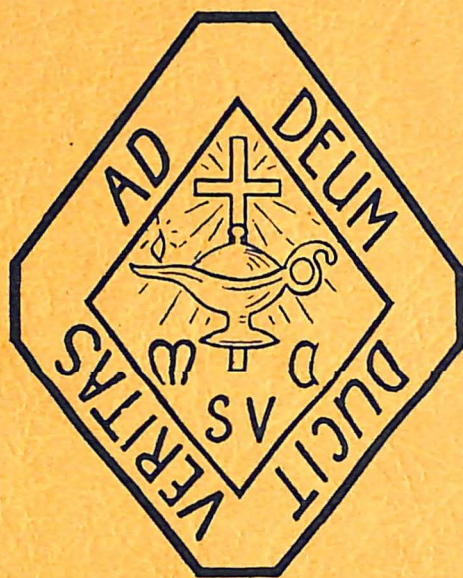


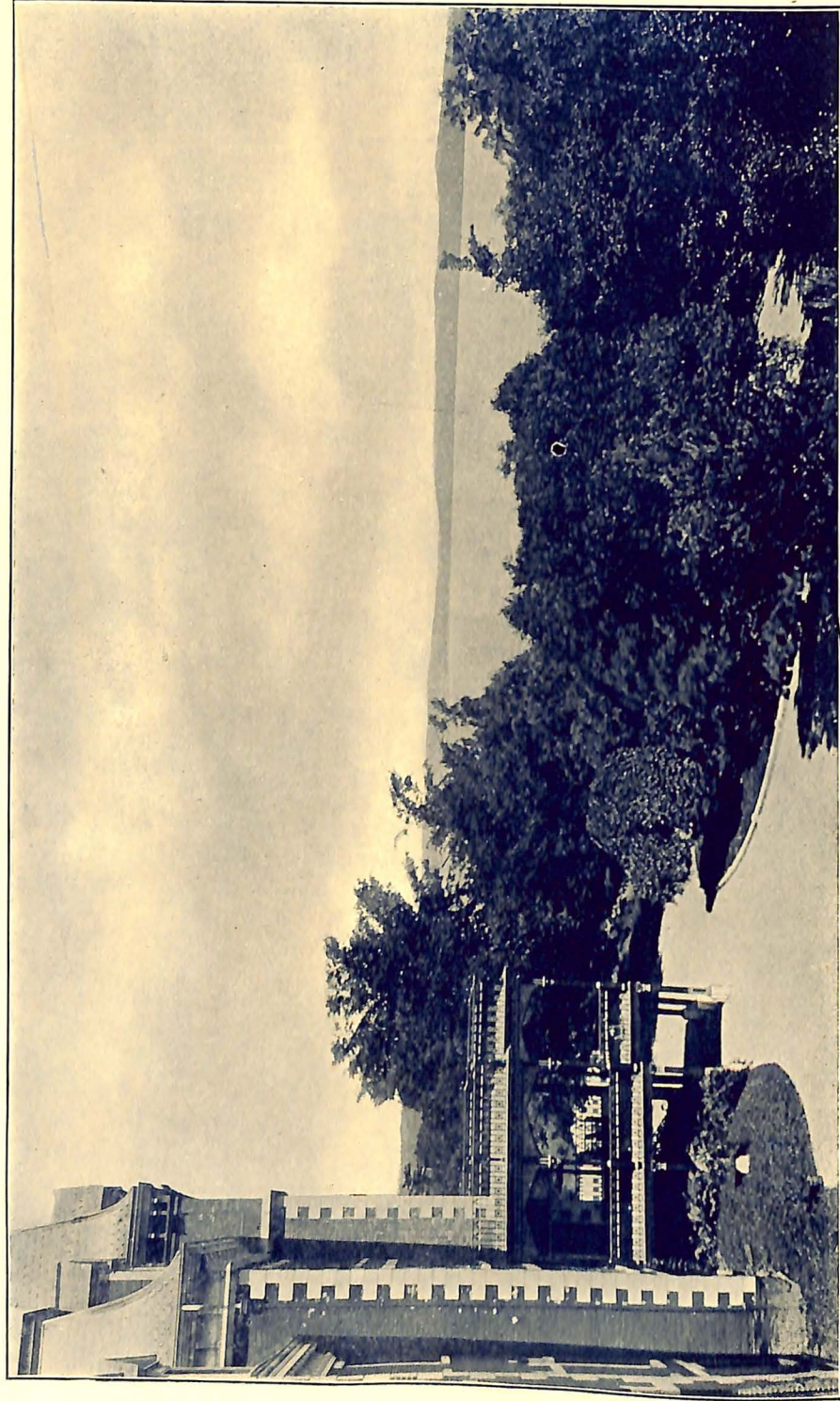
KAPPA KRONICLE



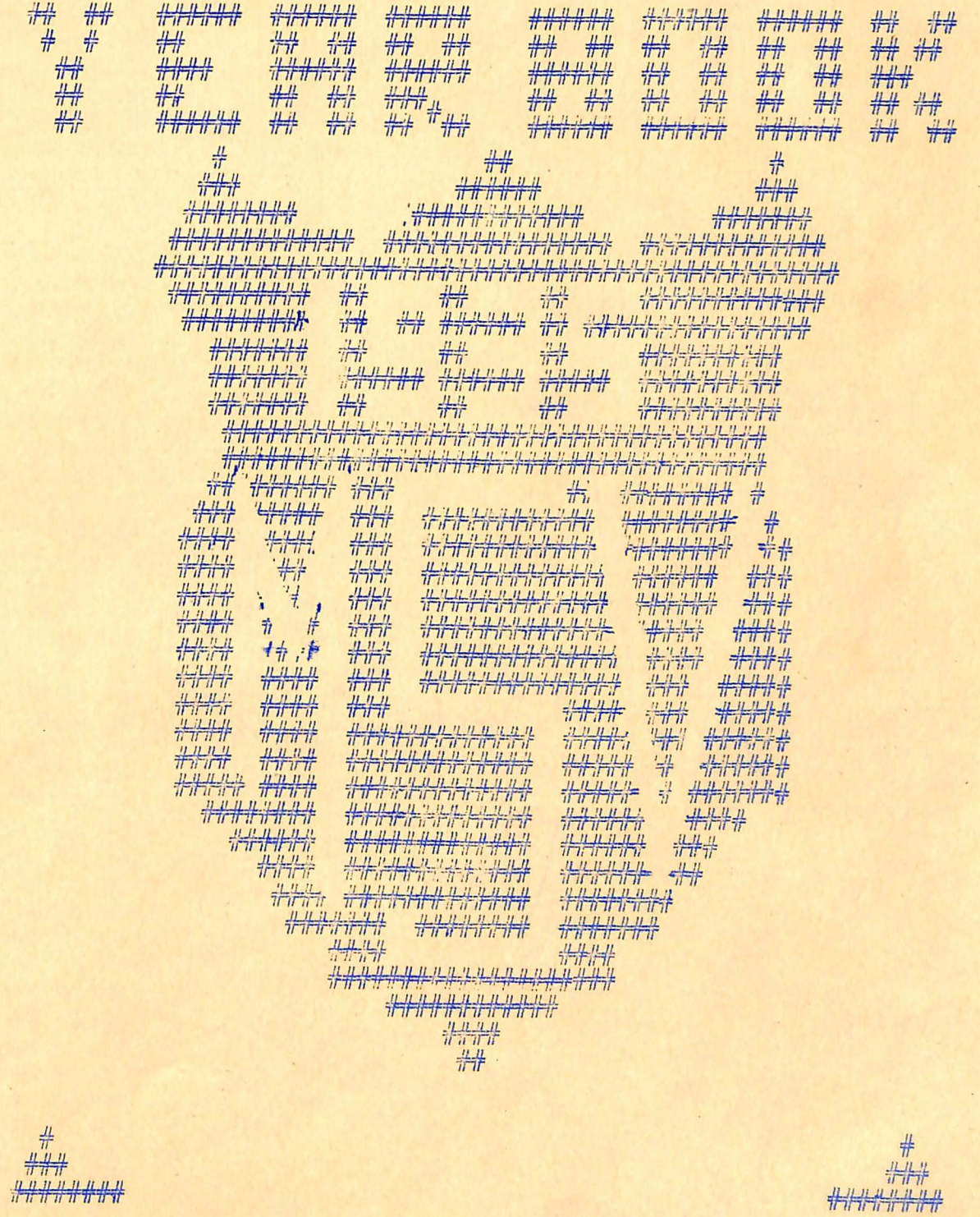
MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX , NOVA SCOTIA

1935



VIEW FROM THE NORTH BALCONY, MOUNT SAINT VINCENT



DEDICATION

With deep devotion and gratitude
We, the class of 1935
Dedicate this book
To our Mothers —

To our Mothers
Who by their devotion and sacrifice
Have given us the opportunity
To acquire the light and knowledge
That will permeate our lives

And in a special way
To our heavenly Mother
Whose maternal interest
Shapes our ends and guides us always
To her Son

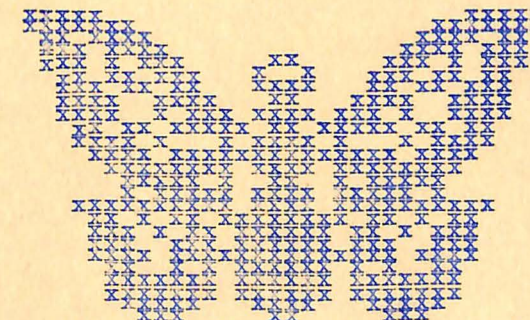
TO THE GRADUATES.

As from the mother nest
The fledgling seeks the blue with trembling wings
And high in space, perilously poising
Sees for one heart beat all the earth below--
Then on a cloudy crest
Of sky-floating-larklike it sings
For joy of singing--flying--living--
Till tired with freedom--back to the bough:-

As from the sheltering shore
Bright sails glide, against the sky unfurled
On the open wave, flashing and dipping
Over wind-ruffled seas and sail into the sun;
In darkness returning
Their colour-drained sails to black masts whirled
And winds behind them, beating and whipping.
Storm-driven, seek for cover once more:-

Down from the Mount you come
To walk a road--untried
As yet. Overhead the sun
Makes bright your morning. But at eventide
Your thoughts returning
As birds from the skies and boats from the foam,
Swift will fly home,
All the world spurning:
Backward once more will roam
In the wake of your yearning.

Marie Carpenter, '35.



There is no sadder, no more glorious day than that which crowns our scholastic labours with success, and bids us go forth into the field of life. This day possesses a fragrance of its own, that like the first freshness of a flower, will never be recaptured. Though success may crown our after life, it cannot hold the sweet memory of toil, of sacrifice, of duty, that marks our Graduation Day. Now, for a moment, we seem to rise above the past and the future, and to pause awhile on that mysterious peak.

From the past come the echoes of four college years, each one different, each one necessary. The freshman year may be rather vague, but vividly before us appears the apprehension of the first venture, the sorrow we felt at leaving home, old scenes, and old companions. Now, courses are completed; it is time to gather the harvest of the college sowing.

From the future come other visions--dreams and hopes tinge that life with gold, widening its horizons. 'Twere foolish to call such dreams illusions; they are signs of the divine possibilities of human nature. We will choose some path into this future, following an end that is worthy of our nature; to aim at less would be base. This end we ourselves determine; it lies in our character. These last four years have had the strangest influence in shaping us for our destiny; the ideals we have formed here will be realized in our lives.

The sadness of this day is in the farewell--the farewell to all that has been helpful and dear to us during our college years. Farewell to Mount Saint Vincent! Every syllable, every letter of the word has its own significance; let us linger a moment on the meaning.

"F" brings immediately the thought of Faith, and we offer whole-hearted thanks to Alma Mater for all she has given us--daily Mass and daily Communion, growth of the spiritual life within us, the opportunity of retreats, and a knowledge of our Faith that will live throughout the years.

"A" stands for the arts we have acquired during our college course; each represents a certain amount of toil, but now that is forgotten in the sense of accomplishment. We have our knowledge, the future holds unbounded possibilities; all that is necessary for our success is that we use our common sense and earnest diligence.

"R" may stand for several things; to some it means religion, to others righteousness, and to others readiness. Our college has increased in us religion that should vitalize our lives so that we may take the world, ourselves, and others as they ought

to be taken; so that we may love God with our whole heart and soul, render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

"E" brings us to the character development which we owe to college life. It would be impossible to go through four years of such training without acquiring in some degree the quality of earnestness. No longer do we play with the things of the child--we are earnest about ourselves and our destiny, we are earnest about the future, we are earnest in our farewells.

"W" means work and willingness. Work is our human lot; it is the price we must pay if we wish to live and not merely to exist. But along with the habit of work, we have gained the quality of willingness. The mind must co-operate with the body in physical activity. To toil because of duty, because of love, clothes our work in a new garment--the garment of salvation.

"E"--another "E"--perhaps this one should be considered in a wider aspect--education, say. We thank our Alma Mater for this gift, and say farewell; for though our education does not end with graduation our student days do. Perhaps our early idea of education was that it was knowledge derived from men and books; now we realize that it motivates action, colours the entire outlook, and permeates life. Our education has formed us for the future.

"Double L", like our double love, is our last thought. We lift our minds and hearts to all that has made this day possible: to God, to whom, ultimately, we owe all that we have; to our dear parents, whose presence here to-day is but another evidence of their self-sacrifice for our college education; to our Sisters, who have unselfishly devoted themselves to the duty of guiding us through these college years; and to our classmates, who are friends for the future. These are ties that we cannot sever, yet the parting must come. It is full of grief, this farewell to all that we have grown to love; but we shall have memories, each of the other, and in the background a picture of the dome and chapel, of the campus, of the village--we shall remember the laughter we shall remember the tears.

This Good-bye marks an epoch in our lives--it is the end and the beginning. Mount Saint Vincent, Good-bye!

Katherine Meagher '35

INVOCATION à MARIE

A toutes celles qui s'en vont,
L'ame encor neuve, loin du Mont,
Et qui sont tes enfants, Marie,
Garde la paix, l'amour profond,
Les purs desirs et la noblesse
Qui de leur ardeur jeunesse
Ont nourri la croissante ardeur,
A toutes, garde l'auréole,
De la vertu touchant symbole,
Et sois, Mère, leur vrai bonheur!

Françoise de Billy '37



D. Harrison, V-Pres.



M. Merchant
SCIENCE



H. Burns, S. Pres.



R. Meagher, C. Pres.



M. Carroll



J. MacLennan

1935



M. Dee, B. Mus.



M. Macneill



M. Carey, B. Mus.

OUR SENIORS

Name: Katherine Marie Agnes Meagher--in simple language "Kitty".

Origin: Ushered into Calgary, Alberta, "when the Angelus was ringing."
Now writes her family in Drumheller. Began her college life at the
Mount three years ago.

Education: Attended the Public Schools in Drumheller, then came to the
Mount which will award her a degree in Secretarial Science this year.

Appearance: Five feet five inches of athletic slimness--crowned by short
"Permanented" light brown hair. Distinguished looking. Says the
photographer, Mr. Moss, "a wonderful face".

Activities: President of the Student Body; President of the Mission Club;
Business Editor of the Kappa Kronicle; Captain of the Basketball Team,
of which she is a capable guard. Uses her voice equally well as a
Public Speaker and a "second" in Glee Club; a swimmer, a skier, and
a skater of note.

Assets: A winning personality and a good sport; remains poised in any try-
ing situation--excluding a basketball game; a popular Class president,
which says a lot to those who know.

Liabilities: "Her forgettery is better than her memory." The College Pan-
dora; a connoisseur of other peoples pens and pencils.

Objective: To return to Drumheller after three years absence. And then
what?

Name: Dorothy Harrison.

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Education: Mount Saint Vincent Academy, College Street School, St. Pat-
rick's High School, and finally Mount Saint Vincent College.

Appearance: A tall, dark, quiet looking girl; an attractive smile; an un-
ruffled leisurely manner.

Activities: Vice President of Student Government; one of Kappa's Art
Editors; in frequent conference with her associate Miss Carroll.

Assets: Hard steady worker, clever, artistic, most dependable and court-
eous.

Liabilities: Over-quiet; apt to conceal her light under a bushel; hides
behind an impersonal manner.

Objective: To be a dietician. One of the fortunate few with a position
secured.

Name: Ann Yvonne Burns--Anna at Mount Saint Vincent, although baptized Ann.

Origin: First saw the light of day in St. John, N. B.--twenty years ago.

Education: St. Peter's Grammar School and St. Vincent's High School, St. John;
Came to the Mount as a Freshman four years ago.

Appearance: A type usually called "skinny"; about five foot five inches tall;
very dark, curly hair--with or without a coronet; bright eyes that contin-
ually register surprise or expectancy or some other emotion.

Assets: A helpful enthusiasm; a certain amount of simplicity and guilelessness;
an edifying piety as befits a prefect; a marked talent for comedy.

Liabilities: A tendency to procrastinate and to be self assured; an explosive
exclamation "Oh, Joseph!" used at all times; a bit of sensitiveness usual-
ly hid by a "don't care" manner.

Activities: Sodality prefect; sacristan to Our Lady; Bulletin Board chairman;
Editor of the Kappa Kronicle; member of Mission executive and of the Basket-
ball team; our "heavy man" in dramatic performances (in voice and look, not
in weight); an everfaithful worker at her charge; Sunday school teacher in
the village.

Objective: To be either a comedian or a dietitian--to cater to the delicate
senses of humor or appetite; also to invent a new way of serving prunes.

Name: Muriel Carey

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education: Music--with prescribed courses at St. Patrick's Grammar and High
as adjuncts to the all-absorbing pursuit.

Appearance: A seraphic, Saint Cecelia-like expression in gentle blue eyes and
sweet smile; also, "Her voice was ever gentle, sweet and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

Activities: Music--music--and still more music--with visits to St. Patrick's
convent as chief diversion.

Assets: Poise, gentle courtesy; musical and dramatic ability; the promptest
payer in the College; a sweet gratitude.

Liabilities: Shyness, diffidence--the only ones so far discovered in her short
daily sojourns among us.

Objective: A secret known only to herself.

Name: Marie Jennie Therese Carroll

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education: St. Joseph's School, Halifax, St. Vincent's High School, St. John;
St. Patrick's High School, Halifax, and Mount Saint Vincent College.

Appearance: Five feet six inches with medium brown hair; soft brown eyes,
and a Colgate smile.

Activities: Active member of Household Science Class; staff artist of Kappa
Kronicle, also official artist for College and friends; fondness for
reading G.K. Chesterton and of quoting him upon occasion; upholds the
bass in the College Glee Club and takes interest in all things musical;
specializes in tea for two on Sunday evenings.

Assets: Great artistic ability; meticulous care of details; sense of respon-
sibility and of right value; sincere sympathy for those in need of it;
can always be depended upon to have a fund of questions on hand if the
Apologetics lesson is drawing to a close and there happens to be a lack
of speeches.

Liabilities: A horror of lesson plans; a propensity to absent-mindedness;
a proclivity to procrastinate.

Objective: To practise her culinary art, to which her course stands as a
witness, on a B.A.

Name: Mary Lillian Dee

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education: St. Patrick's Schools, Mount Saint Vincent and the School of
experience.

Appearance: Short and sweet, especially remarkable for very blond hair and
a charming smile; attractive in general appearance, except when in the
process of mimicry.

Activities: Prominent in musicals, displaying brilliant talent in piano and
singing; of late busy composing sonatas--is to be seen dashing here and
there, putting down inspirations. She herself considers going home
every week end and on every possible occasion, her most important act-
ivity. And no wonder!

Assets: Reliable, dependable; a good mixer; an interesting and friendly com-
panion; generous and helpful--always willing to play at our parties,
sometimes the whole evening.

Liabilities: Much interested in Gaels and Gaelic--even bothersome in her
attempt to spread interest in the achievements of the Gael. Another
liability is "Chummy" the police dog, who guards her with his life and
threatens the lives of her friends.

Objective: To do something worth while--is it in music or in matrimony, or
both?

Name: Margaret Macneill

Origin: Glace Bay, Cape Breton, twenty-one years ago.

Education: St. Ann's School, Glace Bay, Mount St. Vincent Academy and Mount St. Vincent College.

Appearance: Short and plump and fair; a roly-poly with curly hair and a pleasant open countenance.

Activities: Treasurer of Sodality; Keeper of Iron; General mother to Top flat.

Assets: Unfailing good nature; an Irish generosity, despite her Scotch; a hard, perservering and successful worker; an ardent devotee of Household Science.

Liabilities: Tendency to be almost too placid; a babyish manner not yet altogether outgrown.

Objective: To get married and establish a home.

Name: Mary Clare Cecilia Myrna Merchant

Origin: Sydney, Cape Breton--"God's Country."

Education: St. Joseph's Public School, Holy Angel's Convent, Mount St. Vincent Academy and College--she should be holy after all that.

Appearance: Red-gold, curly hair, turned up nose--and everything else that should go with two such assets--height, slimness, skin etc.

Activities: Mainly going to town; studying until the wee small hours; writing to Jim; waiting at the mail box; getting Kappa ads and mixing up a few of them--reference, MacDonald Music Shop--talking; phoning Ken; worrying about lesson plans and forgetting Guide Meetings.

Assets: Everything included under appearance, plus an ability to get to town on water-tight excuses; to give charming dramatic appearances; to recite on the stage--not in class.

Liabilities: Holds up the phone booth; must be called in the morning--no bell is loud enough; leaves lesson plans to last minute; is slightly absent minded and strongly loquacious; has loose-jointed walk at odds with appearance.

Objective: "The Campbells are coming ho hoh, ho hoh,
The Campbells are coming ho hoh!"



L. Adams



L. Mullins



M. MacDougall



A. Wilson



M. Thompson



J. Creaser



M. O'Brien



L. Pye

ARTS -
1935

Name: Josephine MacLennan

Origin: Port Hood, Cape Breton

Education: St. Peter's, Port Hood, Holy Angel's Convent, Inverness and Mount St. Vincent Academy and College.

Appearance: Short and pleasingly plump.

Activities: Never misses the 4:20 bus on Friday afternoon; often misses the 8:00 bus on Monday morning.

Assets: Generous and careful typist; an unselfish friend; an ardent Liberal; a devoted week-ender.

Liabilities: A quick temper; an argumentative tendency; a sensitive make-up.

Objective: To marry, to travel, and to live.

Name: Elizabeth Frances Adams

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia had the honor!

Education: During grammar school days, St. Patrick's and Oxford Schools contributed to her education. She continued it at St. Patrick's High and Mount St. Vincent College.

Appearance: Five feet five inches of perfect pulchritude topped by an attractive arrangement of long wavy tresses. Gray-green eyes survey the world with a humorous expression and she looks as if she's been poured into her gowns, my dear!

Activities: Doing Latin with Isabel, "ad infinitum" and writing up the Sodality notes take up most of her time. A star badminton player, one of the "winner-of-the-tournament" class; a basketball enthusiast, and a walker; skis on occasion, usually in borrowed finery; lastly but not least she derives much joy from partaking of bowl after bowl of M. S. V. applesauce.

Assets: The aforementioned "rigger"; an ever unruffled demeanor; a spirit of helpfulness; a freedom from cattiness and a selflessness which is very well known--especially to those who are well acquainted with her.

Liabilities: A propensity to be a soporific influence on her fellow students, by giving the same speech in Apologetics that she gave a few days before in Philosophy; a faintly pink nose on great occasions when she wants to look her best.

Objective: To convince Dr. Nichols that special ability in Latin runs in the Adams' family and to teach the younger element in an exciting part of the country like Ecum Secum.

Name: Isabel Creaser

Origin: Riverport, Nova Scotia

Education: Riverport Public School, Lunenburg Academy, Mount St. Vincent College.

Appearance: Longest hair in the College, glints of red through it; tall and neat; a small innocent face which brings to mind Ann of Green Gables; a rolling gait (Isabel hails from Lunenburg).

Assets: A very dutiful proctor with a well developed "shush"; an ability to study interminable with a minimum of interruptions; a versatile hair waver, willing at all times and for all occasions; a dependable worker; a faithful custodian of the Social Room; an ever generous helper with Kappa.

Liabilities: Her "shush" sometimes considered in this category; a tendency to boss and an inclination to dogmatism.

Activities: The secretary of Student Government; a forward on the College basketball team; a guard over Sister Berchman's chairs on Sunday afternoon; a great walker; a daily wielder of the carpet-sweeper.

Objective: To return to the Mount next year--to get her teacher's license; and then for a school.

Name: Mary Katherine Clara McDougall

Origin: Sydney, Cape Breton, twenty-two years ago.

Education: Despite nine years at the Mount her education has been diversified. Attended Holy Angel's Convent, Sydney, Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, Mount St. Vincent Academy, Halifax, McGill University, Montreal, St. Elizabeth's College, New York and has completed her course at Mount St. Vincent College.

Appearance: Tall, dark, and handsome.

Activities: An enthusiastic week-ender with Stellarton as a frequent objective; devotee of the classics; an excellent basketball player; a champion at tennis.

Assets: Her appearance and her varied wardrobe; her ability to attract friends, when the spirit moves her; her most un-modern tendency to blush; her un-collegiate habit of rising uncalled before the bell.

Liabilities: The ~~door~~ Scot shows in her moody moments and in the stubbornness that stiffens her chin, and hides a really shy person within.

Objective: To learn all she can about domestic budgeting within the next few months and to keep in touch with Nova Scotia law.

Name: Eileen Mullins

Origin: Bathurst, New Brunswick, twenty-one years ago.

Education: Sacred Heart School and Academy; Mount St. Vincent Academy and College.

Appearance: One of the thin girls--well groomed.

Activities: Vice President of Mission Club; librarian of Social Room library.

Assets: A successful student; a possessor of a sense of humor; a great reader.

Liabilities: Talkativeness; quick temper; inclination to stubbornness.

Objective: To be a lady of leisure; to be subtle.

Name: Mary O'Brien

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education: St. Joseph's School, St. Patrick's High School, Mount St. Vincent College.

Activities: Star of Day Boarder's basketball team; daily traveller on the bus--to and from the Mount.

Appearance: Meticulously neat; a slow graceful walk; a quiet pleasant face; a well-waved head of hair and perpetual high heels.

Assets: Hard worker; generous; always willing to look up prices and to perform many of those forgotten or "rush" jobs in town; pleasant and dependable.

Liabilities: Her "ungetatable" disposition throws a cloak over all liabilities--if she has any.

Objective: The same cloak is over her future--but from all appearances Mary intends to be a teacher.

Name: Eva Celeste Pye

Origin: Prince Edward Island

Education: Spry Bay, Nova Scotia; Halifax Academy; Provincial Normal College; Dalhousie University; Nova Scotia Summer School; Mount St. Vincent College.

Appearance: A very sturdy build; a kindly cheerful face.

Activities: Teaching High School in Halifax and catching buses--thus living in a state of perpetual motion.

Assets: A spirit of kindness; a deep appreciation of the smallest favor; a generous loyalty; a grim determination and perseverance.

Liabilities: A month's sleuthing uncovers nothing more serious than a propensity to lose her purse, and important notes just previous to exam time. On second thought, what could be more serious than this? Miss Pye tells us her greatest liability is her "out-spokenness" but we consider it rather an asset.

Objective: To obtain an Academic License for the Province of Nova Scotia.

Name: Mary Marjorie Thompson

Origin: St. John, New Brunswick

Education: Mount Carmel, Holy Trinity, St. Vincent's High and Mount St. Vincent.

Appearance: A small dark person with lovely brown eyes, a roseleaf complexion and a smile full of complete understanding.

Activities: Secretary of the Mission Club and Society Editor for the College; between certain hours holds forth to a group of interested listeners in St. Agnes' Lav; favorite pastime--reading Telegraph Journal and imbibing Phospo-lecthin; activity par excellence is her weekly trip to Halifax Infirmary.

Assets: Painstaking thoroughness; absolute reliability; unvaried cheerfulness; dependable memory; unflagging studiousness.

Liabilities: Entirely impersonal; by preference occupying a hermitage far removed from the noisy haunts of the College flat; strongly addicted to drink--Adams ale.

Objective: First hand knowledge not available--general surmise--to teach the school in Tabusintac.

Name: Aileen Christine Wilson

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education: College Street School, St. Pat's High; Mount St. Vincent College.

Appearance: Short, but not too short; slight, with medium brown curly hair; small round face on which perches a fetchingly turned-up nose; eyebrows which are elevated at the most unexpected times; despite all attempts to appear sophisticated was told by the class photographer that he would like to adopt her--for what is a home without a baby?

Activities: Stamp Collector for the Mission Club; writer of the renowned page "Over the Back Fence" of Kappa Kronicle; a daily walker to the village with her buddy Mary Dee.

Assets--A retrousse nose; a delightful tinkling laugh; an enjoyment of the little things of life with the ability to laugh her troubles away--and, rarest of all in a woman --the talent of keeping a secret.

Liabilities--A lack of dignity; a saucy expression provocative of censure; an argumentative dislike of Bliss Carman.

Objective--To obtain a doctorate in Philosophy; to pilot an aeroplane without crashing--both in the air.

***** : : : : : : : : *****

MOTHER GENERAL

There's many a toast we'd like to say
If we could only think it--
Of happiness, of joy, of love--
To Mother General we drink it.

OUR DEAN, SISTER M. EVARISTUS

Our hearts, our thanks, are all with thee,
Our love and our loyalty too;
We thank you for all you have given us,
And pray that to all we'll be true

OUR GUESTS

Here's a toast to Mother Berchmans
To Sister Superior and all who are here--
May the best day they have seen,
Be the worst they have to fear.

OUR COLLEGE MISTRESS, SISTER FRANCIS DE SALES

There's someone always has a charm
For old girls and for new,
To whom we give a toast of thanks
For love and devotion true;
To a someone we'll always remember,
Sister Francis--it is you.

OUR SODALITY DIRECTRESS, SISTER IRENE MARIE

In thanks to the Mistress of our Sodality
We propose a heartfelt toast.
To follow the ideals fostered by her
Would be in life our greatest boast.

THE FACULTY

I propose a toast to a mighty force
Which has shaped us for our careers--
Our faculty--the best on earth--
Whom we leave with sadness and with tears.

OUR GRADUATES

To those who have proved our loyal leaders,
Companions, and friends--our Graduates,
Be success and the greatest of happiness!
That is the wish of their college mates.

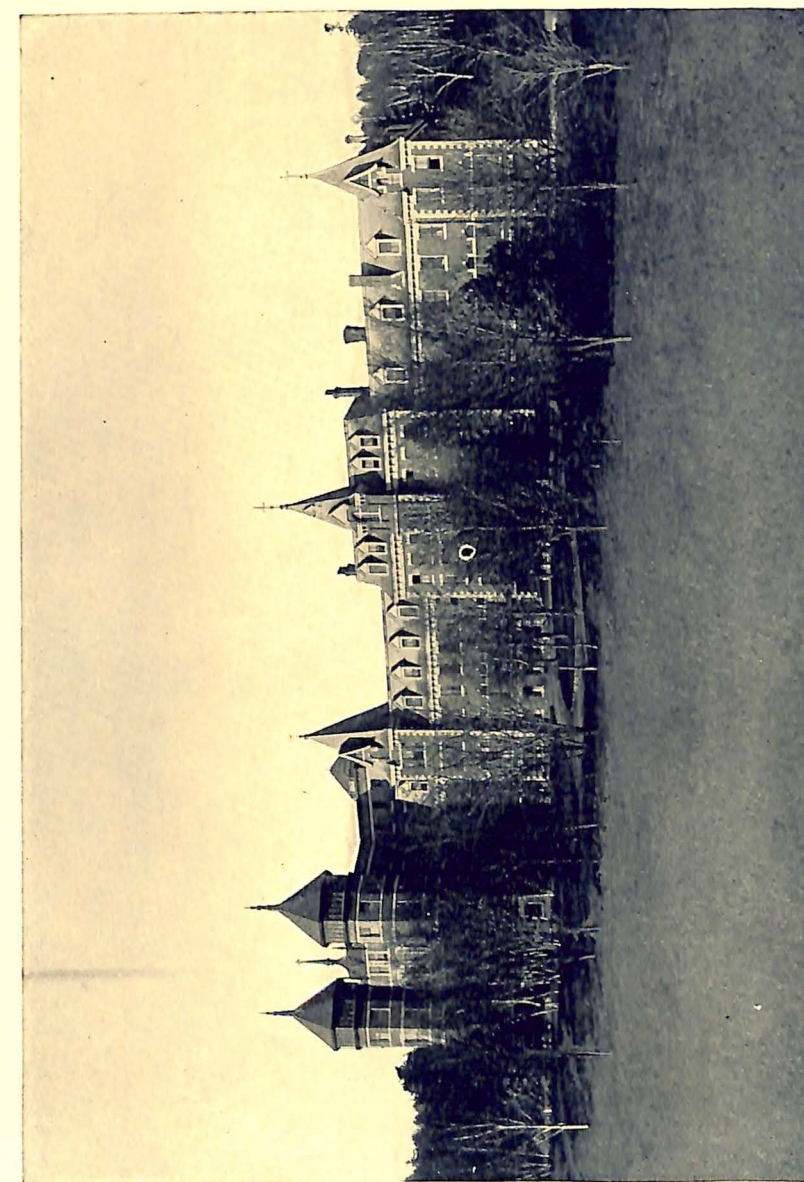
THE JUNIORS

Here's to the Seniors of next year,
May their days be as pleasant, as ours were here;
And may all desirable qualities in them mix,
To make them a "Perfect '36".

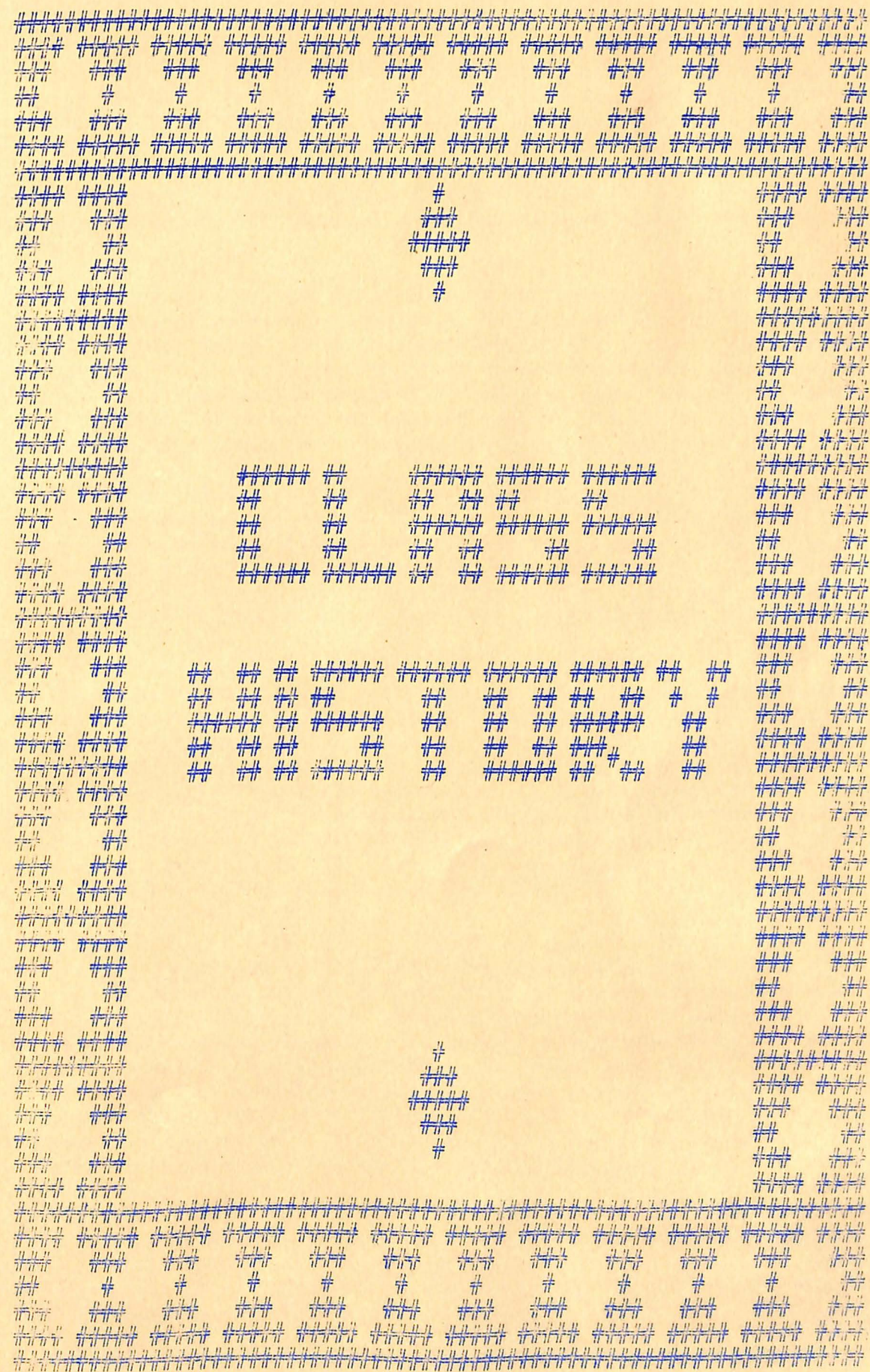
THE SOPHOMORES

Here's pluck to you and luck to you,
Loyalty and devotion strong,
Here's zeal to you and zest to you,
To carry Mount traditions along.

TO THE KING!



MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE



The evening of September fifteenth, 1932, witnessed our Sophomore entry into the new life of College. Through the efforts of the students familiar with College life, our first evening gave no opportunity for home sickness. With the beginning of classes, however, we were at a loss, so great was the change from our former school life. The days passed on! Gradually we forgot our strangeness, becoming acquainted with new and charming friends. A camp fire supper drew us all together into the intimate circle of the College family.

Yet there was one mote in the eye of our happiness. Initiation! The evening arriving, we were ushered down the kiddies' sliding board to stand before the cruel Judge and her Jurymen who did all in their power to ferret out the misdeeds of our past. Our next effort was to live down, with dignity, their humiliating accusations and sentences, that is, with as much dignity as could be achieved by "Sophs" wearing odd shoes and the early morning glow of a powderless face.

But as all true sisters, the older students soon overlooked our misguided behavior and proceeded to take us into their hearts, providing entertaining teas and parties. Several plays were put on, among them "The Trysting Place", revealing the hidden talent of some of the "Sophs". Not long after the forensic ability of two Seniors and a Junior helped win the debate against the Delta Gamma Society at Shirreff Hall. And were we proud!

But life was not all one merry-go-round of enjoyment, -by no means! The name of this year is synonymous with "hard work", -even hard hearted Seniors can sympathize with Sophomores in that respect.

Before we knew it Christmas vacation was drawing near and with it far-away expressions on the features of our friends away from home. Ask them a question and five minutes might bring some such answer as "Er - pardon. What was that last statement?" But on our return the expressions had changed to those meaning earnest toil and dutiful recourse to the library. Mid-Year exams were next week!

They were over and we breathed freely, meanwhile resolving not to be caught napping again. On St. Patrick's Day we helped the Glee Club score a real triumph in the Operetta "Princess Chrysanthemum" performed for the benefit of the Foreign Missions. In it Mary Dee, Marie Carroll and Eleanor Coady, three of our class, took leading parts and the rest of us added our quivers and semi-quivers to the chorus. A few days after we took an important part in the Vocation Week ceremonies, holding a convincing debate on the superiority of matrimony to old-maidism. Then before we were aware of it Easter had arrived with a new set of exams on the none-too-far horizon.

Now, the College was the scene of busy preparations. The Seniors were getting ready for the Big Event, which loomed closer day by day until Commencement week was upon us and we, participants in the impressive Baccalaureate Mass, the Banquet and finally Graduation Day with its farewells and our mingled emotions of regret and happiness.

Our Sophomore year was ended. And what a breath-taking year it had proved!

JUNIOR YEAR

September 1933 saw our return to the Mount rejoicing in the knowledge that we were no longer new girls and what is more that the weight of Seniority was but one year removed from us. Of course we were sorry that initiation had been abolished; and we were unable to do unto others as we had been done by, but the campfire supper given by the Seniors went a long way in making up for our disappointment.

The most important innovation of the year was the installation of mail boxes. After a half year spent in experimenting with various ways of giving out the mail, the idea of "real" mail boxes was conceived and adopted and this new way is the best ever. We shall always remember the joy that was ours when, in opening our own particular little box, one, sometimes two, and more rarely three letters were within; and we shall endeavour to banish from our minds the remembrance of the horrible desolation which overwhelmed us when a yawning space greeted our expectant eyes.

Having done with the mail boxes, we must not forget the inauguration of Student Government. Of course complete success could not be expected at the first attempt but the Student Council managed admirably. Two outstanding events of the year were, first, the visit of George MacManus to the Mount when he illustrated to us in a most amusing way the processes involved in the drawing of our comic favorites, Maggie and Jiggs; and second, the masquerade given by the members of the Chatelaine Club who were charming hostesses.

The Christmas tree, vacation, the dreaded Mid-Years brought to a close an enjoyable half-year.

A number of interesting lectures were given between this time and closing featuring Mr. Otto Shierbeck, former Chief Forester of Nova Scotia, Mr. S. M. Humphries, Picture Exhibitor of British Columbia, Mr. Gerald Flavin of Halifax and Signorina Barnardy of the University of Sienna.

The public presentation of Goldsmiths "She Stoops to Conquer" was the last activity before the Finals. Then came the fatal Finals, Class Day, Commencement and home with our newly acquired right to senatorial dignity. We were "jolly Juniors" no longer.

Marjorie Thompson '35

SENIOR YEAR

The opening of the College in September found seventeen of us all prepared to embark on the last year of our college career. For three years we had looked forward to this, and now that year which brings a sense of responsibility as well as importance, a feeling of regret as well as joy, was here. It seemed odd to us at first when we realized that at last we were the responsible ones, the older girls--in short, the Seniors.

At our first student meeting our president, Katherine Meagher, reminded us that we would now have to take up the work begun by last year's Seniors--that is, Student Government. Each was given the little "Blue Book"; the duties of the Seniors were outlined, and we had started the year in earnest.

During the year there were the usual number of events - the Senior and Junior parties, the Sophomore tea, the College sleigh ride,--all contributed

to the enjoyment of the school year. In the field of dramatics the outstanding event was the production of "The Rivals" at the Nova Scotian Hotel. "Daddy Long Legs", which was given in honor of Sister Evaristus, our Dean, afforded some of the new girls an opportunity to show their dramatic ability. The Annual Retreat preached by Father Maccan, was held somewhat later this year but was as usual appreciated by the girls, especially by those of us who were at the parting of the ways.

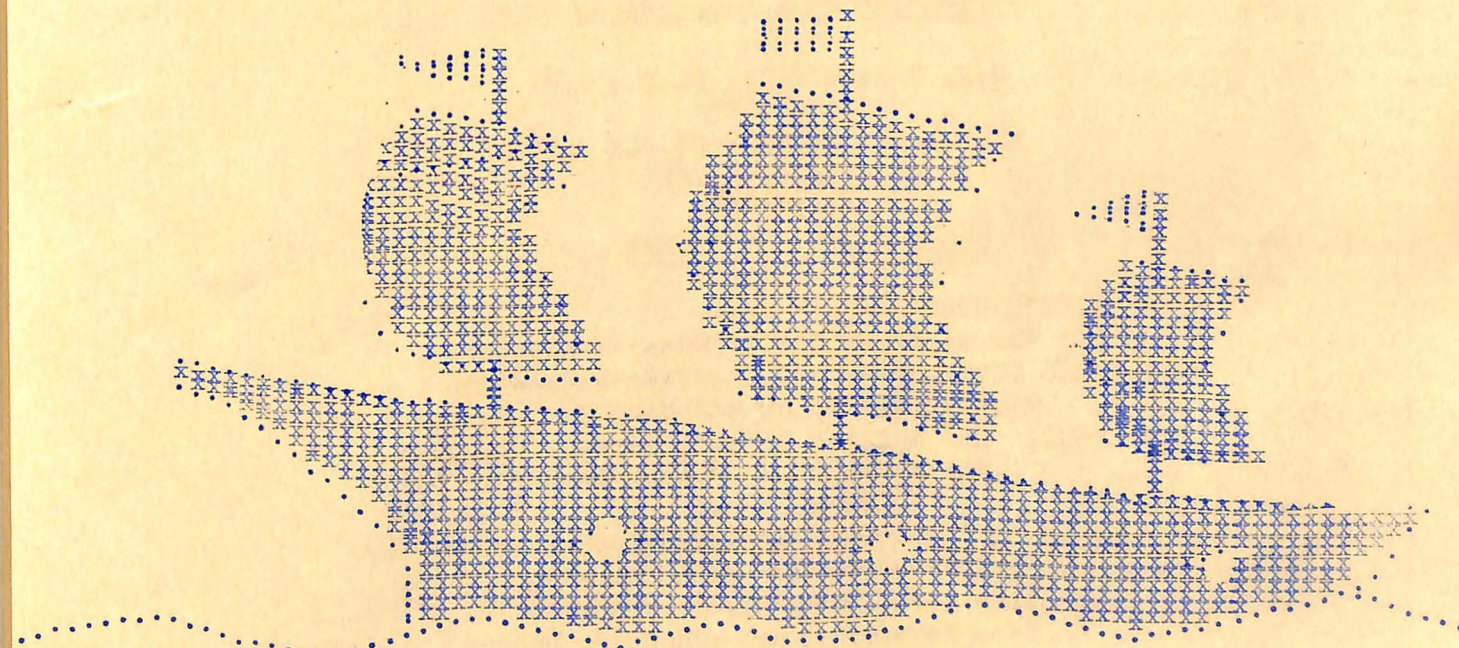
This year the Arts students did not have to go through the harrowing experience of practice-teaching. The Household Science graduates, however, upheld the tradition and the rest of the class were more than content to listen and sympathize with these embryonic teachers.

There have been also many interesting lectures. Shortly after our return Doctor Curran spoke to us on Catholic Action. Later Father Beaton gave us a very nice illustrated talk on the West. After Christmas Mr. Kenneth Leslie delighted us with a reading of his poems. Mr. Malcolm Morley, the dramatic adjudicator for Canada, visited the Mount to judge our work in dramatics. Another Catholic Action talk, accompanied by slides, was given by Doctor Curran. The visit of the Papal delegate was also a memorable occasion.

Now at the close of the year, as we look back and reflect on these events and the many unchronicled and more personal ones, they seem to take on a deeper significance, for we have done them all for the last time. It has been rather exciting to think this was the last year of school life, and yet through our minds has been running another thought,-- not of regret exactly, though there is some of this too, but rather of finality.

This year we are to go out - we are to leave our class-mates, our teachers. We, the graduates of 1935, plan a reunion in 1940 but things will be changed then. Hence, this feeling of sadness perhaps, as well as joy, at the thought of commencement when we shall leave the portals of our Alma Mater, who has striven to prepare us to play well our parts as mature women on the testing field of life. May we ever remain her loyal, devoted daughters.

Eileen Mullins '35



COMMENCEMENT WEEK PROGRAMME

CLASS DAY

Thursday, May 30

ALUMNAE DAY

Saturday, June 1

BACCALAUREATE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS

Saturday, June 1, 9.45 a.m.

Celebrant:

His Excellency

The Most Reverend Thomas O'Donnell,
D.D.

Archbishop of Halifax

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The Reverend George F. Courtney

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

Tuesday, June 4, 3 p.m.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES

His Excellency

The Most Reverend Thomas O'Donnell,
D.D.

Archbishop of Halifax

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES

J.J. Power, M.A., LL.D., K.C.

SOLEMN BENEDICTION OF THE MOST
BLESSED SACRAMENT

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME

PROCESSIONAL-

War March of the Priests--Mendlessohn

PIANO DUET: Staccato Caprice--Rubenstein

Miss Muriel Carey and Miss Mary Dee

SONGS: The Russian Lament--Teresa del Riego

The Night Wind--Roland Farley

Miss Mary Dee

VALEDICTORY-----Miss Katherine Meagher

Reader-----Miss Elizabeth Adams

CHORUSES: Chorus of the Seraphim

from Paradise Lost--Theodore Dubois

O Praise the Lord--Alfred Wooley

Glee Club

Soloist--Miss Muriel Carey. Accompanist Miss M. Macneil



Seniors



MSV



K. Meagher, Pres.



Our Musicians



Fakes!

FROM A SENIOR'S DIARY 1934-1935

- Sept. 18 The old familiar scenes--but something new--pyjamas, new book presses.
19 Election of Kappa staff. Bells, bells, bells.
20 "A" Corn Boil up in the woods.
21 New formation leaving the chapel. Fewer prayers.
23 No more lectures in Music Hall. Sermon in chapel.
24 Installation of Sodality Officers.
25 Basketball teams organized--new coach.
26 Getting used to things--new paintings in chapel, new classes, new students.
28 Everybody enjoying themselves around the campus. No worries yet.
29 First Saturday afternoon tea.
- Oct. 1 Senior business meeting.
2 First student government meeting--looks like business.
4 First Sacred Heart Meeting. First Holy Hour. Commenced work on Kappa--getting down to earth.
6 Sister Berchmans took us on a hike--saw the unknown country past the first farm.
8 Thanksgiving. So soon? Boxes arriving.
11 Alumnae meeting. First Mission meeting.
16 Late leave--went to show.
21 Sociology class visited Orphanage.
24 Mission Play. First issue of Kappa - "Bigger and Better than ever".
26 Dean's Day. "Daddy Long Legs" presented.
28 Forty Hours opened. Visit from the Apostolic Delegate.
30 Senior Hallowe'en party--witches, black cats, ghosts, apple-lantern, salads and everything.
- Nov. 1 All Saints' Day. Holiday. Sister Francis de Sales' Silver Jubilee.
2 Archbishop's Congé--welcomed by all!
9 College and Academy Basketball game. Great excitement.
11 Remembrance Day.
19 Meeting of delegates of Mission units at Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax. White Sisters of Africa spoke on their mission work.
22 Lecture and lantern slides by Father Beaton.
25 First snow fall--brings thought of Christmas.
29 Sister de Chantal's Feast Day. Play. Royal wedding--keen interest to all.
- Dec. 2 Visit from Sydney Academy Students. Served them tea.
3 Feast of St. Francis Xavier. Closing of Triduum.
4 Class marks posted--with the customary comments and laments.
8 Feast of Immaculate Conception. Very impressive procession, coronation and reception. Sodality finished Triduum for Pope.
10 Intensive house cleaning.
12 Annual Christmas sale. Punch board an attractive feature. Great hustling and bustling.
18 Everybody very busy.
19 Classes present their Christmas skits--very amusing, especially Santa. Presentations.
20 Christmas vacation. Beaming faces!

April 1 April Fool's Day--menagerie on the top flat and many other disturbing influences.
2 Senior meeting--Graduation again and the Year Book.
8 Oratory speech postponed--and we were all ready! Kappa out.
15 Another mission meeting in town. Hockey games started. Hurrah for the Wolves!
24 Easter holidays all ready!
27 Back again so soon? New radio--short wave--Milan, Paris, etc.
Working on Year Book and getting our pictures taken, and worrying about our dresses. Muriel Carey's recital--a large appreciative audience.

May 1 Coronation in the Sodality.
5 First May Flowers--spring is here.
6 Our "short wave" gave us the King's Jubilee Programs in fine style.
9 Last Holy Hour.
14 Oratorical contest--trembling orators.
17 Our last class--dark days ahead.
21 Exams and more exams.
30 Convocation week. Our Big Week!

Katherine Meagher.

Katherine Meagher.

CLASS WILL

Hear ye, hear ye,--the class of 1935 is about to depart into the wide, wide world (sobs and groans from the audience); and on this momentous occasion we do publish this, our last will and testament (cheers):

On this Thirtieth day of May, in the Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Thirty Five, we the Seniors, being of unsound and dispensing minds, acting on our own initiative, and not under duress--except a few times--being uninfluenced by persons or things--mainly things--do dispose of all personal traits, habits, accoutrements, etc. acquired during College years in the following manner--

To the Faculty we leave our sympathy--our going will be a great loss to them, but, as we are about to bequeath many gifts upon our successors, we hope that their sorrow at our departure will be somewhat lightened.

To our Dean we leave a new Apologetics IV Class to acquire the wealth that we have received--incidentally we leave to this class all our Apologetic Speeches. To the Dean also we extend our gratitude and appreciation for the interest she has taken in us during our College years.

To our Mistress we leave the memory of our perfections, which she may use as an example and a threat to all future generations. To our Mistress also we leave all our misdemeanours, campuses, etc. which she may do with as she wishes, especially the campuses. These may be used as frequently and as often as the occasions arise.

To the Juniors we must of course leave our Seniority--that precious gift which must be handled with exceedingly great care--any ill treatment, abuse, neglect, disdain, forgetfulness of said article entails serious consequences. To the Juniors we also leave Student Government. Beware O Juniors, that this is maintained and added to. It is as yet a delicate infant in arms and must be carefully nurtured and guarded. Should any harm come to it, while it is under your guardianship, you will be held responsible. To the Juniors also we leave all our cares and worries--(meetings, Kappa, etc.)--to do with as you will (the cares and worries, not the meetings, Kappa, etc.).

To the Sophomores and our younger brethren we leave the "Blue Book", containing the rules and regulations. This Book is a compilation of various "Do's" and "Don'ts" of College life, which explains its title of Blue Book (pun). As the Book is a little difficult to comprehend we leave unto you a College Mistress, a group of Seniors, and a weekly proctor--to be disposed of as you will.

All our personal property is to be bequeathed in the following manner:-

I, Katherine Marie Agnes Meagher, being unable to dispose of my third of the room (Anna has already laid a claim to it) do hereby make a very personal present--the patented method of getting rid of colds and curing forgetfulness in money matters at the same time--to Patsy Fitzpatrick--the cure being to rub the chest with cold water early in the morning, and rub hard. To her also I leave my early morning cheer, and all nightly disturbances-Reem, etc. To her also I leave my ability to mislay things--newly pressed ten dollar bills, etc. To Kay Thompson I leave an accomplishment--the ability to type and decipher English themes by the world's worst writer--(no names mentioned)--but "you know what I mean". To Marie Carpenter I leave my profile--I don't know what she'll do with it--perhaps study it during supervised study.

I, Anna Yvonne Constance Burns, bequeath to Kay Deasy, Our Lady of Peace Room, together with its sometimes happy but always ultimately embarrassing faculty of harboring books, pens, clothing, etc. foreign to it. (So, dear Classmates, never refrain from searching the room if after a week or month's search and inquiry for a certain article you are told "Oh no! It can't be in my room". Just go in and you'll find it-somehow or other the room does contain the lost article. A word of encouragement Kay--really after twenty or thirty of such happenings you really don't mind it. You'll soon be convinced that the room has "taking ways". To Dolores Donnelly I give the duty of informing Loretta Brady of the number of weeks and days previous to each following vacation--her official work must commence the day of arrival from each vacation and must continue until she sees Loretta on board the train for departure. I might also add that with this position it is understood that no matter how many times you have been asked the same question you must answer as though you had never heard it before. I ask that Kay Gallant fill my position of accompanying Kay Devan on her sojourns through the woods for reasons which will be explained by Miss Devan. I give Lenore Pelham the permission to move bag and baggage and bed into Aileen Mullins room for Retreat.

I, Dorothy Marie Harrison do etc. leave to Kay Devan my tin anti-ant box of medicine in the hope that it may do her as much good as it did me. My sylph-like figure I lovingly bequeath to Loretta. To Marie Foran I leave my position of night watchman in St. Agnes' Laboratory. To Lenore Pelham I leave my large supply of curlers to use as she best sees fit, and to Dorothy Webb I leave my ability to get the three-twenty bus on Fridays.

I, Elizabeth Adams leave: To Verta Curry, at her request, my fuzz, so that the curls which veil her ears will not droop. To Rita Fawson I leave my charge in Sister Berchmans classroom, since she seems to be naturally drawn in the direction. To Marie Carpenter, I, together with my colleague, Isabel Creaser, leave our mutual friend, Quintus Horatio Flaccus.

I, Anne Eileen Mullins, do will and bequeath to Loretta Brady, my ability to keep slim--hoping that it may relieve her of one of her worries. To Margaret MacLean and Margaret Morrissey I leave my heart, hoping that between them they may always cherish it. To Jane Thorup I leave my ability to be sensible at times--and to Dolores Donnelly my laugh which is guaranteed not to cause ejection from the refectory. To Margaret MacLean I leave also my captivation freckles to be used when she sees fit.

I, Marie Jeanette Therese Carroll, desire to dispose of a few effects for the benefit of those named herein and incidentally for my own good: I therefore, hereby, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, bequeath to Jean Boylan my ability to "slip" off to town without ever asking permission or signing out. May she not abuse the privilege. My low voice and my tendency to indulge in periods of silence to Marie Foran. To Gladys Camp I leave my ability to keep awake when it is expected of me--this to be called upon especially in that period devoted to the study of English. I also bequeath to her (and I feel that I am hereby doing something which would please her very much) my alcove in St. Agnes' Dormitory--so that she may have the privilege of staying here through the week, and dwelling just a few alcoves away from Dorothy Webb. To Marie Carpenter I leave a small share in the Alto section at Glee Club to be added to her own large portion--and to be used when, and as required. To Loretta Brady I leave my charge in Sister Maura's class room together with the year's work which has accumulated in that portion of the room which she was scheduled to care for in 1934-35. She was unavoidably detained every morning this year but next year she intends (so I have been told) getting up at 5:30 and doing her charge before Mass. Good luck, Loretta!

I, Josephine MacLennan, dispose of the following: To Marguerite Keenan I leave my duty of official pencil sharpener with the command that this duty be carried out in the "A" classroom. To Margaret MacLean I leave my "rhythm" to be used in her dancing. To Marie Macneil I leave my folk dancing. To Loretta Brady I leave my humility--to be used in her secretarial duties. To Francoise de Billy I leave my French accent to prove her knowledge of English. To Marie Carpenter I leave my ability to argue politically--to help her elect a Prime Minister in the Student Government.

I, Margaret C. Macneill, hereby leave in my last will and testament, to my dear sister Marie, the ability to keep out of trouble. To Donald Kelly I leave my interests in domestic affairs. To Ruth Elliott I give, with great pleasure, ease in writing lesson plans. To Loretta Brady I leave a calendar that she may keep at her finger tips the days between September and June. To Margaret MacLean I leave my captivating wink. To Eleanor Coady I leave all intercourse with St. Ignatius' Classroom. To Dolores Donnelly, I leave the memories of the Easter Vacation of 1935.

I, Mary Marjorie Thompson, do this day leave and bequeath to Dorothy Webb "our" whisk with full permission to use it whenever she pleases. To Katherine Devan I leave my tooth-powder, even though it isn't Dr. Lyons. Being "The Hermit" I have nothing more to dispose of except "my cell" which I leave to any one, who, like myself, is a lover of blissful solitude.

I, Mary Lillian Margaret Dee, leave: My hair-waving ability to Kay Devan. To Verta Curry I leave George, about whom she and I have heard so much and it is my earnest desire that she appreciate him as much as I have done. To Rose Sullivan, my girlish enthusiasm--and to Kay Gallant and Rita Fawson I leave my superior height. To Marie Foran I leave my black velvet evening dress, also the jade earrings, and five-inch heeled shoes, so that Marie may look as sophisticated as I do. To all the Juniors and Sophomores of M.S.V.C. I leave my best wishes.

I, Isabel Creaser, leave to Marie Carpenter my ability to shush, and also to keep Loretta quiet at night in the dorm. To Dolores I leave my fondness for fresh air to be used at night. To Marie MacNeil I leave my ability to get to English class on time so that hereafter she won't keep Sister Maura waiting. To Francoise I leave my thimble for future use and to ward against the troubling of others when she is in need of such implements.

I, Mary Clair Cascilia Myrne Merchant, hereby bequeath to Miss Eleanor Coady my placid disposition to be made use of especially during Lent. To Miss Jean Boylan the very interesting and pleasing duty of soliciting Kappa Kronicle ads; and to Loretta Brady I leave my place of honor at the head of the long Library table in front of the Mistress' desk.

I, Aileen Wilson, do leave the following: To Dorothy Webb, I bequeath a French Dictionary advising her to make good use of it between her frequent day-naps while translating her French. To Kay Gallant I leave my measuring tape and my address that when she finds she has grown as tall as I am, she will drop me a line. To Dolores I part with my giggle, sorrowfully, that she might enjoy all the incongruities of College life and forget about environmental influences. To Dick Veniot, who will probably miss me as a dancing partner, I leave a dummy to take my place. To Marie Carpenter and Marguerite Keenan, jointly, I leave a basket of biology specimens that they may continue the good work done in Biology during the year.

I, Mary O'Brien, hereby bequeath and bequest to the following: To Gene Stevens I leave my ready supply of good advice to be given to those seekers of the truth. To Grace Leon I leave the key to my locker so that she may have ready access to it at all times. To Margaret Foran I leave my love for a certain classroom. To Margaret Morrissey I leave those enjoyable confidential talks which I have with Sister Rose Gabriel. To Day-Students in general I leave my argumentative ability to be used sparingly whenever the occasions arise.

I, Muriel Carey, do leave:- To Rose Chambers my cupboard space in the Glory Hole. To Margaret Foran I leave my perfect attendance at Apologetics. To Gene Stevens I leave my singing voice and place at Glee Club. One of my rare treasures I leave to Gladys Camp--my unusual love for French. To the Day-Students I leave a special key for the Glory Hole, to be available at all times--also the mirror, to be used with care.

I, Mary Katherine Clara MacDougall, leave: To Margaret Cummings my gift as a linguist; may she take as good care of it as I have, and be cautious not to over-work it. To Margaret McLean, to add to her dignity, I leave my technique in dealing with athletes, especially hockey players. To Loretta Brady I leave my athletic abilities, by the use of which she may develop into the perfect forty-two. To Jane Thorup I leave the bath-tub at 5:30 that she may have no rivalry. To Dolores Donnelly I leave my most favored expression to be used only on the rarest of occasions "Aw-Nuts".

WILL of Eva Celeste Pye -- I do leave unconditionally to all practising public school teachers who register for Arts at Mount St. Vincent College, the Interest only (which is no small amount, being compounded tri-weekly) on the innumerable and immeasurable investments of Courtesy, Kindness and Cheeriness bestowed upon me at this dearly loved Alma Mater; the invested principal I shall cherish closely that I may live a richer, happier life.

We--the Seniors--having disposed of all our possessions, except of course, the memories which we must take with us, our appreciation of all that we have received from the faculty, our thanks to the Dean, and our sincere gratitude to our Mistress--do now nominate and appoint Miss Margaret Cummings executrix of this our Last Will and Testament. In Witness Whereof we, the Graduates of Mount Saint Vincent College, do herewith set our seal on this Thirtieth day of May in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty Five.

K. Meagher *Dorothy Harris* *Anna Burns*
M. C. Macneill *A. C. Wilson* *M. J. Carroll* *M. O'Brien*
E. Mullins *J. MacLennan* *J. A. Creaser* *M. L. Dee*
M. Thompson *M. Carey* *E. C. Pye*
E. Adams *M. E. Merchant*

WITNESSETH: SIGNED BY SAID TESTATORS, as their last will at whose request and in whose presence, we have herewith subscribed our names as witnesses.

Margaret Cummings J.C.P. *June Veniot* *S. C.P.*

CLASS PROPHECY

Attention, Reverend Sisters and ladies gay,
While we bring you in spirit to a future day
When Mount Saint Vincent College has grown to be
The very finest college in the whole countrie.

Ah, here we are. From our magic carpet we can see
The swimming pool, the bridal path, the Observatory,
The Household Science building and the Library,
The Administration Building is in the center of these
And the Novitiate and Postulate are hidden by those trees.
The grounds have changed. Gone are the railroad ties
And the girls use the beach for their boats. Out in the bay lies
The College yacht. That little hamlet beyond the hill
Is Rockingham -- the Club Corkum is popular still.

Now that we've shown you M. S. V.
We'll tell you the year -- it's 1960.
Look over there. Now who can those two be?
Let us move closer to hear and see
What happens when M. C. meets M. C.

Margaret C: Hello, Marie, I never expected to find you here.
What are you doing? And will you tell me
Where I am -- it looks to me like a picture gallery.

Marie C: Welcome back, Marg. I still attend the Mount Latin and Philosophy courses. I've been trying to graduate since 1937.
You're in the Mount picture gallery -- section thirty-five.
Recognize anybody?

Margaret: Well, this first picture looks like Kitty Meagher.
It's an excellent likeness.
That tailored suit is quite the thing
To set off the even more business-like air
That such duties as Kitty's always bring.
She certainly had an outstanding career,
But I hope that you don't bear her a grudge
Because she to Prime Minister went on the wing
While you to that honor must only trudge.

Marie: The Reverend Sister on your right,
Wrapped up in black with a touch of white
Is Mother Anna Berchmans, Mt. St. Vincent's Number One.
Odds Lumpkins and Acres! Marg, the wonders she's done!
She's built the Mt. St. Vincent Theatre and a college hostelry
For Dialectics and Dramatics are her special fields, you see.
She dabbles in Latin -- she toys with Logic, too.
She may be Mother General -- but she's Anna Burns to you.

Say, Margaret -- look at that thing.

Margaret: Don't raise your eye-brows at that new-fangled beater
As Dorothy says, it's the cook's delight and will treat her
To results that non-flop cake flour could never claim.
Yes, truly, this one time retiring lass has now a fame

Won by the words that o'er her lips fluently slip
When she traps the innocent with perfect salesmanship.

Marie: Yes, Marg, you're now looking at a Ph. D.
And this one's Dean of Women at Dalhousie;
She gives lectures to Sophomores in French History.
You know her -- her initials are E. C. P.

Margaret: You'd easily recognize, even now, that picture
Of littleness and blondness, quite a mixture--
But by now, Marie, you must certainly know
That the sound of her name delighted her so
That she sought far and wide to surpass Mary D.
And only consented to change for the rhyme Mary G.

Marie: Have you ever seen a cartoon signed with the initials M. C. A?
Or the same at the end of the column called "Mrs. Adams' Line-
a-Day?"
Yes, Marg, Marie is an Adams now, as everyone knows,
And she's started raising a family of little Altos.

Margaret: It's too bad, Marie, that Jo over there is so plump
For that must have given her hopes quite a slump,
But she was lucky, at least, to achieve one ambition
In gaining so soon after college -- wealth and position.
So now her commercial acquirements she need no longer treasure
Yes, she looks quite the part, a lady of leisure.

Marie: This is the portrait of a very learned lass,
Dr. Margaret Macneill (my former seat-mate in French Class).
She's the very first woman member of the French Academy
Being accepted after the trot she made of Moliere's Plays,
you see.
The work was simple. She began it at M. S. V.
So, she owes her "arm-chair" to the notes of S. A. T.

Margaret: Still slim of figure but with a more dignified mien
Yes, Marie, it's easy to see it's the same Eileen
Mullins, I remember, was the name of her choice
Though now hardly suited to her sepulchral voice.
She little thought in her giggly glee
That the English IV teacher she'd one day be.

Marie: Of course, you've seen that face before
And heard her voice, too. That's Isabel Barrymore.
You don't know her? Isabel Creaser was her name,
But she changed it in Hollywood where she gained fame
As the singing-dancing partner of Fred Astaire.
Her latest musical is "A Hush is in the Air."

Margaret: Who's that over there next the English Professor?
Marie, you really can't mean it's the same Mary K.
Who in the '35 Class did Latin abhor?
Well, it's hard to believe even now, as you say,
That teaching of Latin for her was in store
But I suppose pleasant company raled her that way.

Marie: Don't puzzle over the palm and black crepe;
Pay attention, my girl -- don't stand and gape.
Poor Marjorie Thompson is no more
She suffered from a heart disturbance sore
Occasioned by a loss in 1933
And she died in the Halifax Infirmary.

Margaret: Now, guess who's the lady in the little lace cap
With the big black kitten asleep in her lap!
That's Mary Merchant -- the red-head of the class.
She lives alone with her cats. When she was a lass
At the Mount -- every month she had a new beau
All her kittens have their names 'cause Mary's a
man-hater now, you know.

Marie: Bibs has turned to the world of clothes.
As Madame Elizabeth she models in style shows;
She designs and makes frocks that excite awe and envy--
A sample are the new uniforms of the Academy.

Margaret: That picture shrouded in a veil can only be
The key to a certain maid's personality.
She used to be quite interested in photography
But her days have always been shadowed by a mystery.
The only thing known are her initials M. O'B.

Marie: Remember Aileen, the dainty little sprite
Of '35? Well, she's expanded from left to right,
She breaks the scales at three hundred ten
For all the exercise she takes is with her pen.

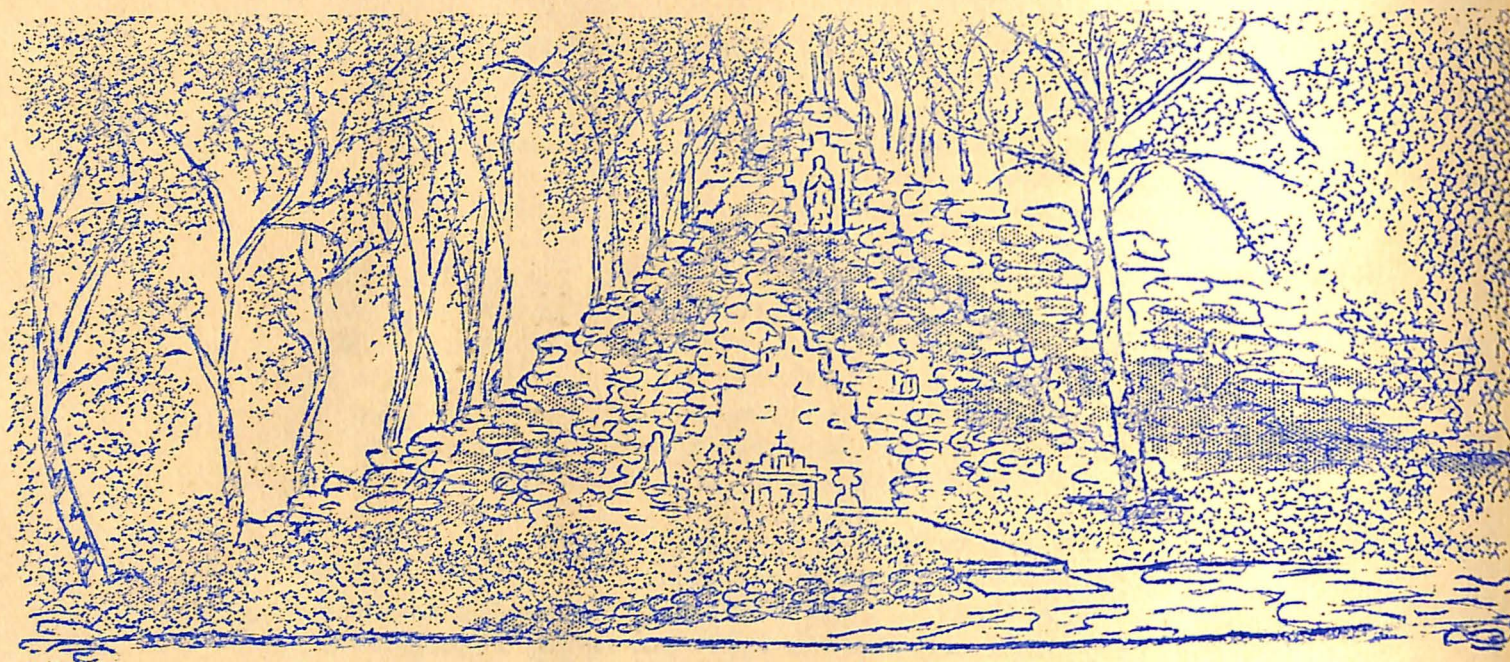
Margaret: Muriel Carey now is by adoption an American
For she sings every year at the New York Metropolitan;
She not only sings but she composes, too;
Her opera "Marianna" is well-known to you.

Some day I hope we meet again, Marie,
I'll come back for your graduation in sixty-three.

Marie: Thanks, Marg, but for a minute stay
Your steps. A certain teacher's classroom is across
the way.

Now, Reverend Sisters and ladies gay,
We finish our trip to a future day.
Our magic carpet brings back the graduates,
Cuts off the view of their future fates,
When the Mount College has grown to be
The very finest in the whole countree.

Margaret Cummings and Marie Carpenter.



O R A T I O N

On our way to God we must travel around a sphere called Life - we must cross the valleys and crest the ridges, with Time as our ally and Eternity as our end. We have long since passed through the vast vale of schooldays, or so it seemed, until we arrived at the summit. Then we paused, but only for an instant did we look backward, for ahead lay the panorama of College life. With the perspective peculiar to beginners we continued on and soon, very soon, another ridge was reached, the end of College days.

As graduates we see in retrospect our years at Mount Saint Vincent College. Here, our teachers, by example and precept endeavoured to inculcate in us an intelligent piety, based on an understanding, as complete as it is possible to have, of the "capital mystery of Christianity, the mystery of God communicating himself to the soul". Around this pivotal point our College arranged the various branches of profane learning and presented them to us in such a manner as to help us acquire a true sense of values, a faculty of appreciation of the various elements of Life, a power of just estimation of ourselves in relation to God and to our neighbor.

The results of this fostering in us the quality of appreciation by our Alma Mater will be a constant reminder of the privilege which was ours to be trained under such a competent and interested guide.

And although that particular period of formation has slipped into Eternity its influence is living now in Time, and will continue to live. And as long as God-given Time is ours, we, the graduates of 1935, promise to get more and more interest for God's greatest glory out of the capital which he has given us through our Alma Mater.

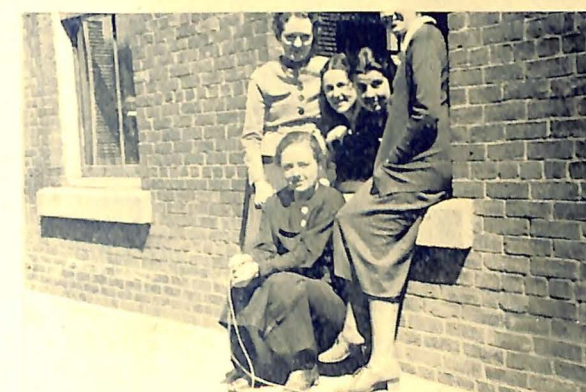
Marie Carroll '35

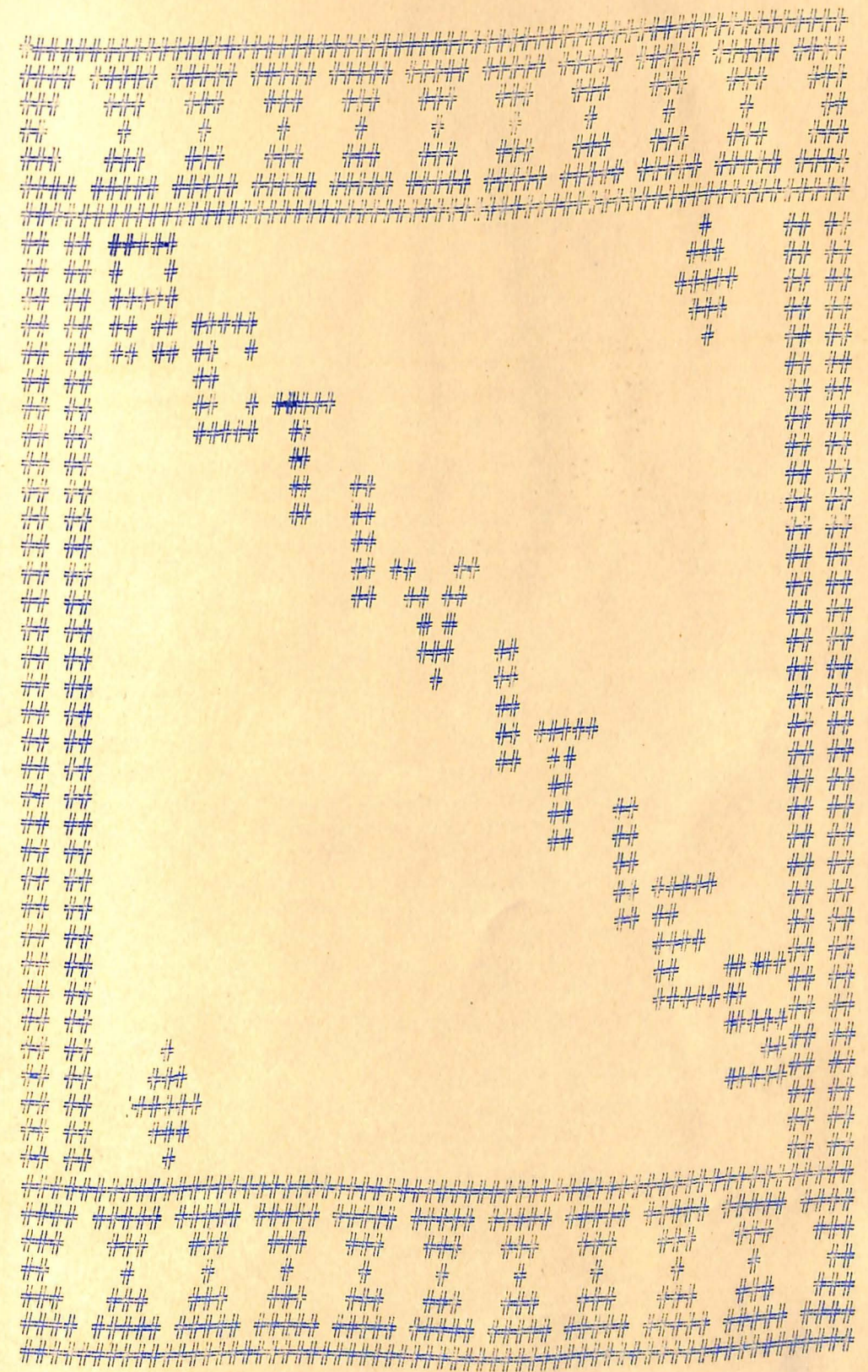


M. Cummings,
— Pres. —



— JUNIORS —







The first concern of the Sodality with the opening of the new term, was the installation of the officers who had been elected at the final meeting last year. Thus Anna Burns became Prefect, Elizabeth Adams Secretary, and Margaret Macneill Treasurer. Marie Carroll and Anna Burns were later appointed sacristans. The Sodality was now in readiness to make the most of the year which lay ahead.

In order that the work might be more efficiently carried out, various committees were organized. A Mass Committee with Marie Carroll as chairman was formed to begin a study of the Mass under its liturgical and doctrinal aspects. The Literary Committee under the chairmanship of Margaret Cummings brought before us many interesting and instructive books - books of both literary and moral worth which might otherwise have escaped our notice. To know the lives of the saints is a task few of us set ourselves to do, and it was, no doubt, in view of this and the importance of these lives and the gain to be derived from a knowledge of them that prompted the formation of the committee to do this work for us. This committee with Irene Veniot as chairman made a special study of various saints and then presented their findings to us. Another committee with Margaret Macneill as chairman took as its special task the explanation of the symbols as depicted in many of the paintings about the Mount. To further its zeal and keep the Sodality well informed of the events of interest to it, the Bulletin Board Committee was organized under the direction of Anna Burns. This division of the Sodality into separate working groups resulted in getting more accomplished and likewise made all the members active and interested in some particular work.

The Sodality, in addition to its group work, participated in much as a whole. On the more important Feasts of our Lady ceremonies were held in her honor. These usually took the form of a coronation with appropriate hymns and poems or readings pertaining to the special feast. On such occasions the shrine was made attractive with added vigils and fresh flowers when available.

The celebration of the coronation of Pope Pius XI was also an event of much interest. The programme on this occasion was arranged by Katherine Meagher and proved one of the most successful of the year.

The success of Vocation Week which began March 19th and closed with the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25th, was the result of much care and thought and hearty cooperation on the part of all. The three major vocations, that of a single life in the world, the married

state, and the religious life were dealt with by the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes respectively. The opening ceremony was under the direction of Marie Carroll, the chairman, who spoke on the importance to happiness and often to salvation of choosing the right vocation. The remainder of the week was occupied with programmes showing the good that might be done and is done in the several walks of life. The activities closed with a coronation ceremony held in the Sodality Room.

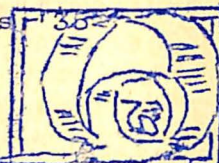
The major part of the spiritual activities during Lent was devoted to increasing devotion to the Passion of Our Lord, mainly through prayer and mortification. Meditations on the Passion were made as well as efforts to stimulate the active participation in the Liturgy, as another means to this end.

This year, for the first time, the writing up of the Catholic notes each week for the city papers was undertaken by the Sodality. Dolores Donnelly and Margaret MacLean were placed in charge of this work and have performed it most effectually. One thing remains to be done:- to show during vacation and for the rest of our lives that we are true children of Mary.



MISSION NOTES

Elizabeth Adams



The College Mission Club has had a very successful year under the following slate of officers: Katherine Meagher, President; Eileen Mullins, Vice-President; Marjorie Thompson, Secretary; Eleanor Coady, Treasurer; Anna Burns, Chairman of the literary section; Mary Merchant, Chairman of the spiritual section and Aileen Wilson, Chairman of the stamp section.

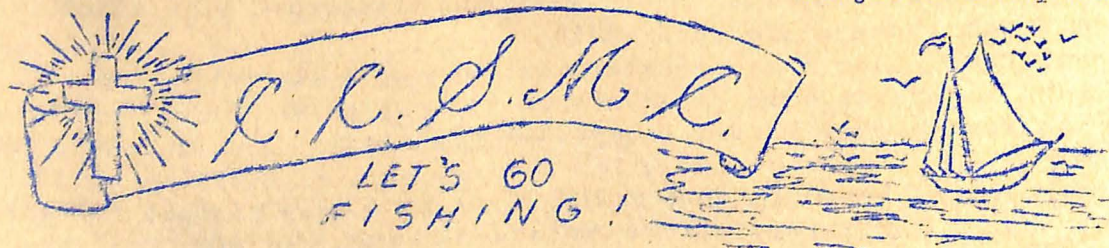
The meetings were held on the second Monday of the month, and through papers and letters read at the meetings the members gained a great deal of knowledge of the work done in the mission fields both at home and abroad.

The sending of discarded magazines to priests in the West has been a new activity undertaken by the Literary Section and afforded a splendid opportunity for Catholic Action. The Stamp Section has also been notably successful, having impressed upon the members the good work which may be done by saving the cancelled stamps and sending them away to Stamp Bureaus where they are disposed of and the money obtained from these transactions used for mission purposes.

During the year we have had several appeals for help and although our limited funds prevented our responding to all appeals we were able to answer some of them and were glad of this opportunity of furthering Christ's kingdom on earth.

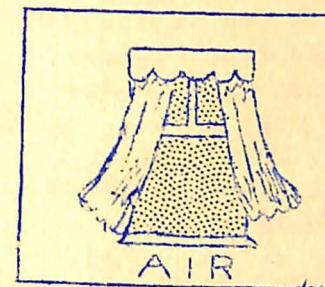
The election of officers for the year 1935-36 took place in May and we wish to extend to these new officers our good wishes for success.

Marjorie Thompson 35



It is the general opinion that the Home Economics Course comprises, for the most part, cooking and sewing. True, in the very beginning when Domestic Science was introduced into the schools, these were "the" subjects, and today they still occupy a large place in the program of the Household Science student. But they are not, by any means, the only important and interesting subjects.

A few pages from our little "Book of Household Science" present some of the many attractive courses. On the first page, the importance and desirability of health meets the reader -



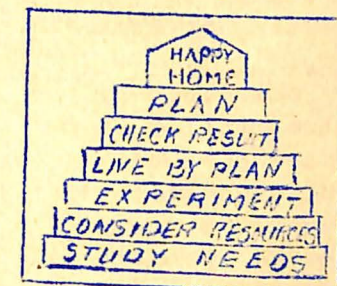
"Do you wish to enjoy ideal health?

Do you know how to keep your family health from the baby to the grandmother?

Wouldn't you like to understand how the blood circulates? How the respiratory system is controlled? - How the excretory system keeps the body pathways clear? - How the regulatory system works?

Do you know the effects of regulated physical exercise and fresh air upon the structure and health of the body? These and many more questions will be answered in our Hygiene Course."

On page two, expansive headlines call, "Extra! Extra! the Canadian Home is on Trial! Why should we expect an untrained woman to make a good



home when we do not expect an untrained man to earn a good income? Do you realize that happy homes, like cherry pies, do not just happen? Not only are the ingredients well selected, but also the right proportions! You'll admit that the following is a good recipe for a happy home: - "Do you understand all it implies? Security of affection, consideration for the feelings of other members, sense of humor, mutual respect and responsibility, high standards and constant striving to

reach them, worthy home and community membership. Directions: Mix all these, serve daily!" A course in Family Relationships will help make happy homes.

The third page brings us two bright rays of sunshine falling on the centre of a big book, revealing the words "Family Budget". "Do you always know where your money goes?" It is a much discussed topic as every college student can tell you.

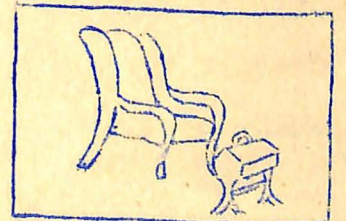
	FOOD	CLOTH.	SHEN
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"What is the standard of living of the average Canadian? Can you always manage to spend at least one dollar a month less than your income?

Do you know that a woman spends more than 75% of the income in the average home? Does not this make her as deserving of training as any financier? And yet, do you know that most of the women are untrained spenders

and that experience is a costly way to learn? That the needlessly empty pocketbook sometimes empties the heart of affection; and the home of happiness? Why not enroll now in the Home Management Class!

Look at page four! Here appears the Interior Decorator who is making



her house more attractive and comfortable. She is following suggestions in "How to Beautify Your Home", a well known book to Household Science students. And another book which is very popular with the students is "Interior Decoration". This treats design, fabrics and furniture in the various periods, ranging from the very earliest times to the present day.

On the fifth page, see our clever illustration of fabrics. What fabrics are being worn this year? Can you wear satin, velvet and plaid? What styles are suitable for velvets and striped materials? Do all styles lend themselves to your figure? What size sheets and pillow cases will you buy for that new home you and Fred are planning? And have you selected your drapes? Besides what you'd like to know for yourself, consider the positions which the above knowledge will open up to you:- Home Decorator, Dressmaker, Style Advisor, Designer of Dresses, Costume Buyer, and many others. Why not take a course in Textiles and clothing!

Notice on page six the slogan: "Food for Thought", as the title introducing the Foods course. Don't miss the illustrations: "Romance in a cookie jar". "Two Sad Little Biskets!". Do you make white sauce that tastes like wall paper paste? Do you cook cabbage two hours or ten minutes? Can you keep custards from wheying? Is your coffee bitter? Would you buy prime rib for hamburger? You'll not wonder what the answers to these questions are when you study "Foods I and II". In addition, these courses provide a splendid background for many avocations such as:- Tea Room Manager, Hotel Housekeeper, Homemaker, Cafeteria Manager, to say nothing of the opportunity afforded a girl to earn money of her own or to supplement her husband's money, while living at home by producing specially fine products for an Exclusive Food Shop.

Read the headline on page seven, "Attention, Everybody!" Can you keep your family well fed on a depression income? Do you dare to get married on a limited income? Dietetics will help you select foods for optimum health, vigorous life, and yet enable you to enjoy eating without going into debt. And don't forget that the advanced course helps prepare you to become a Hospital Dietitian or a consulting Dietitian for busy physicians in some cities.

On the final page, last but far from least, even the would-be teacher may have her ambitions realized in the Household Science course. Would you teach Health? How to select proper shoes? How to keep your tooth brush sterile? How to darn? Would you introduce young Canadians to an interest in personal appearance by a clothing course? Or perhaps you would like to follow in the footsteps of Jane Addams at Hull House and teach Orphanage Classes. Or do you hope to teach nurses how, not only to make their patients well, but to keep them well? Take "Household Science - Methods and Practice Teaching!"

If you have been following the Alumnae Notes in the past issues of the Kappa, you know of the success of the Household Science Department during the past few years. Doesn't it encourage you to enroll in this vast field which is gaining prominence every day in every way, in every woman's life?

Margaret Macneill '35

The Foods Two class of the Household Science Department generously donated to posterity during their Luncheon course, a silence cloth, rubber castor stands, a center piece of roses and a set of candles.

THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT *****

This year has been a busy one and it can rightly be called a banner one for the Music Department. The courses in the subject were many and varied, dealing with music from its beginning to the present day. An exceptionally stimulating course was given in opera. With the aid of scores and records of the best operas produced we were fully able to appreciate their worth. Those interested in teaching found themselves deeply absorbed in a Normal course which terminated in practice teaching and the compiling of a lesson-plan book for a year.

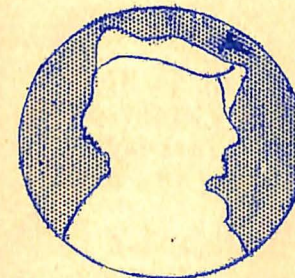
The Glee Club had the usual good showing. Gregorian Chant was studied more extensively and even the most lukewarm found themselves keenly alert in following the "strange notation". A proof of this will be given at the Baccalaureate Mass which will be sung by the students.

A great many books about music on history, biography, appreciation, have been added to the library during the year. These proved invaluable in our research work and afforded many interesting hours of reading; we may look forward to many more, as the music section is being increased rapidly.

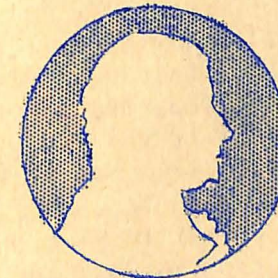
Two notable additions to the Social Room are also particularly valuable to the Music department. The quality of tune of the new Victor Victrola will help future music students in their opera and other courses. Variety too will be the order of the day as the new short and long wave Marconi radio will enable the students to hear not only music of their own countries but also that of the rest of the world. Incidentally both of these instruments are also beautiful pieces of furniture.

Among the graduates this year are to be found two who will receive their Bachelor degrees in music - Miss Mary Dee, who gave a brilliant piano recital last year, and Miss Muriel Carey whose recital of April twenty seventh is described elsewhere. Miss Marguerite Macneil receives her License in Music. It is to be hoped that some of the promising musicians in the Academy will be enrolling in the Music Department of Mount Saint Vincent College in September.

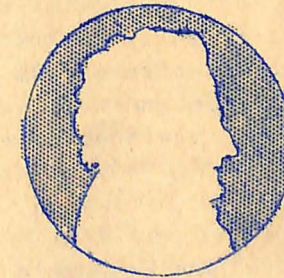
Marguerite Macneil '35



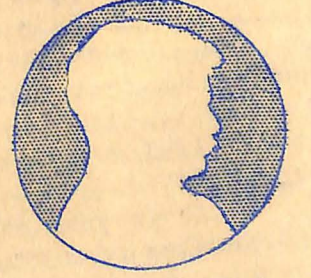
WAGNER



MOZART



BEETHOVEN



MAC DOWELL

(From The Evening Mail)

Saturday afternoon, April 27, found an interested audience gathered at Mount St. Vincent College for the pianoforte recital of Miss Muriel Carey, daughter of Mrs. John Carey of this city. The recital was given in part fulfilment of the requirements of Mount St. Vincent College for the degree of Bachelor of Music, and its program measured up to a high standard. Miss Carey opened with a brilliant sonata in G minor by Schumann, playing three movements, the Presto, Scherzo and Rondo with masterful vigor and perfect ease. The Toccata (op. III) by St. Saens was equally brilliant, and was well balanced by the dignity of Brahms' Rhapsody in B minor (op. 79 No. 1) which followed. In pleasing contrast was the whimsical Scherzo Humoristique: Le Chat and La Souris (The Cat and The Mouse) which Miss Carey interpreted in delightful fashion. "By the Brookside" by Stopowski was another impressionistic composition which showed the young pianist's flexibility and lighter technique to advantage. Two selections from a Spanish composer, Lecuona from the Spanish Suite, were thoroughly enjoyed. The second, entitled "Andalucia," was beautifully interpreted by Miss Kathleen Pery, who, in striking Spanish costume, executed a difficult show dance with verve and grace. The closing number was a lovely Chopin duet, Rondo (op. 73), in which Miss Mary Dee (also a candidate for the Bachelor's Degree in music), played second piano.

The program was delightfully varied by a violin solo given by Miss Eileen Joyce, who played Hubay's Hejre Kati with her usual distinction, and by three vocal solos by Miss Carey herself. These were Chanson Provencale by Dell'Acqua, Elsas Traum (from Lohengrin), and a light spring lyric entitled "Robin, Robin, Sing Me a Song." Miss Carey possesses a beautiful soprano voice of pleasing mellowness and expressive of lively feeling. Thus she is doubly gifted as a musician. Her accompanist was Miss Marguerite McNeil of Inverness.

Numerous floral offerings testified to the appreciation of Miss Carey's friends. Congratulations are due her and the members of the musical staff of Mount St. Vincent College.

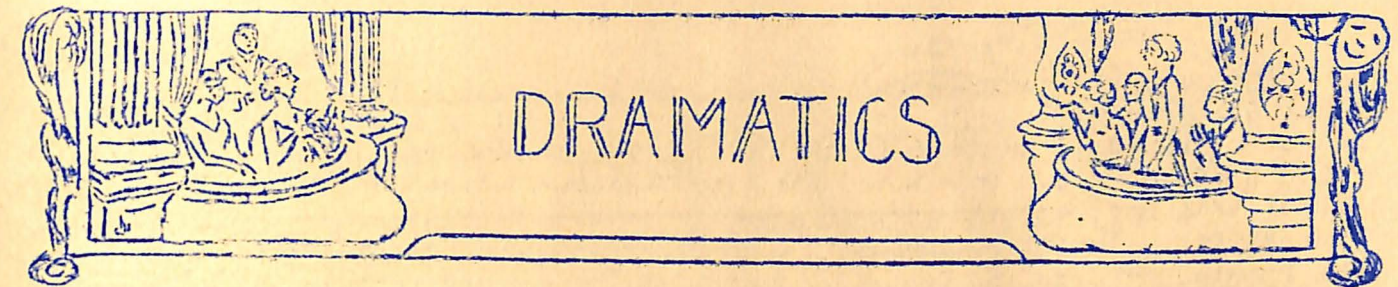
On Thursday, May ninth we were given our second musical treat--this time it was Marguerite Macneill who gave her recital in piano.

Marguerite's program was very modern and as some of her selections were not familiar to us, Mary Dee helped us to appreciate them by her interesting sketches of the composers represented on the program, given before each number. Following the rhythmic "Juba Dance" of R.N. Dett, which was brilliantly interpreted by Marguerite and Muriel Carey at the two pianos--Marguerite played two fascinating compositions of Scarlottis--the "Sonata" and "Pastorale". D'Albert was introduced to us by means of his Allemande and the very "humable" Gavotte. Marguerite closed her part of the recital with two pieces of Edward MacDowells--his spritely "Novellette" and "Impromptu". Mana-Zucca's "Valse Brillante" was made more so by Marguerite's playing.

Mary Merchant's recitation of "In School Days" and "The Train to Poppyland"--the latter with accompaniment by Mary Dee, were very well received.

Eileen Joyce and her violin and Mary Dee at the piano gave a splendid rendition of "Players" by Granados-Hartmann. This was followed by the difficult "Presto" movement of Tartini's "Sonata in G. Minor".

The program closed all too soon for us. So many have congratulated Marguerite on her intelligent, clear playing, that not one little adjective remains for us to wear down a little more--we leave the readers to choose their own superlatives.



Unfortunately the Dramatic Club was discontinued this year in the College and although it did not affect the producing of plays it did affect the College participation in them.

Organization is a very important element even in amateur theatricals and when this year it was decided to pay more attention to the training of orators than to the production of actresses, a new organization was necessary - an Oratory Class. The impressive name induced both the bold and the shy to aspire to this new course. The bold in the hope that their abilities would become apparent to others, and the shy in the hope that they would soon acquire the tones of an orator. As to whether their hopes have been realized we may think of the various debates, the "three-minute" speeches, the toasts proposed, the impromptu speeches given, and last but not least, the final Oratorical Contest. The preparation for this big event has been going on for some weeks and as it is still a "coming" event the results are unknown but we can wish all the "orators" - the best of luck.

Although oratory has occupied a great deal of our time we must not give the impression that play-acting has been entirely neglected and we feel that our productions of this year may be favorably compared with plays of other years. On our Dean's Feast Day "Daddy Long Legs" made its appearance and captured the audience immediately, the orphan asylum especially received a great deal of applause. Miss Mary Merchant as Judy Abbott, made a charming orphan, and an even more charming writer. Miss Loretta Brady, in the role of Daddy Long Legs, could not be surpassed. The minor parts were all exceptionally well played; and by the applause and congratulations received, we knew our efforts were appreciated and in this we had our reward.

Miss Mary Merchant, who this year receives her Teacher's Certificate in Vocal Expression directed a Christmas play entitled "Wonder Night". The entire cast was of Academy students but the College feels justified in attributing part of the success at least, to Miss Merchant and indirectly to the College.

After the rush of "Mid-Years", Sheridan's "Rivals" was presented by College and Academy students at the Nova Scotian Hotel. From one of the newspapers we quote - "Maintaining the high standard of dramatic and artistic quality for which their productions have become noted, the students of Mount St. Vincent last evening presented Sheridan's "The Rivals" before an appreciative audience at the Nova Scotian Hotel. The play which would be considered a difficult assignment for even an older and more experienced group was splendidly done and exceptionally well cast. The ability of several of the players to take the part of male characters contributed much to the entertainment value. The costumes were accurate and most attractive."

SECRETARIAL SCIENCE

September of 1934 found a group of eager girls ready to start the work of this Department with enthusiasm.

By Christmas the Freshmen of the Commercial Class had completed their courses in Business Correspondence, Filing and Elementary Bookkeeping, and Accounting. Some had attained their Junior Order of Artistic Typist Certificates from the Gregg Publishing Company. At Easter, they received their sixty, eighty, and one hundred words per minute certificates for Shorthand, and their forty and, some of them, their fifty words per minute in typing. All attained their Order of Gregg Artists Certificates. Marie Macneill, of Glace Bay, received a silver pin for Order of Artistic Typists and a gold pin for Order of Gregg Artists, marking her out as a special student in the above mentioned branches. As this book goes to press, all will have attained the credentials necessary to enter the advanced class of the Department.

Courses have been completed by the Senior Secretarials in Accountancy Secretarial Studies, Stenography, and Typing. This year, the Senior Secretarials are under the guidance of Sister Mary Magdalen, a former graduate of this Department of the class of 1930. The work of this year's class, on the whole, has been very successful, and it is hoped this success may be followed out in their future careers.

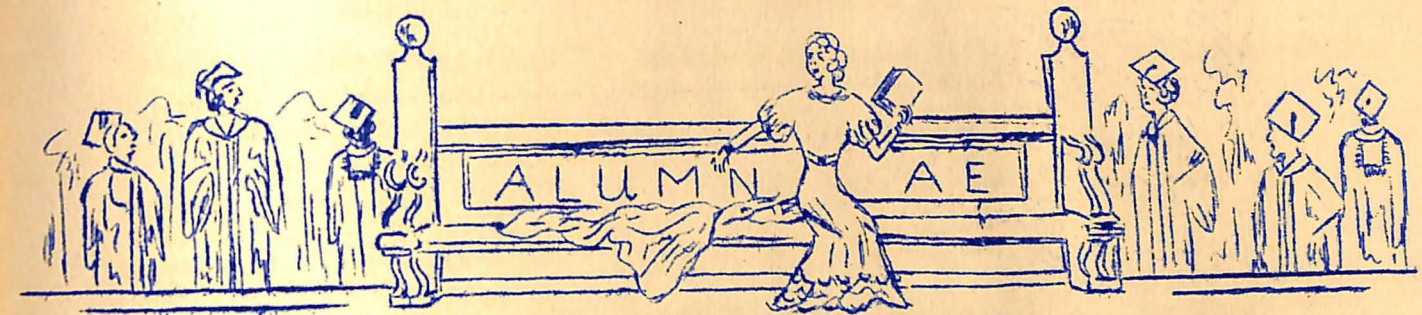
Josephine MacLennan '35.

ATHLETICS *****

The Mount has always considered as part of education the development of body as well as of mind, and for the accomplishment of this end, it furnishes splendid means. As in most years, basket ball proved to be the centre of all athletic attractions. This year, many and strenuous were the contests between the class teams, and very strenuous were the games between College and Academy. Although in our first game we lost by two points, we succeeded in redeeming ourselves in the Spring game with the score of 15-8. The day-students have organized a team and the competition aroused resulted in more practice by all teams.

Besides making use of the basket, we have been initiated into the use of the other various pieces of the apparatus which our gymnasium contains. Despite the falls and bruises which seem a necessary accompaniment to first attempts, the newly awakened gymnastics have become very popular, especially to those who are too timid to indulge in outdoor activities.

With the first appearance of snow, the outdoor devotees betook themselves to the many hills and dales about the campus, which really are excellent for skiing and tobogganing. Not even the mid-year exams could disturb



! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN !

What kind of prophets do the Juniors make? Every year they foretell the lives of the Seniors. Now--looking back to the earliest days of the College--we smile to see how far, and sometimes how close they have touched the actual doings of the Graduates. The following excerpts from statistics will show what was prophesied and what the graduates are really doing at present. Of course, knowing the fickleness of human nature, we can not yet pass judgment on the prophetic ability of the Juniors. So, young Sages, do not be discouraged--While there is life there is hope.

NAME	PROPHECY	REALITY
Rose Orlando	(first graduate--too early for a prophecy)	Married in Montreal
Marguerite Mackey	Married	Teacher in Halifax, still unattached
Alice Ward	Italian Countess--eldest son in Seminary	Married to an Ex-Mountie, Baby's inclinations yet unknown
Coline Clancy	Sister Colina Columba	Doing Social Service work in Montreal
Alice Dowd	Farm woman--"still without a man although I have advertised in several farm journals."	Teacher in Moncton after an unwilling apprenticeship in an office--Is she specializing on nature work?
Connie McGrath	Sister Francis Berchmans--"best kindergarten teacher they have."	Praise true--consult authorities at St. Pat's Boys for verification.
Helen Cameron and Anna Cameron	Two maiden ladies living together. Helen runs the house, Anna reads poems.	Nurse in Brooklyn Sister Camillus de Lellis Mount novitiate--no time for poems.
Marguerite MacNeil	Engaged to a piano-tuner. "He is blind, but so is love."	Married--has three children.
Evelyn Campbell	Married trap drummer. Seven children "terribly loquacious"	Taught one year--took librarian course--among unemployed but still loquacious and unattached.
Annie Ritchie	Famous author of melodrama--"The Stanley Diamond Case."	Teacher in Liverpool--gathering material for books through two European tours.
Marie Amirault Eileen Ryan	Bride of famous pianist Actress in N. Y. "latest stage find."	Teacher in Barrington Sister of Charity--Sr. Mary Magdalen--still acting and active in Secretarial department.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PROPHECY</u>	<u>REALITY</u>
Agnes McLennan	Ballet dancer on crutches "Ziegfield's latest wonder"	Working in office of Inverness Coal. Had toe in splint at recent visit to College. Might weigh 90 lbs!
Lucille Theriault	Owner of night club	Working in Halifax. Assistant Librarian at M.S.V. Wearing a new wrist watch--prelude to a ring?
Norma Buckley	Career not decided "Perhaps I may"	Doing Social Service Work in Toronto.
Happy Houlihan	Radio Star	Teacher in Halifax
Annie Mancini	Painter and then a dancer	Stenographer in No. Sydney.
Mary House	A nomadic life--finally "Mistress of Discipline"	Stenographer in Sydney--not much hope for the latter.
Marion McDonald	Won fame through her autobiography.	Stenographer in Halifax. Active in Alumnae and Catholic Woman's League.
Delphine Stokes	Married country school teacher--17 children.	Teacher in Halifax mothering whole classes. Activities - parish, social, etc. multitudinous.
Josephine Fleming	Married - 4 children	Teacher in Halifax.
Margaret Preston	Actress on Broadway "Balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet"	Teacher in Halifax. Flare for writing still strong.
Margaret Lauder	In Sahara Desert--famous writer of "Unique Customs of Courtiers of King Tut"	Taking librarian course at Simmons, so probably en route to fulfilment of prophecy.
Doris Bead	Married--lover of nature	Still looking for a job.
Astrid Buckley	"Dressed in the dignified robes of a religious--Sr. Moses Malachi".	Works for her father in Sydney - "For 'Evans sake" no longer favorite ejaculation.
Irene MacQuillan	"Preferred solitary life to wedded bliss"--sole companion a canary".	Teacher in Halifax. Taking cooking on Saturday at Mount.
Patricia Clancy	"Directing a choir of men and women in her church".	Is it to feed the canary? Teacher in Mulgrave, so probably leading singing after all.
Bernice Chisholm	"Clasping in her hand a wiggling worm"--Biologist	Kindergarten teacher in Halifax--so wiggling youngsters her specialty.
Jean Chisholm	Saleswoman--agent for cosmetics	Bookkeeper.
Alice Kerr	Detective "and her eyes glittered as she found a clue to the baffling mystery."	Teacher in Halifax--plenty of opportunity for detective work.
Monica O'Reilly	Married at 22; husband poor; 9 children; husband died; opened hot-dog stand.	Stenographer in Worcester - still hope for early fulfilment of prophecy.
Ki. Veniot	Sister Tessier Ignatius; world famous for Sociology and Math.	Works in father's Drug Store--wearily waiting for a law course to be finished.
Eileen Sheehan	Worked in slums--married and had Quintuplets; good wife and mother.	Teacher in Halifax. Hard times probably delayed prediction's verification.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PROPHECY</u>	<u>REALITY</u>
Eva Gavin	Sister Geraldine--in Africa	Works in Parrsboro Town Hall.
Frances Romkey	Teacher in N.S; to Ottawa to teach all Conservatives what they ought to know; married six Englishmen.	So far only a teacher.
Mary Leona Parsons	Great Prima Donna--worked in slums of Paris.	At home--still "Prima-donna-ing" at local affairs.
K. Markham	Designer for dresses and hats.	Substitute teacher at Lowell.
Clare Henley	Model wife.	Competent lay teacher at M. S. V.
Cecelia MacDonald	Famous tea-taster; Teacher.	Substitute teacher at Halifax with plenty of time for tea-tasting.
Rita Maxwell	Secretary of State within a year.	At home.
Kay Ahearn	"Remained an old maid".	At home - especially to Jim.
I. Jordon	Unhappily married.	Substitute teacher at night school at Lawrence.
M. Mossman	"Love at first sight and gave up career".	Teacher at West Gore.
Betty Kelly	A nun--"finally the Mount drew her back again".	At Sorbonne.
Mary Morley	Matron in Hospital--authority on children.	Working for her father.
Bernadette Lanigan	Many positions--bookkeeper, saleslady, etc.	C'est vrai.
Rhoda Parsons	Contemplative nun.	Substitute teacher in Halifax--we still have hopes.
Ruby Zwerling	"early engagement but she refused his hand to continue her career".	Refused her career to take his hand--now Mrs. Jacobson.
Al Veniot	"writing in journals a piece of her mind".	Commercial teacher and Kindergarten.
Mary Trainor	Follies--Golden haired	Teacher at St. John's.
Marie Soper	Bacteriologist "nothing except microbes could she find.	Dietician in Infirmary, keeping down the "mikes".
Ann Shea	Dietician--Junior's governess.	Dietician in New York.
Helen Reynolds	"in information bureau she talks all day."	Teacher.
Isabel Chisholm	"As a window model she displayed fashion's trend."	At home. Still a model--but not in the window. Her make-up always proving that the "highest art is to conceal art."

The lists are finished--and the results are evident. Now--Oh Juniors--comes Our prophecy. Will it be any closer to the mark? Will its baleful influence so mold us that we must ever walk at its command? Or will it go the way of all prophecies?

Anna Burns and Katherine Meagher.

ON THE REUNION OF 1930--(From the diary of one of them)

Thursday, April 18--Five years ago we, the five graduates of 1930, decided to meet at the Mount this Easter. Tonight as I stood in the Marble Corridor I could not believe that the time, so talked of, so dreamed about, that time that seemed so far away, had come at last. I am glad that I am here first. It gives me a chance to get in step again before the others arrive. How easily the old habits come back, that rising when someone comes to the door, that waiting on the stairs for Sisters, all those little things that are so often neglected in the rush of the world and yet that mean so much. As I met the girls tonight, I really did feel older, though five years ago I was sure I wouldn't. I think that being a depression graduate does make one a bit more serious. But what a thrill it is to be back! It really is all that I thought it would be.

Friday, April 19--I have awakened with a cold in my head. What ill luck! Most of my day is to be spent getting in touch with the other graduates. It is reported that Marie is not coming. This is an unusual Good Friday for many of the Sisters are not on retreat. I have had time this morning to take in the changes. How lovely the Social Room is, with its new curtains and window drapes! The new radio adds much. And the old carpet is gone. I am sure Lucille is glad, for many a morning she labored faithfully with the carpet sweeper. A whole day has passed, and there are only two left.

Saturday, April 20--Marie is not coming. At last Agnes, Lucille, and I have made connections and the re-union has started in full force with the Saturday night beans and rolls. We had our first long re-union talk and the five years have dealt kindly with us, except for a few pounds added here and a few subtracted there. Tomorrow we shall see Sister Magdalen, our only contribution to the sisterhood. How those other three let me down!

Sunday, April 21--Easter Sunday! A day of rejoicing and joy! And truly it has been so far for the graduates of '30. Sister Evaristus and Sister Magdalen came off retreat this morning and as we gathered in the classroom with them and Sister Francis de Sales and Sister Berchmans I felt the re-union had reached its climax. It was complete. How we talked, crowding the experiences of five years into one short hour. This afternoon we were with Sister Magdalen and her family for awhile and the rest of it we spent in talking. The evening has been passed in like manner. I spent three hours with the Dean intending to ask one question and didn't get time for it.

Monday, April 22--It is all over and I am home again. I can't realize it has come and gone. We have separated for another five years, perhaps longer. As I sat in the train on my homeward journey I tried to look over the re-union. It has been perfect for me. I feel that I am starting off on the second round refreshed and encouraged because of it. And I hope it has meant as much to the others. My only regret is that Marie could not have shared in our experiences. My only hope is that we may all fare better in the future than in the past, and that the present students may feel the same affection for their Alma Mater that we the graduates of '30 feel. My only wish is that the richest blessing of God may fall upon the Sisters whom we have to thank for everything.

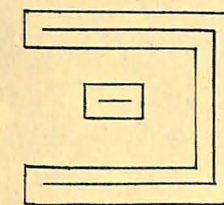
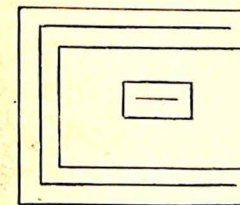
Annie Ritchie '30

The Kappa Editors wish to thank Lucille Theriault for the very valuable assistance she rendered by her expert typing during the week she remained at the Mount.



SOPHOMORES

L. Deniot, Pres.



*****DO YOU KNOW YOUR FACE?*****

Have you ever found yourself with a mirror in your hand, and one behind you, carefully scrutinizing your features and wondering just what type of face you had, or if you were lucky enough to be a type? Of course, I do not want you to answer aloud; but in case this has troubled you, girls, here are a few "signs of character".

I think it is customary to start at the forehead and analyze downward. Now there are many types of foreheads of which I shall quote the most common; but for those of you who are averse to be classed with the "common herd" I shall bring out a few rare types first.

The fewer hollows, arches, and indentations, and the more of smooth surface and apparently rectilineal contour are observable in a forehead, the more is that forehead common, mediocre, destitute of ideas, and incapable of invention.

Foreheads inclining to be long, with a close-drawn wrinkleless skin, which exhibit no lively, cheerful wrinkles even in their few moments of joy, are cold, malign, suspicious, severe, selfish, censorious, conceited, mean, and seldom forgive.



It would seem that a placid, wrinkleless brow then, is not so desirable. I would suggest, if anyone of you has the misfortune to possess one, that in the privacy of your boudoir, you practise daily the art of elevating your eyebrows to denote surprise etc. in the hope that wrinkles from strenuous exercise may be the result. Perhaps the most practical and most trustworthy practice would be to wrinkle your forehead in perplexity over your studies. However, you have your choice.

Oblique wrinkles in the forehead, especially when they are nearly parallel, or appear so are certainly a sign of a poor, oblique, suspicious mind.



Parallel, regular, not too deep wrinkles of the forehead, or parallel interrupted, are seldom found except in very intelligent, wise rational, and justly thinking persons.



A forehead, the upper half of which is intersected with conspicuous, especially if they are circularly arched, wrinkles, while the under is smooth and wrinkleless are certainly dull and stupid, and almost incapable of any abstraction.



The rude, harsh, indelicate, vain-glorious, ambitious are all those in whose foreheads are formed strong, confused, oblique wrinkles, when with side-long glance they listen on the watch with open mouth.



A very excellent method to determine your type of forehead by your wrinkles is to stand before a mirror, wrinkle your forehead and while still wrinkled, with an eye-brow pencil lightly draw in the lines. Relax, and at your leisure, study your wrinkles.

Now for "eyes", those most expressive, yet at times, expressionless features of your face. Some practise looking coyly from under their eye-lashes, while others can turn "cart-wheels" with their eyes. But let us see whether these are good signs or not.

Small, black, sparkling eyes--under strong black eyebrows--deep sunken in jesting laughter, are seldom destitute of cunning, penetration, and artificial stimulation. But if unaccompanied by a jesting mouth, they denote cool reflection, taste, elegance, ac-



curacy, and an inclination rather to avarice than generosity.

Eyes that are large, and almost transparent denote a ready and great capacity, extreme sensibility, difficult to manage, suspicious, jealous and easily excited person; much inclined likewise by nature to enjoyment and curious inquiry.

Tranquilly powerful, quick-glancing, mildly penetrating, calmly serene, languishing, melting, slowly moving eyes--eyes which hear while they see, enjoy, drink in, tinge and color their object like themselves and are a medium of voluptuous and spiritual enjoyment--are never very round, nor entirely open; never deep sunken, or far projecting; never have obtuse corners, or sharp ones turning downward.

Eyes which when looking at the object of their adoration, express not veneration, can never make claim to beauty, nor sensibility, nor spirituality. Trust them not! They can never love nor be loved.

Fixed, wide open, projecting eyes, in insipid countenances, are pertinacious without firmness, dull and foolish with pretension and only appear warm occasionally.

Women with rolling eyes, tenderly movable, wrinkly, are not only of persuasive speech, prolific in imagination, ambitious, and distinguished for capacious memory, but also by nature extremely inclined to gallyantry, and easily forget themselves, notwithstanding all their good sense.

Instead of practising rolling your eyes why not try to get that look of adoration, that far-away longing look? Anyone wishing to practise and to receive advice as to correction, improvement etc. for a nominal fee, may apply to the writer.

The nose comes next. A nose may be a thing of beauty but, on the other hand, may be a source of worry to its owner. A nose physiognomically good is of unspeakable weight in the balance of physiognomy; it can be outweighed by nothing.

Noses which are much turned downward are never truly good, truly cheerful or noble, or great. Their thoughts and inclinations tend to earth.

Noses which are somewhat turned up at the point, and conspicuously sink in at the root, are by nature inclined to pleasure, ease, jealousy, pertinacity. At the same time they may possess refined sense, eloquence, benevolence and be rich in talents.

Noses which easily and continually turn up in wrinkles are seldom to be found in truly good men, as those which will scarcely wrinkle are to be found in persons consummately wicked.

Flat snub-noses may be met with in persons of great prudence, discretion and abilities of various kinds.

There are not many remedies to be recommended for alteration of noses, but messaging fifty times a day is found to be most efficacious. There are also clamps which if fastened on, for a few hours a day correct the shape of the nose, and at the same time make breathing a difficulty.

The lips, those features which at times are ads for lip-salves, to their adornment or to their detriment, are excellent betrayers of character. All disproportion between the upper and under lip is a sign of folly or wickedness.

The wisest and best persons have well-proportioned upper and under lips.

Very large, though well-proportioned lips always denote a gross, sensual, indelicate and a stupid person. He who has contempt on his lips, has no love in his heart.

An application of tu-lip salve nightly, is said to be one old-fashioned remedy, but improving one's character is yet a more effective one.

When the chin decisively indicates good sense, the whole will certainly have the character of discernment and understanding. That chin decisively indicates good sense which is somewhat incurved, or indented in the middle.

A long, broad, thick chin is only found in the rude, harsh, proud, and violent persons.

Remedy:

Chewing gum, (but beware that you only resort to this drastic remedy in private) is most times effective. Sitting for fifteen minutes a day with a prop under the chin is very effective and an extremely easy treatment.

Anyone who follows my advice, very carefully, and is truthful, at least to themselves, will not only be more beautiful as to face, but also as to character. Private interviews, on request, will be granted, but individuals must be willing to submit to a more discerning mind and pledge themselves to follow out instructions to the letter.

N.B. The source of my material is a much-thumbed volume in the library, but do not spend too much time delving into its fascinating contents, nor despise the peculiarities of sentence structure asevinced by the above.

J. MacLennan '35

ATHLETICS (Continued from page on Dramatics)

the skating enthusiasts as they braved the biting winds on the reservoir skating rink.

Now that spring is here interest in the outdoor is still shown and all eligible students are resuming tennis or hiking. On the tennis courts during these beautiful May days can be seen potential students attempting to execute in practice all the latent energy and theory acquired during the winter. The courts, which by the way are three this year, would be even more frequented were it not for the scorching sun and jolly hikes with the prospect of a wayside luncheon, which hold an irresistible fascination for many; then again the number of games by the conscientious students is lessened by the familiar call of "final exams".

Besides these sports we still have our folk dancing lessons which are as enjoyable as ever. This year we learned several Morris dances and a sword dance in addition to the traditional country prances. Speaking of dancing and prancing, they have become still more popular lately, since the appearance in our Social Room of a new Electric Victrola and a Short Wave Radio Set.

In the teaching of all athletics, the Mount has always emphasized the fact that there are two norms for measuring prowess. The first and more important is sportsmanship, ability to lose well and to cheer a worthy opponent; the second is the production of victorious teams. Realizing that the first quality is the most desirable and the most difficult to attain, our College attempts to develop in every student a quality of sportsmanship. It is not so much concerned with the development of victorious teams, because as yet none but intramural competition has been engaged in. It wants us to be good sports!

A. Burns '35

OUR YOUNGER SISTERS

Younger sisters are an important feature in every girl's life. They present numerous opportunities--for loving and quarrelling, borrowing and lending, bossing and bribing; they are, indeed, a luxury, if not an absolute necessity. We find need for them even here at College and so have our "younger sisters" of the Academy. Practically our majority can recall the sensations of being younger sisters--apprentices, so to speak, in a job of trying to follow in the steps of our venerable Seniors, with feelings of awe and incompetency. I am among those, who, for six years, longingly looked ahead to College days with their added privileges. Whereas the Junior of Academy days was always looking ahead, the College Junior now looks back.

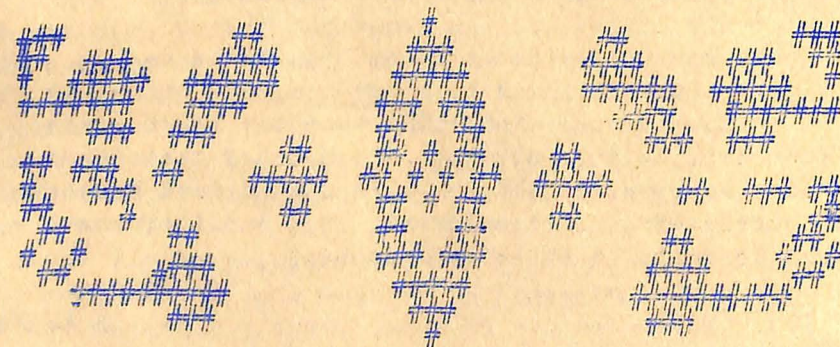
The Academy is the seed-ground of the College. Our younger sisters are not not only a body of lively, loyal school girls, but future College students. Many of them will follow in our steps; and where else could we find better material? (Even if I do say so, myself!)

Pride and satisfaction are perhaps both felt by "old girls" when they realize that the Academy owes much of its spirit, its standards, its traditions, to the high ideals and strong leadership of the two Mistresses General who have been in position since the birth of the Academy sixty-two years ago. The first was Sister de Sales, who held office for fifty years and is revered in the memories of many of our mothers. We all know the other--Sister de Chantal, now happily reigning! All Mount girls look back to one or other of these two great examples of loyalty and faith as the inspiration of their school days, and models of their later life.

Visits from "old girls" bring forth remarks of differences and the sigh, "Times change!" but in reality all is as of old. Notes, goûter, prime, charges,-- could the Academy continue without these essentials? Uniforms may change, and have now become a pretty combination of blue and buff, necessitating--ah, yes! the long-coveted light stockings.

Our younger sisters frequently join in our activities--in dramatics, in singing, and in the Girl Guide activities they have an active share. Often, too, they vie with us for leadership in Mission Crusade undertakings. Nor can we forget them as our "worthy opponents" in College-Academy basket-ball games. Lastly they are, to quote Shakespeare, "our outward consciences, admonishing us that we should fairly dress us to our end". And when all is said and done, there is nothing that speaks more highly in a College girl's favor than the affection and admiration of her "younger sisters".

Jane Thorup, '36



Music

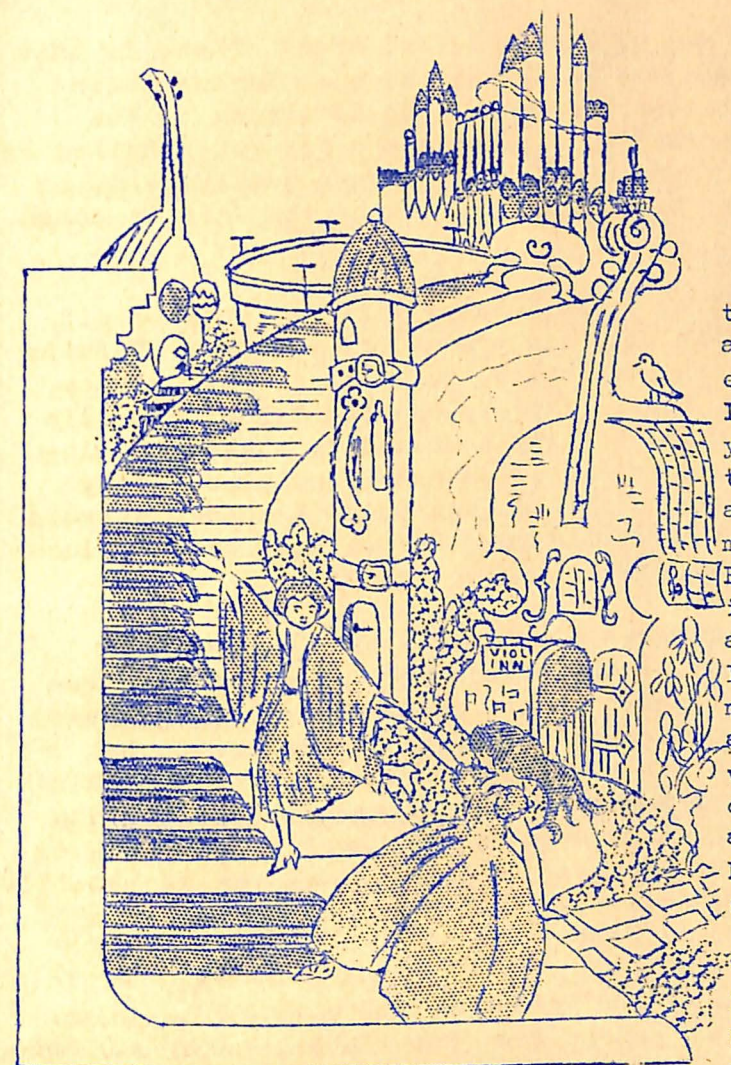
THE OLD - OR THE NEW?

Which is greater, the old or the new? The eternal question! It is asked of everything! And of course each side has its staunch supporters. In music - I think in terms of music you see - in this, as in everything, the controversy starts up frequently about the relative value of modern music, and music that is not modern. Being of this generation, I should be inclined to defend present day music against all odds. By modern music, let it be understood that jazz is not meant, but the music of such composers as Debussy and Rachmaninoff and those who, although not living at the time, can be considered as belonging to this age. In other words, good music! Nevertheless, there is much to be said on both sides.

To prove my lack of prejudice, I shall consider the classic writers first. Let us include not only the real classicists, but also all pre-

modern composers. Undoubtedly, there are among them some of the greatest geniuses the world will ever know. How many can approach the greatness of Bach, with his wonderfully mathematical, as well as musical mind? How many can equal, in their compositions, Mozart's infinitely delicate and sprightly melodies? or to go back further in the realms of history, there are Gluck and Palestrina, those older masters whose names still resound in the present day halls of learning. But then, we hear the objection offered that these writers kept themselves so consistently to form that their writings became mechanical, dry, uninteresting. The only answer is this: Classicists did not write merely emotionally but also intellectually. Those who do not understand forms of music probably will not find such masters interesting, but all who have learned form, even to a small extent, will find their enjoyment increased when listening to a cleverly constructed Sonata or Rondo. Is not intellectual pleasure greater than emotional happiness?

These great ones of earlier years possess qualities which have apparently been unequalled as yet. To any student of piano or organ, the name "Bach" is omnipresent. Who has studied piano to any extent and has not spent hours of concentrated practice of the Bach Inventions and Fugues? Mozart Sonatas are included in the study repertoires of all pianists and Beethoven Sonatas appear on three fourths of concert programs. The works of these pre-modern composers have successfully passed that most exacting of all tests - Time. They are used now, and will continue to be used down through the years. They will never die. Why? Because of their value - artistic and technical.



And now for the Moderns! What can we say to defend them? There is this to ask first of all - how many geniuses are recognized as such during their own lifetime? In reading through a history of music, one is struck by the lack of appreciation shown by contemporaries of persons who are later hailed as geniuses. This occurs so frequently that when a great person really achieves the height of fame which is deservedly his before his death, the fact is noted as quite unusual.

Who knows but that in forty or fifty years Debussy will be feted as a genius, possibly surpassing, or at least equaling pre-modern masters? Debussy does not receive praise from all his contemporaries, but this is not extraordinary. He is the leader of that very modern Impressionistic School of Music in France; and "new fangled ideas" are unceasingly bemoaned by those clinging to and believing in older and more conservative rules and principles. They say that Debussy's music is too vague and formless; but this, I think, is said because his works are very unusual and ultra-modern. People must become educated to that type of music if they are to appreciate it fully.

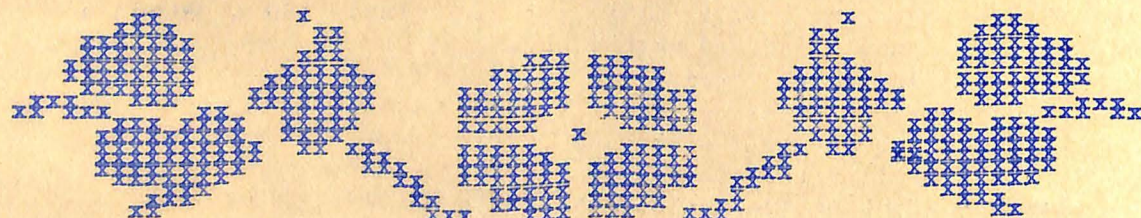
Modern composers concern themselves more with matter than with form. Wagner seems to me to radiate the spirit of the modern age. His theories regarding music are to the effect that subjects should be taken from imagination and emotion rather than from reason. His operas manifest his desire to be himself, and not to follow absolutely along the lines of convention. In this he (or any other modern writer) does not underrate the greatness of preceding composers. On the contrary he shows the influence of many earlier geniuses in his work. The idea of the modern writer is this; to benefit, as far as possible, by the greatness and experience of Classicists, but in doing so he tries to retain his own individuality as far as possible.

The continent of America can claim in the modern period a great musician of our own - Edward MacDowell. There are others too, but the throne of American music is given to MacDowell. He is truly an American; he uses American themes, such as Indian folk music, developing them into long compositions. We are proud to hold him as an example of the growth of music in the short time that it has flourished in a comparatively new country.

Jazz is so prevalent today that it seems necessary to say a word about it. Some indulgence in this form of popular music may be permitted, but too much causes an inability to appreciate good music; it vulgarizes the taste quite frequently. For a time, jazz made up practically every radio program, but now sponsors are realizing the unfavourable effect jazz has on people in general, and consequently many opera and symphony concerts are being broadcast regularly. Jazz is only a fad. It will disappear in time.

The argument - Old or New? - goes on and on. Who can say when - and if - it will ever be decided? Certainly not we of the present day will do so! But we all have our favorites and so there will always be some who defend the one and some who equally strongly insist on the other.

Mary Dee '35



An Appreciation of Walter De La Mare

Looking back over the year that has just passed, the part of the studies that has been interesting and enjoyable stands out more clearly, claims a more important place than it seemed to have when it was still passing; so it is that the pleasure I have had in my English course this year, English eleven, seems all the more real to me now that it is finished. As you know, the English eleven class was a course in modern poetry beginning with Swinburne and coming up to the present, including the more important of the English and American poets of the period. (Just to be patriotic, I suppose, we did read a few of Bliss Carman's poems, as representative of Canadian poetry, although there was not time to do more). Of course each member of the class had her own favorites, and the obscurity of many of the modern poets provided matter for much discussion for and against such poetry.

However, the poet whose works provided me with much enjoyment and of whom I read the most of the poets taken up for study in the class, was one who has kept to the traditional forms of English poetry--Walter De La Mare. It is very difficult to analyze his poems, to say just wherein his merit lies; it is an intangible that makes him great. There is about his poetry a witchery, a magic, that makes it haunting and intriguing, while most of his lines hold a lingering music whose melody returns to your mind with an eerie, enchanting insistence, leading you to an unknown realm of fairies and fantasies.

For me at least De La Mare's poetry falls into six main groups: his dream and ghost poetry; the goblin group; poems containing his ideas and philosophy of life; his pictures of life; writings on the Seasons including his Nature poetry; and lastly, his poetry of children. Perhaps the best way to express what I like and appreciate in De La Mare would be to point out in one of my favourites from each of these groups.

Of course, "The Listeners" is the most famous and also one of the most enchanting of his dream-poems. There is about it the attraction of the unsolved mystery, besides the delightful music of the verse itself, piques the curiosity and keeps alive the interest in the poem. You can positively feel the quiet, the waiting silence that into relief small sounds in such lines as,

"And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:"
while its envelopping, inevitable resistance is breathed out in,
"And how the silence surged softly backward
When the plunging hoofs were gone."

The quality that distinguishes his dream-poetry from that of other dream-poetry is his seriousness in its treatment. Like Mr. Yeats and the other Irish poets he has a simple faith in the creatures of another world that comes as a welcome change, a breath of credulity to a world sophisticated, bored.

In the poems of the goblin-group, Walter De La Mare's vivid imagination creates for him people not of flesh and blood but belonging to the world of the beyond. In such a poem as "The Ogre" an ogre actually takes shape in the moonlight before him, wicked, menacing; he pictures him approach a small-windowed moonlit house

"
With jasmine overgrown.

Into the garden sweet with peas
He put his wooden shoe;
And bending back the apple trees
Crept covetously through."

The very contrast of the cosy home, the quiet moonlight, and the fragrant garden, with the ogre, huge, evil, menacing, inspire in you a sort of shivery terror; you can almost see the ominous ogre's shadow in the still garden. Such words as "crept covetously", and "gloating eye" all help to convey the impression, while the form itself, the ballad, reminiscent as it is of the folklore of former times, is used to advantage.

"Very old are we men;
Our dreams are tales
Told in dim Eden
By Eve's nightingales;
We wake and whisper awhile,
But, the day gone by,
Silence and sleep like fields
Of amaranth lie."

In his pictures of life, his quick sympathy enables De La Mare to make his characters human and alive. For instance, the quiet pathos, the undramatic, yet heart-breaking loneliness of "Old Ben" is very moving. The very restraint, the mention of the common, everyday scene of the garden-surrounded cottage with its faint air of neglect bring out all the more poignantly the old man's desperate longing and loneliness for those he loves, while Old Ben's helpless and lost feeling are clearly conveyed by the very stillness of the lines.

The feeling that life now that his dear ones are gone is without meaning or purpose is expressed by the detail of the neglected garden and house which once had been his pride,

He has no heart to care now,
Though the winds will blow
Whistling in his casement,
And the rain drip through."

"Pendant que nous attendons, je vous parlerai un peu de moi - Je suis Honoré de Balzac, l'auteur du Colonel Chabert, d'Eugénie Grandit, du Père Goriot et de bien d'autres ouvrages. Je sais que vous m'avez entendu parler. Autrefois je croyais être populaire, et même fameux, mais aujourd'hui les étudiants modernes critiquent un auteur d'une manière absolument opposée. Mes descriptions sont trop longues et ennuyeuses, disent-ils, et bien d'autres choses désagréables. Bien des malheurs ont fondu sur moi pendant ma vie, et je les ai surmontés courageusement; aussi, je trouve plutôt facile de me mettre au-dessus de cette légère dépréciation de mes oeuvres."

Just then a terrific noise broke the eerie stillness of the library corridor (Oh, horrors!) and Johanne d'Arc rode in on her war steed, accompanied by a miserable looking creature on an old nag. "That is not Wilhelm Tell", I mused, but soon I realized that it was none other than Don Quixote himself - still true to his purpose of succouring ladies. "Saludo, mis amigos", he cried "Busco nuevas aventuras".

Again the herald stepped forth, trumpet in hand but instead of its blast, a bell resounded--the supper bell. I was still on the chesterfield in the Social Room, and the German examination was still on the next day.

Spanish by M. Dolores Donnelly '36

THE SEASONS AT M.S.V.C.

"Season of visits and mellow fruitfulness
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun."

Indian summer with its last colorful pageant of the glory of the vacation season, welcomes our return to College after the holidays. The Mount is particularly beautiful then and every bit of nature tries to show itself to best advantage. The days are warm and pleasant and the occasional bit of chill in the air only serves as a stimulus to raise us from any possible lethargy. The Mount is famed for its apple trees and who of us doesn't know the joy of a luscious apple? Then the path to the tennis courts has bushes heavy with ripe blackberries.....

As the season advances the woods become brilliant with red and orange and yellow. The flaming branches of maple are particularly beautiful against the dark background of pines. One is struck afresh by the truth of the lines-

"O suns and skies and clouds of June
 And flowers of June together
 You cannot rival for one hour
 October's bright blue weather."

Then little by little all fades and only the grey sky, the grayer water, and bare earth remain.

"Listen, the damp leaves on the walks are blowing
 With a ghost of a sound.
 Is it a fog or is it a rain dripping
 From the low trees to the ground?"

Winter steals on us unawares and we shiver in the dark, cold mornings. But there are compensations! How eagerly we welcome the first snowfall and what is better than a walk in the early morning in a dazzling, sun-lit, snowy world when the wind is as sharp as a whip? Then there is the breathless exaltation of skimming swiftly over the hill on a starry night or skating on a glistening sheet of ice!

Here in the country we have the advantage of always having lovely white snow. After a snowfall every branch, every twig, stands out in sparkling white and the starkness of the bare rocks is smoothed over. After a silver thaw we rub our eyes dazedly for perhaps we have been swept off in the night into a fairyland built of crystal and silver!

Unlike the other two seasons spring heralds its coming. Away off in March before its nominal beginning something in the air tells us that winter is over and that spring is almost here. The snow may be deep and the thermometers low but nevertheless we know we are justified in looking for spring hats,- for that common malady is abroad - spring fever.

Of all seasons spring is the best. There is something so exhilarating to see the snow melt and watch the days lengthening. Then come the new buds, the fresh grass, the first robin and first dandelion.

After that spring comes with a rush and the warm days, the violets and the apple blossoms come in quick succession. The apple blossoms are particularly beautiful.

"Brides of the spring ye stand, ye orchards fair
 Ere yet your wedding with the summer sun
 Hath doffed your fleecy veil, and one by one
 Its brodered petals strewn upon the air".

A May evening shows the spring at its very best.

"The spring is fresh and fearless
 And every leaf is new
 The world is brimmed with moonlight
 The lilac brimmed with dew."

"Here in the moving shadows
 I catch my breath and sing
 My heart is fresh and fearless
 And over-brimmed with spring."

All Mount girls know the pleasure of rambling through woods in search of Mayflowers and wading through swamps to get the violets that are just on the other side!

During the summer the Mount is different. When the girls are all gone something that seems to belong intrinsically to the place vanishes. When we visit we do not feel at home. A palpable stillness, a quiet filled with peace and serenity, untroubled by our disorder, pervades the convent.

Outside, however, it is beautiful. The flowers, the trees, and the woods blend into perfect harmony. Everything is saturated with sunlight. Suddenly we know that the quiet is not one of restraint but of peace and that is why it is so different from the throbbing, feverish world outside.

Marguerite Keenan '37

FAREWELL TO THE SOPHOMORE YEAR

"Behold, I stood
 And waved."
 Thus spoke the flowers;
 And lo! we answered
 And a world was ours.

Scarlet Salvias they were,
 Their brilliant hue
 Bade us be brave
 And carry through
 The student year
 As it awoke,--
 And we responded
 To the thoughts they spoke.

That year has flown
 And we await,
 Expectant, eager,
 Our next year's fate.
 Farewell to thee!
 No longer new--
 Ever thankful
 We bid thee adieu.

Lenore Pelham '37

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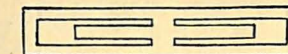
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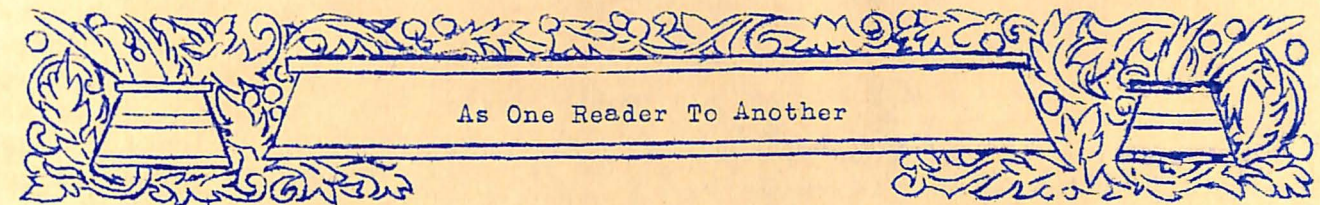
***** KATHLEEN THOMPSON *****

The College takes this opportunity of expressing its sympathy for Kathleen Thompson, who has recently lost her mother. The prayers of our readers are asked for the repose of her soul.

To Miss Pye we also offer sincere sympathy in the loss of her mother.

Campus Scenes





During the past year the library has seen much growth as well as change. Due to the many new books which have come in, the shelves had to be rearranged to provide more space, and many new signs are in evidence; while the number of books has risen to a present total of 12,000. These new books have represented almost every type, perhaps the greatest number being biographies, poetry, and books of English criticism.

Among the biographies that have come in since the last Kappa may be numbered an autographed copy of "Charles Carroll of Carrollton" by Joseph Gurn. The life of this great American statesman is of peculiar interest to us, both because of his connection with the beginnings of the railroad in this country and because of our near relationship with the American people. Joseph Gurn's account of the doings of Charles Carroll, both in the field of politics and in the social life of his time, proves interesting as well as worthwhile and instructive reading.

Two other biographies which are in great demand are "The King's Grace, 1910-1935" by John Buchan, and "The Authorized Life Story of Princess Marina" by Grace Ellison; the first on account of the celebration this year of the Silver Jubilee of the King's coronation, and the second because of the recent marriage of Princess Marina with the Duke of Kent. "The King's Grace", relating as it does the events of King George's life since the beginning of his reign, has gained the benefit in accuracy and detail of John Buchan's intimate knowledge acquired during the years of his public life in England, and has added appeal for us as Canadians since it was written by our next Governor General.

Another of Belloc's works, "The Life of Milton" has made its appearance in the library during the last month. Like all the rest of Belloc's works, it shows detailed knowledge of the period which he is treating, and gives a sympathetic view of Milton as a man, as well as an appreciation of him as a poet. Particularly interesting are his explanation of Milton's opposition to Catholicism as in the nature of a family feud and the account of the one gleam of humour he displayed in his life in the trick he played on a publisher who printed a particularly repulsive picture of the poet.

"A Saint in the Slave Trade" by Arnold Lunn, the recent convert, is a biography of Peter Claver, and is dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Infanta Beatrice of Spain. It is easy reading and provides an understanding account of Peter Claver's work among the negroes used in the Slave Trade. The second part of the book is devoted to answering the questions that might be presented by the non-Christian materialist of to-day as to the relation of Peter Claver's work to the ordinary life and code of morals. There is a very good review of this book in an April "America."

It would be hard to find a more charming, whimsical book than Robert B. Tristram Coffin's "Lost Paradise"--a description of the farm home on the Maine coast where he spent his boyhood, and of his life there. All the freshness, the unexpectedness of style that is so typical of such a poet as Robert P. Tristram Coffin are there to make the book thoroughly delightful.

One biography, or rather autobiography, which I am sure will have a very wide appeal is "Up the Years from Bloomsbury" by George Arliss; it is a positively fascinating book. Throughout these memoirs of his life are to be found the humanness, the kindly humour, just a bit ironic, that is so typical of the actor and the dramatic critic who has become so well-known and beloved during the past few years. The style, as might be expected, is full of charm and energy and the whole book is exceedingly clever and witty.

On account of the canonization of Saint Thomas More this year, great interest has been aroused in the the English martyrs; thus Christopher Hollis's life of Sir Thomas More has come out at a very opportune time. Besides the biographical details of More's life, the book treats his works at some length and attempts to make them better known and appreciated by the world at large. Hollis, indeed, compares More's use of ridicule in the defense of the Faith to Chesterton's eruptions in the days before the war.

Some other biographies and autobiographies which are recent additions to the library and which can only be mentioned here are, an autographed copy of "Great Wives and Mothers" by Rev. E.F. Blunt; "The Romantic Rebel" a life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by Hildegard Hawthorne; and "British Agent" by Bruce Lockhart.

New books of particular interest to the students of economics have also been recently added to the library. One of these "My Vision of Canada", autographed by the author, Wm. Arthur Deacon, will arouse the enthusiasm of any loyal Canadian. It paints in vivid language the possibilities that lie within Canada's reach in the future, if only we act on them when they present themselves.

Another of this class, "Russia's Iron Age" by Chamberlin, gives an account of Russia during the last five years, treating Russian life from every angle--its industrial aims, its abolishing of Christianity, and setting up of Communism as a Faith, the industrialization of the country, its policies, its achievements, and the tremendous price in life and suffering that had to be paid in the attempt to carry out its ideals. The work is backed by the personal experience and authority that twelve years of work in Russia as correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor has given its author. The picture it paints is not a pleasant one.

Among the novels may now be found "The High Road" by Grace Keon--an autographed book. This book, full of interest and charm, with particularly good character sketching, is the story of an American family over whom the shadow of divorce hung, until a fear of common tragedy drew the father and mother together.

"Weeping Cross" by Henry Longan Stuart, on the other hand, is a story of the life of a Catholic among the Puritans of New England in the early days of Boston. The play was first published in 1908 and was again brought to the notice of the publishers this year by Van Wyck Brooks who thought it well-worthy of republication. It is the story of a man's weakness and of a man's repentance. The style is lucid yet vibrant but his description of the cruelty and austerity of the Puritans seems almost exaggerated.

"The Wooing of a Recluse" by Gregory Marwood is marked by the fineness and beauty of the English, and by its use of the almost lost art of letter-writing to tell its story. Through these letters an Arizona "recluse" woos a New York society girl, Pandora, and the whole work is made delicate and delightful by the restraint it shows.

There will be no time to do more now than list a few of the books which have lately become a part of the library:-- Under College Towers by Michael Earls, S.J.; Windward Rocks by Kenneth Leslie; When the Veil is Rent by F.C. Kelley S.J.; The Eternal Galilean by Fulton Sheen; Give This Man Place by Reverend Hugh F. Blunt; Catholics in Colonial Days by Reverend Thomas Phelan; Campaigners for Christ Handbook by David Goldstein; Why Rome by Selden Peabody; Down in Nova Scotia by Clara Dennis.

Now that the Summer is approaching there will be more time for reading, and next year I shall be expecting to hear the results of your Summer reading. Good bye for now, fellow-readers.

Margaret Cummings '35

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

Banquet.....	12.00
Election of Officers for 1935-36....	3.15
Planting of Ivy.....	3.45
Oration and College Pledge.....	4.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Grotto	
Coronation of Our Lady.....	4.15
Students' Grotto	
Tea.....	6.00

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