Convocation itself, and the Prom!!! Who could doubt how good it is to be alive, and to be young as we—and beautiful . . . it's next door to heaven, we agree.



Sodality



Sodality in Review

Functioning under the protection of Our Blessed Mother, the Sodality of Our Lady has had a year of outstanding achievement, both spiritually and materially. The Sodalists have found in their life-long, persistent, persevering job of living in union with the Will of Christ, a capacity for living which grows ever richer in the imitation of Mary. Striving to become prototypes of Mary—to be other Marys living in the world today, we have pledged ourselves to make Jesus known and loved on earth by the force of our Sodality motto—"Ad Jesus per Mariam".

As a preliminary to Sodality activities, four students among those returning to College in September, attended the first Canadian Summer School of Catholic Action held at Montreal. The information which these students brought back was most useful in the Sodality Programme for 1943-44 which was geared to world events.

The Sodality Council with Isabel Hyland as Prefect, Edith Patterson as Vice-Prefect, Gertrude Delaney as Secretary and Margaret Harvey, Marguerite Young, Mary Savage, Ann Dougherty, Dolores Michaud, and Kathleen O'Donnell as respective Chairmen of the Eucharistic, Our Lady's, Apostolic, Publicity, Social Life, and Good Literature Committees, zealously took the lead in promoting an increase of devotion to Our Lady and in upholding Sodality ideals.

Our Sodality Director, Reverend Henri Bignon, C.J.M. spoke to the members on the first Monday of each month. These instructions, which centred on the application of Catholic principles of life, proved to be very helpful in leading us to a realization of the duties of a true Child of Mary.

The work which has been accomplished by the various committees played a vital part in the distinctive purposes of the Sodality. Keeping in mind Pope Pius XII's declaration on the Sodality as "an ordered army prompt at the Church's call", the Committee members have lent their energy and ingenuity in effecting its aims. Our Lady's Committee, as usual, devoted its efforts to making Mary known and loved through special devotion to the Rosary. The Eucharistic Committee, entrusted with the responsibility of helping the Sodalists to personal sanctification, was instrumental in bringing them to a realization of the great privileges which is ours in Daily Exposition and in promoting devotion to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Preparing the annual Christmas Cheer for the poor, the Apostolic Committee showed its usual zeal for the welfare and sanctification of our neighbor. An intellectual program giving Sodalists an appreciation of the truths and culture of the Church in literature has been the work of the Good Literature Committee. A Publicity Committee having the responsibility of disseminating information relative to the Sodality, of preparing attractive posters announcing approaching feasts, and of preparing news items has done an excellent job in keeping the Sodalists up to date on activities. With the reception of four new Sodalists on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the Social Life Committee showed the importance of being able to guide a social program.

One of the outstanding activities of the Sodality this year has been the open discussions on timely, interesting, and practical subjects considered from a Catholic point of view. We have found that world problems, gigantic in size and far reaching in their effects have a direct bearing on the fundamental units of society; we have learned too, the need of maintaining a proper perspective when viewing these problems. The results of these discussions have shown that Sodalists do have a Catholic attitude and are able to make their ideas known. A visit from Father Daly S.J. added something new to our discussion. Father told us about the Canadian Youth Commission and urged us to make our Catholic voice heard in the final recommendation which would be presented to the government.

The Highlight of the Sodality year came in the annual Retreat under the direction of Reverend W. Maloughney C.S.C. of Montreal. Three days of living intimately with Jesus and Mary is an experience which leaves a lasting impression in the heart and mind of every Sodalist. And now with all these activities behind us we find that our lives as Sodalists are just beginning. Friendship with Mary knows no limits of time or place; it is a continual gradual unfolding of Mary's own spotless being in the life of each Sodalist.

Legion of Mary

At the first meeting of the Praesidium of "Our Lady of Victory", twelve girls met to incorporate themselves into the Legion—thus to increase the intensity of their effort in Mary's service and to magnify God through Mary. The officers elected for the year were:

President—Gertrude Delaney; Vice-President—Bernadine Power
Secretary—Margaret Harvey; Treasurer—Eileen Conlon

The other Legionaries were: Mary Savage, Alicia Norris, Anne Varney, Eileen Chaisson, Ruth Cummings, Marie Hayes, Theresa Burbridge, and Mary Martin.

Every Thursday evening, the members of the Legion gathered around the shrine of Our Lady to hold their meetings; the average attendance at meetings was ten. Our little group this year was, as usual, under the direction of Father Cyril Martin, Parish Priest at Rockingham. The Praesidium subscribed to Maria Legionis, the Legionary magazine which proved interesting and instructive.

The active work of the Praesidium was twofold; the care of small children on Sunday morning to enable the parents to attend Mass, and the taking of the census of Fairview Village. Each Sunday, about ten Legionaries went to different homes at Rockingham, thus assuring the presence at Mass of several persons who would otherwise have been absent. At the request of Father Martin, the Fairview district was canvassed to determine the number of Catholic families. The work of census taking was carried out after classes during the week.

This year, a Curia was established in Halifax and each month all the Praesidia of the city sent their officers to report on the work done and to receive suggestions with regard to the Legion activities, both spiritual and active. These meetings were held in each centre and our turn came in December, when we were privileged to have several of the Spiritual Directors, and many of the Legionaries of the Halifax and Dartmouth parishes present. After the business meeting, a social half hour was enjoyed, during which the members of the Mount Praesidium served refreshments. We have benefited by the interest and encouragement of the Senior Praesidia.

In closing our year of legionary work, we are grateful to Our Lady for the many graces granted through her and we trust that during the years to come we will live mindful of the lessons learned during our legionary service, expressed so beautifully in the prayer of the meeting—

"a lively faith, animated by charity . . .
Ever to see Thee and serve Thee in our neighbour . . .
A courageous faith . . .
To kindle everywhere the fires of Divine Love
And which will guide our own feet in the way of Peace
So that—the battle of life over
Our Legion may reassemble
Without the loss of anyone
In the Kingdom of Thy love and glory."



Scriptokeeps

"Minding Our Own Business"

Scene: Marge's room. Marge at typewriter, typing furiously one minute, stopping and erasing, hesitating, and finally coming to a halt with both elbows propped up on the table.

A knock at the door. Enter Beth with her hat and coat on. Starts taking them off.

Beth: Hello, Marge.

Marge: (grumpy) 'lo.

Beth: Why, what's the matter honey? Got a headache?

Marge: (pulling the paper out of the typewriter) No, it isn't what I've GOT, it's what I haven't got.

Beth: What are you talking about? What you haven't got?

Marge: Brains, silly!

Beth: Cheer up, old girl—there's lots in your class—myself among them. But surely that's not bothering you tonight.

Marge: It's this old debate (reads from paper) **RESOLVED: THAT EVERY STUDENT IN A CATHOLIC COLLEGE SHOULD HAVE A COURSE IN MODERN CATHOLIC LITERATURE.**

Beth: Well, what's the matter with that? That's what they tell us around here. That's what you and I and loads of other girls are doing right now.

Marge: It's one thing to listen in class; it's another to talk and it's a third—

Enter Lucy Oh, hello, Lucy!

Lucy: Hello, girls. Marge, for goodness sake, let's get together on that debate. I just met Helen and I told her I was coming over so she said she'd be along. If we work together we may get somewhere. You've got to lend us your brains!

Marge: Brains! If I had any I never would have got into this mess.

Beth: Why, Marge, I thought you were an enthusiast for Catholic Literature!

Lucy: So she is, gal, so she is! but work's work and we're all fed up after the exams.

Enter Helen armed with paper and pen: Hello, girls! Glad you're all here. We've got to get this off our chest tonight.

Marge: Well, come on! Let's sit around and THINK for a change! (All seat themselves around the table)

Lucy: You do your thinking out loud, Marge, and I'll write!

Beth: What you'd better do is sit down and TALK IT OUT. That'll clear the air.

Helen: All right, boss! One, two, three,—GO!

Beth: I'll be the devil's advocate. You start and I'll object!

Marge: No, you object and we'll start!

Beth: All right, then. I'll start.

Helen: No, you object!

Beth: I mean I'll start by objecting. You see, I don't take this class, so I don't see your point in making everybody follow a course in Modern

Catholic Literature. I think we've enough to do to get in our regular standard courses,—one year general—one year Shakespeare and Milton—one year modern—and one English Comp.

Marge: Did you say one year modern? Why not Catholic Modern?

Beth: Well, one has to read along the times, you know. One can't be ignorant of what's being written and well written by the moderns—

Marge: Such as—???

Beth: Shaw, Wells, and—

Helen: Shaw, your grandfather! He's outmoded long ago. And Wells! Out of date, absolutely! Fit for the museum merely!

Lucy: Just what Father Lords says. Catholics are always forty years behind the times!

Beth: You don't tell me! Where have I been for the last forty years?

Marge: Up in heaven playing with the angels! You're not born yet.

Helen: If you want to be modern, Beth, you'll have to start reading Catholic. Shaw and Wells were killed years ago by Chesterton and Belloc.

Beth: I don't believe it. Prove it to me!

Lucy: Well, it's like this. What happens to a scientist when his pet theory goes haywire? When research finally shows that he's been on the wrong track?

Beth: He pitches it over, I suppose.

Lucy: And when theory after theory of his is discredited?

Beth: Well, I suppose he retires from the public gaze . . . hides his diminished head, or something . . .

Lucy: Exactly! And when a man poses as a prophet,—weather or otherwise—and he never guesses right—what happens to him?

Beth: People laugh at him, poor chap!

Lucy: Now tell me, you that are so up in Shaw and Wells—what have they been saying — or rather what were they saying — say twenty years ago?

Beth: Help! You've got me. "Will someone take me to a pub?"

Marge: Don't get excited, Lucy. She knows her Chesterton all right.

Enter Geraldine. Heavens, what have I stumbled upon? Is this the League of Nations or a morgue?

Helen: It's a wake . . . Sh! Gerry, someone's dead!

Gerry: Who's dead?

Beth: George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells, my dear. And I'm the coroner.

Marge: No, you're the devil's advocate and you're getting the worst of it.

Beth: Help me, Gerry,—as one devil to another I appeal to you!

Gerry: What ARE you talking about?

Lucy: Stop, look, listen—and you'll find out.

Beth: Well, to continue—You'll be Catholics all your lives. Whilst you're at college why not take a course on some of the moderns who HAVE ideas—

Marge: For instance ??

Beth: Well, Hemingway, for instance—

Helen: For whom the bell tolls—

Beth: And Steinbeck—

Marge: Who combines materialism with mire. Honestly, Beth, did you ever get through "Grapes of Wrath?"

Beth: Well, no—but that's beside the point. What I'm arguing is that we as young Catholic students should see something of the other side.

Lucy: What other side? You mean *sides*, don't you? Every writer outside the Catholic Church has his own point of view. There are as many "sides" as there are writers. Now we Catholics HAVE a side.

Helen: That's it, Lucy. You've hit it! They've got anarchy and we've got—we've got—

Marge: Principles. Without principles the most brilliant scientific ideas go smash; and without principles the most scintillating style goes flat. Now the writers of modern Catholic Literature have principles and they also have style.

Gerry: What do you mean by principles, Marge?

Marge: I mean bed-rock ideas that make a foundation for sure thinking. The two fundamental principles on which any great life or any great literature are built are: the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. The two go together. Sacrifice either and you're lop-sided in your ideas.

Helen: And Catholic literature from the very start is built on just those two ideas. That's why Catholic literature is the greatest literature in the world—you know, Dante and Shakespeare and all that . . . God first and then man as the creature of God—the earth moves around the sun idea, not the sun around the earth.

Lucy: Catholic literature is the natural accompaniment to Catholic philosophy. If Catholic colleges teach St. Thomas and his modern interpreters like Maritain, Gilson, Walter Farrell, and the rest it's to give us a foundation on which we can build our life, or a norm by which we can judge art and literature.

Beth: I can understand Father Farrell's *Companion to the Summa* pretty well, but don't you think Maritain is awfully high-brow?

Marge: I used to think so when I was a Freshman but now I'm beginning to see light. After I read his wife's book "We Have Been Friends Together" he seemed human.

Lucy: "Now I see" as Arnold Lunn would say. Ever read Lunn, Marge?

Marge: Yes, I read "A Saint in the Slave Trade"—and what a difference it made on my view of the negro question!

Gerry: But literature isn't philosophy, is it?

Beth: Thanks, Gerry, for putting me back on the trail. Literature, that's the point. As I was taught in school, the purpose of literature is pure pleasure. That means fiction and poetry and drama—and I suppose biography.

Helen: Well, Catholic Literature is literature then for it *does* give pleasure and believe me, it's PURE pleasure this time!

Beth: All right then, let's begin at Fiction. What does Catholic literature offer in the way of fiction?

Gerry: In my home parish we have a Catholic fiction library. I read all of Isabel Clarke, and Christian Reid, and Father Finn—all the Sunday School stories.

Marge: Sunday School stories aren't literature, Gerry; that is, they're not to be classed with the masterpieces of Catholic Fiction. Sigrid Undset, for example, won the Nobel Prize with *Kristen Lavransdatter*.

Beth: And of all Catholic writers she's the one most Catholics are shocked by.

Marge: Well, if they're shocked by her, it's just because they haven't really Catholic minds and they don't know what a truly Catholic novel is. That's another reason for teaching modern Catholic literature in college. By the time you're finished studying the great Catholic novelists you understand what the principles are by which to judge all fiction.

Lucy: The trouble is we haven't enough Catholic novelists; not enough in America, anyway. We have people like Franz Werfel—

Gerry: But he's not a Catholic. He's a Jew!

Lucy: Well, he has written two of the finest Catholic novels ever written—"Embezzled Heaven" and "The Song of Bernadette". He understands Catholic principles better than many a Catholic.

Gerry: Do you suppose "The Song of Bernadette" will come to Halifax soon? I'm just dying to see it!

Beth: Oh, Gerry!

Beth: I can't think of a single Catholic novelist of the present day. Name a few.

Marge: Ever hear of Francois Mauriac?

Beth: But he's French.

Marge: He's Catholic. You can read him in French or in translation. Then there's Handel-Mazetti Austria's great woman novelist. There's Sheila Kaye-Smith in England, Father Owen Dudley, Bruce Marshall, Myles Connolly, and Doran Hurley in America—

Beth: We'll let fiction go at that. Catholics seem to have something there.

Lucy: But not half enough. When I look around at all the Catholic colleges and think of how few graduates devote themselves to writing after all their training, it makes me sick!

Gerry: Just listen to the child! Perhaps she'll turn writer herself some day.

Lucy: I wish I could! That's why I think Catholic Colleges should put special emphasis on Catholic modern Literature.

Helen: You're right, Lucy. Then there's the poetry. What trash we read in some of the Catholic weeklies or monthlies. Yet the editors print it every time.

Marge: That's because Catholics are afraid to express themselves in poetry. When Catholics write poetry for periodicals they write for edification and without art. We've got some of the finest poets in the world at the present day. But what do Catholics know about them? How many Catholic students know anything about Gertrude Von le Fort, or Eileen Duggan, or Robert Farren? And they'll read T. S. Eliot and Gertrude Stein and any old modern who is praised by the publishers.

Lucy: Then there's Claudel. What an eye-opener that new translation is that was done last year by a nun—what was it?

Marge: "Coronal". Now there's poetry for you!

Beth: Well, it seems you gals do know a little about Catholic Literature. Who'd ha' thunk it from you attitude earlier this evening? You amaze me! I'm afraid I'm not so good as a devil's advocate after all.

Helen: There's lot's more we can tell you—heaps about biography—magnificent biography written by Catholics about Catholics today. Lives of the saints . . .

Gerry: From lives of the saints, O Lord deliver us! We had a lot of them back home too, alongside of the "Catholic Fiction" in the parish library.

Marge: Well, the era of "plaster saints" is over. These books are really thrillers—like "Street of the Half Moon" and "From Union Square

to Rome", "So Falls the Elm", "The Secret of the Cure of Ars" and shelves of others. That's where we Catholics are strongest. We've got the material. There's Maisie Ward's Chesterton, for example.

Lucy: But we're weak on drama. Apart from Emmet Lavery, who writes Catholic plays that are worthwhile?—that is, in America. There's Henri Gheon in France, and Surra in Spain, of course.

Marge: I know a former Halifax boy who wrote a splendid play on Francis Thompson—"Song of Sorrow". It ran for some time on Broadway.

Helen: Lots of other Catholic boys might write good plays if they knew something about Modern Catholic Literature. That's one more point in our favor.

Beth: Seems to me you have all the points in your favor. Did I see you taking down a few notes, Helen? How about the debate?

Helen: Well, I did make a few jottings. Here we are:

1. Catholic Literature is modern—it's up to the minute—it's alive.
2. Catholic Literature is sound—it's founded on principles—therefore it can be truly artistic.
3. Catholic Literature is entertaining—it's uplifting—it's stimulating.
4. Catholic Literature above all, is enlightening—it's an expression of life from the right viewpoint.

Gerry: There it is—in a nutshell (pointing to her head). Really you're all awfully clevah, but it's canteen time and I must be going. (starts off).

Beth: I wouldn't mind a little coke myself.

Marge: I'm so relieved girls, I'll treat you all. Come on LET'S GO!

All go out together.

Radio Script

Radio Script on EDUCATION as presented over CHNS for the Canadian Youth Commission Program

Isabel: Well, girls, here's the chance of a life-time. Is everybody ready?

Marj: All here and brimful of ideas.

Marie: Yes, but can we express them?

Mary: You mean, can we make ourselves articulate?

Anita: I've been longing for YEARS for just this opportunity to say my say!

Marie: Gracious, Anita—how old are you?

Isabel: Well, let's start this discussion right. We are talking about Education—American education—and more especially Education right here in Nova Scotia.

Marj: That calls for a definition, doesn't it?

Isabel: Well, what's YOUR idea of education, Marj?

Mary: The usual notion is that education is a means towards earning a living.

Marie: Oh, but it's more than that! It gives one a philosophy of life.

Mary: I'd say it's a training for living.

Anita: It SHOULD be,—but is it?

Isabel: Then you have some doubts about our type of education. Would you say education in Canada has somehow failed?

Isabel: Then you have some doubts about our type of education. Would you say education in Canada has somehow failed?

Mary: Why, of course not! Look at Canada's "firsts" in the war effort. Canada is the world's largest producer of nickel and aluminum. The Canadian Pacific Railway is the world's largest transportation system. Canada has the biggest hotel in the British Empire. Canada has developed a secret explosive for the Invasion—the most powerful in the world. 19 out of 20 boys who are dropping bad news on Berlin got the know-how in Canada. Canada is the largest producer of newsprint in the world.

Marie: Fine! But those are merely technical things.

Marj: There are other things to show that education in Canada hasn't succeeded so well. Speaking of "firsts," did you ever hear that the first divorce in America was granted right here in the city of Halifax?

Anita: You WOULD, Marj!

Mary: If you don't believe me, look it up in the archives.

Marie: Well, there's good and bad in everything, and education is no exception.

Marj: There's plenty of room for improvement.

Isabel: But didn't one of you say a while ago that education is training for living? Do you think education is training our young people today for living?

Mary: No, the curriculum is not suited to the needs of either the community or the individual.

Isabel: For instance . . . ?

Marie: Well, it's the same old stuff for schools of every type of community in Nova Scotia. Fishing villages, mining districts, farming areas, cities, all follow the same path. The children learn things, but this knowledge is not applied to living.

Anita: And if it's not, it's useless.

Isabel: "Knowledge is not supplied in living? . . . by which you mean . . . ?

Marie: The children seldom connect what they have learned—or rather what they have been taught—in school, with what they do at home.

Marj: That's because parents in many cases need education themselves?

Anita: Adult Education! The crying need of the hour! (All laugh).

Marj: That's right, Anita!

Anita: I mean it! In many homes children are ill-mannered and have no regard to health rules, though they're taught correctly in school.

Mary: And the English that you hear!

Isabel: Do you think the parents could remedy this?

Marie: Yes, they themselves should be taught.

Marj: Education really should begin where it generally stops. Cultured people study all their lives. Only the indifferent stop when they leave school.

Anita: Generally around grade 8—some as low as grade 6.

Mary: How can you expect support from parents like that?

Marj: When you talk about supporting the school, most people think of taxes they pay.

Marie: There's the Home and School Association. Doesn't that give the parents the chance to become interested?

Anita: But only those parents are interested who are themselves educated. It all comes back to Adult Education.

Isabel: Well, how would you have these parents educated? What would you teach them?

Mary: Anything they want—anything they need. From things as simple as the three R's to Child Psychology and Interior Decorating.

Marie: But how can this be done?

Anita: In some small centers people use the school-house from 5 to 10 p.m. for study clubs and other activities.

Mary: Adult Education can offer a chance to develop a love of music, drama, arts, crafts—in other words create a community spirit.

Marj: Then, perhaps, the parents will be interested in giving more than mere financial support to the school.

Marie: Then, too, they will become interested in the curriculum.

Isabel: Do you think the curriculum should be the same for all pupils?

Marj: Of course not!

Anita: Why not? Isn't this a free country? Aren't opportunities the same for all?

Marie: But there's no democracy of brains.

Isabel: Well, what do you mean by saying that the curriculum shouldn't be the same for all?

Mary: Not all people have the same mental ability or aptitudes.

Marj: Some are fit for technical jobs.

Anita: Some PREFER technical jobs.

Marie: Others—and there are many—are obliged to take ANY job at the earliest opportunity. As a result they leave school altogether too soon.

Mary: According to the Canadian Youth Commission report 65% begin high school. Of these 25% continue for two years, and still fewer graduate. Only 5% go to the University.

Marj: We have more people in our mental institutions than in our universities.

Isabel: That's a large percent to be leaving school so early. Don't you think that boys and girls who leave school at grade X should have some vocational training?

Anita: But they haven't.

Isabel: As a matter of fact, this is one of the big problems which our Provincial Department of Education is trying to deal with. It will take time. These problems can't be settled in a day. At what grade do you think vocational training should begin?

Marie: Junior High, I'd say.

Marj: Oh, Marie. Have some sense! A child in grade 7 doesn't know what he wants.

Isabel: Well, there's such a thing as vocational guidance in the schools already.

Mary: That's quite new, isn't it? We never had anything like that.

Isabel: Research has been done here in our own province and right here in the city. Last year talks were given on various professions and vocations, and the youngsters literally crowded to them.

Marj: That's good news.

Isabel: Well, would you have vocational training begin in grade x, xi, or xii?

Marie: The big break comes at the end of grade X.

Marj: General exodus of 75% of high school students—or about that.

Anita: Why do they leave?

Mary: Their family needs their earnings in some cases.

Marj: Or school is too dull for them—they're not interested.

Isabel: Whose fault is that? Is it the teacher's?

Marj: Not always. But it may be sometimes.

Marie: Study is always hard work. The trouble may be that the pupils' aptitudes are not considered sufficiently.

Isabel: You mean by that . . . ?

Marie: The courses in grade XI and XII are planned only for the benefit of those who intend to go on for higher studies.

Anita: But there's a commercial course, isn't there?

Marj: That's true, but only in the city and the larger towns.... For girls and boys finishing Grade X who have neither the means nor the desire to go to college, there is no inducement to continue school.

Isabel: They leave school, then, without ANY special training. Can that be remedied?

Mary: Yes, there should be technical high schools—or technical courses along with the general courses. The ideal would be separate technical high schools. I mean vocational high schools, of course.

Marie: And that costs money!

Anita: But what a saving in other directions!

Mary: Prisons cost more than schools.

Marj: —and are far less popular!

Marie: Sometimes I wonder!

Anita: Surely this problem is found elsewhere and has been met!

Isabel: Yes, it has been met very well in many places. In Chicago, for instance, Professor Hutchins has a scheme which simplifies matters . . . and is working satisfactorily.

Anita: What is that?

Isabel: Well, he makes four divisions in education where we make three. The first is grades one to seven. The second, grade seven to eleven. That he calls High School. College begins with what we call grade eleven and goes on to our junior year. Four years are given to college in this way. After that the student may enter the university and complete his course after another four years. That means, that at the end of those four years he is a full-vedged lawyer, or doctor—

Mary: Beggar man, thief!

Marj: That sounds sensible!

Mary: Doesn't it make girls and boys enter college awfully ? ?

Isabel: Yes, but college will really be more like what we call collegiate. The really specialized work will come only in the university.

Mary: That solves the problem of the break after grade ten. But what is provided for pupils who don't go beyond grade ten?

Anita: Technical schools—just what we were saying a little while ago.

Marj: But are there any technical high schools in Nova Scotia? I mean schools where boys and girls can train for specialized jobs?

Isabel: But where are we to find specialized teachers for these schools?

Marie: That might offer a means of employment to mechanics who are now being trained in the armed services.

Anita: But is technical training the whole story in education?

Mary: No, but if you offer technical training you can keep many girls and boys at school longer.

Marj: Is that the main point?

Isabel: What do you think is the main point?

Marj: Education is intended to fit a person not merely to earn a living, but TO LIVE.

Marie: It's supposed to give a philosophy of life, isn't it? We're always hearing about our democratic way of life, and a democratic way of life requires enlightened citizens.

Anita: Any fool can have his thinking done for him, but it takes intelligence to understand where you're going and how to get there.

Marj: People who want to live in a real democracy must know how to think.

Isabel: Do you think our schools are training our young people in democracy? Are they teaching us to think?

Marj: That's what we're hoping for, anyway!

Isabel: Some people think that sex education—that is, explicit instruction in sex relationships—should be given as preparation for life. Should we discuss this in connection with education?

Marj: Certainly not!

Isabel: Why not?

Marj: Because that is not a matter for school at all. It is the RIGHT as well as the duty of the parents to instruct children in these matters. Any attempt on the part of the state to interfere with this family matter should be resented by Christian people.

Anita: What if the parents neglect this duty?

Marj: Then it is the duty of the pastor, or those who have the spiritual guidance of the children to see to it that they get proper instruction.

Mary: The spiritual side of education is the important thing, I think.

Anita: Surely,—if education is to train one for living.

Isabel: Do you think that mere insistence on natural virtues alone is sufficient to develop the character of children?

Marie: By "natural virtues" I suppose you mean such things as Honesty, Truthfulness, Kindness?

Isabel: Yes, things that are expected of "decent people."

Mary: Most people are fairly honest, truthful, and kind,—but they do these things just to get along.

Anita: I don't see just what you're driving at.

Mary: What I mean to say it, that you have to have something deeper—or perhaps higher—like faith—if you are going to make a success of living. I mean a spiritual success.

Marie: Most people today are pretty materialistic in their outlook. The spiritual doesn't appeal to them. That's why there's so much unhappiness—so much grabbing for money and pleasure. These people have been brought up "decent christians" but their outlook isn't entirely Christian. I don't think God means much to many people. I don't know exactly what the trouble is, but I don't think many young folks know how to pray.

Marj: Don't you think that is just another matter for the home?—or the Church?

Marie: I suppose it is, but I guess a good many homes just don't bother about it.

Anita: People seem to be much more interested in seeing that their children are healthy—that they have enough to eat and a place to play in.

Isabel: A place to play in . . . What about recreation? Playgrounds are an absolute necessity for younger children—

Anita: And recreational centres for older girls and boys.

Marj: That isn't the responsibility of the school, is it?

Marie: But it IS a part of education. You know very well that we haven't enough playgrounds or recreational centres. I'm speaking of normal times, not war-time.

Mary: We need another thing for leisure time besides recreational centres—we need libraries.

Marj: Libraries! Now you've struck it! *WHERE* are the libraries?

Anita: Ah, that's a sore point.

Marie: Libraries are the backbone of education. How can you expect that people should be enlightened citizens if they don't read?

Mary: And how can you expect them to read if they haven't public libraries?

Marj: Rural schools get library grants, don't they?

Marie: Yes, and city schools, too.

Mary: But these are only for the pupils. What about the older folks? They're the ones that read.

Isabel: We have a few scattered libraries. Let us hope that pretty soon the people of Nova Scotia will wake up to this crying need. They don't know what they're missing.

Marj: But other advances along educational lines are being made. There's the new plan for larger administrative units, for example, and then there's the consolidated school. Perhaps when that is more widely established centralized libraries will follow.

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Marie: Well, what exactly is meant by "Larger administrative units"?

Isabel: It's a plan by which the taxes from the school districts are pooled and distributed by a committee to the schools for their operation. This relieves the strain on the poorer districts and equalizes the financial burden.

Anita: Nineteen out of twenty-four municipalities in the province of Nova Scotia will be under this plan next year. That means better educational facilities for the children at a lower cost.

Marie: Then there are the consolidated schools. In certain rural districts there are well equipped central schools now serving fairly wide areas which before could count only on a small one-room school.

Mary: How about transportation?

Marie: Buses are provided for the pupils.

Anita: That's a wonderful advance. That puts well equipped schools within the reach of a greater number.

Marj: The days of the little red school-house seem to be numbered—at least in many places.

Mary: The consolidated school puts better facilities within the reach of a greater number but can every girl or boy who wants higher education get it?

Isabel: Plans are being made of course for the men returning from overseas after the war. Many of them will want to continue their education. As far as I know there are no government grants for individual scholarships, in normal times.

Marj: That's too bad, isn't it. Think of all the unknown village Hampdens and "mute inglorious Miltons" there may yet be in Nova Scotia.

Isabel: Well, to sum up—what do you think we lack in our educational system in Nova Scotia? What needs to be considered?

Mary: Technical schools.

Anita: Public libraries.

Marj: Consolidated schools.

Marie: And MONEY. What about that?

Anita: Money is needed for everything but money can be obtained if we know what we want and where we're going.

Marj: Look at the Victory Loans. If we can raise money to defend our way of life, surely we can raise it to carry it on. It depends largely upon our teachers to carry it on, but are the teachers receiving fair pay.

Anita: According to the papers they are not.

Isabel: Do you think that Federal assistance would remedy this situation?

Marj: Undoubtedly it would improve matters. Teachers would be better paid.

Mary: It would attract competent young men and women to the profession. But don't you think there is a danger of an attempt towards Federal control in that case.

Marj: I don't think so.

Mary: I think there would be some danger to our provincial freedom, in the matter of education. When the Fathers of Confederation made plans for this country they envisioned a nation composed of many peoples and different races and they were wise enough to leave education in the hands of the province.

Isabel: I agree that Federal grants in education can be a danger. Such grants might be the thin edge of the wedge leading to Federal control.

Anita: And Federal control means taking away all individuality. Our private schools would go.

Mary: Our independence in educational matters would go.

Marie: We'd be getting just like the Nazis. After all, Nazism means nothing but National socialism. We'd be muzzled by Ottawa.

Anita: Freedom is worth more than money any day. The people of Nova Scotia have proved leaders in public affairs in many parts of Canada and elsewhere.

Mary: I think that the fact that sacrifices are made by Nova Scotians to maintain their own way of education is the very thing that develops character and makes them leaders.

Marj: A lot of leadership comes from homelife.

Marie: Yes, and from religion.

Anita: If we had Federal control, both these influences would suffer.

Isabel: What about taxation under Federal Control? Would we of Nova Scotia be any better off?

Mary: We would be only parts of a great machine.

Marie: Every Canadian will be like every other Canadian.

Marj: How awful!

Marie: We'd all be according to one pattern.

Anita: Variety is the spice of life and differences make for interesting contacts.

Mary: Yes, and cooperation.

Isabel: Now we said that we wanted public libraries, technical schools, a greater number of consolidated schools. The last few minutes of our discussion seem to imply that we should get these things without depending to any great extent on the Dominion Government. Am I right in thus summarizing our opinions?

Mary: Yes, that is what we said. We need to form and voice our opinions if we are going to preserve our Canadian way of life when the war is over. That's what we're fighting for!

Marie: And we think IT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR.



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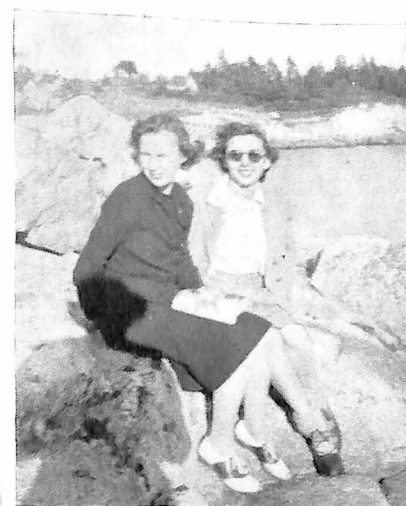
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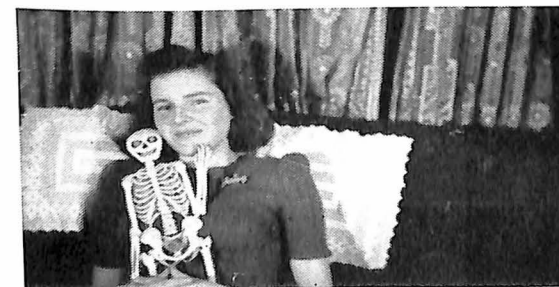
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As Others See Us





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Commencement Week



To His Excellency, Most Reverend John T. McNally, D.D.
Archbishop of Halifax

On the Occasion of the Thirty-First Anniversary of his
Episcopal Consecration

To our Revered and Well-beloved Father:

Though May is past, our Lady lingers amid the blossoms to greet with us this first day of June. Along the road that stretches back to the day of your consecration she has been ever with you, whom we hail as Grace of the Way. Under her patronage we offer you our congratulations and wish you that joy of which she alone can be the cause, for she alone gives us the Saviour.

What need there is today for a Saviour, you, beloved Father, know better than most men; what need for the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Life-Giver, in a world that is dead in sin, what need for the Father of all to unite into one family and bring back under the roof of Mother Church the countless souls that have strayed, your years of experience have shown only too well. During those long years you have been no solitary student, though your studies have led you far and deep into the mysteries of God and men; you have been no idle dreamer, though you have had your dreams—yes, and have seen many of them fulfilled. You dreamed a cathedral and it took shape in stone, a fair vision reflecting the beauty of the City of God. Other dreams you have had, not clothed in visible form; dreams of organization and splendid cooperation among living souls,—and these have been harder to realize. Yet order, peace, union of hearts—do not these reflect even more than material things the loveliness of the City of God? As a ruler of Holy Church you have striven for all these things. Ecclesiastical power is a living principle; it must encounter adversaries and shape itself for all emergencies. Like all living things it must MOVE. Through the years your soul has been active, your wisdom has increased; for in you has dwelt the Holy Spirit, and by your side, Mary, Seat of Wisdom and Grace of the Way.

Through you for many years that same Holy Spirit has been poured out upon human souls. Through your lips the breath of the Spirit has imparted the power that was given that first Easter Day: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them . . ." Because of the imposition of your hands, hundreds of human hands have been consecrated to a dignity beyond all human reckoning; they have been empowered to do what no merely human hands can do. Because of your spoken word, human lips can call down Christ Himself upon our altars. Year by year, as God's Commander-in-Chief, you move about this diocese, and wherever you go the Church is blessed with new recruits whom you clothe with the armor of God and make strong and perfect soldiers of Christ.

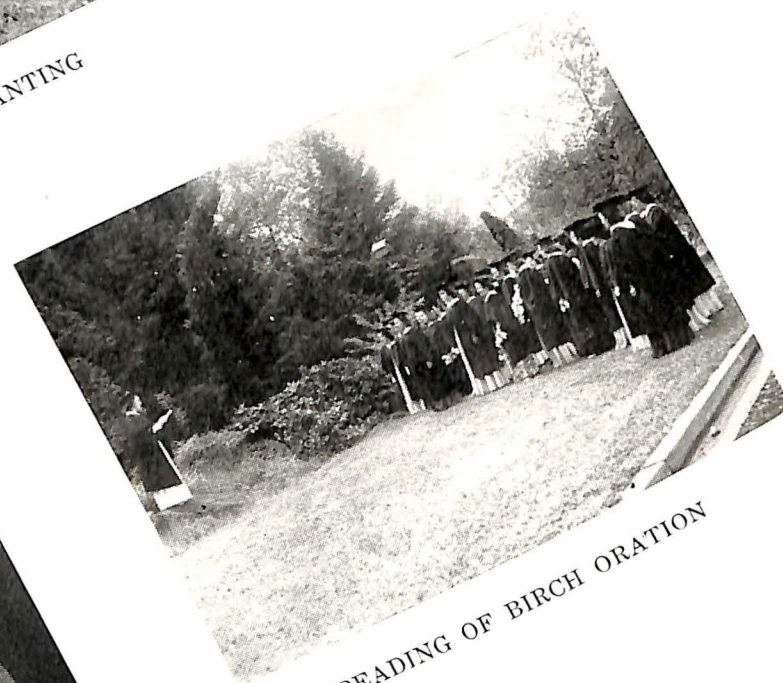
For all this we bless God, rejoicing that still another year finds you hale and strong, riper in wisdom, more far-seeing, if possible, with eyes upon the future rather than upon the past. In that future that hinges on this present, another dream is taking shape. Our hearts beat high at the thought of it—for through your eyes we envision here in our own city a University dedicated to Mary. This will be no new foundation. For many years Saint Mary's College has stood for all that is noblest in Education. From its walls many priests of the Archdiocese and prominent laymen of the Province have come forth. Its glories are written not on tablets of stone but in human hearts. On this firm foundation of the past the work of the future will be erected, an institution which in days to come will be the asylum of Religion, the mother of Arts, the nurse of Literature and Science. There Mary will reign as Queen, for it will be truly a Seat of Wisdom; there her Divine Son shall reign as King, for it will be governed by His Law. There will resound the prayers, the blessings, the holy rites, the solemn chants of Holy Church. The Kingdom of God will take visible form, even such a form as that glorious cathedral of Christ the King; and the spirit that will reign within it will be the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ.

To assure Your Excellency of our loyal cooperation is unnecessary. We ourselves have tasted sufficiently of Catholic Education to realize what a Catholic University will mean for our city and our country. But prompted by Mary, Grace of the Way, we should like to set this dream on the path of reality this very hour. Out of the slender store which we are slowly putting by for the enlargement of our own small college, we offer today as pledge of our good-will, a gift which will recall only one thing—the widow's mite! Can it be that His own dear Mother was the widow whom our Blessed Saviour praised? It may well be. In Mary's name, then, we offer our humble gift: with her we propose to lay this day the cornerstone of the new Saint Mary's; a cornerstone of faith and hope and love; for it is our firm faith that this new college will exceed all our hopes; that it will be, under the patronage of Mary Seat of Wisdom, an enthronement of her Divine Son.





CLASS TREE PLANTING



READING OF BIRCH ORATION



ALUMNAE EXECUTIVE ENTERTAIN THE GRADUATES

Birch Oration

Here today amid the beauty of the grounds of Mount Saint Vincent we the graduates of 1944 breathe an air of peace. Here all is quiet, nature flourishes in her true beauty, Christ our leader and great Exemplar dwells in our chapel. It seems that within the bounds of the college, we live in a world separate in itself.

Outside and not far from here the grim realities of a terrible war are a constant reminder of the trying times to come. Close by great ships stand ready for a journey to a world at war. Men and women are ready poised for what is soon to come, the most violent struggle of all time.

Fully realizing what lies ahead—those days that will test the very souls of Christians, we the graduates of 1944 plant this little birch tree as a token of our esteem and gratitude to our Alma Mater for her teachings, for the ideals of faith, strength and courage she has given us to meet the world ahead.

We have chosen the birch tree because it is a fitting symbol of our aspirations to all that is strong, true and beautiful in life. As this little tree grows into a thing of towering strength, so we too will go forward with ever increasing strength, fortitude and obedience to our Christian ideals.

As we go to the meet the world of tomorrow, we carry with us the treasures of a Catholic college, given to us by those whose lives are devoted to the Divine Master. We carry with us ideals of noble living, steadfastness in faith and courage in the face of duty. We, the Class of 1944 are ready to face the din of a throbbing world with a vision clear before each youthful soul and a loyalty to God. Yes indeed, this is a time for greatness—greatness of faith—a greatness which we must become part of, if peace and beauty are to rise out of the shambles of 1944.

Today we pledge our loyalty to Mount Saint Vincent. We shall never forget her for the painstaking care with which she has moulded us in our formative years. The lessons of sanctity and purposeful living that she taught us to follow during our school days, we will carry with us into whatever field we find ourselves.

Ah, shall we e'er forget your love, your care, your zeal,
We cannot pay the countless debt,
But we must ever feel;
For, through earnestness were shed,
Prayer-purchased blessings on our heads!

Like the birch tree we plant here today, we shall follow a steady straight line upward. As its branches reach heavenward to God its creator—so too, our souls nurtured with fine Catholic principles will reach upward to a life of eternal salvation.

MARGUERITE YOUNG, '44.

Valedictory

Today, at the climax of our four fleeting years at Mount Saint Vincent College, our joy can scarcely be expressed in words. We find it difficult to realize that this is the fulfillment of our dreams, our hopes, and expectations. It is graduation time and WE are the graduates! Our mood seems reflected in the cloudless skies of June. Nature seems to smile on us as we celebrate this days of days.

The spark of pride we may feel in a task accomplished is outshone, however, by the light of gratitude which burns in our hearts for all who by their sacrifice, their encouragement and their labor have made this day possible for us. To most of us our keenest satisfaction and happiest reward is to have our parents with us today. All we can offer them at this moment is a simple, heartfelt "Thank you", but we know that they understand that this one word expresses our deep appreciation and acknowledges our utter indebtedness.

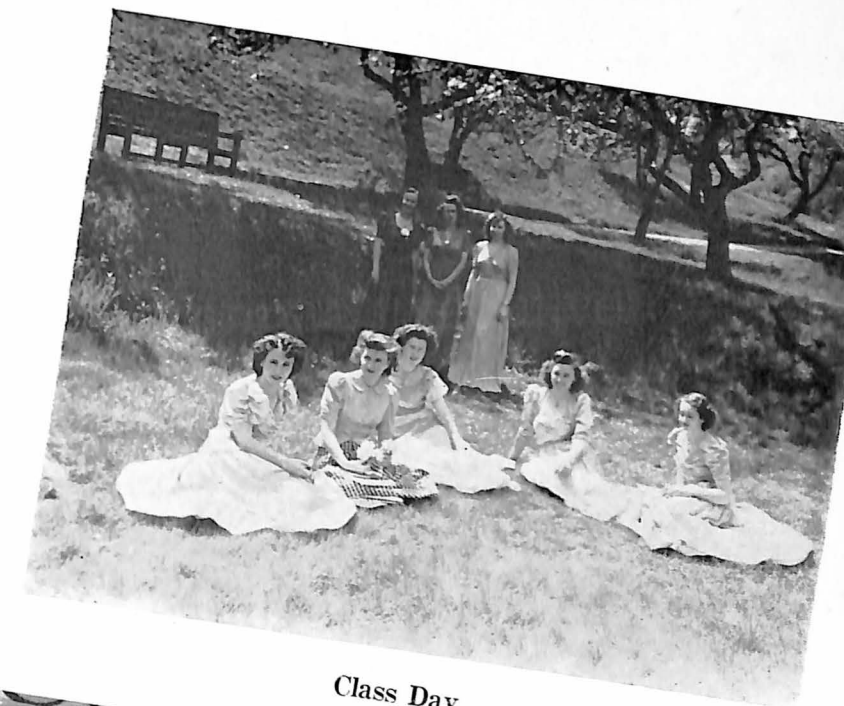
To our teachers also we owe a debt of gratitude,—a debt which we hope our future lives will repay by the fulfillment of all we have learned from their gentle guidance. They have shown us that while "knowledge is power", it is also pleasure. We promise today that their work shall not be in vain. Because of them we are entering the world better fitted to uphold the ideals of true Christian womanhood. To the President and Faculty of Mount Saint Vincent College we offer our humblest gratitude. Especially we are grateful for the pleasant home-life which they made possible for us here. It has meant everything to us. What more can we say but "Thank you!"

To the undergraduates we offer our thanks for their generous assistance in all our undertakings. May we also offer them a word of encouragement and urge them to make the most of their opportunities? The world which they and we are facing is characterized by a contempt of Christian life. In consequence of this spirit our duties will be heavier, our responsibilities greater than those of graduates of former years. The challenge which the world flings to Youth today is not easy to take up. The value of our Christian training to a war-torn world cannot be exaggerated. Only religious and moral ideals moulded with utmost care will enable us to share in the task of bringing back peace and security. Beside the principles of Christian training, the knowledge we possess seems little in comparison; but knowledge can be increased and it **will** be increased. Our education can never cease as long as life shall last. The hope that we cherish is one of service through the grace of fortitude, kindness, and above all faith in the final Victory of good over evil.

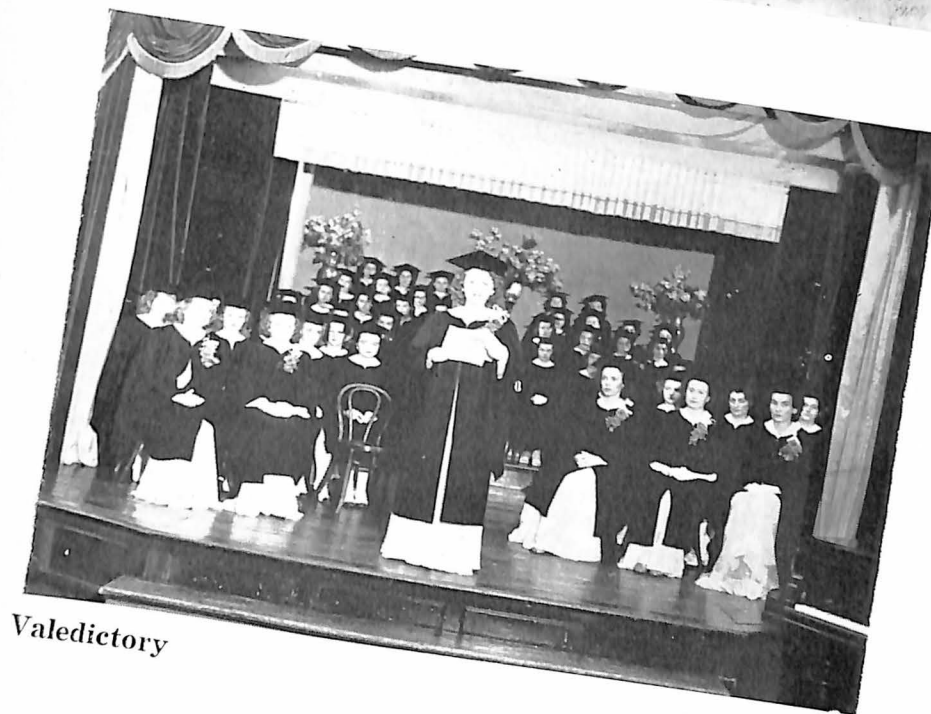
It is not easy to say goodbye to our college. Here we have formed some of the most beautiful friendships we shall ever know. We are leaving the scene of four years of happiness. Our lovely chapel, where the day begins and ends, our familiar halls and rooms, what happy memories they will be in years to come! They have become as true friends to us, and to leave them is to lose some of that inspiring support that always comes from the presence of friends.

Our different training will carry us, perhaps, into different parts of the world. Some of us may go to far distant lands; others may remain at home. In any case we have a common set of ideals, and our lives shall fulfill a common purpose. We shall remain united by this common bond. Above all we have as our guiding principle our College motto: "Veritas ad Deum Ducit". Truth leads to God, and following Truth we shall reach our ultimate perfection and final goal.

ISABEL HYLAND, '44.

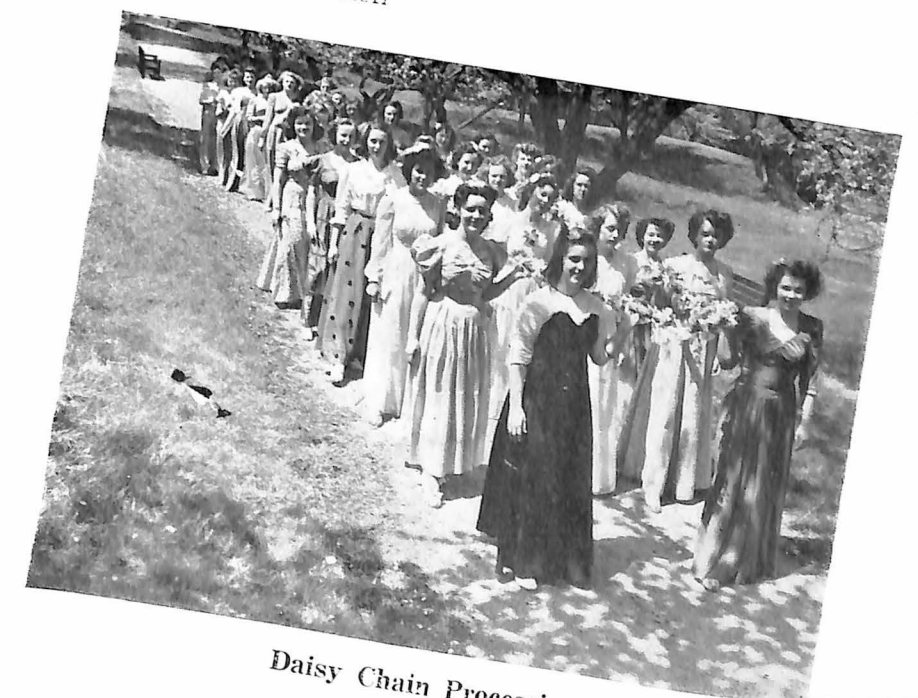


Class Day



Valedictory

Convocation



Daisy Chain Procession

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Alumnae News

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Seen on the Campus

Mary Coombs, Cornerbrook, Newfoundland—on her way to and from New York. Mary has been working with the United States Air Force at Harmon Field, and is enjoying a needed holiday. While in town, she was the guest of classmates, Dorothy Thompson, (Kappa Gamma Pi,) and Mary Stone.

Florence Conlon, Moncton—with her mother and father, visiting her novice sister, Sister M. Carmella (Mary).

Marie Davis, Truro—taking a brief refresher course in Voice.

Doris Dyer Ogilvie—with her husband. Doris plans to become a student again, taking some medical courses at Dalhousie.

Miriam Dysart, Kappa Gamma Pi, Moncton—who has had an interesting year as personnel manager of the civilian employees at the Air base at Scoudouc.

Mildred Fernandez, Chatham, N. B.—visiting Sister Blanche, and reporting successful work in the bank at Chatham.

Mildred Flanagan, Bangor, Maine—unfortunately came during the summer holidays, thus depriving present students of an introduction to an old girl worth knowing.

Kaireen Kelly, Kentville—who can call on us between trains in winter, or after a pleasant drive at other seasons. Kaireen is working, and is well, and still keenly interested in Mount doings.

Francoise DeBilley, Quebec City—paid us a short visit in the fall, to renew old acquaintances and make some new ones.

Margaret Morrison Monan—and her two children.

Eileen Finnegan Hayes, Lowell, Mass—visiting the home town of her husband, and

Mary Mulcahy, Lawrence, Mass—to check up on Mount doings, for old times sake.

2nd Lieutenant Kelly—Kitty, W.R.N.S.—now overseas, after a long period in Edmonton where she contacted Ann Meech rather often.

Sergeant Jessie Casey—on furlough from Ottawa, and looking very smart in her uniform.

Louise Poulin, Ottawa—spending her vacation between Halifax and Sydney. Louise reports naval headquarters at Ottawa keeps her busy and she in turn directs operations in an office there.

All of these are visitors from afar. Activities at the Mount, the Annual Alumnae Reunion, and Mary's Day, bring old girls from Halifax and environs.

Sometimes there are special visitors. Mrs. Campbell MacLellan, M.B.E., of Toronto, came to see us in the fall and talked with some of the undergraduates. Marion O'Brien and Irene Hanway recently addressed the Secretarial Students on their postgraduate experiences in the world of business. Mrs. Matthew Scanlon spoke in an impressive talk to the pupils of the College and Academy on devotion to Our Lady of Fatima, and the consecration of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

For Whom the Bell Tolls

IN MEMORIAM

Marie Soper Frost, at Jamaica, B.W.I. after a short illness.

Mrs. Margaret Dence, mother of Mary, a past Alumnae president

Mr. William Adams, father of Sister Francis Eleanor (Elizabeth) and father-in-law of Marie Carroll Adams.

Mr. Edward Cahill, father of Julia.

IN MARRIAGE

Melba Callow to Captain John Morrison

Mary Parsons to Lieutenant Fred Johnston

Aileen Ripley to Sergeant Robert Humble

Miriam Ryan to Nicholas P. Pasternac, Lieutenant, U. S. Army

Marie Forhan to James Mullins

FOR BAPTISM

a daughter of Jean Rossiter O'Connell

a daughter of Mary McDougall Hetherington

a daughter of Viola Pride Scrim

a daughter of Muriel Carey Horner

a son and daughter of Eileen Finnegan Hayes

a son of Hope Willard Remondi

a son of Josephine McLellan Beaton

Here and There

Graduates of 1943 are testing their wings in the field of Postgraduate education. Hermoine Ernst is at Dalhousie for a Master's Degree in Modern Languages, but because of War Regulations had to register for Education. Margaret Doolan won laurels for herself and her Alma Mater by leading the first year class at The Maritime School of Social Work. Margaret Halley is a member of the Faculty of Memorial University College, Saint John's, Newfoundland.

Elinore Gavin and Patricia Kennedy are doing secretarial work in Montreal. Nancy O'Flynn is living in Quebec, keeping house for her father and consoling him for enforced absence from Newfoundland. Nancy and Maureen Rooney meet often. Maureen is doing V.A.D. work.

Katherine Boyle registered at University New Brunswick this year for a Pre-law course.

A signal honor came to the Saint John Ambulance Brigade which is under the leadership of Marjorie Wakely Woodill, and in which M.S.V. Alumnae form a notable part. This unit was awarded a citation of merit never before given to a group.

The capital city has called Elizabeth Campbell for laboratory technician's work. Elizabeth is engaged in some research on penicillin at present.

Irene McQuillan has recently been appointed Supervisor of Music in the City of Halifax, with Rose Sullivan as one of the Assistant Supervisors.

Margaret Murphy entered the postulate of the Sisters of Mercy, Saint John's, Newfoundland, in February of this year.

Hildred Cahill is living in South Carolina at present. She has a cousin among the present Freshmen.

Marietta Wall visited the West Coast last summer, and spent some pleasant days with the Meaghers at Calgary.

Very ill at time of writing is Catherine Markham. Sisters and students are praying that through the intercession of Mother Elizabeth Seton, Catherine will recover.

Monica O'Reilly Champigny had a serious operation earlier in the year but has had a remarkable recovery. Monica is a mid-Westerner now, living in Nebraska. Possibly she will meet Anita Faulkner, who has joined the WAVES and is stationed in Oklahoma doing secretarial work. Anita's mother paid us a most welcome visit. Mary Meagher finished her nursing course and was graduated from Holy Cross Hospital in Calgary. Florence, working on a newspaper in Vancouver came on for the graduation. Graduating from Saint Mary's Hospital in Montreal are Frances Hall and Patricia Boyle. Kathleen Thompson has visited Winnipeg, attending the Canadian Conference of Social Work. She plans to return by a devious route which will bring her through North Dakota and other cities

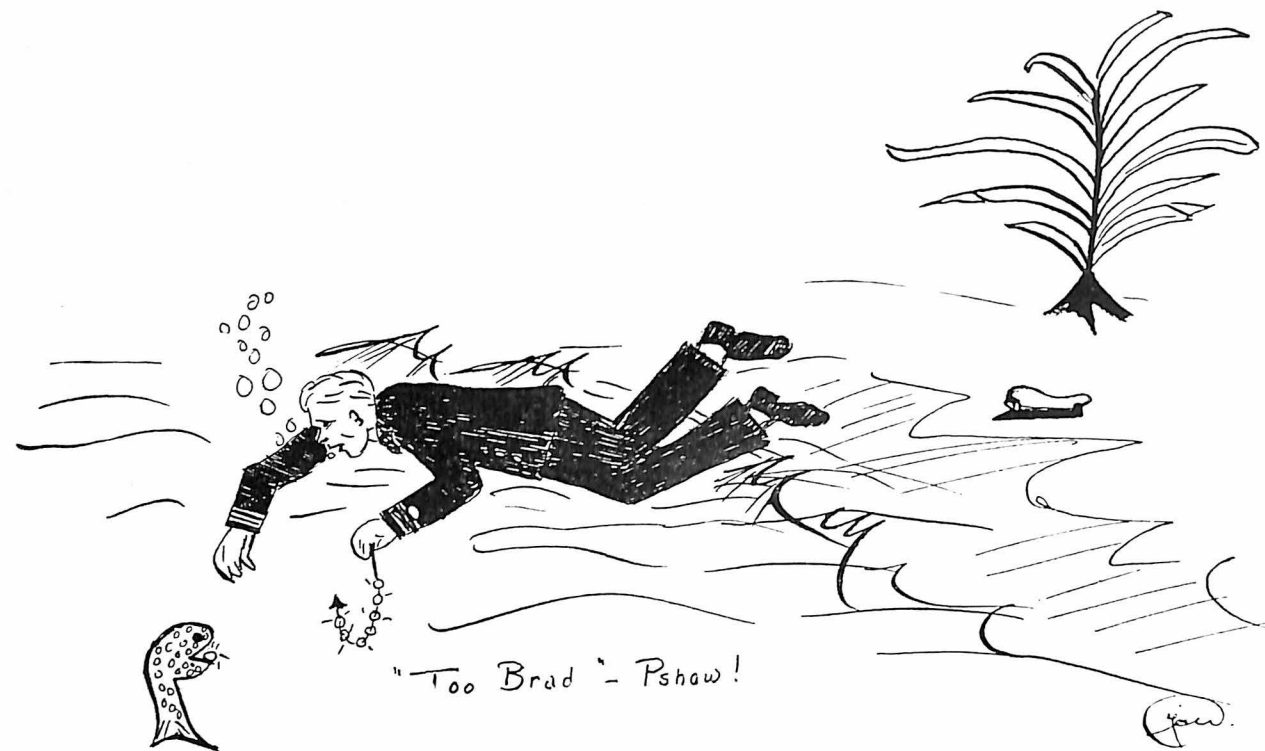
across the border. Doris Colp is flying high as an employee of the Trans Canada Airlines and finds the work extremely to her taste. Also in her office is Peggy Scott. They come to see us occasionally.

Alumnae will be grieved to learn that Ann Meech has received word that her second brother Lloyd is reported missing in action. The family is just recovering from the loss of Billy also in enemy action.

A review of the past year with the different chapters would certainly justify a great pride in all our "old girls". Their response to all the varying demands in all the varying fields has been in true Mount style. Be it for God, for country, for Alma Mater, or for one another, they are more than ready and willing, they anticipate the needs! Well may they rest a while on their laurels while their funds for the current project, the furnishing of a Social Room in the new college building soars as well as serves. Their investments in War Bonds make a neat little figure which does them credit. And the work accomplished by the five war working groups is pleasantly astonishing. All because their spirits are in the right way and they are convinced that "this is worth fighting for!"



"... and thereby hangs a tale! ..."



"Too Brad - Pshaw!"



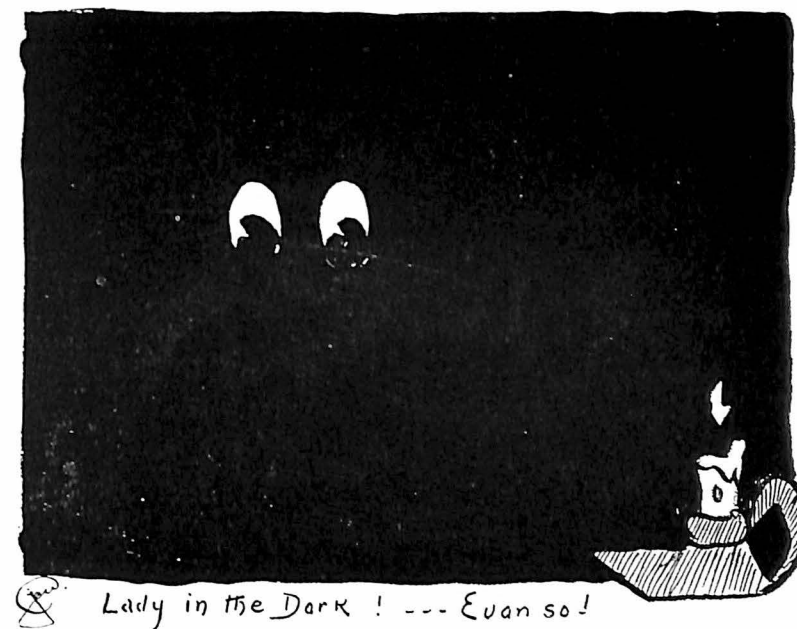
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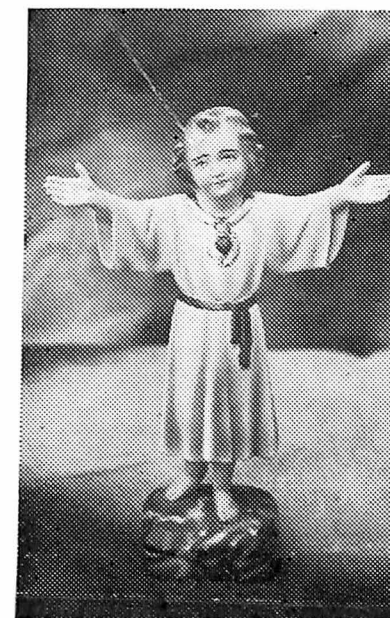
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