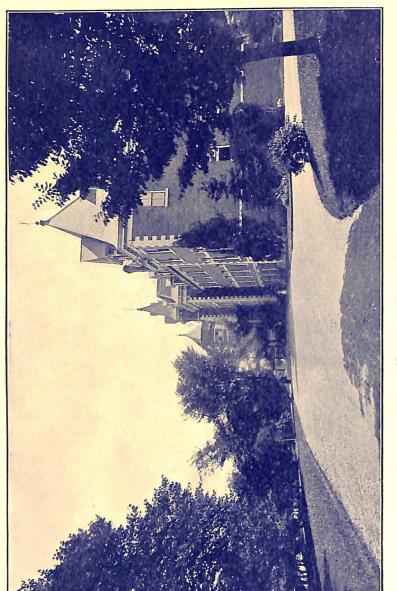
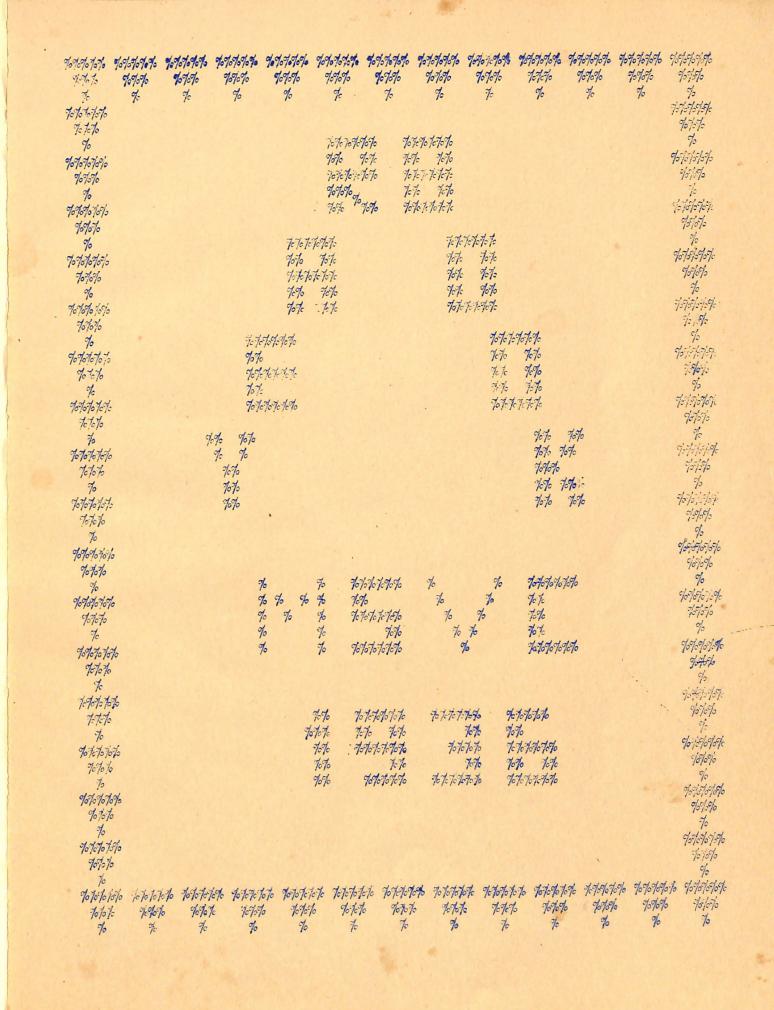
KAPPA KRONICLE



MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



GATE NORTH FROM VIEW



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STUDENTS' ADDRESSES

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x x Alma Mater speaks: x x xx The child art thou - the mother I xx xx Sweet stream art thou - and I the source XX XXX XX X X A shy wind thou - and I the course xx x x All things young and new and free Art thou. A taper before the world art thou A flower sprung from the sod All things beautiful and true art thou Beauty is truth: truth leads XXX xx To God. XX M. Carpenter, 137 XX



R.Chambers



D.Donnelly



R.Thompson



I.Chorup



R.Dellin s. Prof



E. Coaby c. Pres.

GRADUATES



MCummings v-Pres.



RSullivan



MMorriscey



C. Callant



6. Stevens

Name: Eleanor Joseph Mary Aloysius Coady

Origin: St. John's Newfoundland

Education: Academy of Our Lady Of Mercy, St. John's, Nfld., Mount Saint Vincent Academy, and Mount Saint Vincent College.

Appearance: "Five foot two, eyes of blue" Light Fiji Island Hair-a perfect thirty-five and seven-eights--light healthy Newfoundland laugh, which has recently been thriving on Nova Scotian seasoning, especially "Pepper".

Activities: President of the College--Chairman of the Mass Study Club--Chairman of the Student Council -- Business Editor of the Kappa Kronicle --Patrol Leader of the Cadet Rangers -- Ardent student in the Library, especially over the weekends -- Sunday School Teacher in the Village -- frequent visitor to the Pharmacy and an annual visitor to the Infirmary--specialist in the geography of the West Indies, having stressed recent research work on Puerto Rico.

Assets: Jolly disposition -- off and on -- high principles and ideals -- deep sincerity -- a true friend -- bright untarnished sense of honor -large amount of common sense--a good student.

at times.

To visit Puerto Rico as soon as possible by the very quickest Aim: poute. 南水布麻布布特布水水水水水水水水水水水水

Name: Margaret Mary Elizabeth Cummings

Origin: Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education: Saint Thomas Aquines for four years then Mount Saint Vincent to the end of the line.

Appearance: Five feet five of well proportioned form which not even a gym-kit can disfigure -- wavy brown hair (thanks to Gerry) -- blue eyes looking at the world through glasses slightly askew--and a fastidious appearance.

Activities: Vice-president of Senior Class--Captain of the basket-ball team--Editor of the Kappa Chronicle -- Chairman of Study Club for College English-Speaking Domestics--President of the book-a-day club-faithful tramper of the Rockingham road.

Merely reads what others must study--mamber of the intelligentia-rare combination of mathematician and litterateur -- good sport --good-natured, and a great reader.

Liabilities: Garrulity--argumentativeness--occasional stubborness--a proclivity

Assets:

to procrastinate.

To be a literary light in this Province-by-the-sea. Objective:

and Juvenal-an inveterate bridge player.

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Name: Origin: Katherine Eleanor Claire DeVan The big town of Dartmouth.

Education:

St. Peter's Convent, Dartmouth--Saint Patrick's High School---

Mount Saint Vincent College.

Appearance:

Grey-eyed, fair haired(crinkles of recent acquisition), "corrugated" brow, topping a mask of care--rare angelic smile--and a large supply of fresh collars.

Activities:

College Prefect -- Vice President of the Mission Club -- Sodality Sacristan -- a constant visitor to the Pharmacy -- devotee of Cicero

Assets:

Sympathy and kindness--profound respect for all college rules-strong sense of responsibility--honor member of the stitch-intime class.

Liabilities: The College "worrywart" -- She "never gets through" but she passes with honors -- embarassingly prompt with Education assignments.

Aim::

To carry on the DeVan reputation of teaching in the Dartmouth

High School.

Name:

Rose Chambers

Origin:

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education:

St. Josephis Grammar School -- Saint Patrick's High School -- Mount

Saint Vincent College.

Appearance:

Looks like her name -- a slim, dark, lovely rose.

Activities:

Skater-swimmer-camper-student social worker-stamp collecter of

the Mission Club.

Assets:

Very kind--synpathietic--pleasant--friendly--extremely generous-tactful to the nth degree -- the perfect hostess with a pleasing

Liabilities:

Reddest blush on record--hyper sensitive--unduly shym-tendency to forget important matters.

Aim:

Your guess is as good as mine.

Name:

Marie Dolores Lorraine Francis Xavier Donnelly -- known to her fellow country-men as Larrie, Dolly, Jub- to Haligonians as D.D.to those of closer relationship simply Dolores.

Origin:

Newfoundland -- Ingland's Oldest Colony---specifically a native of Saint John's.

Education:

Kindergarten to Grade X1- Academy of Our Lady of Mercy--Saint John's-year of post-graduate work at same because of tender age-a #33Arts graduate of Newfoundland Memorial University College-another year of post -graduate work--finally Mount Saint Vincent

Appearance:

Well-groomed with many time-consuming curls-carefully accessoried from jade earrings and newly acquired octagonal rimless glasses to spike-heel pumps.

Activities:

Secretary and Sacristan of the Sodality -- Associate Editor of Kappa--head of Spiritual Alms Section of the Mission Club-librarian of the Social Room Fiction Library-prominent comedienne of the Dramatic Class-habitue of telephone booth and mail box-confirmed knitter.

Assets:

Honest-togoodness-piety--leader in class marks--a linguist with six languages to her credit -- Irish ancestar shown when she

abuses her friends herself but stands by them when others attempt to do so.

Liabilities:

An occasional provoking blindness to another's point of view--"can't take it" when it comes to teasing--great aversion to all forms of physical exercises except dancing.

Aim:

To become an old-maid as quickly as possible -- a motion of sympathy is in order to the undaunted "lover", R.I.P.

Name:

Catherine Mary Gallant

Origin:

Amherst, Nova Scotia

Education:

St. Charles School, Amherst -- Cumberland County Academy -- provincial Normal School -- Mount Saint Vincent College.

Appearance:

Tiny, slim, blond, with stately walk which belies her height.

Activities:

Treasurer of the Sodality--Circulation Manager of the Kappa Chronicle -- Artist of Sodality Bulletin Board Committee.

Assets:

Neatness--daintiness--efficiency--mathematical ability--singular directness of character -- Expert extractor of Kappa subscriptions.

Liabilities:

A procrastinator, especially in preparing book reports--"fussy" in the selection of wearing apparel -- an individualist.

Ambition:

To get a Ph. D. in Mathematics and a position as a teacher of French in the Amherst School.

Name:

Margaret Mary Catherine Morriscey

Origin:

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Education:

College St. School -- St. Patrick's Girls * High School -- Sacred Heart Convent-Mount Saint Vincent College.

Appearance:

A perfect 36, 5 feet 7" tall, not too slim, dark brown hair, never out of curl, hazel eyes, that schoolgirl complexion, and a fascinating dimple in her chin.

Activities:

Brown Owl or chief of the Brownie troop of Mount Saint Vincent Academy -- a frequent contributor to the Kappa -- a reader.

Assets:

Bright manner -- quick of speech and ready of wit -- sociable -- a good sense of humor.

Liabilities:

Quick-tempered--abrupt--blunt--argumentative--inclined to be

Aim:

To increase the knowledge acquired last summer, of French places and people.

Mary Eugenia Agnes Stevens Name: Toronto, Ontario, hence of superior stock. At present, and for Origin: many years past, resident of Halifax. College St. School -- St. Patrick's Girls' High -- and Mount Saint Education: Vincent College. Rather an elfin cast of countenance -- provocative dimples -- tall, Appearance: slim, fragile -- should come wrapped in cellophane -- honey-blond heir. Activities: Advertising Manager of the Kappa -- a capable basket-ball player, nightly haunter of telephone corridor -- assiduous seacher of big nickles--champion sprinter to 4.20 bus on Friday. A cheerful disposition -- quick sense of humor -- not sensitive --Assets: common-sensical -- beau-ed by a Burt. Liabilities: Lack of dignity -- tendency to indolence -- a lullaby complex -but in all, a good sport. Wants to have a library career but the Powers-that-be may Aim: otherwise decree. Rose Sullivan Name: St. Patrick's Grammar School -- St. Patrick's Girls' High School --Origin: Mount Saint Vincent College. Says Mr. Moss "beautiful dark brown eyes" -- Say we ."She might Appearance: be a beautiful girl if the subject interested her sufficiently." President of the Mission Club--prominent member of Glee Club-+ Activities: incessant reader and a daily commuter -- a trusted postman. An all-round practical student -- calm, unruffled disposition --Assets: a well-poised speaker -- sense of responsibility -- possessor of rare feminine ability to lead well in dancing. Liabilities: A doubting Thomas -- a tendency to cynicism and argumentation. Aim: "I want to be happy."

Kathleen Alice Theresa Thompson

Girls' High--Mount Saint Vincent.

College St. School -- Convent of the Sacred Heart -- St. Patrick's

Halifax, Nova Scotia

Name:

Origin:

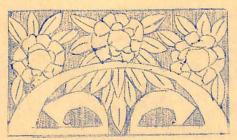
Education:

Activities: Secretary of the Mission Club--Secretary of the Student Council. Captain of the Girl Guide Company -- the orator of the class of Public Speaking 3 -- swimmer -- skater -- can wield a tennis racket as well as a Badminton racket -- in general, an out-door girl. Sympathetic, kindly nature -- a lover of fun -- uprightness of Assets: character. Liabilities: The worst writer in the school--an ever-empty pen--the ability to say wrong things at the right time -- to miss Math. Class -and to change her second name. Aim: To be a teacher-companion to a number of lovable students: to go on long hikes with her guides. ******* Name: Jane de Blois Thorup As far as can be ascertained Cambridge, Mass, (Jane declares Origin: she can't remember back that far. " Considerable prodding and exercise of memory revealed attendance Education: at two schools in Baston and the Annapolis Academy and Mount Saint Vincent from grade 7 up. Appearance: A striking, dark-complexioned Miss-to whose ancestry, evidenced in de Blois, is due her vivid appearance and highstrung temperament -- her look of sophistication is somewhat belied by her manner. Activities: College bell-ringer, 6.05 daily--never known to fail--an active member of the dramatic Class--College Treasurer -- possibly a Te Deum goes up at the termination of this onerous office. Assets: Generous, highly reliable, persistent -- an intensely active personality -- an attractive appearance. Liabilities: Somewhat over exacting -- a tendency to dominate -- many nervous mannerisms. To be a Social-Service worker in Washington, D.C. Aim:

A slender brunette with brown curly hair, brown eyes, cheerful

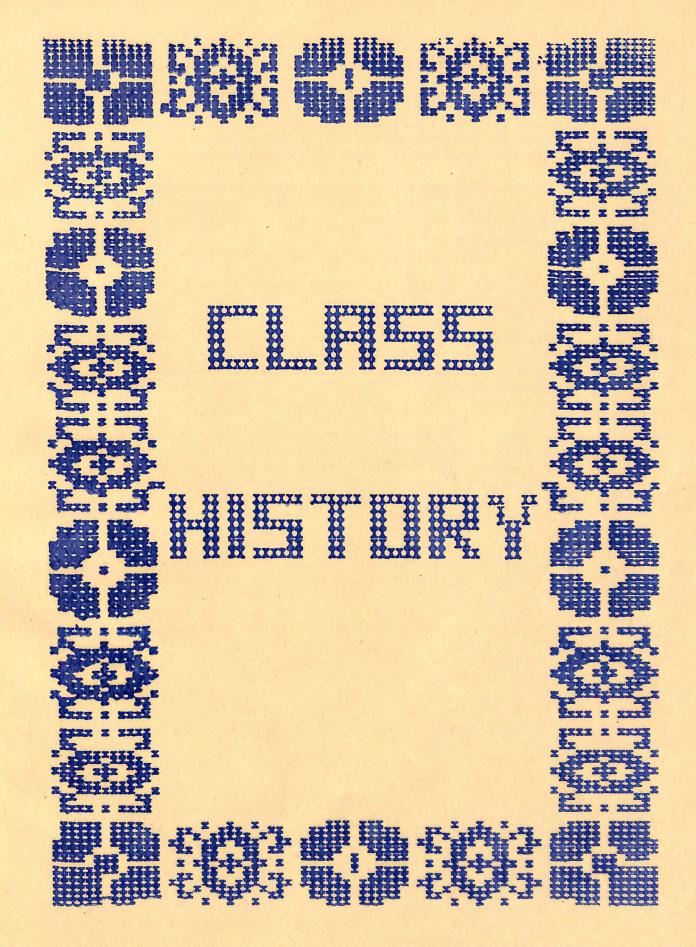
Appearance:

expression.



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@ COMMENCEMENT ANNOUNCEMENTS OF MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE @@@@ 0000 @@@@ @@@@ HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@@ @ 1936 @ @ @ @@@@ WEDNESDAY, MAY 27 @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ Class Day @@@@ @@@@ * * * @@@@ @ THURSDAY, MAY 28, 9.30 a.m. @ @ @ @@@@ SOLEWN HIGH MASS @@@@ @@@@ Celebrant @@@@ @@@@ The Right Reverend Thomas P. Curran, D.P., @@@@ Vicar Capitular of the Archdiocese of Halifax @@@@ @ BACCALAUREATE SERMON @ The Reverend John E. Burns, Ph.D. @ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ Thursday, May 28, p.m. @ @@@@ Theatre Party @@@@ @@@@ Guests of Mrs. W.A. Affleck @@@@ (ii) Supper Party Lord Nelson Hotel @ @ Guests of Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae Executive @ @@@@ @@@@ ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT 0000 @@@@ Tuesday, June 2 3:00 p.m. @@@@ @@@@ Daylight Saving Time @@@@ CONFERRING OF DEGREES @ @ The Right Reverend Thomas P. Curran, D.P. @@@@ @ Vicar Capitular of the Archdiocese of Halifax @@@@ @@@@ ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES @@@@ @@@@ Lauchlin D. Currie, M. L.A. @@@@ @@@@ SOLEMN BENEDICTION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT @ @@@@ @ @@ @@@@ @ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @ @000 .00 @@@@ @@@@ @400 @@@@ @@@@ @@@@ @ @@@@ 0



At the same time that a new day dawned on September nineteenth, 1933, a new college year began for the old girls. But to us it was a new phase of our lives--the beginning of the realization of all ambitions young girls. It took but a few days for regular routine to set in and soon we were all happily settled, eagerly looking forward to what college might hold for us.

Departing from the general procedure for the first time, the old collegiates deigned to welcome us officially at a picnic by the tennis courts rather than to put us through the gruelling experiences of initiation. This deviation was a great relief but at the same time a disappointment, for it meant we were never to know what college initiation was like.

Activities equalled studies in filling our year to overflowing. Dramatics for the year began in a program we had for our Dean's Feast-Day with the two one-act comedies "Doctor Cure-All" and "The Rag Carpet Bee". Though these were highly thought of here at the Mount, the big event of the year--"She Stoops to Conquer"--totally eclipsed them as well as our other productions. It proved another dramatic triumph for the annals of Mount Saint Vincent. But apart from the dramatic line, we found frequent entertainment in the lighter vein in the form of parties and teas.

But alas! even college life must be clouded by those things so dreaded since primary days-Exams! At not-to-be-avoided intervals they spread their gloom and we, the Sophies, applied ourselves to the best of our ability that we might make a good impression on our older and wiser college mates. But exams have the happy faculty of meaning holidays as well as hard work. To these periods might be applied that old saying about March--"in like a lion (exams) and out like a lamb."

And so our initial year of college life passed, with its smiles and tears, until the last memorable week. Those of us who had attended the Academy had always looked ahead to that time when we might consider ourselves included in those last feastivities and not be mere onlookers—and at last it came! It had impressed us before and made a vivid memory-picture, but the year of '34 saw us active participants, although only the baby sisters of these dignified young ladies, the Graduates. We were doubly moved by the solemnity and magnificence of Baccalaureate Mass, and then in turn by the Class Day Banquet and finally Graduation Day itself. There, passing down the chapel two by two we saw ourselves as we would be after two more long years, Graduates of Mount Saint Vincent College, starting out on still another phase of life.

Jane Thorup '36

JUNIOR YEAR

What can be more interesting than the return to College when new responsibilities are assumed and privileges accorded as a result of another step towards seniority? Nothing perhaps except entering a new College for the first time is one's Junior year. This was the experience of at least three of the fourteen members of last year's class. Everyone sympathizes with the bewilderment and excitement of Freshmen; but the new Juniors who go through this same phase are a little lost sight of. However, we quickly adjusted ourselves

As Juniors, we were just far enough removed from the duties of Seniors to be carefree and a little irresponsible. Moreover, we were not weighed down with undue worry over exams, so the year 1934-35 passed very quickly and enjoyably. We were first initiated into the mysteries of Student Government and the privileges it afforded were very appealing to us. The teas and social functions of the year still further attracted us and made the time pass very quickly. Soon, much too soon, Dalhousie examinations occupied our time and our interest. Then we repaired to our respective homes for what all considered a well deserved vacation.

Back again to classes, and the half yearly exams at the Mount monopolized our efforts. The outstanding events which followed on these were the visit of the Canadian poet, Mr. Kenneth Leslie, and the presentation, by the College, of "The Rivals". The Retreat took place soon after this under the direction of Reverend Father McCann. Further spiritual exercises were conducted during the annual Vocation Week.

With the coming of Spring the musical recitals began, then more Dalhousie exams, and the May crowning. At last with the opening of the lovely month of June, a most interesting year was brought to an enjoyable and fitting close with the Convocation exercises.

Margaret M. Morriscey '36

SENIOR YEAR

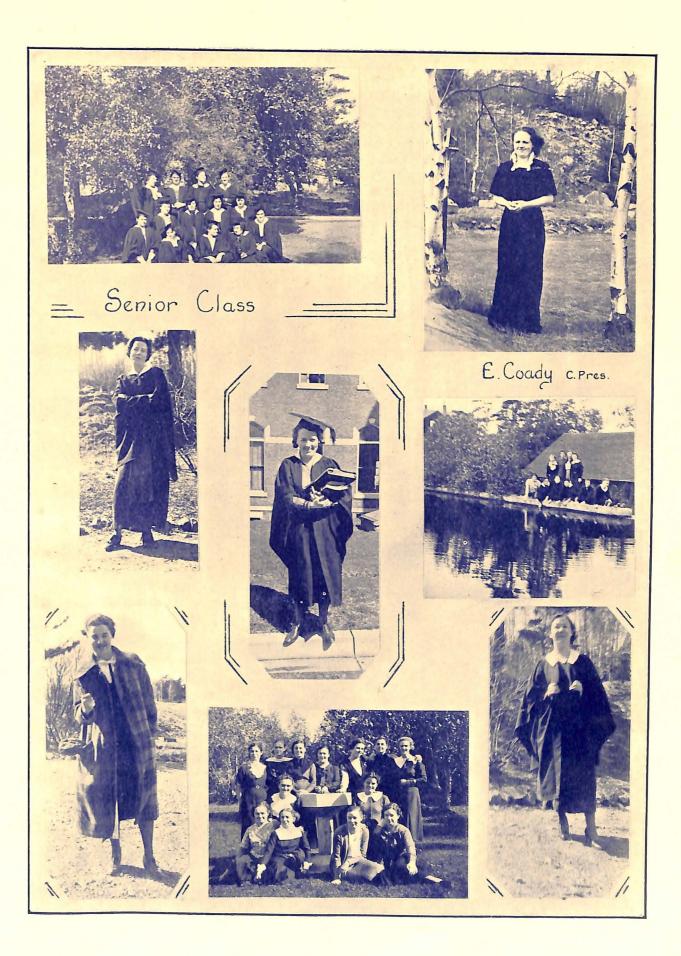
For thirteen young women, return to college in September 1935, marked the beginning of the last lap in the race for education. What this year has meant to us can only be known and appreciated by those who have already passed the test. Relatively speaking, it might seem insignificant but absolutely it has been all important to us.

Of course, it took us quite a while to discover this new seniorial world and to explore its domains. Perhaps we have not been the most brilliant, nor the most outstanding senior class; but to us this year has meant something, quite different. Other years there were the same parties, the same examinations, the same holidays; but these were to be our last, and they had a flavor quite their own.

The big event of the year was the First Maritime Crusade Convention and among the various units represented there, the Mount showed itself no mean confrere. The boundless fund of inspiration and edification which accrued from this mever-to-be-forgotten convention, is something for which to be ever thankful. Soon following, on October 22, to be exact, Dean's Day was observed. This festal occasion leame up to its usual high standard. The program of entertainment contained several numbers but the highlight was an excellent performance of Barrie's ever popular "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals".

Retreat this year, given by Father Myers of the Redemptorist Order, was generally voted the best ever.

Visitors during the year included the Most Reverend Andre Cassulo, Apostolic delegate to Canada and Newfoundland; Reverend Charles Curran D.D., who gave us a most interesting account of the Eucharistic Congress held in Cleveland; Concluded on page 34.



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We, the graduates of 1936, our mental powers being as intact as could be expected considering the strain to which they have been subjected, and not acting under any duress (except that of absolute necessity) or influence of any person or persons whatsoever, do hereby make and publish this, our last will and testament, in the manner following, that is to say:

First: To our Faculty we leave our appreciation of the many benefits we have received during the past four years.

Second: To Sister Evaristus we heartily extend our deepest gratitude for the unfailing help she has given us during our College course.

Third: To our College Mistress we leave a true realization of the interest she has taken in us; also we leave her a new set of Proctors in the Seniors of 1936-37 (though we do not really hope they can ever duplicate our efficiency.)

Fourth: To the Juniors we leave the responsibilities and the dignities of Seniority. May they truly appreciate the inestimable value of our gift. To them also we leave the proctor duties (may they fulfill them as well as we thought we did), with these deceptively innocent-looking cards which summon the delinquent to Student Council meetings. When all these measures fail, they may use these to command in students that deep respect due to the high Seniorial dignity.

Fifth: We feel it incumbent on us to uphold the tradition of years gone by and, in consideration of this, we do bequeath to the Sophmores and Freshmen the revised edition of the Blue-Book; they will find it profitable to study it--"Ignorance of the law never excuses",

All personal belongings of the Graduates of 1936 are to be disposed of in the following manner:

- I, Eleanor Joseph Mary Aloysius Coady, do hereby leave to my successor my sincere sympathy for all in authority; to Marie Carpenter my prolonged, well-known and much prized sh-----ush. A dictionary to seek information on Dolores' "ego" and a supply of name tapes I give to Mary Esther Pumple; my infectious laugh to "Dick"; to Muriel Bartholomay I leave my "more lasting" taste for dondiments; my pride and dislike for being "used" to Marguerite Keenan.
- I, Margaret Mary Cummings do, in this my will and testament, leave to all future would-be midnight roamers on the top flat my sincere sympathy to be used on all occasions when their activities are summarily cut short—I have experienced their feelings. To the Seniors of next year I leave my happy proclivity to mislay everything but my head—particularly my proclivity to mislay my note-book two days before exams; I feel sure they will appreciate it. To the 1936-37 inmates of St. Michael's room I leave my capacity to catch the end of the dhaped line in the morning (or at least to reach there before the Last Gospel). To Jean McCormick, I bequeath the speed that was left out of my make-up. May it profit her in her typing practice. To Judy Cahill I leave my inability to whisper. I know it will never be claimed that she is too quiet.

- I. Rose Chambers, do hereby bequeath to Eva Blackford my ability to come and go whenever I please. To Rita Fawson I say, "You may have all my public speaking ways." To Verta Curry I leave my fondness for shows on days before Latin exams. My well-known blush, I do leave as a precious possession, to beguarded and cultivated as such, to the aforementioned Verta Curry.
- I. Katherine Eleanor Claire DeVan do this day leave and bequeath to Viola Pride the famous sheet of music, "Nola" with the advice not to "sigh" too much on playing it. To Dorothy Webb and Margaret Reid I give my knowledge of the game of Bridge: to Marie Forhan I leave my summer evening walks in North Dartmouth so that she may be there as frequently as she desires. To Lenore Pelham I leave the privilege of "shushing" St. Agnes' Dormitory. To Louise Harris I leave the company of my "would-be" room-mates. To Rita Fawson I leave my worrisone disposition to dispose of it as she so wishes. To the future occupants of St. Agnes' Dormitory I leave my sewing box full of black and white thread, and a package of needles.
- I. Marie Dolores Lorraine Francis Xavier Donnelly, do hereby wish to bequeath to Mary Pumple, my friend of the Freshman class, the total results of my laborious research work on that pernicious malady known as "ego", and my startling discovery drawn therefrom that the partial cure for the baffling disease lies in the rigid practice of the virtue of humility -- to the same young lady I also bequeath a special vest pocket edition of the new Oxford dictionary. To Marie V. Carpenter and Kay Deasy, I leave my prize-volume entitle. "The Responsibilities of a Senior and How To Assume Them", trusting that with close study and hard work they will become the "ideal seniors" such as they have always dreamed about, but never seemed to realize in the members of former classes. To Margaret McDonough all my notes on the special. course in "Hard Knocks" which I obtained at the School of Experience during the years 1932-36, hoping to awaken her interest in the aforesaid course and stimulate her to pursue these most valuable studies, of vital importance to all students. To Rita Mancini, I bequeath my knitting ability so that she will finish her yellow sweater before she outgrows bright colors; and to Tina MacInnis my jewel box to be carefully examined after "lights out" every night.
- I. Catherine Mary Gallant, hereby in my last will and testament, leave to Mary Marguerita Dorothy Fawson my title of nobility with the accompanying privilege of wearing the "Ahstrakahn". To Dick Veniot, realizing her active interest in study clubs, I leave the position of leader in my French Study Club. To Marietta Wall, knowing her fidelity to her morning charge, I bequeath my little corner in the Library to care for every day, with the advice that the white duster is for the desk alone and the black one for the little extra furniture. To Lenore Pelham I leave my French descent just in case St. Patrick turns out to be of French origin. To Geraldine Purdy I will my ability to do a lot of shopping in a very short time--without acquiring blisters; to Dorothy Webb, my share of helping with the punch board; to Marie Forhan, my place in class on "rainy days"; and to Mary MacLean I leave my little green dog (much as I hate to part with it). To the occupants of St. Agnes Dormitory I bequeath my commode as a storing place for superfluous articles found in the lavatory.
- I, Margaret Mary Catherine Morriscey, do hereby will and bequeath to Muriel Bartholomay and Donalda Kelley our davenport for the week-ends. To Muriel Bartholomay I leave my ability to monopolize the recitation in Journalism class and my aspirations along this line of work. To Pat Jones goes my love of the arts--especially painting; also my ability to look detached in all classes.

- To Marie Carpenter I leave my love of the Sciences. May she attain such success as I have in Philosophy. To Donalda Kelley goes my dimple. The happy faculty I possess for preparing Apologetics speeches, I leave to wh ever needs it most. My cap, which is always missing at Beads time, might as well become the joint property of those who have worn it all year. My love of the French language I leave to Gerry Meagher, and my outstanding love of work I leave to whoever has the character to bear up under such a legacy.
- I. Mary Gene Agnes Stevens, do hereby will and bequeath to Doris Dyer my love for Rockingham village and the comfort found in a Chesterfield. To Mary Mulcahey I leave my curling tongs as well as the ability to use them. To Peg Daley my sylph-like figure, may she ever receive congratulations on it even as I did. To Marie Carpenter I leave my yawn, to be used only in Latin class. To Marguerite Keenan I leave my "promptness". For information regarding this virtue, see Sister Francis de Sales.
- I. Rose E. Sullivan, though not wishing to dispose of any of my possessions, but at the same time reluctant to depart without leaving some remembrance, do hereby bequeath to Mary Sawyer my ability to stare people in the eye without a blush; to Lenore Pelham full control of the radio in the Social Room; to Dorothy Webb my excess weight; to Patricia Jones my height, so that she may be more in the public eye; to Verta Curry my job of mailing the social notes; to Marie Carpenter my most becoming coiffure; to all present and future students of Mount Saint Vincent, my best wishes.
- I, Kathleen Alice Teresa Thompson, do this day, leave and bequeath to Gladys Camp my ability to get to town even when I miss the bus, and my inestimable love of "Graham Wafers". To Mary Pumple, I leave the all-famous white collared blouse, to wear to dinner every day so that her color may increase as mine has. To the future students of Math. I, I leave my wonder and surprise and intelligent questions on all problems in this class, and my convincing excuses of the bus being off schedule on Math days. I leave to Madeline Jones, my "luck"??. She alone will understand it. To all the students of P.T., forever and aye I leave my ten years' experience. To Marguerite Keenan I leave my wideawakeness and utter lack of dreaminess. To Peg Daley I sadly part with my tap dancing, knowing that she can give it more weight than I. Being the world's worst writer I leave this ability to Gerry Meagher and Mary MacLean in remembrance of our chats in French class. My singing roice I keep it -- it would be too heavy a burden for anyone to wwn.
- I, Jane de Blois Thorup, do hereby will and bequeath to Jennie McMahon our tidy room for the inspection of visitors and also an animated mask to replace her own. To Rita Mancini and Tina MacInnis respectively I leave "Sparky" and "Scottie" (to be renamed "Booty") that these fond pets of mine may imitate their new mistresses as boon companions. To these two young ladies I also bequeath our room, with my roommate's permission, that their friendship may have even better opportunities for its continuation during their remaining college years. To Marie Carpenter I leave, with tears of regret, those well-known articles --- "Bloobies" and do hereby desire that they may give her as much comfort as they at one time gave me. To Donalds Kelley I leave my raven tresses so that her "switching" days will soom be over. To Marguerite Keenan I leave my ability to dash over three Filghts of stairs in record time that she may always arrive in History classes promptly.

We nominate and appoint Miss Irene Veniot, executrix of this, our last will and testament and direct that no bond be required of her in virtue of

such appointment.

In witness whereof, we, the Graduates of '36, Mount Saint Vincent College, hereunto set our hand and seal on this the twenty seventh day of May in the Year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-six.

Eleanor Coady Catherine Gallant
Mergaret Cummingo Margaret Morrissely.
Katherine De Van Hene Humens

Dolores Donnetty Rose Sullivan
Kathleen a Thompson Rose Chambers

Tame Howg

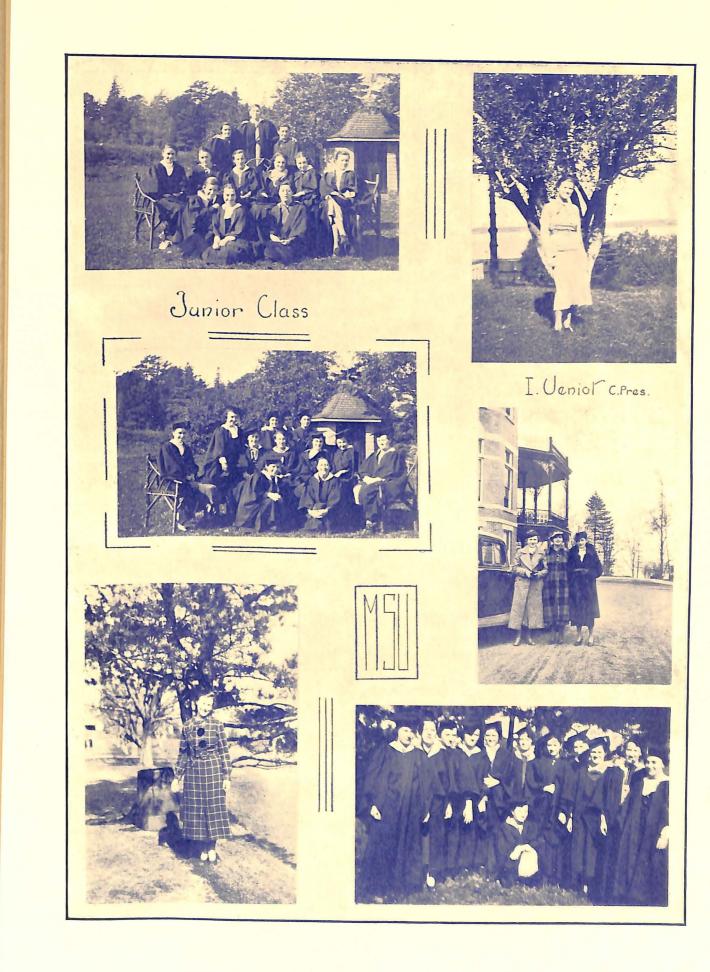
*W.TNESSETH: SIGNED BY SAID TESTATORS; as their last will at whose request and whose presence, we have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses

Kathleen Deary J.V.P. Marquerite Keenan



This drawing and those on Page 33 are the work of Patricia M. Jones, '38.

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Bowed under a load of "make-believe" ashes and with my neck sore from the rubbing of an imaginary rope. I write with fingers stiffened from the drippings of an invisible candle -- I make the following confession -- -- I dealt in Black Magic!!!!! Yes, I did! You see it started this way: June is the month of roses, brides, and graduates the last being all important at M. S. V. at present; and it always brings a lot of wondering about what is going to happen to the dear graduates once they've gone forth into the big, bad world. The College Mistress, in particular, began to worry over the futures of her eleven pets -- so much so that the fourth pew in the Chapel was a veritable Cave of the Winds from the sighs occasioned by the sight of her little darlings at their orisons. I decided one day, after a particularly gusty sigh had given me a chill, to find out a few things regarding the future of the Class of 1936 --but how??? An idea came to me in Apologetics class when a heated discussion on Spiritism was going on -- why not try it? Accordingly at the dead of night I squeaked down to the Lav. and there in the waste-basket I concocted a potion that made the brew of Macbeth's Three Witches look like ordinary H2O. (and I found all the ingredients on the College flat. too!) I stirred it well and then I commanded a spirit to come forth. Suddenly I felt a hand on my arm and a voice whispered, "Well, what will you have?" I was so stunned that I could only mutter, "I just want to know things about the Class of 36" "That's easy" said It. "watch!"

A blue cloud had begun to fill the room and when it had settled I saw before me a map of Europe. "Traduisez" I said to the spirit----he came back "Silence----that's all" "What's silence?" I asked still rather bewildered. "Well, listen, "said the Voice. "Eleanor Coady has been Dictator for Europe for the last ten years and we haven't heard a word from the whole continent since she went in to office! Can you stand anymore?" I wagged my head and the map slowly faded out.

A bubbling commenced in the "cauldron" and there I saw facing me the interior of a huge theater. The stage was dimly lit and suddenly a figure danced forth from the wings, "who---what" I muttered. "Margaret Cummings" said the Voice----"and that isn't all----Rose Sullivan is her partner. They're known as the Female Nijinsky and the Second Pavlova. The ballet they are going to do is called the "Dance of the Dying Falmingo!" I was speechless but I watched the two flamingos pirouetting and capering about for a few minutes before the picture faded. "Suppression will out!" whispered the Voice as another bubbling started. I was ready for anything now----but who could this be? This pale creature, thin to emaciation, lying on a chaise longue and writing busily between hacking coughs. "Camille!" I called out. "Camille nothing," said the Voice, "That's Donnelly--Dolores to you. She's writing her autobiography--"Cracks from a Broken Heart!, Remember what a heart breaker she was herself?"

"What's going to happen to Kay DeVan?" I asked. "Take it easy" said my spirited friend "you're in for a bit of a jolt!" The smoke by this time had formed a picture of a gay group gathered around someone or other. By their Bohemian appearance I guessed them to be Artists. "The Latin Quarter--Paris" It hissed into my ear. And then I saw Kay! Zowie, what a change! Curls all over her head--red nail-polish and enough lipstick to do over the Little Red Schoolhouse. She was doing a tap-dance that would have made Fred Astaire turn green with envy. "Yes, our little Kay has changed." It declared smugly, "She's splitting Paris wide-open!"

Kay went back into smoke again and I was all prepared for another picture when It said in a sad voice "Don't take this too hard."-----A tombstone flashed from the smoke-----"Poor Kathleen Thompson, sobbed the Spirit, "You know the way she used to yawn? Well the last time she yawned-----she swallowed herself! Always self-effacing, that was our little Kay," and then sniffingly added"----She used to make good fudge----didn't she?"

We were still in a sad mood when another picture formed. Books—books everywhere—and in the midst of them a student—"Who's that?"—"Listen—Carp, don't be stupid"—Dal and the Chemistry of Mount St. Vincent. Clever! Yes, that's Rose Chambers—Dr. Chambers. Its the Latin she teaches at Dal, if you don't mind." I lapsed into impressed silence as the smoke cleared from about a little house. A boy and a girl were playing in the front yard. At just that moment the Mother appeared or should I say waddled to the door. "Why Berchmas Power!" She called. "What are you doing to your little sister, Mary Agnes?" "Horrors,"I gasped as I eyed the rotund Mama on the door step——"that can't be Gene Stevens." "Yes, it is;" said It, "Marriage agrees with her."

At this point the little house disappeared and I saw a large dark looking mansion. "Who lives there?" I asked--"Marg Morriscey"--It said scornfully. "She lives alone with her lace curtains, her knitting, and her cat--She's through with the world and men in particular. You know the type!"

Then I found myself in a "Ye Itsey Bitsy Babye Shoppe"--I gaped questioningly -- "Kay Gallant models clothes here," It answered, "She was too small for anything else."

"There's one more, "I said, "Jane". "Here she is"--It remarked and I beheld Jane applying grease paint. "An actress?"--"Yes", It said, "but also Chief Curtain Puller, Upper--Scene Shifter, Play-writer, and Star of Thorup Productions. Too bad--

"Thanks awfully", I said to It--and the next apparition was the "Lady with the Lamp", the College Mistress, who had me scurrying to bed with the invitation, "Report to me in the morning". Oh--well.

Marie Carpenter, 37.

SENIOR YEAR (Concluded from Page 22) a most interesting account of the Eucharistic Congress held in Cleveland; Reverend Celestine Kapsner, O.S.B., preached a sermon on the liturgical movement in the Church; Right Reverend Monsignor McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow, who gave us the great pleasure of allowing us to adopt him, and who, on his visit to the Mount, gave such an interesting talk on his mission work; Reverend James Boudreau, a White Father, who delivered an illustrated lecture on his missionary activities in Africa. This surely is a most awe-inspiring list.

And now our time is swiftly drawing to its close, and we find ourselves about to perform our several duties for the last time. It is an exciting yet a sad thought. Who knows what we shall be doing a year hence? But, whatever it may be and wherever we may go, we shall not, cannot, put our College home far from our thoughts. This is the year that we shall remember; this is the year that we shall look back upon when life's hold is strong upon us.

Rose Sullivan, '36.



CLASS DAY

ORATION



The goal has been reached! We, the graduates of 1936, pause on the bridge dividing old and new, and though eager to reach the other side—the new world with its bright hopes and fresh interests—yet we ghance back once again before the road that we have just left behind becomes merely a memory of former times.

For most of us the journey through our college days, has been in some ways, a difficult one, though many times we have been spurred on by the help of a friendly hand, or a tword of encouragement. Now perhaps as we look back on the milestones we have passed successfully, there may be a pardonable inclination in us to whisper to ourselves "well-done", and to breathe a sigh of relief at the prospect of having attained our end.

It has been said, however, that a College degree is not a favor, it is a responsibility: it is not a gift, it is a debt. This is but too true. We were of our own accord enrolled as college students and have worked to obtain our degrees, though fully conscious of the responsibilities that would be ours as graduates of Mount Saint Vincent. Now let us face them.

The debt and responsibility incurred with our baccalaureate degree is really threefold: to our Alma Mater--to our parents--to ourselves. Our teachers, during our college career, have given of their best to us--surely we are not going to begrudge our best to them, especially when this is summed up merely in our sincere resolution to make it our aim in life to reflect credit always upon the College from which we are graduated and to remain its loyal, devoted daughters. Our parents too have sacrificed, or at least have made it possible for us to attain this realization of our present ambition: let us repay them by showing that we have made good use of the golden opportunity afforded us by them, and that their parental pride in us is not going to be just a fleeting memory of Convocation. Finally, we owe it to ourselves to preserve and cherish the noble standards and principals inculcated in us at Mount Saint Vincent.

Are we going to make the mistake of a large group of university women of today, who set out after Commencement determined to impress rather than to improve the world--or are we instead resolved to give to the world the best we have? If the latter aim is ours, let us enlist immediately in the ranks of Catholic College women pledging ourselves now--

"On Earth's battlefield, never a vantage to yield, While dauntlessly on we swing:
Comrades true, dare and do-Neath the Queen's white and blue,
For our flag, for our faith, for Christ the King."

Marie Dolores Donnelly '36

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Sodality



Activities

On September 23 the first Sodality meeting of the year was held for the purpose of installing the officers who had been elected previously: Prefect-Katherine DeVan; Secretary-Doloros Donnelly; Treasurer-Catherine Gallant. Dolores Donnelly and Katherine DeVan were elected Sacristans of Our Lady's Shrine. A special program had been arranged, consisting of an instruction on the aims and purposes of the Sodality the taking of promises of fidelity by the officers, and the reception of symbols of office by them. After a Hymn and the Act of Consecration to Our Lady, the Dean addressed us in a few words and left two beautiful thoughts with us: (1) that personal holiness is something very simple as we find from Our Lady's life on earth; (2) that when we receive Our Lord in Holy Communion, it is not only Christ Who does us a favor but we also do Him a favor in helping to repeat the joys of the Ascension as, in us, after Holy Communion, the Three Divine Persons meet.

In order to outline a program for the year's activities a special meeting of the officers and representatives from each class was called. A number of committees were appointed including those of former years, namely:—The Bulletin Board Committee under the leadership of Marie Carpenter who later resigned and was succeeded by Catherine Gallant and Kathleen Deasy; and the Committee for the Reviewing of Catholic Literature under the direction of Dolores Donnelly. The following new committees were formed: that for the Spread of Reverence and Piety, with Irene Veniot as Chairman; a Queen's Work Study Committee, under the direction of Loretta Brady; a General Order Committee, under the supervision of Catherine Gallant; and a Liturgy Study Committee with Katherine DeVan as Chairman. The Bulletin Board Committee deserves special commendation and particularly is Catherine Gallant's work worthy of praise. Marie Forhan and Patricia Jones contributed also to the success of this feature of Sodality work.

Early in the year, the Liturgy Committee gave a pictorial representation of the Mysteries of the Rosary which was well received. The Literature Committee reported once in December, and the Queen's Work Committee once in the same month. With these exceptions, it may be said that the Committees failed to function, and it looked as though our Catholic Action program was to exist but in name. To prevent this, suggestions were called for to see in what channel we might direct our efforts successfully. This resulted in the formation of two Study Clubs, -- one for the Study of the Mass, with Eleanor Coady

as President and Sister Inez as Leader; the other for the Study of the Toctrine of the Mystical Body with Kathleen Deasy as President and our Dean as Leader. These Clubs meet weekly and we are happy to report that interest has never waned since their formation. They have been most helpful to the members, and should bear fruit for all our lives.

A new feature of our Catholic Action program this year was the organizing of two clubs for the study of the Liturgy of the Mass among the young girls employed at the Mount. The club for the French girls was held under the direction of Cathorine Gallant, and that for the English speaking girls under the leadership of Targaret Cummings

On December 8, six of the College girls were received into the Sodality. The impressive reception coremony was held in the Mount Chapel after which our Chaplain, Reverend Father C'Reilly, addressed the girls, urging them soriously to observe their Coild of Wary pledge. The ceremony closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

The Sodality was no less enthusiastic this year in the response to the Christmas call for assistance. A sum of money was donated to the Orphanage Fund, and the Bundle Committee was appointed as usual, with excellent results. A novel method was employed this year in regard to the Rockingham Christmas Tree activity, the project being turned over the the senior girls? The results be spoke the wisdom of this plan.

During the year, the Sodality had the opportunity of hearing an address on the subject, "Canadian Pioneer Foundresses of Religious Orders," given by Sister Maura. Sister stressed principally the Foundress of the Ursulines, Mère Marie of the Incarnation, and sketched, with characteristic vividness, the life and works of that great woman. On the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes and that of the Annunciation, coronation ceremonies took place.

Again this year, a special program was prepared for Vocation Week, with Dolores Donnelly as General Chairman. A Chairman or Committee was selected from each class in order to arrange and supervise the respective programs. Vocation Week opened on March 16. Miss Donnelly gave an impressive explanation of Vocation Week and the benefits to be derived from it. Reverend Father O'Reilly, the guest speaker, then explained very beautifully how we can find the three Vocations exemplified in the life of our Lady. On Tuesday evening. the Freshman-Sophomore classes presented a play advocating Vocational Guidance in the Catholic college. The program of the evening was under the direction of Mary Sawyer, Margaret McDonough and Geraldine Meagher. On Wednesday evening, the Junior class, under the leadership of Marie Carpenter, presented tableaux representing scenes taken from the lives of several great Catholic mothers. On Thursday evening, the Senior class presented a play entitled 'Life's Gift Shop" with the purpose of showing that the greatest gift life can offer is the Religious Life. Margaret Cummings and Katherine DeVan were in charge of this program with Margaret Morriscey playing the leading role. As a conclusion to Vocation Week, several appropriate resolutions were taken in order that the fruit of the activities might not be confined to this week only.

During vacation, there remains to us the duty of keeping the resolutions which we have made and helping in every way to foster the honor due to our Blessed Mother, so that we may live in such a way as to deserve to be called "A Child of Wary." To those of us particularly, who, this year are leaving College as graduates, will the Church and our own parish look for examples of living according to high principles. It may be that they will judge of our

Blessed Mother, our Alma Mater, and our own Mother, by our conduct of ourselves.

Katherine DeVan, '36.

THE COLLEGE MISSION CLUB

Another year in the annals of Mission activities has passed, and it is with the thought that it has been a successful year that we review the highlights of our Mission doings of 1936, under the following slate of officers:

The meetings were held every second Thursday of the month, and through reports and literary articles, all were made familiar with the intensive work of home and foreign missions. Perhaps the most momentous event in Mission circles this year was the Maritime Convention of the C.C.S.M.C. held over the weekend of November 9, in Halifax. Already in former issues of the Kappa, we have dealt at length with the success of this Convention, in bringing us into contact with zealous missionaries and acquainting us with our fellow Crusaders in the Maritime Provinces. As a result of this Convention, the Mount Saint Vincent Unit adopted Monsignor McGrath, an ardent toiler in the mission fields of China. Monsignor McGrath has written us several times, keeping us in immediate touch with his inspiring work.

"Mission Circles," originated by Father Hugh Sharkey of Vancouver, B.C., have been started in the college; the proceeds of these circles are to be used to Christianize the Chinese in Western Canada.

We have concentrated our efforts on prayer this year, the important event in this section being the seven days of prayer which we offered up solely for mission causes. Stamps have been collected weekly, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to various requests. With our limited funds, we have answered several appeals for help from both our home and foreign missions. Both College and Academy gave plays, teas, and a Treasure Hunt to raise funds; and the students attended similar affairs at Saint Patrick's High School and Saint Mary's College. The literary section has been successful in collecting magazines, some of these being used by the poor and the infirm in hospitals!

The mission spirit has been high and the enthusiasm most responsive, and it is with a feeling of sarisfaction that we note our activities of 1936, and extend to the officers of 1937, our best wishes for their work.

Kathleen A. Thompson, '36.

CLASS PIANO IN THE SCHOOL

Years ago, to suggest that a child could learn to play the piano by "taking lessons" with a group of other children, would have been to place oneself under a ban, to be labelled as not intelligent, and to render oneself liable to many other unflattering opinions. Today, in Canada, over ten thousand children are so instructed, and the results prove the group method, not only good, but better for the early grades.

True, there are many types of class instruction so-called; and these have made the progress of real teaching in class, difficult and slow; for the average Canadian parent adjusts himself to new ideas more slowly. He is not partial to fads. The Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music sponsors something quite different from a fad. The groups are small, the children graded according to age, the expedients for retaining interest many, the period short and filled with action, and each child plays at every lesson. The text books used are delightful, and "doses" of theory planned to suit only the lesson of the day. Technique is done by all the children at the same time; the theory is taught thus also, and in so short a space of time that the child cannot weary or lose interest.

The advantages over private instruction are many. Among others, I might mention the wholesome spirit of emulation, the interest in the progress of classmates, the ease with which public performance is accomplished through the constant playing before others. Then, there is the good sportmanship of taking the correction of companions in well-directed criticism. This latter is also productive for each member of the class—she avoids mistakes she hears spoken of when she comes to play.

The teacher, of course, must be experienced, know how to conserve time, retain interest, and work toward daily progress in each child. No one who is ignorant of the principles of pedagogy and child psychology should attempt group teaching. But, after all, should anyone attempt even private instruction without this equipment?

However, this is well taken care of in Canada. The Bureau has seen to it, that no one unsponsored by it, will be admitted by the school-boards of the various provinces, to teach in their schools. Each teacher must have taken a special course and have received her certificate, and this is in itself a guarantee to the parents of Canadian Children. It is to be regretted that so little of this is known by the average Canadian. Sometime, we hope, the Canadian Bureau will see its way clear to doing more advertising, giving its course more chance to expand, and, by publicity, make known to the people what a wonderful opportunity for their children lies at their very doors.

Muriel Carey, B. M.





Notes

The music department blossomed out with an unusally large number of would-be Paderewskis, Lily Pons, and Fritz Kreislers from the College. This was evidenced at the recitals, which occurring at fairly regular intervals since the opening of school showed the talent of the performers and were instructive as well as entertaining. Our "Post grads", Muriel Carey and Mary Dee, contributed toward the enjoyment of some of these. Others taking part were Eleanor Coady, Rita Mancini, Mary MacLean and Jennie MacMahon.

Choral is still popular with Practice once a week; and although the opportunities of "showing off" were limited, when it was possible the members gave very creditable performances. At present choruses are being worked up for commencement, and the Orbis Factor Mass is being learned by both College and Academy pupils for the Baccalaureate Mass.

Classes in Harmony, History of Music, and Normal have also been claiming their quota of time from prospective musicians.

May is, as usual, the month of recitals and it is certainly getting its share. Mary MacLean and Joan Davison gave a joint recital on April 28 (There goes the May theory). Other recitals scheduled for this month are those being given by Mary Dee, in vocal, Eileen Joyce in violin, a joint semi-public recital by Eleanor Coady in Dramatics, and Donalda Kelley in piano.

The Masters are still getting their share of attention from musicians and altogether music is like everything else, on the up and up. Who knows, the Metropolitan or the Concert stage may some day be claiming our artists?

Donalda Kelley '38

RECITAL--APRIL 28, 1936

Mary MacLean------Pianist

Joan Davison------Violinist

PROGRAMME

Sonata in A Andante Handel

Romance Polonaise Dancla Bohm

Allegro

Monti

Joan Davison
Madeline Jones (accompanist)

Joan Davison
Madeline Jones (accompanist)

Morwegian Dance Grieg Polonaise MacDowell Hungarian Mary MacLean Mary MacLean Mary MacLean

One Act Play The Silver Lining Darcy McKay Dorothy Mackasey

Agnes O'Donnell -----

RECITAL--May 12, 1936

Eleanor Coady Reader Donalda Kelly Pianist

FROGRAMME

Rhapsody G Minor Brahms Vestigia Bliss Carman . Donalda Kelly

Nails Leonard Feeney, S.J.

Eleanor Coady

Main Street Joyce Kilmer
The Fool's Prayer E. P. Sill

Pleanor Coady

E. P. Sill Contentment

Eleanor Coady

Blind Ploughman

Tarentella Rranz Drdla (accompanist -- Muriel Carey)

I Vant to Fly Selected

Roses in Madrid Isabella Crawford

Eileen Joyce, Joan Davison (accompanist Madeleine Jones)

A Little Bit O'Honey W.G. Wilson Eleanor Coady Little Boy Blue Sandy's Romance Eugene Field

dy's Romance

Eleanor Coady

Aus dem Carnival

Donalda Kelly En Bateau Zechwer op. 30

Sonata No. 17 Beethoven A Cry from an Indian Wife Johnson Donalda Kelly Eleanor Coady

GRADUATION RECITAL--May 30, 1936

Mary L. Dee, B.Mus. Mezzo Soprano

Muriel Carey, B.Mus.

Accompanist

PROGRAMME

The Spinning Song German Folk Song Muriel Carey, Dorothy Mackasey

(arr. by Reimann)

Violin Obligato--Eileen Joyce (With String Ensemble)
"The Erlking" Goethe Sonata--C Minor Mary Dee (trans. by Baker) (Organ and Piano)

Dorothy Mackasey

Erlkonig Schubert
Nicolette M. Rayel Nicolette Nicolette M. Ravel
"Una Voce Poca Fa" Rossini

from "Barber of Seville"

Concerto--E Minor Mendelssohn Allegretto non troppo

Allegretto multo vivace

"The Lass with the Delicate Air" Arne Scene: "Mary Romney" McKay Catherine McGowan

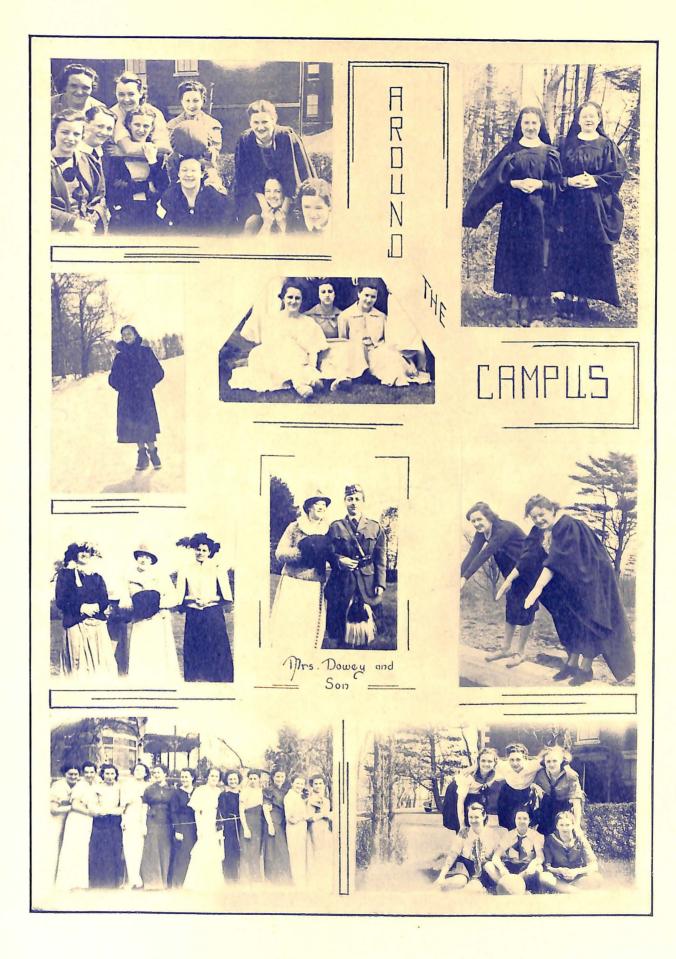
The Two Grenadiers Schubert Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix "Lullaby" from Jocelyn Godard ("Samson and Delilah") Saint-Saens

Multo Adagio

Rondo presto Muriel Carey, Mary Dee

Silver Mary Dee

"Woe Unto Them" Mendelssohn from Elijah (Continued on Page)



Dear Alice

Last fall in one of your letters, you asked me this question: "What has Home Economics to offer the young girl in the way of immediate returns" Then you continued to say: "Oh I know it trains one for a career -dietitian, teacher, demonstrator, institutional or home manager and the like. All college courses offer training for a career. But I am interested in what Household Economics offers over and above these things -- what a girl can get from it here and now--in self-development, that perhaps other courses--Arts and Music -- do not give her to the same extent."

When you wrote this, I felt there was "something different" yet, at the moment. I couldn't satisfy you with a definite answer. Now I can, and am going to. I want you to come to Mount Saint Vincent next September and prove to yourself that what I am going to tell you is not exaggerated one bit.

First, the course instils into one's character self-reliance, dependability and reliability. It is surprising just how much a confidence in one's self will tend toward making one's work a success. And success in so many lines depends upon the spirit of co-operation, and I believe in no other college course is the factor of teamwork so prominent. Then, one cannot be cooperative without being generous, so you see that a Home Economics course will help you develop that excellent quality.

You know how little place there is in the world for a person who is not reliable. Alice. Yet we both have experienced that dependability isn't an easy title to earn. I know some girls who have never been called on to practise it at home -- their fathers and mothers did everything for them; and you know them too. Well, sometime in life, unless they can qualify as reliable, there's a big disappointment awaiting them. "What has this to do with Home Economics?" you say. Just this! You can't pass the course without these qualities -- you see someone's dinner depends upon it in "Large Quantity Cooks ery," a hundred people's suppers! And, if I had time, I could give many other instances. It's a course requiring just these qualities almost above all others.

We know that almost everyone has an innate desire to possess a striking personality, and what better chance could you afford yourself of acquiring such than following the studies as outlined by the Household Science Department of a good college -- and the training we students here at Mount Saint Vin cent receive is of the highest standard. "Proficiency and Reliability" is the motto--and this it should be among Household Science students since the work for which they are preparing themselves requires just these.

Without courtesy and thoughtfulness there is no successfulraccial life for a young girl. There are ever so many opportunities to develop these in a Home Economics Course. We are trained to be a successful hostess through actually "performing the part" often. And how often, in this age of parties, one may be called upon unexpectedly to be hostess at any little informal party.

Just think how much a little self-confidence and experience will help at a
time like this!

Then, as to its usefulness in your home life, the Home Economics course is in a class by itself. It gives you such a feeling of satisfaction to entertain at a little Bridge Party and be able to say you prepared the salad and "dainties" yourself. And how good it feels to be able to say also, "Oh, I made this dress in the holidays. We learn sewing in our course, you know."

And here I am not even mentioning the advantage of being able to dress in such a way as to express one's personality.

The vocation to which many young women look forward is marriage, and to this again the knowledge learned from this course lends itself readily. You remember the old saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." And if it happens to be through his eye, why then if you have a hidden talent for interior decorating, this course above all others will give you the chance to develop and display your artistic ability

And as for the Home Nursing Class--its usefulness is beyond words. How often you'd like to know what to do when Johnny cuts his finger or Mary turns her ankle! And when your Mother gets one of her bad headaches how you'd love to make her as comfortable as possible! In your case, how to make a "croup tent" would be wonderful when Frank has his annual croup attack. Everything about this course is so practical.

Now, Alice, have I given you any light on the immediate returns you can get from a Home Economics course? If I have been successful in doing so, we shall see you next September at Mount Saint Vincent College following the footsteps of

Your devoted chum, Viola Pride, '38.

OUR HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

This year saw the addition of six students to our collegiately well-known and much appreciated department. They are the first to have the privilege of using the new Kitchenette and Dining Room which were presented by the Dean. These are highly prized gifts for which we have long been wishing. The cream and green color scheme of the Kitchenette make it very inviting. The panelled walls and glass doors, between the rooms and the main classroom add to the cosy effect. Those of us who had already finished Toods I and II have only one regret, that we have not been privileged to share with the present Foods classes the use of this delightful apartment.

Both the Foods and Dietetics classes have taught us what constituents are found in the foods we eat and we know their effect upon man's body. Therefore, we can plan well-balanced meals for the young and the old, the healthy and the sick, the rich and the poor. In themselves, the Foods classes are chiefly concerned with the preparation and service of the meals.

The Large Quantity Cooking Class has given us in addition to the above, a knowledge of ordering in large amounts and preparing meals for large numbers. There was also an indirect benefit to the school in general from this class,

in that the students looked forward to Thursday's supper with especial interest. They continually awaited something extra good from us. With everything else, this class certainly gives us an added feeling of confidence when we come to the end of our college years.

Txtreme changes have been made in the clothing section. No longer do we look for the Sewing Room in the hidden corner of the top flat. It has come to rest in the former Aloysian Classroom on the Academy flat. "Gone are the days when our hearts were young and gay!" No more singing; lowered voices are now the rule. However, the move has had its compensations in improved lighting and in the addition of two very large cases with glass doors through which one may now see our newest "creations" on display. Then, mention must be made of the new oak table, with individual drawers, and length sufficient for any cutting problems; the sewing machine seats; and the armchairs. All just a few of the dreams of our teacher come true!

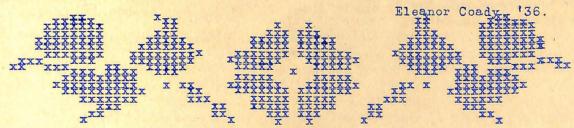
Few people realize what romance there is to be found in the materials of which our clothes are made. Those who are lucky enough to take a Textile course know the histories connected with the fiber discoveries. They also know through what processes the fibers go to become thread, these to be finally woven or knitted into fabrics or textiles.

In the Hygiene course we have learned what to do and what not to do if we mean to live healthy, useful lives. Then in case some member of our family has the misfortune to become sick we have Home Nursing to aid us. The course is not only theoretical but practical. We can set up all necessary types of trays, as well as make bed trays, foot stools, and medicine chests—these projects having been part of the past year's Home Nursing Course.

The Bacteriology class increased an already wholesome desire to avoid germs. But at the same time a knowledge of the methods of germ control was imbibed which did much to give us a feeling of safety where they were concerned.

Design and Interior Decoration gave us all a wonderful chance to express our individuality and sense of beauty. Frequently the effects achieved were startling to the artist as well as to her classmates and teacher. However this did not prevent final results from being generally most attractive-pleasures to behold.

The usual "last but not least" applies to the Home Management--Human Relationships course. Far from being least, it is perhaps the most important of all the classes. Of what use is any degree unless one knows how to live happily among his fellowmen? More particularily, perhaps, does this apply to Home Economics students. They above all should know how to deal with others; to keep the home happy; to radiate happiness to all those with whom they come in contact. It adds the finishing touch to a most interesting, varied and useful course of studies.



The Practical and Interesting Aspect of Chemistry.

This is a message to be read especially by the Freshettes and the sophomores of this year, who will be heaving a heavy sigh (not of relief) in September, when they find that Chemistry is an obligatory subject-perhaps they are already aware of the fact and are looking forward with dread. A double period too! How shall I ever live through it?--will be the cry from many. Strange, how prejudiced we are toward "obligatory things---"

You'd be surprised how quickly two hours slide by, when more than half that time is spent performing experiments—interesting experiments. An experiment performed with care and patience (yes, you must have patience) and one that produces the desired effect, will give a satisfaction that everyone enjoys and which, I think, is greater than that derived from solving a difficult problem in Mathematics. If suddenly, without warning the necessary reaction takes place, after a whole morning's hard work, regardless of how tired you may be, there is always that feeling of success which makes all your labor worth while. Nothing is quite so uplifting as the thought that you have succeeded. In the laboratory too, there is always the thrill of working: with dangerous materials—strong acids, fatal gases, high explosives.

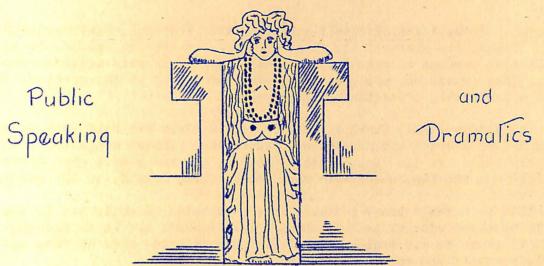
College Chemistry is far more interesting than the course given in high schools. The first part of the year is devoted to inorganic chemistry, and the latter part to organic, or the chemistry of foods. A week or two is set aside especially for the history and the actual processes in photography. In a darkened room plates and films are made, exposed, fixed and developed without the assistance of any commercial preparations. Photography also includes the making of "blue prints" and "sepias". This phase of science suggests an amusing hobby for anyone interested.

Perhaps the most interesting and practical things of this year were our "projects". Each girl in the class was made responsible for the manufacture in the laboratory of some material, or product. We were free to choose from a list of projects; some of the things chosen were, the making of dyes, perfume, paints, matches, crystals, rubber, silk, ink, candy dye, and soap. Who would think that by mixing acids, bases, ammonia, etc. a beautiful artificial silk cord could be produced, or that a saturated solution slowly cooled would form crystals of various shapes and colors? All these things were done in the laboratory on a small scale, and they make us realize that many industries, providing us with necessities and luxuries, are based on scientific principles and the discoveries of chemists.

You have seen the film of the "Life of Louis Pasteur". You all must have admired this great chemist and his efforts from which we today derive untold benefits. When you enter the Dean's office at the beginning of the new term and are given chemistry among your subjects, determine to become, not another Louis Pasteur or Madame Curie, but an interested student, especially in the practicability of chemistry.

Verta C. Curry '37

問題



"Oratory is the great power that moves nations to dare and do. It was oratory that wrecked Rome and made Christianity live. Extemporaneous speaking should be cultivated. However able and faithful a lawyer may be, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make speech.--Abraham Lincoln.

Today, as never before, the fluency and eloquence of our speech is an essential in our daily lives. We, at present, are living in a world in which our success depends very greatly on our Public Speaking ability. No matter what course of life we choose, if we have been well trained in this art, we shall have a decided advantage over our co-workers. And this is the advantage that a Mount Saint Vincent College student possesses over those attending many other Canadian colleges—a course in Public Speaking at her disposal, if she wishes to follow it, in conjunction with her other studies.

The subject is divided into three courses: (1) Speeches and Debates, (2) Dramatics, (3) Parliamentary Procedure. The study of speeches and debates is usually followed by the Freshmen and Sopho-more students. During the past year, these girls have made decided progress. A debate was held before the Dean by six members of the class as the first venture of the year. Then, before the adjournment for the Christmas holidays, a number of girls gave speeches also for Sister in order that she might see just how the class was progressing. Later in the year, a semi-public debate for the faculty and students was given, and it was noticed that this second debate was quite an improvement over the first--which was very encouraging to the would-be debaters.

The Dramatics Class, during the course of the year, presented four plays, and a noteworthy feature of these plays was the fact that the students themselves directed and produced them, as well as playing the roles. "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," the first presentation of the year was in honor of the Dean's Feast Day. It was a most amusing comedy and proved the ability of the students as producers and directors. Previous to the Christmas vacation, a short play entitled "Horace" was given. Another comedy was presented in "The Purple Door Knob", on Saint Patrick's Day. The class then concluded the year's activities with "The Tea Kettle on the Rocks;" that this play was thoroughly enjoyed was proved by the laughter of the audience.

The students of Parliamentary Procedure have participated in mock sessions in order to acquaint themselves with the order of proceedings as carried on in Parliament. Each girl has taken the place of chairman and secretary sometime during the year. All motions were brought into play and

seconded. Unusual and difficult questions were proposed, discussed and settled. Toward the close of the year, Mr. A. J. Haliburton and Mr. J. A. Walker were present at one of these classes and three mock sessions were held. These girls are now capable of discussing many of the problems that might arise during a session of Parliament.

On Tuesday night, March 31, the Oratory Contest was held, the judges being Mr. Haliburton and Mr. Walker. There were sixteen contestants and all did very well. At the close of the speeches, the two judges gave their comments and remarks, which were very encouraging, indeed, to the girls.

This is . but a short resume of the work being accomplished in the Public Speaking classes here at Mount Saint Vincent, but it is enough. I am sure, to prove to you what excellent progress is being made in this subject by the students who are following it.

Viola Pride *38

REMINISCENCES OF A BUSY YEAR.

Yes, it was a busy year, despite the raised eyebrows of several who will attempt to read my masterpiece. It was a busy year, and in no other have I gained such a wealth of valuable knowledge; for it has not been mere gathering of theory alone, but the application of this theory and the putting it to the test of practice. Teaching! How little did the word signify in the past, how much more full now is the meaning of the term. Many times in the past have I answered the question, "What is the important characteristic of a good teacher?" "She must descend to the level of the child." It was a response, lacking in background, vague in signification, and utterly worthless unless inspired by experience. How many times a lesson plan must be changed, words erased, sentences altered, only a teacher or a post-graduate Education student can know. Even then, there is always the chance of seeing a puzzled look on the faces of your pupils, for their vocabulary experience lies far in the rear of the road we adults travel.

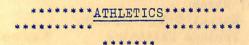
The often repeated statement of prospective teachers, "I can't picture myself before a class," was formerly on my lips also, but never will be again. The classroom places power within the hands of the young teacher: the beaming faces of school-children, expressing absolute trust in her ability inspire a self-confidence which I, for one, had never before experienced. Not even the formidable thought of my first lesson could force me to retract those words, which some may characterize as rash. Perhaps those kind words from this inexperienced teacher will bring joy to the hearts of the Education pupils of '37. They will agree, as I have, with writers who name teaching "the inspired profession."

I had often wondered what lay at the root of my intense interest for certain subjects, always attributing it to a natural liking and facility in studying them, never dreaming the great part an enthusiastic teacher played in arousing my interest. Enthusiasm is a miracle worker! It is inspiration to the pupils, even to those who have already acquired a distaste for certain classes. At this point a difficulty is presented. Perhaps you yourself have an abhorrence for a subject. Where is the source of enthusiasm? It lies in the purposeful effort to derive some pleasure out of that subject, to uproot a long lingering prejudice. Enthusiasm and interest in the subject will mount directly in proportion with the energy you apply to your work. Ideal-

istic, this counsel may appear; yet neglect the duty and the pupils will suffer, carrying away from school memories only of pranks and mischief-planning, and not one ounce of interest in that subject.

Perhaps you are beginning to imagine that our year was one unending stream of advice, but your supposition is wrong. There were many sessions in the classroom when others thought we had returned to the days of our child-hood--days spent at primary seatwork books, a, b, c, drawings, and such advanced phases of educational course. The weeks fled into months, as weeks do when one is busily employed, so that now at the end of our course and loathe to leave our a, b, c's, we, the post-graduates, promise those who follow in our footsteps, a worthwhile, eventful, and happy year, in spite of numerous scenes of Library tables adorned at full length with open Geography and History texts and surrounded by the worried faces of the Education students of '36.

Aileen Wilson, B.A., '35.



A review of sport activities of the year 1935-1936 includes a short survey of basketball, tennis, skating, badminton. The big basketball game of this year was won by the Academy team defeating the College by the close score 13-12. A fine spirit of good sportsmanship was noticed throughout the game. Tuesday night practices throughout the year showed a steady enthusiasm, providing some excellent material for this year's team.

In September, the majority of the students returned laden with tennis racquets. Competition waxed strong until the biting winds of November bade us turn indoors to the winter sport of badminton. The daily followers of this sport seen on the courts this year, were Mary MacLean, Gladys Camp, Irene Veniot and Kay Thompson. Interest in badminton should be more enthusiastic, for the more competent a badminton player, the better a tennis player.

Following Christmas, the ice on the College rink was excellent. Skating is a something in which most Canadian girls excel and many delightful winter week-ends were spent in this jolly sport.

Physical Training class was perhaps the most successful. P. T. class ever. The annual examination of students took place on April 30, each girl showing splendid physique and carriage and an ability to demonstrate and teach physical exercises. This is, indeed, an accomplishment. The entire class received certificates, and we take this opportunity of congratulating the winners of the Gold and Bronze Medals, namely, Marie Forham and Irene Veniot.

Hiking is the chief exercise of those girls who consider the other sports too strenuous. Hikes to the nearby villages are most popular, while the woodland trails on our own campus afford unusual opportunities.

Girl Guiding has come into its own in the last few years at the Mount. We now boast of a fine Girl Guide Company, captained by two of the College girls. A Company of Rangers has been organized and is getting slowly under way. We do want more Catholic Guiders in our cities and towns, and it is up (Continued on Page 93)

(Continued from Page 46)

Concerto--E Minor Mendelssohn

The Celestial Weaver G. Bantock The Floods of Spring Rachmaninoff Invocation to Life C.G. Spross

Eileen Joyce Madeline Jones (at the piano)

(With String Ensemble)

String Ensemble

2nd Violins Joan Davison

Cello Madeline Davison

Eileen Joyce Rita Mancini Emilienne Trudell

1st Violins

Zita O'Connor

Pinno

Marjorie Bartholomay

Madeline Jones, Muriel Carey

Mary Griffin

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

PROGRAMME

·Processional --

Huhn

...Festival March

Muriel Carey, B. Mus.

Rachmaninoff Piano Duet: Prelude Militaire

> D. Kelly M. Jones

Songs: Angels Guard Thee

B. Godard

Invocation to Life

C.J. Spross

Mary Dee, B. Mus.

Accompanist M. Carey, B. Mus.

Violin Obligato E. Joyce

Valedictory

Margaret Cummings

Choruses: Ave Maria

Marchetti Grieg

Anitra's Dance

Accompanist

Glee Club

M. Jones

Presentation of Candidates for Degrees

The Reverend J.B. O'Reilly, C.J.M.

Conferring of Degrees

The Right Reverend Thomas P. Curran, D.P.

Ave and Vale

Presentation of Certificates in Education

Address to the Graduates

Lauchlin D. Currie. M.L.A.

Processional

Selected

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament

Recessional

***** ***** *****





Secretarial Science and The Secretar

The Secretarial Science Course has as its motive "the production of perfect secretaries". Now comes the question the Secretarial Students abhor-it makes no difference "where" nor "when" nor "how" it is asked -- why waste the three years doing what seems to be accomplished by business students in one? Answering this question has become a bug-bear in the lives of the Secretarial Students. The "one year business course" has given and will give to the business world good typists and fast shorthand writers; but in this bee-hive of activity, the world today, involving stocks -- bonds -- crashes -- prosperity -depression and thousands of other economic problems--executives look for finesse and "savoir faire" in their secretary.

What, then, are some of the qualities which the great pillars of this busy world of ours are going to demand and look for in their secretary? First of all, Secretarial Science teaches us there must be poise and selfcontrol. These are essential. Consider for a moment, the condition of the employer's nerves at the end of a day with a secretary who insisted upon raining lightning-like blows upon the typewriter because he disapproved of a letter she passed to him to be signed. In her line of work, the secretary is dealing with specialists, therefore, she must have tact, "a way with people " and initiative. She must have the art of saying "no" to the wrong people at the right time. For her, an excellent memory is vital, for memory plays a part in the daily routine -- for instance, reminding the employer to send his long-forgotten daughter at college her allowance on time. Especially must she study her boss if she is to recognize and adapt herself to his moods.

Then comes appearance (not fashions, --with Paris madly dashing around for new modes daily). Neatness tops the list. A secretary should know how to dress for her positic .-- but should beware of those clothes that hit a person with a bang at the first glance--employers have to look at her all day. Mr. Buy Stocks comes into Mr. Brokerage and the first one he encounters is Miss Secretary, whose appearance suggest another depression-market-crash salary cut. Says Mr. Buy Stocks to himself "something mist be wrong on the stock market these days", and quietly makes an exit without being noticed. Shabbiness ruined that deal. Smart clothes pay a good dividend and cause a rise and fall in the employer's estimation. Why not take advantage of this? Also remember if the office wanted an add for cosmetics it would hire one and it doesn't exact it from the secretary. Nor is the office a demonstrating room for evening coiffeures. Still the boss does not expect his secretary to arrive at the office as if prepared for a "house-cleaning party."

Punctuality--can't you hear the sleepy heads shiver at this word which has almost become extinct in their "rush a day" world? Those stayers-upall night cringe at the thought of that 8.30 bus or car, but punctuality is absolutely necessary to reach any goal i the business world, and practice makes perfect -- as we at M.S.V. learn through dashing for chapel lines and

making 8.15 classes. The 1936 Secretarial Students can speak on punctuality --it/has become obsession with them to be at Typing Class ten minutes before the hum-drum begins!

The Secretary of today must, furthermore, be alert and energetic. She must be ever bright, courteous, willing, thorough, and patient throughout the day-this requires a certain amount of sleep from the night before. She must have complete knowledge of her work with facility of application. All this calls for hours of practice-this practice can only be obtained in the class-room under close supervision and with instruction. The Secretarials, after all their training here, will become, we hope, resourceful, versatile, thorough, and generally efficient.

Women's favorite past-time is gossiping, and what woman would be content to live in this world if she were never going to hear anything about the "Joneses" again. But secretaries should be cautious when it is their turn to render a "choice bit" at the weekly bridge club that the executives and the office are not to be chosen as their contribution to the anxious listeners. The secretary should know that the rules concerning professional secrets must never be forgotten. Neglect to follow these rules can and does bring about a great many disasters; reputations have been shattered, and fortunes lost, through the lack of this professional secrecy. The Secretarial Science course brings this out forcefully.

But all these qualities are attained only after tedious study and that is why the Secretarial Science Course exacts three years from its students before it will consider placing its trade-mark upon them as its products.

Margaret MacLean '37

The first year Secretarial Students have done very creditable work and have already attained a high degree of proficiency. Since this report must go in just previous to the time when we can begin to look for results it is not possible to give a complete account of the year's work. The following certificates were secured by the first of May.

	FILING	SHORTHAND			TYPEWRITING		
		Penmanship	Theory	Trans. criptions	Artistry	Words	50 Words
Doris Dyer	Dec.	Mar	Feb.	'Mar.	Feb.	Mar.	
Patricia Jones		Mar.	Feb.	Mar.			
Rita Mancini	Dec.	Mar.	Mar.		Feb.	Dec.	April
Tena MacInnis	Dec.	Mar. 1	April	April	Feb.	Dec.	March
Mary Pumple	Dec.	Mar.	Feb.	Mar.	Feb.	April	

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA

May 27, 1936

The Havelock Home North Sydney, Cape Breton

Dear Sir:

We received your shipment, September 16, Model R.V.M., size 13. We regret, however, that it is two sizes smaller than that which we are accustomed to receive.

We also bring to your attention the fact that with the approach of examinations one of the ocular demonstrators refused to function.

We are therefore returning it to you, with a complete new wardrobe, and expect you to have it adjusted to our satisfaction and returned by September 16, without fail.

Yours truly
Personnel Directress

Mount Saint Vincent College

Halifax, Nova Scotia

May 27, 1936

To the Trade:

Every Secretary is a being, but every being is not a secretary?

If you're going to be a Secretary, be a Secretary, but if you're not going to Secretary, don't be a Secretary—but if you are going to be a Secretary be a Secretary, and there is only one way for one to be a Secretary—Take your course at M. S. V. C.

The extra curricula activities de luxe are: decorating, entertaining, dramatics, tea-pouring, cookie-giving, house-cleaning, transportation, dittoing, and guilloting.

Learn to raise your manual extremity and stand on your pedal by -- TAKING a SECRETARIAL COURSE AT M. S. V. C.

Yours truly
The Personnel Directress

61

Mount Saint Vincent College

Halifax, Nova Scotia

May 28, 1936

Subject: Mary Esther Pumple

The Pumple Exporting Company Saint John, New Brunswick

Gentlemen:

The package, style M.E.P. shipped by you September 16, reached us unaffected.

This item has to some extent been satisfactory, and has fulfilled our expectations. We find, however, that the model has a few minor defects; viz:

- 1. The point of satisty is reached after only 176 hours of STEADY STUDY
- 2. There is a tendency for the article to become detached from its exterior parts.
- 3. The model shows a propensity to store supplies under the mattress, a practice which intensifies the depreciation of the company's equipment.

We are therefore returning "IT" to you with the request that you make a suitable adjustment.

Kindly send a refund immediately or return the goods to us in September in first class condition.

Yours truly

Personnel Directress

¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢¢

LOST: One girl--Patricia Jones missing:
Flash: Found the Academy Recreation Hall, One girl, height 4ft.llinches, Weight approximately 90 pounds with hands inclined to draw, and a slow vioce which is proof of her knowledge and speed in shorthand.
The same has been returned to the Secretarial Department.

Present

THE BIG HELP

A Modern Drama In Three Acts

Cast

The Big Help

Make It Up

Sew and Sew

Here Today and Gone Tomorrow

Better Late Than Never

Half a Loaf Is Better Than None

Prize Package

S.M.C.

Doris Dyer

Rita Mancini

Patricia Jones

Muriel Carey

Jean MacCormack

Mary Pumple

Act One

Floor One Time: September

(Atmosphere of confusion-characters at a loss-bell rings-inmates too bewildered to realize-continue to stroll aimlessly about the new surroundings.)

T.B.H. The Peripatetic school will now come to order?

P.P. Peripatetic? Is that the course I'm taking?

(Two days later--Enter all the cast, each one equipped with a ream of typewriting paper, a bottle of red ink, and a duster.)

S. and S. (Bright thought) Sister, what do we need the red ink for?

T.B.H. Please raise your manual extremity if you wish to ask a question.

S. and S. (raising her hand) Sister, what----
T.B.H. Kindly use your pedal extremities when speaking to me.

S. and S. (Stands.)

T.B.H. Maintenant, qu'est ce que vous demandez?

S. and S. (In tone of utter exhaustion) I forget what I was going to ask.

Act Two

(Curtain)

(Moving Tradedy)
The Stairs Time: March: (and watch your step)

A Procession -- Order as follows (perfect order)

T.B.H. (Head Marshal) Carrying her own dignity.
P.P., S. and S., M.I.U., H.T.A.G.T., (pall bearers) Bearing the teacher's desk.

B.L.T.N. Staggering under the seat of the mighty.

P.P. (Very slowly and cautiously) carrying the "Interval Timer".
S. and S. (Gaily) Tripping with the music box.

M. I. U. Bearing the Public Gardens.

Act Three

Floor Three Time: Present

(Atmosphere of ceaseless activity--characters engrossed in work-bell rings--inmates too busy to realize--continue to tap the keys.)

(showing the strain of the week) What an abominable racket? T. B. H.

Why, Sister, that sound is music to our ears! B. L. T. N.

H. T. A. G. T. (in low tone) Abominable racket? That's because today is Friday.

T. B. H. Persiflage?

B. L. T. N. (eagerly) Sister what is our assignment in bookkeeping?

I think we'd better begin reviewing for the final examinations? T. B. H.

O. Sister, let's take the next chapter, we've been reviewing by M. I.U.

T. B. H. "A consummation devoutly to be wished!" Do you need the time for anything else?

H.A.L.I.B.T.N. No, Sister, We'd rather go on.

T. B. H. Very well, but don't forget your letters. (exit)

Come on everybody, let's go to the village! M. I. U.

MAXIMS

Why worry, make it up. Doris:

Why worry, God will look after us. Tena:

Why worry, you only reap what you siw. Rita:

Thy worry, there's music in heaven. Muriel:

Patricia: Why worry, we're all born to be artists.

Why worry, just work. Jean:

Why worry, there are adding machines on the market. Julia:

Mary Mul: Why worry, June will come.

WHY WORRY. Mary Pumple:

CLASS MAXIM

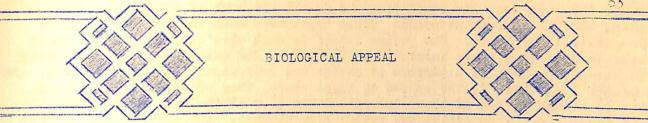
If you're going to think think, and if you're not going to think don't think, but to be a Commercial you have to think.

VALE

The Commercials wish to extend congratulations and very best wishes to the graduates -- congratulations upon the satisfactory completion of their college career and best wishes for the future which lies before them. May they always be faithful to the ideals of their Alma Mater and throughout their lives ever uphold "The Standards of Christian Womanhood."

Tona MacInnis, '38

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To many students, there are class subjects which will remain forever just classes. But occasionally we chance upon a subject that is more -- a subject which by some subtle attraction, makes itself stand apart. Biology has this effect on me. By this admission it does not necessarily follow that this science will receive all my attention and that other subjects will thereby suffer. In fact, I might overlook the technical part of Biology itselfallowing my interest in the work take the place of study.

Biology is very important today--perhaps too much so--for, by many it is considered "The Science." The danger of this may surmised. It is a study of living things, both plant and animal, and man is considered only in so far as he is an animal. If all stress is laid on this part of man, one necessarily will overlook the spiritual. Man is composed of body and soul. To know only his animal composition, is to have a distorted idea. From modern thought, it is easy to see how Biology has gained the importance it now holds. Such theories as Evolution and Materialism do not recognize the soul of man-- everything is his body. The body is thus the height, and knowledge of it becomes the chief science.

The study of this subject need not have such drastic effects -- in fact. it can have the best effects in the world. When studied with the proper disposition, it is very, very interesting. Let me give you a short illusdisposition, it is voly, tration, taking the life history of the bee. Do you remember the old saying 'As busy as a bee?' How many have ever stopped to think how busy, and what an interesting life the bee leads?

The social life of the bee has fascinated everyone who has observed how it lives, for there is a very interesting example of community life among this class of insects. In a colony of bees there are three distinct groups-this class of insects. To each is assigned a life-work. The task of keeping the hive clean and sanitary is designated to the small worker of the colony. Together with this, she makes the hive, gathers nectar worker of the colony.

for the honey, and feeds the young bees. She also decides whether the young bee shall be a queen, drone, or a worker, and feeds it accordingly. Her life is a contimuous toil and slaving for the head of the household-the queen. She reigns supreme in the hive, as there can be only one queen in the colony. Her favorite husband is the drone, who is considered useless after he has mated with the queen. From then on, his position is precarious.

Again the bee gives us a wonderful example of industry. But in this case, it is 'all work and no play', for the faithful worker-bee wears herself out in the performance of her various duties. She lives for one season; the queen may live for some years, while the poor drone does not find it worth living once his life-work is done.

Let us look closer and observe the wonderful anatomy of the bee. The Creator has endowed it with many highly specialized appliances. On the hind leg is a small depression called the pollen-basket. Pollen from the body and legs is brushed into this basket by a pollen brush, which is attached to

another leg. In case the brush does not do all the work of collecting the pollen, there is a comb attached. These appliances make the insect of value for pollenating plants. The pollen itself is used also as food. Here these little insects show their knowledge of Dietetics, for they feed the very young with bee-jelly which is a mixture of nectar and secretions from the stomach, and is easily digested. In the second or pupal stage, they administer bee-bread, which is a combination of honey and pollen and is a little more wholesome. The adult feeds herself on pollen and nectar from flowers. Attached to one of its appendages, is an antennae cleaner and eye-brush, both of which it uses frequently. So you see the bee is very particular about its personal appearance. Do you wonder how one has the knowledge of these facts? These observations were made by great Scientists who studied these small insect form intensively.

To delve into these studies, a scientist must have certain characteristics. He must be sincere, open-minded, accurate, industrious, inventive, and self confident. These adjectives should also apply to a college student who is about to begin the study of Biology. It has been said that there is no greator training school than the Biology Department to teach one to observe and to think. Since the "scientific method" of thought and action applies to all the affairs of life, the Biological student should learn to value the study.

Geraldine Meagher, '32





"Beautiful as sweet, And young as beautiful, and soft as young, And gay as soft, and innocent as gay!"

While the Church celebrated the feast of Saint Augustine on August 28, .

1774, there was born to Doctor Richard Bayley and his wife, a little girl, who like the Saint of her birthday, was to be restless until she rested in Him, Who is Peace. The baby was baptized in the Episcopalian Church and received the name Elizabeth Ann--there was already an older sister, Mary, who adored the new addition to the family and shortly afterward another little sister was born---Catherine-- making the graces three.

The peaceful Elizabeth's childened by the death the care of the to Doctor Bayley. mother, a member family, loved the Catherine had died so Elizabeth once general pet of the she was naturally was possessed of a religion which her ered by teaching the Bible, the the Crucifix.

Young Betty favorite of her slip cautiously room and run down meet him, then



cloudless blue of hood sky was darkof her mother, and little girls fell Later a new stepof the Barclay babies as her own. at the age of two more became the family. Although vivacious, she deep sense of stepmother fosther to cherish Imitation, and

was the special father--she would out of the school-the street to back to the studies

again before the governess missed her. She spent hours among his books. She would curl up on his lap to listen to his stories of the events of the day, or sit up, round-eyed and wondering, as he told her of the War of Independence, which she had been too young to remember. She was "Daddy's Girl" and she remained so until he died shortly after her marriage.

By now Betty had grown into Miss Elizabeth and as such she made her debut into New York society. It is not strange that a girl of her beauty, personality, education and accomplishments soon attracted attention. Everybody liked her-her brilliant black eyes, the gift of a remote French ancestor, her delicately cut features, and her small figure. One of her suitors, however, was more persistent than the rest and in a short while Doctor Richard Bayley announced the engagement of his lovely daughter, Elizabeth Ann, to William Magee Seton, scion of one of New York's oldest and wealthiest families.

And so the colouring of Elizabeth's life deepened slowly into a richer, deeper blue.

On January 25, 1794, Trinity Church was crowded with the friends of the Seton and Bayley families for Elizabeth's wedding. The young couple set up housekeeping and in 1795 their first child, Anna Maria, was born. She resembles her mother so closely that she became her grandfather's pet. Four more children came to bless their home, two boys, William and Richard, and two more girls, Catherine and Rebecca. Elizabeth's joy was almost unbounded; the only drawback being that her husband was bothered by ill-health. His sister, Rebecca, was to Elizabeth "the sister of her soul"—together they went about the city on errands of mercy. So gentle, so sympathetic were they, so eager to do good, that they became known throughout the city as the "Protestant Sisters of Charity."

All this happiness was short-lived, however, for the death of her father in 1801 was a cloud which heralded a veritable storm of sorrow. Elizabeth was to be encompassed, soul and body, in a desolation that thus far, no event of her life had foretold. In the summer of 1803, William Seton was so ill that the doctors prescribed a sea trip as the only cure. Having known the Filicchi family through business, Mr. Seton decided to go to Italy. What grief--and yet what joy awaited Elizabeth there!

They set sail in October and in November they anchored just outside Leghorn. Alas! Fear of yellow fever caused the vessel to be placed in quarantine. Her passengers were sent to the quarantine house. The trials of this time would have broken a spirit less strong than Elizabeth's. She was obliged to watch the life that meant far more to her than her own, ebbing slowly, painfully, deprived of the least comfort. When release came it was too late, and in December, William Seton died.

Now is the blue obscured except for One Light which was to guide Elizabeth's life. Its rays, dim at first but growing ever stronger, were to brighten the way and to lead her on to a type of happiness which as yet she could not conceive.

When the Sacred Scriptures speak of sorrow, they very often say "I sat down and wept." For a few days after William's death, Elizabeth gave vent to her grief. That was all. The Filicchis, due to social duties, were called to Florence and here Elizabeth attended her first Mass. The sensation which came over her was so forcible that she began to be troubled. Antonio Filicchi told her "to pray and seek." She wanted her babies and the sight of her own land again, so in April of 1804, she sailed with Anna Maria, accompanied by Mr. Filicchi.

New York held fresh sorrow for her chastened spirit. Rebecca "the sister of her soul" was dying--she seemed to have remained alive only to die in Elizabeth's arms for in July she went to Heaven. Thus was Elizabeth deprived of her greatest support at a time when her maturing resolution to adopt the Catholic Faith was turning her husband's family against her. One by one God removed those she depended upon--yet she trusted--and so the tempest was power-less to overcome her.

Ash Wednesday in the year 1805 was the day on which Elizabeth Seton made a formal abjuration of Protestantism at the hands of Father O'Brien who served St. Peter's Church on Barclay Street as pastor. Then followed her confession which she says she "would have shouted from the house-tops" to insure the good absolution she hoped for from it. She shared her preparation for First Holy Communion with her children. They had turns going with her on the long

meditative walks she took each day. On the beautiful feast of the Annunciation she received Our Lord for the first time. From then on she received Holy Communion as frequently as she could. Her visits were numerous—the Acts of Love to the Master—all of which are noted in her journal caused Cardinal Hayes to title her "America's Lover of the Blessed Sacrament."

The storm began for Elizabeth in earnest when in May of the same year she decided to take a position as teacher in a school presided over by the White family. Her contract was good for three years--but in 1807 the presecutions were almost too much to bear.

C Cecilia Seton, her young sister-in-law, inspired by Elizabeth's example had become a Catholic. For this act her family had asked her to leave home--

and, of course, she Elizabeth, who glad-Mrs. Seton had for a sidering moving to could practise her One morning in attended Mass in St. brant was a young Dn Bourg who had Baltimore on busin-Elizabeth very munion time and paid a visit to her. She told him Canada -- he underand then he disher.

The Sulpicians
Baltimore where
the young men and
the girls was needed,
take charge of it?
Bishop John Carroll



took refuge with ly welcomed her. long time been con-Canada where she religion in peace. August of 1807 she Peter's. The cele-French priest named come North from ess. He noticed especially at Comlater on when she Father Sibour he met her plan of going to stood her situation .. closed his plan to

had settled in
they were educating
boys. A school for
why could she not
Elizabeth wrote to
who approved the

plan but counseled her to wait. On June 9, 1808 she set out with her children for Baltimore by boat and seven days later she arrived in time for Father Du Bourg's Mass at St. Mary's. After a short rest--Elizabeth proceeded to arrange the house on Paca Street which was to be used for the school. Later on a convert and aspirant to the priesthood, Mr. Cooper, gave a certain sum to Father Du Bourg to be used for the education of the poor children. Father purchased a site in the picturesque mountain land of Frederick county.

About this time, Miss Cecilia O'Conway of Boston arrived from Boston to take her place by Mrs. Seton's side. Three others soon followed her. Thus Elizabeth's spiritual family numbered four when Bishop Carroll, on a visit to the new community, addressed her as Mother—and it is as Mother Seton that she is known around the world. By the time they were ready to move to Emmitsburg two more young ladies had joined the other four but the seventh to come was especially dear to Mother Seton for it was none other than her "dear, dear, dear, dear all"—Cecilia Seton. Cecilia had become very ill after Elizabeth had left New York, and her brother James with whom she lived gratified her every wish. One day Cedidla expressed the desire to join Elizabeth; without a word James secured passage on a boat for Cecilia and Harriet her sister. Although half dead when put aboard the boats at New York,

the dear patient regained courage and strength as she neared Baltimore.

Elizabeth's heart trembled with fear at the sight of her, but Cecilia experienced nothing but joy at being in her dear sister's arms again. She did not see her end—that end so very near that was to make her first in desire though only seventh in the community. She became so very ill, however, that when the physicians called in by Mother Seton pronounced the country the best place for her, Mother decided to move her to Emmitsburg immediately.

On June 21 Mother Seton, Sister Maria Murphy, Annina, Harriet and the little Cécilia set out for St. Joseph's. Cecilia rode in a wagon with some household goods and the rest of the party walked. Mother Seton marks the day in her journal with the laughter that was always breaking through "The dear patient was greatly amused with the procession, and all the natives astonished as we went before the carriage. The dogs and pigs came out to meet us and the geese stretched their necks in mute demand to know if we were of their sort, to which we gave assent." After a few weeks at St. Joseph's Cecilia gained strength rapidly.

Harriet, in July of the same year, formed her intention of becoming a Catholic. She had gone walking with Mother Seton to the church--Mother entered but Harriet remained outside. On coming out Mother Seton found her in tears. Surprised, she questioned her and sought to ascertain her grief--Harriet remained silent. Finally she exclaimed after repeated pleadings--"Why can't I go to church with you?" Elizabeth the more moved of the two cried, "Come! Come!" From that moment she prayed earnestly for Harriet.

At this time, Mother's son, William, who was studying at St. Mary's across the hills from the convent, became very ill. The good Fathers who taught him thought that his mother might want to nurse him. Mother was a little bit embarrassed when the Fathers made this suggestion, as she could not quite see how an invalid could thrive on a diet of salt pork (sometimes), carrot coffee, and a little molasses now and then. She did not tell anyone the extent of her poverty and so a very sick little William arrived at St. Joseph's one afternoon. His two Aunts, Harriet and Cecilia, nursed him and he soon recovered. Harriet, however, was seized with a violent illness—it was later diagnosed as brain fever. She was delirious except for short periods of consciousness and at length she fell into a coma in which she died. Cecilia was also itl at the time—dying—and at the sight of the added suffering to this dear one Mother Seton was heart—broken. In April of that year—1809—Cecilia took her vows and died in Mother Seton's arms. The sisters were laid side by side and their graves are the first in the little plot under the oak trees.

All this suffering and pain turned her crosses as she said into gold. She worked and prayed and the Community grew. A new building had been put up and paying boarders were now taken in. The first six sisters had taken their vows and the Rule of St. Vincent was adopted. In 1812 however Annina, Mother Seton's daughter, and a Novice in the community, pronounced her first vows on her deathbed. The two smallest girls, Kitty and Little Bec were now the only ones left, besides the two boys who were at college. Mother Seton never considered her young children as dying before her and she experienced somewhat of a shock when Annina died. In 1816—she was to hold her baby, Bec, in her arms as she died a Postulant in the Community.

Blue--lavender was Mother Seton's sky now. No clouds--but shadows told of the suffering she endured when her dear ones died. She had weathered the storms that every pioneer in religious life must go through. Now she was nearing that haven from the storm to which she had looked "neither before, behind

but always up."

The Community had spread to Philadelphia, New York, and Cincinnati. The members were nursing, teaching, mothering orphans. Now the seed which had been sown in tears was to be reaped in joy. On January 4,1821, Mother Seton closed her eyes to earth and opened them in heaven. She had not gone to a strange land for those dear ones she had said farewell to on earth were waiting to greet her as she entered her Jerusalem. To those she left behind she bequeathed her indomitable spirit and her gentle laughter.

Marie Veronica Carpenter, 137.

RETROSPECT

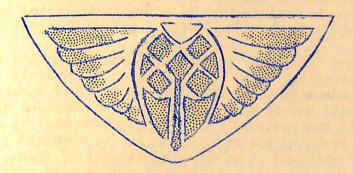
Time flies on and brings in its wake many things. A year had come and gone-a year in which we have experienced a variety of emotions. Loneliness at the beginning--the pangs of homesickness felt way back there in September and later an awakening of other feelings--interest, appreciation, and finally a whole-hearted affection for what we may justly regard now as our Alma Hater.

Those parties at the beginning of the year that did so much to strengthen the friendship between the newcomers and the "old timers", the Senior Cornboil which made or strengthened ties already formed; the Junior Masquerade on Hallowe'en at which celebrities including the Dionne quintuplets were present; the Sophomore-Freshman Party at which the "youngsters" showed what charming hostesses they could be; the "Goon" party which could not be other than successful since each girl was her own natural self; the Commercial "Housewarming", given to celebrate their change of lodging--but not necessarily board; the informal teas on Saturday afternoon for those who did not wish to go to town--all these were but runners-up to the final party--our Class Day Banquet.

The year has not been made up entirely of parties; they have been the odd moments between work for which purpose, after all, we are here. When the class marks are hung up, many heads, alas, are hung down. Those examinations! They are the bane of the college year, during which time a girl often wonders why she ever exchanged the old farm to come to the big city for to "git her book larnin'". However, all that is behind us now. The seed has been sown and for the graduates there remains but the reaping.

Although we undergrads at the present time form but a mere background for that Lauded Individual -- The Graduate -- nevertheless, we have one consolation which is not permitted her. On the day that she is so much feted and receives the honor due her, her status at Mount Saint Vincent automatically changes. She passes forever from these walls as a student and takes her place with the long line of Alumnae. So to us who now but bask in the reflected glory, there is intermingled with our feelings of envy an equal amount of consolation: The graduate must leave her school forever but we--we are coming back.

Marietta Wall '38.



LUCY GAYHEART AND THE LUCY OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS

Things derive their greatest value from association. The ship so beautiful to its captain is but an ugly hulk to the landsman; the landscape so cherished in memory by one who suffered and joyed in it, is desolate and uninteresting to the casual traveller; the few scraps of paper so carefully hoarded by friendship are ridiculous and sentimental letters in the hands of indifference. Through another channel of association a phrase, a situation or an outlook which can recall a fine emotion becomes dear. So when reading Lucy Gayheart there steals from its sepulchre in the cemetery of the mind the phantom of another Lucy -the Lucy of Wordsworth's poems.

"Suddenly Lucy started and struggled under the light blankets. In the darkening sky she had seen the first star come out; it brought her heart into her throat. That point of silver light spoke to her like a signal, released another kind of life and feeling which did not belong here. It overpowered her. With a mere thought she had reached that star and it had answered; recognition had flashed between them. -- " So the two saw each other -- the Lucy of Wordsworth

> "Fair as a star, when only one Is shining in the sky---"

and the Lucy of Willa Cather

"Like a bird flying home --- "

This happened to Lucy Gayheart when her real being was just alive -- when she began to feel her untried emotions for the first time. There must have been a similar awakening of passion in the other Lucy's life, for her childhood was close in its environment and education. Of either it could be said. "She dwelt among the untrodden ways --- "

a quiet little town, a home lost in the trees, a river to carry her thoughts to other lands, and dull, uncongenial people to companion her. Yet they both reached womanhood possessors of a charm unusual and captivating; both had a natural delicacy and simplicity which should have betraved them to the harsh things of life, but which formed a sanctuary for them when in sorrow.

Of the nineteenth century Lucy, the cause of her tragedy is vague, and as the outside people in Lucy Gayheart did, one must speculate on her death. Of the twentieth century Lucy Gayheart there is a portrait, mellow and nebulous -- as if the swift poignant reality of Lucy were muffled in a veil of humanity--the veil which keeps each soul to itself. There is in the novel a bittersweet quality seldom conveyed by the coarse medium of prose, a lyrical effect due to the perfection of Willa Cather's simple style. Little is said of Lucy's feelings, her character or her spiritual experiences, yet an implied understanding between writer and reader conveys her life in detail more clearly than a minute discussion of it would; chance words and phrases, a few well described gestures, a hint of emotion, serve to convey the inner life of the heroine. There is in this lack of effusion something suggestive of poetry -the charm of which lies in the unwritten rather than the written word.

Because of the difficulty of speech, human beings can never give the world all their thoughts. They can attempt to communicate with their fellowbeings only by condensing the stagnant chaos of their thoughts into a few sentences which will strike other hearts so as to suggest that there is a line of thought in the receiver's mind parallel to that in their own. The human race while mingling its millions daily, is composed of a number of separate units each enclosed in an unbreakable wall of flesh. From these, short suggestive messages are sent forth to other units and the senders of (Continued on Page 93)

Les voyageurs qui viennent à Halifax par chemin de fer ou par auto apercoivent presqu'en vue de la Capitale, un édifice imposant dont les tourelles se dressent contre un fond de verdure. C'est le Mont Saint Vincent, Maisonmère des Soeurs de Charité et Collège et Académie pour jeunes filles.

A la veille do faire mes adieux à mon Alma Mater, je suis heureuse d'avoir une occasion de lui rendre un témoignage de ma reconnaissance en la choisissant commo themo de cet essai.

Mont Saint Vincent fut fondé en 1872 par les Soeurs de Charité, premières religeuses établies dans l'archidiocèse de la Nouvelle Ecosse. Cette communant est une branche de la Congrégation religeuse fondée à Emmitsburg, Maryland en 1809 par la vénérée Elizabeth Bayley Seton, dont la cause a été introduite à Rome en janvier dernier. Les filles de la Mère Seton vinrent à Halifax en 1849 sur l'invitation de Son Excellence Monseigneur Walsh, premier évêque de Halifax. Les Soeurs s'établirent d'abord dans le Convent de Sainte Marie près de l'évêché, mais comme leur nombre allait toujours croissant, ce premier asile devint bientot trop petit et on dut chercher un emplacement ailleurs. Par conséquent en 1872, les Soeurs acquirent une grande propriété à trois milles de la ville et s'y installèrent. La première messe y fut celebrée en la fôte de l'Assomption de la Sainte Vierge par l' Archévêque Connolly, successour de Monseigneur Walsh. Il bénit la maison dont les religiouses avaient pris possession, et la nomma 'Mont Saint Vincent" en honneur du saint patron de leur communauté.

Aujourd'hui cette habitation a été remplacée par un édifice qui se compose de trois corps de patiments et de deux ailes agr'ablement situés au milieu d'un paysage pittoresque et entourés de pelouses, de terrasses, de jardins, de vergers, et de pentes boisées traverses par des allées ombragées. Trois réservoirs ajoutent la beauté de leurs caux limpides à ce terrain déjà si varié, et reflètent les arbres qui les bordent et les nuées qui les survolent. Non loin de l'édifice s' élèvent à trois differents endroits des statues de la Sainte-Vierge, dont la plus éminente est une replique minuscule de la Grotte de Lourdes. Erigée sur la pente d'une colline elle est visible du chemin, surtout le soit lorsqu'elle est illuminée.

L'intérieur de l'édifice est digne de son imposant extérieur. En entrant, le visiteur se trouve en face de la bolle chapolle consacrée à l'Immaculée Conception. Elle date de 1906. Un spacieux vestibule en marbre, flanqué de deux grandes salles, conduit le visiteur à la porte de la Chapelle qui est en style romain et est éclairée de vingt sept vitraux, dont sept représentent les principaux évenements de la vie de la Sainte Vierge. Un groupe de trois, consacre à la mémoire de Saint Vincent de Paul se trouve vis à vis d'un groupe de Mère Seton. Douze colonnes de marbre soutiennent l'arche du toit. Trois magnifiques autels, dos statues, et de beaux tableaux muraux rehaussent la beauté de 1' intérieur.

A gruche du vestibule, un long corridor conduit à une bibliothèque moderne qui contient plus de douze milles tomes. On y voit aussi une quantité de revues et de journaux. A l'extrémité de ce bâtiment se trouve la salle de musique pourvue d'une scene spacieuse, d'un orgue et de trois pianos à queue. De l'autre côté est un solon à l'usage des collégiennes. La salle à manger des élèves au rez-de-chaussée est spacieuse, bien éclairée, et bien garnie.

Le bâtiment du collège et de l'administration ne date que de dix ans.

6'est aux étages supérieurs de ce bâtiment que se trouvent le noviciat et les salles de classes à l'usage des novices qui se préparent à l'enseignement.

Les jeunes Soeurs suivent des cours de psychologie, de méthode, de philosophie, d'hygiene, d'instruction physique ainsi que de chant et de dessin. Une excellente bibliothèque est à leur disposition.

Mont Saint Vincent peut se vanter d'être situé dans un environ historique. Nos bâtiments donnent sur le Bassin Bedford où les membres infortunés de l'expedition française conduite par Monsieur d'Anville fit escale. A cette époque mémorable du dix-huitième siècle ces braves Français entreprirent un voyage de conquête qui se termina très malheureusement sur les bords de notre petit village de Rockingham. Quelques-uns de ceux qui moururent de scorbut ou d'autres maladies furent enterrés dans ce même village, et aujourd'hui un monument érigé par leurs compatriotes commémore leurs efforts courageux pour la gloire de leur patrie.

Le système d'éducation au Collège de Mont Saint Vincent est moderne sous tous les rapports. On y tient compte du développement intellectuel, physique, moral et religieux des élèves. Rien ne manque à notre bien-être. Les maîtresses savent introduire de la variété dans notre vie si calme et paisible. Pour fortifier notre foi et nous encourager dans la pratique de nos devoirs religieux, il y a processions du mois de Marie, fêtes de l'église celebrées avec pompe et solemnité, une retraite de trois jours, sans parler des assemblées régulières des enfants de Marie, et des activités organisées au profit des missions étrangères. Pour détendre l'esprit, il y a les séances musicales et dramaticales qui ont lieu régulièrement et les réunions des différents cercles. Pendant le cours de l'année, chaque cercle prépare quelque divertissement auquel sont invitées les élèves des autres cercles. Toutes profitent des beaux jours du printemps et de l'automne pour se promezer dans les allées des parterres, ou pour errer dans les sentiers ombragés de boulgaux, d'érables et de chênes. Quelques fois ce sont de longues excursions oui se terminent toujours par une collation dans les champs. Puis, quand les collines sont recouvertes de neige, on entend les cris joyeux des élèves qui s'égayent aux sports d'hiver. Le soir, les collégiennes, leurs devoirs finis, s'amusent qu whist ou écoutent les émissions du radio.

Mais il ne faut pas croire que la vie d'une élève au collège de Mont Saint Vincent est une partie de plaisir. Ses études sérieuses nous occupent du matin au soir. Outre les maîtresses religieuses nous avons pour l'enseignement du français Monsieur René Gautheron, professeur à l'université de Dalhousie, Monsieur Prince qui donne des cours d'économie politique, Monsieur Nichols, professeur des humanités, et Monsieur Casson, professeur de littérature anglaise. Des religieuses ont charge du départment des Arts Ménagers, du cours commercial et des classes de gymnastique. La musique, le chant, le dessin, l'élocution ont chacun leur départment.

Cependant, la fin de l'année approche et marque le terme de notre heureux séjour au Mont. A la perspective de quitter pour toujours ce doux asile de nos jeunes ans, un sentiment de tristesse s'empare de nos coeurs et diminue quel que peu la joie de rentrer dans nos familles. Ce ne sera pas sans émotion que notre regard s'y attachera quand nous nous en éloignerons et que nous jetterons un dernier coup d'otil sur notre chère "Alma Mater" plus belle que jamais dans la splendeur d'un beau jour de juin.

Marie Dolores Donnelly '36.



The Campus tea-shop was doing a rushing business that day. Pete felt happiness fairly exuding from him as he deftly attended to the wants of five customers at once. He prodded his clumsy helpers to greater agility impatiently.

"Coffee Pete!"

"Make it two!"

"Chocolate soda, please!"

"Make mine a hot-dog!"

"Oh, didn't that beggar bring you the cake to-day?"

Amid the hubbub Pete, a true Italian, was omni-present, unruffled, and witty.

Spring was in the air and almost every student had been out enjoying the weather. The time was the afternoon period when the majority had no classes. An animated group sat about the tea-shop feasting on Pete's soulsatisfying creations which would sustain them through the remaining classes.

During a lull in business Pete surveyed his patrons critically, benevolently, as he polished his gleaming counter with a loving pride. He grinned as he contrasted the modern girl with the belles of his boyhood. But times had changed. His father had had a cafe like this—not much! Spring had come, the birds were singing, business was good, what more could he want? His complacence deepened as new customers approached; and as he welcomed them his good humor bubbled over from his eyes. The whole campus knew that Joy Enderby and Victor Scott were his favorites and while he was filling their order, the students nudged each other to see the spritely little fellow sweep everything before him in an effort to please.

Joy and Victor were greeted with enthusiasm by the crowd.

"Hi. Joy, come over here!"

"Settle an argument for us! The question is whether Professor Leslie is continually asleep or not."

"Goodness, that's a deep question!"

"Oh he is -he never notices anything! Remember the day Margaret Burns couldn't recite and to avoid questioning slipped down behind the chair in front? The Professor merely murmured, you know, in that sleepy way of his. "Dear me, is Miss Burns absent again to-day? I tell you, he lives in a fog." I don't agree with you. He notices a lot more that he pretends to. Why, after I had that cold he stopped on the campus to inquire if I felt better!" "Go;h! I guess our math will be solved as easily as that question"

"Hurry up, Jack! Gulp that soda. We'll have to make a dash for his class."

"So long, Pete!"

Pete contentedly watched the shop empty, anticipating with delight the cigar which satisfied the inner man.

Joy and Victor were a little behind the others going back to the college. For some reason both were suddenly silent and serious. Victor's voice, usually teasing, broke in on Joy's train of thought.

"You know, Joy, we are in luck that Prof Leslie lives in the clouds!
Why, if he didn't, we wouldn't be able to carry out our plan. Just think,
we arranged everything under his very nose! We must have been asleep not to
have noticed him."

"Oh, Vic! do you think we ought? I know that it will be ages before you are a Doctor, and by the time you have a practice-----But just the same----."

"Joy, my sweet, that was settled long ago--we are only young once, and a hundred disasters might occur before I am a Doctor. I tell you, this is our one opportunity. Remember Brutus? 'There is a tide in the affairs of mena----' We'll catch the five bus. That will just get us into the city in time for the train. Then! Oh the wonder of it, Joy! A few hours ride, a marriage license, and you will be Mrs. Victor Scott.

"Oh, Vic----a few hours!"

Joy sank back into her seat in the Mediaeval History Class with a sigh of relief and gratefully thanked Heaven for such a peaceful class. Here you could dream or think in peace without a soul-searing "Mi--sssss Enderby-yyy!" jolting you back to life. Professor Leslie had a nice voice too and if you listened, you gathered a wealth of beautiful knowledge. After some classes the un-unand bla-h sound effects buzzed insistantly in your ears for hours. Usually she followed the lectures avidly mentally, cheering enthusiastically for the winner of the great battle, and mourning with the trouveur the death of the hero.

Today, however, what were the trade routes in comparison with the journey she herself was undertaking? A loving journey that would go on for ever----"for better or worse, in sickness or health." She did feel sorry in leaving home without saying a word; but her family would never see her point of view, would never understand.

The students, as a whole, seemed to be asleep--the front row valiently tried to uphold the class morale. The sun was shining warmly, all were at peace. The Prof was in celestial realms anyhow, thought the class. Professor Leslie certainly did answer the description. Everything about him was drowsy, --his manner slow, his eyes sleepy, although a surprisingly kindly twinkle often escaped through. He did, of course, teach a dead subject and he found it hard to return art and literature. A student defended himself once when brought to task for putting an alarm clock under his desk, by saying that the class was asleep anyhow and he thought he might be doing the professor a favor by waking it up. On one point, however, the Professor was intensely alive. He was passionately interested in human beings. Once he had been offered a chance of doing research work and he had passed it up because he knew he would miss the class-room where he made so many social contacts. He was the sort of man who looked at other people's children with hungry eyes but his shyness prevented him from showing all his interest. Many a time he had been held back by his

fear of being repulsed. At home he received no sympathy from his wife who was mildly amused by his altruistic soft-heartedness; so, day after day, the dreamy, gentle old professor went on and on striving to act as his heart prompted; but he was overwhelmed by a shyness which stifled him at every turn.

Joy and Victor arrived early at the bus stand which was completely deserted. Both were eager, and excited, and not a little nervous as they walked up and down impatiently, anxious to be off.

"Well, for the love of Mike, look at our road companion!"

"Is he getting on with us?"

"He must be. Oh, well, we could have worse. He is really a good head!"
Professor Loslie, sleepier than ever, was apparently bound for the city.
He greated them absently and sat down.

After a time the bus hove into view. Joy and Victor thanked their stars that they had come early as it was a good ten minutes ahead of its regular time. The driver was a good-natured young Irishman who greeted the Professor with a knowing grin. Those three were the only passengers.

All went well for about ten miles when suddenly the bus stopped dead. The driver lifted the hood of the engine and examined it for a long time. Victor looked at his watch anxiously. If the bus did not arrive in the city at its scheduled time, they would certainly miss the train.

The driver put his head in the door.

"Gotta go up the road a piece. Guess this is going to be a long job."
This time he really did single out the Professor for a smile--perhaps he was attracted to the man.

When the minutes lengthened out to a half hour, Joy and Victor grew frankly impatient. How were they to know that the driver was nonchalantly smoking in the woods a little way back?

The Professor must have grown lonesome for he came to sit with the elopers. They greeted him with a forced politeness but after a time they thawed out. (If they had only known what it had cost the Professor!) He was really a lovable fellow. The conversation easily turned to books and authors. Joy had never connected him with anything modern, but he certainly knew his books. His acquaintance ran the gamut from learned treatises to detective novels. He professed great admiration for Belloc, and in Ralph Connors found a confrere.

"By the way," he queried, "have you read that book by William O. Stevens,"
The Correct Thing?" It is very good and witty, too. He has classed all wives, and I suppose that means all girls, into three groups. First, come the life preservers, then the doughnuts, and then the millstones. My apologies to you as a member of the fair sex, Joy."

"Well, of all things! And what excuse, may I ask, did he have for libelling us so, Professor?"

"Well, you see, Joy, he was discussing marriage in general and youthful marriage in particular. In my opinion, he gives very good advice. He says that when a man marries, he hangs something about his neck, a millstone, a doughnut, or a life preserver. The doughnut is the wife who is sweet but a little thick and no help to a man who has a long swim ahead; the life preserver is the kind of girl every man wants; and the millstone—why, the millstone is the wife of the man who has married before finishing his education. That man is sunk! Of course, the millstone problem is one that we don't have to

cope with much in our college. I guess the girls realize that Freshmen in love are not responsible human beings. What do you think, Victor?"

Joy and Victor were both strangely silent and the Professor was suddenly engrossed in retrieving his glove which had fallen behind his seat in a most awkward manner.

At last the driver returned, poked his engine a bit, and they continued their way. It was 8.15 when they arrived in the city. They had missed the train by five minutes!

Joy and Victor looked at each other in bewilderment and yet with something of relief. The Professor was alternately staring at his watch and looking about despairingly. At last, he went up to Victor.

"I guess we have all missed our train. Suppose you two have dinner at the hotel with me. The only thing for us to do is to take the bus back home!" Joy and Victor acquiesced with no argument.

When Victor left Joy at her home that night, they had both decided that they had made a mistake. Joy looked up at him:

"I don't want to be a millstone," she whispered. "Isn't Professor Leslie a dear? I do believe he knew all along. And I know another thing-he's not asleep, he's shy!"

"He is a square shooter," commented Victor.

When the Professor reached home, he felt very weary. With a sigh of contentment, he dropped into an easy chair. Quite irrelevantly, he remarked to his wife that it was lucky his nephew Dennis owned the bus line. Upon questioning, the Professor admitted that he had had a drive to the city in one of the extra buses.

The next day, Mrs. Leslie confided to her friends that she never could understand her husband. "Do you know what he did yesterday? He took the bus in preference to his own car!"

Marguerite Keenan, '37.

PERSONALITY OR INTELLECT?

First of all, have we an exact knowledge of the meanings of these words? According to definition, personality is distinctive character, and intellect is the faculty of knowing and reasoning. These gifts may be associated with both good and evil, but we shall set aside the evil and consider them only as assets. Now, everyone has his own personality and a certain amount of intellect, but our concern is with these as outstanding qualities.

Personality! So many people have a wrong--yes, very wrong--idea of it or, perhaps, it would be better to say they have so many different ideas of it. Personality is largely made up of a pleasant manner, tact and poise--may-be not so much the last. It may easily be seen, therefore, that personality is a very advantageous quality. To be truly successful one needs it in all types of work, office work, nursing, teaching, and the professions. Everyone has had experience with teachers and can appreciate the one who possesses personality. Personality can do a great deal of good for others. You know, even a smile can work wonders.

(Continued on Page 94)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Mount Saint Vincent! Since my childhood I had heard that name. It grew to have a special significance in my mind. I held very dear a mental picture of the Mount, of my own construction, formed from the suggestions of the name and my own conception of it. As I

grew older I met girls who were students there and I would delight in listening for hours at a time to "tales" of the Mount and life in that community.
My numerous questions tired my informants but I never grew weary of talking
about it. I had been told never to plan ahead but that is just what I had
done for years--planned to make the Mount my destination.

My dream was realized. My first glimpse of the Mount was on July 1st,1935. My mental picture was shattered as most mental pictures of the unseen object are. I had pictured an imposing grey stone building, far from the main road, built in a large clearing of a level grove of evergreen trees. You ask me why? I don't know. It probably grew from my idea of "secluded" as I had been informed the Mount was. My surprise was great when I saw a red brick building of different shape, built on a slope overlooking the beautiful Bedford Basin and the main highway just below. Disappointed? No. Just pleasantly surprised. And so I came to the Hount on September 16th, to begin my College life.

There is a very great gulf between High School and College--much greater than most people realize. In High School we are just children to a certain degree but when we enter College we are young ladies. It seems that during that brief interval of time we are expected to have grown up, to have become mature. No longer is patience exhibited with childish pranks nor is girlish giddiness accepted as a youthful characteristic.

College life was new and appealing. I found the building strange but its inhabitants very friendly. I shall always remember in connection with my first night at the Mount, Dolores Donnelly, the genial soul who kindly guided my wandering footsteps from forbidden territory. Since those first few days of strangeness—which held to me a delight in themselves—I have grown to love every landmark, as it were, of the building and even the most difficult task has become more pleasant to accomplish because of the environment. There remain only a few weeks to terminate my Freshman year at the Mount and though Graduation is a happy thought I am glad I shall not be saying good by but can look ahead to another year. Mount Saint Vincent is a realization. The conception is different but my love of the Name and its meaning is just as great and I look forward with anticipation to 1937 at the Mount.

J. Evelyne MacMahon '39.

PUBLIC SPEAKING IN PUBLIC

Many people scoff when speaking in public is said to be very difficult. Perhaps it is because they have never tried it themselves. I will admit that from the audience it looks very simple; BUT--put yourself in the speaker's place, and you will find that it is not so easy a matter, as I myself discovered when I tried it for the first time.

When assigned a speech for a contest to be held in the next future, I learned it perfectly, and thought that all I would have to do would be to speak it, and sit down; but to my chagrin, even while practising it, I found that when I opened my mouth, all that would come out was a few -er's, ah's and similar exclamations. At last the time came for the contest, and I made myself remain very cool. I had convinced myself, at least I thought I had, that I was not afraid, and that I would remember all instructions as to the posture of

a good speaker, not to clench my hands, to look at my audience, and if I forgot, to try to keep going in my own words.

After waiting for twelve speakers to demonstrate their art, my turn arrived, with shaking knees, and very little of my previous coolness and confidence, I rose, addressed my audience and began. Before my eyes there seemed to be a mass of faces all running into one another, none of them distinguishable, all together having a rather terrifying effect on my already tingling nerves. I can still remember saying the first ten words, but I assure you that whatever I said after that is hazy in my mind. All the rules and instructions were immediately forgotten in the desire to get through as soon as possible, and sit down. My hands were clenched so tightly that the nails made a curved line of marks across my palms. I vaguely recall a great many eyes that seemed to be boring through me, laughing and pitying me at the same time.

Finished!! At last I can sit down and say "it is all over now", and try to enjoy the remaining speeches, despite the fact that my knees are still shaking and my teeth still chattering.

Anyone who has had this experience will agree with me that it is much easier to be a Public-Speaker in private, than to be a Public-Speaker in public.

Muriel Bartholomay '38

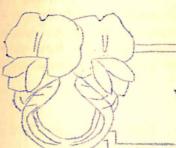
"As Ithers See Us"

Every age and generation has its peculiarities of conduct and speech. Ours is certainly no exception. Today it seems to be quite fashionable for young ladies to confess their boredom with affairs at which they are spectators. Oh, if only we knew how much we reveal ty confessing this boredom. It may be the fashion but it tells, by itself, a sad story. It distinctly says that we are either incapable of learning anything new or unwilling to do so; that no lecturer or musician can say or do anything which we do not already know. My, what funny people we must be as "ithers see us!"

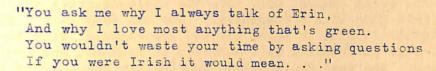
"The less men think the more they talk." This statement is as true today as it was the day it was made--possibly more so. What time we waste in mere idle talk; what opportunities for thought we lose! We converse hours about popular figures who could be dealt with just as well in eight short sentences. We tire ourselves and our audiences about our favorite book, when in reality they would appreciate it more if we merely said that it was an interesting book, well worth reading, and then gave them time to read it. What fools we talkers be as "ithers see us."

It is possible for pride to take root in any soil, so do not be amazed if it has crept into your garden, but beware, for "Pride is to the character, what the attic is to the house—the highest part and generally the most empty." "We grow proud in proportion to our lack of true knowledge because most people seem to agree that "those assume the most who know the least." It has been said that there is probably nothing which amazes the angels as much as a proud man. If true, we conclude that the amazement is not very favorable to us and that pride makes us ridiculous as "ithers see us."

Great authorities say that the foundation of the Christian religion is reverence, and we know that reverence for God is of prime importance. But most of today have lost the proper reverence due to old people, to our superiors, Concluded on page 84



WHY I LOVE IRELAND



81

So lilts an old Irish air and it expresses my sentiments fully. How often have I been asked, "Where do you get your Irish Why are you so fond of the Emerald Isle" How can a Pelham be intensely patriotic to Ireland? To each and all, I invariably answer, "I was born that way, and I thank God for it." Is it my fault that I was not born in Ireland? Is a man a horse because he was born in a stable? So many people think because my name is Pelham, I should be very English. To me this is absurd--must I always explain (which I am ever delighted to do) that my middle name is O'Gorman, and that I got it from a mother who loves Ireland just as much as I do? And, as another song goes--though--

"My father was English
My mother was Irish,
But the Irish got the upper hand in me."

Thus, as I have a claim to some Irish blood, my fondness for Erin is explained. My answer to, "Why do you always think in terms of Erin?" is, "Because I know her so well, and to know her is to love and appreciate her." It is because most people know little or nothing at all about Ireland that they have such queer notions concerning her. Perhaps, if her history were better known, such questions would never be asked. Let me give you a bit of the history of Ireland, and you will see that I am justified in my pride of her.

Until the Norse Invasion broke over Europe, Ireland was, in learning and in missionary zeal, the pioneer of European Progress. Irish Bishops occupied Sees in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and Irish monasteries flourished everywhere. Northern England, as well as Scotland, was evangelized by Irish monks, and hundreds of English students crossed the sea to study in Ireland. By what irony of fate do we find Englishmen, centuries later, coming to Ireland to stamp out the fires of learning by Acts of Parliament! The Penal Laws not only banished the priest but they exiled and outlawed the schoolmaster. The rudiments of education had to be retained by stealth.

"Within the lonely rath, beneath the mountain fern.

The schoolmaster and scholar met feloniously to learn."

However, they could not be reduced to ignorance because they could not forget their glorious heritage of learning.

The Irish preferred their religion to peace and prosperity, and their steadfastness in clinging to the Faith justifies a high praise of them as valuable citizens. Whenever an Irishman has been put to the test, true glory has been his—that he is a man whose courage can be relied upon. Their Religion proved their safeguard because as long as they clung to it, their oppres-

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sors found it impossible to subject them to slavery. Their morality and manliness have been preserved by their fidelity and faith. "Ireland might have been rich and favoured but she fought and died; starved and agonized; and in her defeat she has conquered. Her spirit still lives on." England found Ireland untractable--

"The lovely and the lonely bride
That we have wedded and have never won."

But there must be stamina in a race that, treated so cruelly, banished exiled, starved, and hunted, has kept its flag flying through so many misfortunes.

After the Great Famine, many were the exultant cries to the effect that "the Irish were gone with a vengeance." But had they gone? No, indeed. There was much migration, that is true; but two generations later the Irish were as numerous as ever in Ireland, more numerous in England, and most numerous in the United States. Nor does the Irishman ever forget the land of his birth. Read some of the really soul-stirring Irish poetry concerning the Irish exile. Whose heart is untouched at the recital of--"There came to the block a poor exile of Erin" or of the exquisite poem by Lady Dufferin. "The Irish Emigrant," or who can listen to John MacCormack's rendering "Ireland Mother Ireland" and resist singing with him--

"If you sigh, we hear you If you weep, we weep."

and who does not rejoice with Thomas D'arcy McGee when he, as a poet of the migration says--

"Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be...
One in name and one in fame--Are the sea-divided Gaels."

Chesterton remarked at one time--"Rome has conquered nations but Ireland has conquered races."

Someone once said that everyone does well in Ircland but an Irishman.

"Even the patriot has to leave Ireland to get a hearing: There is some truth in this statement but someone else has said that "the Irish race is really a leaven," and this is also true. It is needed to life the world. It is but natural that her prosperity, when transplanted, is also largely due to her better civic conditions and escape from oppressive laws and institutions. The national misfortunes have been the blessings of other nations. The whole 19th century world is filled with Irish names. O'Higgins commanded the Chilean army; Plunkett was governor of New Zealand; Duffy an Australian Premier, Lord Russell, chief justice of England; Fitzpatrick, chief justice of Canada; And Walsh, governor of Massachusetts. The world is best administered by Irishmen. "Things were never better than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain, Lord Mayo governed India; Lord Monk directed Canada's destinies."

Irish bravery, music and wit are universally celebrated. I need not dwell long on these. The Irish flag is the only one that enthrones a musical instrument. Dante is quoted as saying that Ireland gave Italy the harp; and the harp is the mother of the pianoforte. Mason says, "It is a matter of certainty that Ireland gave Germany her first lessons in musical art." Italy and Germany may have sat at the feet of Irish Bards. It is not unfitting. Many favourite airs elder "Arileen Aroon"; "Yankee Doodle" adapts the tune of "All the Way to sings the ballad "Shan Wan Voght", with little change. A whole literature of Music has grown up around Moore's "Last Rose of Summer". Mendelssohn, Flotow and Beethoven use it. Nearly all the armies of the world march to the tune of "Garryowne"; "Maritona" and other popular operas are by Irish composers;

the sweet singer, Signor Foli, was Irish as was also Victor Herbert. American and European audiences have been charmed by the "Irish Tenor", John McCormack.

Irish wit is well known and need not be enlarged upon. Need I say, that Blarney is also a product of the Emerald Isle? It is the art of "Implying a compliment with such delicacy and wit that the lady will not feel ombarrassed." There was once a gallant Irish Colonel who sat next a lady suffragette at a dinner party. She overwhelmed him with her conversation—and finally checking herself she said, "I have talked so much, you must think I'm in love with my own voice?"

"Well now", he answered, " I knew you liked music". That's blarnev.

Sociology students learn that one test of the degree of civilization of a place is the esteem and respect with which women are treated. That is the ideal state where innocence may go about without fear of harm and where it can dwell untouched. Moore's beautiful poem, "Rick and Rare Were the Gems She Wore", well illustrates the esteem in which Irish women have always been held. The lady's answer to the knight proves the virtue of the Irish in this respect—
"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm."

"The Irish peasant is a natural gentlemen", says George W. Stevens (A Londoner) The Courtesy and graciousness were ever traits of the Irish Race. "The only thing more beautiful than the Irish land is the Irish woman." Even when they are old, Irish women are very beautiful—"their grace and wonderful eyes, and courteous, modest liquid speech." The Irish voice is most beautiful; it is catching and has a peculiarly sweet lilt.

Irish people of course, have defects, but they won't be treated of here. Enough has been said and is known about them. They have been widely publicized and there is no need to enlarge upon them. Their presence merely points to the fact that the Irish are human, a thing which one might not believe, knowing the glories of Ireland. It would be well for those who know so much about the "bad" of her to learn some of the "good", though I grant you 'twould be next to impossible to learn all of that same about her.

When she was a nation, Ireland's ideals of expansion were intellectual and moral. She did not win Christianity by conquest.

"We have wronged no race, we have robbed no land,
We have never oppressed the weak
And this in the face of Heaven, is the nobler thing
to speak."

sang John Boyle O'Reilly. The Irish invasion of Europe was an invasion of teachers and missionaries. Their devotion to idealism goes hand in hand with their unconquered faith. Those who have inherited the Celtic way of looking at things may be less practical but they add a zest and flavour and a fuller meaning to much. We need to appreciate rather than belittle the "Irish Way" in this practical world of ours.

It has been said, "We (the Irish) are the greatest talkers since the Greeks." If this be so, and I'm inclined to agree that it is, have I not proved my claim to being Irish? And yet, I haven't mentioned Irish literature or its influence on world literature; the invention of Rhyme in poetry (Early Christian poets of Ireland); Beautiful Book Making; Irish Jewelry; Round Towers; Saint Patrick; Saint Brigid and her followers; Breadth and

depth of Irish Education; Ancient Irish Medicine; the Brehon Laws; Irish Inventive Genius; Modern Irish Missionaries; Mount Melleroy and the Trappists; Irish Horses and Glendalough; Treaty Stone; Dublin Dublin Zoo; Tipperary; Cashel of the Kings; Blarney Castle; Kerry; Lakes of Killarney; Gap of Dunlae; the Shannon; the Claddglo; Connemara; Croogh Patrick; Donegal; Derry; Mountains of Mauine and Wicklow; to say nothing of the thousand other glories that are theirs.

And so with Colonel Guiney, I say. "Time which was expected to bring about no Ireland has in reality engendered a national life more intense than ever. The physical strength, the patience, and the passion of the common people; the grace, loyalty and play of thought of gentlemen; have in that national life come together. Unique patrician wit, delicacy of feeling, knightly courtesy, have run out of their allotted conduits and they color the speech of beggars. Violent Erin produces ever and anon the gentlest philosophers; recluse Erin sends forth the consummate cosmopolitan; hunted Erin holds upon its top stalk the open lily of liberality."

"Courtesy, facile sweet,
Hating the solemn vice of greatness, Pride."

Have I convinced you that you too should love Ireland. Have I given reason enough for my love of her? May I ask in conclusion: Is Saint Patrick's Day celebrated only by Irishmen and in Ireland alone? That it is not! As Webster said: "It follows the sun and keeps company with the hours, until the whole world is circled round with the minstrel strains of Ireland." For 'tis ever true that:

"As the great sun sets in glory furled,
Faith, it's grand to think as I watch his face,
If he never sets on the English world—
He never, lad, sets on the Irish Race."

And so, if you were to ask me suddenly what I should do were I to have my most cherished wish fulfilled, I would exult--

"Oh, it's hippoty hop, I'll never stop
Till I'd land over in Ireland over the sea-I'd be tickled to death to get a breath of my land,
And if I should fall, I'd get up and walk-I know I could float, for I'm from Cork-I'll fly over the sky to meet me Paddy O
Just bid me, darlin', top o' the morning-Oh, it's hippoty hop, I'll never stop
Till I'd land over in Ireland over the sea."

As Ithers See Us (continued from page 80)

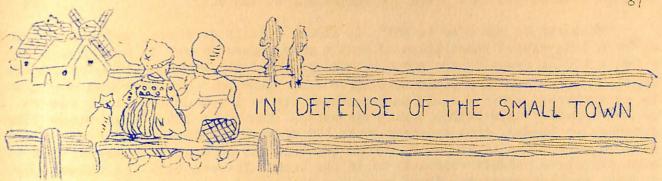
Lenore Pelham, '37.

and to every person to whom we owe reverence. To display irreverence is to display ignorance. In this regard into what class are we to be placed "as ithers see us"?

Our type of language is one of the surest keys to our character. Particularly in this day of telephone and radio when we are often known by our words alone is this true. If we but once descend to slovenly or unworthy language we do much damage to ourselves in the minds of our listeners. Many say that if you would have them judge a man, bring him in and let him speak and they will judge him. Since our words reveal our thoughts what minds we must have "as ithers see us."

Mary Sawyer '39

Freshman Class M. Sawger C. Pres.



Of late, so much has been said against and so little for the small town, that it is time somebody came to its rescue. All we hear of is the city and its wonders. We have it as a table topic three times a day, with doses of it at regular intervals between meals. The city is all right. But so is the town all right. It would be hard to understand why so many thousand Canadians would choose to live in towns if this were not true--unless we were all fooling ourselves into so believing. But we actually think we are sufficiently wide awake, some of us do, to know why we are living in a town and why we like it. And here are some of the reasons.

Take, for instance, the home. To no end do we listen to stories about the "gorgeous" a artments available in the city, and all about the new facilities which make "life so much easier to live", and of those "enchanting" penthouses just under the stars—in short, of everything that makes living so "worthwhile". But we are not so often told about the many couples facing the divorce court, because of too much time on her hands, due to too many modern devices; or perhaps, because of the other extreme—a tiny apartment, where almost inevitably nervous friction results from cramped quarters. Do you think we envy these city folk? No, we do not. We are thoroughly content to live in homes that are our own, where perhaps our fathers or grandfathers lived before us. We are not interested in the change that brings you from apartment to apartment every six months or so. And we also realize that happiness and contentment are not fostered necessarily by these modernly equipped buildings, and that overcrowded quarters, are as incompatible with blissful home life, as are critical "in-laws".

We are quite aware of the fact that our towns cannot beast of a Park Avenue. At the same time, they cannot be accused of having slums. There are few open mouths crying for food whose cries are not answered. There are seldom cramped and filthy sections, which serve as a breathing place for crime. And consequently, there is little crime committed. We are not threatened with blackmail, and kidnapping--A big robbery is uncommon--A murder rare.

We have no million dollar schools, it is true, but neither is education neglected. The schools may not have all the modern equipment of those of large centres; but the boys and girls who attend and graduate from their institutions, do not prove themselves inferior to those from the city, and they can stand comparison and competition with them. Their mental development is not dependent upon the size of the town. They are fortunate in that they are able to come into closer touch with their teachers, and consequently, receive more individual care. Their attention is not as diffused as it would be in the city, since there are fewer outside interests. In this respect, the

"Whatever do you find to do?" is almost a daily question, and is followed up by a long-winded description of what a city offers by way of recreation, or a few words of sympathy are given because of the dull and monotonous existence which is ours. I don't think we deserve this sympathy. Our theatres may not be as numerous, nor our shows as varied and new as those of the city, but we do not consider this such a trying situation. There are other diversions like dancing, or bridge, that we enjoy every bit as much as city folk. I do not believe that there is any place where athletics are so eagerly pursued, and such effective results produced, as in the town. Therein lies the reason why so many small—towners are found among the members of national and internations leagues. So, all things considered, we find no necessity for yearning for city activities, when we can well enjoy our own.

Perhaps our greatest asset lies upon the fact that we can attend both business and pleasure without going at a breakneck speed, with not sufficient noise to disturb to any extent. That is why there are so few town people suffering from nerves--Would that couldbe said of our city friends!

In concluding, let me say that although we visit cities, and enjoy what they offer, we small towners are wont to remember that although the city presents splendor and enterprise, the town is just as capable, if not more so in providing that for which all men strive, --namely, happiness.

Irene Veniot '37

THE THING

"Please believe me, I was in heaven last night", whispered a laryngitical tenor to the dozen of Collegiates who were gathered about the radio in the Social Room.

"That's what you think! I was planning a diet for anaemics," said one of the dozen as she tried a trick step that left her partner shuffling alone in the center of the floor. The voice was at its height when two of the girls, a blonde and brunette, edged out of the door.

Outside they breathed twin sighs of relief. Said Vanilla with a guilty look at Chocolate, "You get it this time--i.s your turn--I'll wait and for goodness sakes--Hurry!!!". Chocolate groaned and proceeded down the corridor and into a door-way, fell out after half a second, and then scrambled up the hall panting, "Here it is--but you're going to carry it upstairs," and she forced a dull-red, blunt instrument on the helpless Vanilla.

Chocolate darted upstairs followed by Vanilla with the Thing concealed beneath her gown. A hungry crowd, sniffing gouter in the air, were descending to the lower regions.

"Come on down!" "Lent's over" and their invitations were ignored by the two as they sneaked upstairs. At last—the College flat—a wild dash for their room—a precautionary glance up and down the corridor—a jittering on the part of Chocolate—a quaking about their palettae—a quick look under the beds—in the wastebasket—then from Vanilla, "Nobody's here".

Chocolate was about done in. "I can't stand this pace, suppose She goes looking for it?--I'll bet I left fingerprints----O well!!!"

Squaring their shoulders, they sat down to a table and held their breath as Vanilla drew a copy of Cassell's Latin Dictionary from her sleeve.

Mary Sawyer, '39.

Groans, moans, and more groans--no, no one is dying; it's just the normal reaction of the majority of girls to the announcement that they have to take mathematics. Why the agony? Well really, what a pointless question! How can they tell you anyway? They haven't even found out yet what kind of Maths they are going to take. "Did I hear someone say that I didn't know what kind of maths I am going to take? I haven't taken any since I was in first year High--I have to make them up now. I know I'm going to die!"--that is one of the victims. Some one may ask, "Do you like Geometry at all?" "No", the sufferer, "I hate it. I never took it before, but I know it will kill me. It was almost the death of Mary Ann Jane; she said.....!!!"

Something I've always wanted to know is who Mary Ann Jane was in the beginning. The immediate culprit may be a big sister or brother, a chum or an older friend who assured you before you ever began maths that they were simply atrocious; that anyone who did any more of them was absolutely necessary was either missing some vital parts belonging in that portion of the human body known as the cranium, or had succumbed to some heinous disease which had overthrown his mental equilibrium. (Pause here for breath). Just the same some one must have been responsible for beginning the can't-do complex which overcomes so many before they even find themselves in the dignified position of first year High School students. In any case the Mary-Ann Jane virus has infected an alarming number--and it isn't fair; a girl almost has to go in for a course as a private detective before she can ferret out enough of her female conpatriots to make a class to go on for College maths.

Really you know, girls might give the maths a fair trial before they declare the subject utterly obnoxious, on the authority of someone else, who had it on the word of another, who get it from Mary Ann Jane who invented the whole story for her own amusement (observe the reference to "the great man's porter, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding" in the Citizen of the World's comments on English political reports. I confess one would have difficulty in finding the resemblance). To get back, you have to admit that most classes of girls start the majority of subjects with a fairly open mind. If they are difficult they say so; but they give them a test of a sort anyway. But for maths, a trial? Hands-held-high-in-horror is the immediate response of most girls to such a suggestion-it is a foregone conclusion that it must be impossible. I think there is something wrong with the sound of the word.

Why not make a sporting proposition of it. you determined-to-hate-it-before-you-try-it people' Give it at least an even break with the other subjects. After all, much against our will though it may be, a certain amount of energy has to be expended if we ever hope to manage a degree-rl don't see why it couldn't be put on maths as well as on any other elective. Honestly, if you try it in a fair way you'll find it much more satisfying than many other subjects. For example, you write an English assignment; you labour in the sweat of your brow until you have produced what you know to be a perfect gem of composition, in fact, a masterpiece unsurpassed; you pass it in; incomprehensibly the English teacher doesn't regard it from the same point of view; you get next to nothing for your pains. (Oh, class marks, whither do you flee?) On the other hand, you start a math assignment; you get an answer; it's either correct or it isn't--there's no half way about it; at least you know where you stand, and don't have to undergo the painful experience of having your illusions rudely shattered.

Besides that there is something satisfying about the definiteness of mathematics. When you do manage to solve a problem (even though it be with much difficulty) you have the feeling of a task well done--it is absolutely completed, it can be entirely laid aside. If you like cross-word or jig-saw puzzles, you know the feeling of complacency that comes over you when the last word is filled in, the last piece in place. That is what you feel when a Trigonometry or Calculus problem suddenly straightens itself out of a perfect tangle, and the answer falls into place. (I must admit, they can tie themselves into a good many knots; but they can be unravelled.) You give yourself a pat on the back,

Of course, I know that a universal affection for maths is a thing of the very dim and far-off future, but at least let's show fair play. How about forgetting Mary Ann Jane for awhile and judging mathematics on its own merits?

Margaret Cummings, 36.

ON THE "ORDEAL" OF BEING AN EDUCATED MOTHER

Who says College graduates do not make good mothers? According to a female Doctor of Philosophy, in an article in a recent "Commonweal", "education; which should have been a staff to lean upon, has become a log across their paths." There is nothing incongruous about a "six pound bundle of wailing baby" in any woman's arms. It is the most natural thing in the world. And who is more thoroughly equipped for training and assisting in the development of a child's mind than an educated mother?

As for learning such small details as how to hold a baby, how to bathe him and prepare his formula, it should be much simpler for the trained mind of a college graduate, to observe and remember how these things are done. The trifling problems mentioned are merely those which any mother goes through, caring for the first little one. Even under able direction she has some difficulty in doing these things efficiently.

This highly educated mother must have been brought up in seclusion on some desert island, if she had never seen a baby dressed and never even held one before her own arrived. Those who succeed in obtaining a Doctorate must have a certain amount of general knowledge. Surely they must know something about child psychology. From Biology alone, they must have learned enough about the tenderness of an infant's body, not to feed a new-born "on ordinary milk fresh from the refrigerator, nor to pick it up by its arms."

All the faculties and instructors in the world cannot divert a young woman's inclinations from natural bendanthe desire for a child of her own. But there are always the exceptions. Many have the privilege of being called to the Religious Life. Others may rightly feel that "the talents God has given them can be otherwise better employed" not "to the glory of their names" but to His glory and "the good of the world."

The care of a child does not necessarily have to be "taught in the home."

If the mother does not come from a home where there were babies and younger children, and if she was so wrapped up in her career and social life that she never watched a baby guagling joyfully in its bath or being washed and dressed, these cases are rare and certainly a mother in this predicament could procure aid from relatives or friendly neighbors; or even, if necessary, from the district nurse provided by the government. About one day's instruction should be sufficient for the intelligent college-bred woman to learn the simple methods of caring for a baby. I should not care to bring up a child "by a book."

(Continued on page 94)

What does a book mean to you? What is your concept of it? To some it is a number of printed pages bound together, well or ill—and that is to be recretted. To some it implies study—that is not sufficiently inclusive. To others it means a device for filling in time—that is a false conception. To still others it is one of the coins of which Sara Teasdale speaks in those lines.

"Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor thief purloin-Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing." --- and that is true. But

for you---?

In a book there is something of its suthor; caught for all time is a bit of his impressions, his thoughts, himself. So through books we come to know people; that is one of their functions. Through books we come to know this world in which we live, in a way in which we would never otherwise have the opportunity; a wealth of knowledge comes to us of far places, of great happenings, of curious things; friends we make who mean much to us even if they can never actually take the place of real friends. Through books mind communicates with mind, passes on the "safe-kept memory" of things lovely and true and great.

This concept of "book" is that which impels men to build libraries, to accumulate volumes. For this reason librarians care for the books, watch their shelves. Here at the Mount the library accession book now shows a total number of almost 12,500 volumes—a good collection for an eleven—year old College, as comparison with the records of other older institutions readily shows. With never—failing interest in the growth of her department, the Librarian kept a keen eye open for new books during a recent visit to the States, and arrived home with about seventy—five carefully chosen new volumes.

Among them was the much-talked-of "College Men". Written as it is by a Dean, a student adviser of many years experience, it reveals a clear knowledge coupled with a sympathetic understanding of the problems youth faces during College years. Those problems and their suggested solution are set forth in the form of individual interviews with students—so, they stand out more clearly, are more real than they would otherwise beem to the reader. The author, who, to avoid betrayal of confidence, writes under the pen name Dom Proface, has given the result of his experience, his sound judgment of the problems of College students to the world in a form that is striking, a style that is vivid and readable.

Who is there that doesn't like to sit and listen to a born story-teller, steeped in the lore of some section of the country, recount the noble, the sad, and the droll, reminicences of the people and places he knows so well? That is the spell in which Joseph C. Lincoln holds you with his Cape Cod sketches in "Cape Cod Yesterdays". From hearsay and memory, he writes of the stage coach days; of the inroads of the modern world of rush and big business which has never really succeeded in driving out the spirit of that bit of New England. Against the picturesque setting of the sea--that is part of the very life of the people--of low-roaded white cottages, windmills and sandy lanes,

he has drawn with pungent humour, and a delightful style a people who are rooted in the soil of Cape Cod.

In the mood that Lincoln has written, Harold Brett has illustrated these stories of Cape Cod Yesterdays: the fields busy with life at the cranberry-picking time; the wreck off the coast - that ever-present tragedy to the people of the Cape; the fisher-folk; the Sunday night prayer-meetings - all are there as they are pictured in the artist's memory of yester-years.

In the field of the psychological novel, there has come in recently "The Abbey of Evolayne" by Paule Regnier, translated from the French by Samuel Sloan. The plot tends to the morbid, particularly in its conclusion; but the central interest of the book is in character rather than in action. With a depth of thought and a surprising degree of success, the author searches the soul and heart of Adelaide Adrian, and reveals the most secret workings of her mind, her scarcely understood impulses. The essential weaknesses are analyzed; her faith and its foundations are examined. Reading it, you follow the story of a soul, rather than the external life of Adelaide and Michel Adrian, Michel, the husband, Michel the priest—by nature he was strong, dominant, ruled by reason, and he serves as a foil by means of which the character of Adeliade, her weakness, her overwhelming human love, her emotion-ruled life, can be understood more clearly. The whole story is strongly written, and has about it a compelling force which holds your interest, which urges you on to the end.

Kathleen Norris has, I know, been out of favour with many for some time. However, "Shining Windows" came as a gift to the Library; and as I had heard that it was somewhat better than her earlier ones, I read it. However, I am inclined to agree with her more severe critics. This story is that of the readjustment of values in one femily brought about by the depression and the enforced simple life on a secluded farm—sort of back to the land idea, you know. The plot is romantic in the extreme, sudden drops from wealth to poverty quick changes from egoism to a noble unselfüshness, masquerading English lords, and simple farming people all meet and mingle here in a way that is, to say the least, unusual. The characters are somewhat stilted, particularly Joyce, the one about whom the book centres. Somehow it seems to me that the way the author makes Joyce split her words is not only affected but annoying; the trick of speech is in a few places carried so far that you have to pause a minute or so before you realize what the word is meant to be. The style, however, is interesting, and the book easy reading.

Among the biographies which our Librarian brought home from Boston and New York is "The Greatest of the Borgias", by Margaret Yeo. This is the life of Francis Borgia, third General of the Jesuit Order, the man who redeemed the Borgia name. Contrary to the custom of his earlier biographers, Margaret Yeo presents in detail the childhood, youth and married life of Francis Borgia; she shows him as a young nobleman, a husband, an official of high rank at the court of Charles V, an influential and wealthy Grandee of Spain. With this background we can more easily understand Francis Borgia as a member of the Jesuit Order which he entered sometime after the death of his wife. Somehow, Margaret Yeo makes you actually feel, in reading the book, the immense vitality of the man, and his extraordinary administrative ability which showed itself in whatever walk of life he found himself. The style is characterized by a certain clarity and conciseness, and the whole work is filled out and made complete by the rich, colorful yet historically-accurate setting.

Among the many other new books are also several of Karl Adams, and of Chesterton and Belloc. Of the works of the two latter a complete collection

is now being made, and the number is increasing rapidly. The names of books by Christopher Dawson, F.J. Sheed, Sir Bertram Windle, Stefan Zweig and Evelyn Waugh have also been added recently to the accession book.

There is no time now before closing to read more but in the summer ----? Well, that is up to us. That depends on what our conception of 'book' is.

Margaret Cummings, '36.

LUCY GAYHEART AND THE LUCY OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS. (Continued from Page 72.) The most suggestive messages are the poets, for they convey most thought in fewest words. It is easily apparent then, why Wordsworth conveyed in a few stanzas what Willa Cather did in some thousands of words; yet while she made use of the multiplicity of detail allowed by prose, she also wielded the cryptic statement common in poetry, thus manipulating a kind of poetic prose. Wordsworth, in his age, had to confine himself to the one medium, and undoubtedly he met with more success than if he had used the novel form of the time. The complex plots of Scott were suited to the long, complicated development in prose familiar at that period, but Wordsworth's theme was definitely simple, and any ornament added to it to create the bulk desired at that time would have detracted from the classical directness of its action. So he used a fine stanza form, and relied on poetry to express his thoughts.

Considering the difference in the style of the two writers, both achieve a remarkably similar effect—tranquillity and passion diffused over an exquisite nature; a city's roar used only to impress the stillness of the untrodden ways; a misery beautiful in its peace; slender phrases of emotion presented with the power of passionate feeling—so the integrity of the whole works powerfully in the brain illuminating the guiet peace of forgotten places in the soul.

Lucy Gayheart's drama is known well; her fantastic tragedy has nothing horrible in it, and the element of simplicity is used throughout the developement of her short life. The Lucy of Wordsworth may or may not have had a tragedy, may or may not have experienced a sense of frustration. Nothing of these things is known from the poems. Apart from this slight difference the two lived their parallel lives, and drift back into the shadow world whence they sprang. Their unusual qualities haunt the scenes—the happy scenes—of their youth and childhood. In the minds of the few who knew them they are living yet, their figures "mysteriously lovely" in memory. "All the other men and women they have known—more or less like themselves."

Patricia Devlin Mount St. Agnes, Bermuda

ATHLETICS -- Continued from page 55

It is up to the Graduates of Catholic Colleges to do this work. It is not merely a challenge, it is a duty. So, why not organize more Catholic Guide Companies to interest Catholic Youth?

This concludes a short summary of our Sport Activities of 1936. Above all in our games and work, the Mount has taught us to be good sports. This is surely a worthwhile accomplishment to take out into this wide world of ours.

Kathleen A. Thompson, '36 Sport-Editor.

ON THE "ORDEAL" OF BEING AN EDUCATED MOTHER (continued from page 90). I fail to see how " the training and the feeling for motherly tasks" can be acquired except through experience. Even a four years' course on the subject could not truly develop it.

The ideas which larger colleges are said to inculcate concerning motherhood and domestic life are far different from those received in a Catholic College. In the smaller colleges where the students know one another, those taking the Arts or Business Courses can not keep learning little points heard here and there from the Household Science students. We hear them discussing recipes, the right method of setting a table, and serving; we go to their exhibitions and see the arrangment of the dainty dishes which they prepare. They give us many practical points from the Home Mursing course. Furthermore in a Catholic College we have the example of the Religious who exercise a spiritual maternity over those under their care. They give up the joys of natural motherhood to become the mothers of many whom they strive to lead to the feet of the Queen of Mothers, -- Mary. The devotion which is daily fostered to the Mother of God implants in all hearts the realization that it is a privilege, not an ordeal, to be a mother--even an educated mother. Kathleen M. Deasy, '37.

PERSONALITY OR INTELLECT: (continued from page 78)

Now let us consider the value of intellect. First of all outstanding intellect has no value, it is priceless. The intellect accomplishes so much both materially and spiritually! Success in business depends chiefly on intellect. What man wants a secretary who is inaccurate and at times unreasonable? If she happens to have a very nice personality she may be able to cover up any errors. But--all business men are not the same and most of them are too intent on their work to care about personality that lacks accuracy and they may tell the young lady to seek a position elsewhere. Speaking of secretaries, what type is valued most highly? Well, though it may seem sad to some, it is very often true that it is the "stiff old poker" because "she is very efficient and knows her work." Of course, there is a higher outlook from the intellectual viewpoint and that is towards great accomplishments in the arts, mathematics, medicine, law and all higher learning and these can be attained only through intellect. Then, finally, we reach the highest use of the intellect and that is in the spiritual. A great deal of our religious belief and particularly the solvation of our souls depends to a great extent on intellect. But, here! I am going beyond myself and you may seek out someone who knows more about such matters or -- better still -- think it out for yourself.

At the present time, the majority of people seem to be striving for personality. In fact, you are considered to be a failure if you do not possess it. But remember, if you have intellect you may acquire personality. As for those who have only personality? Well--they had better start out right away to strive after the cultivation of the little intellect they may possess. Intellect is by for the greater quality. This fact is too often forgotten. Madeleine Jones, '38.

"How many people eat, drink, and marry; buy, sell, and build; make contracts and acquire fortunes; have friends and enemies, pleasure and pain; are born, grow up, live and die-but asleep." Joubert.

Within the last few years, particularly those which have passed since 1929, it has become increasingly the custom to warn graduates that, as they leave College, they step out into a world that is troubled, a world in which they will have to struggle for everything they obtain, a world, in fact, which has room for comparatively few of them. Now, they say, youth is finding it ever more difficult to gain a place in the scheme of living.

Yet, today, as we pass from College to the testing ground of life, we look rather at the other side of the question. Four years we have spent here equipping ourselves for that test; our preparation has been many-sided. Thanks to our parents who have made it possible for us to attend College, and to the never-failing interest of all the faculty, we have laid the cornerstone of an education: a corner-stone which, if not destroyed by the careless building of the future, will prove itself strong, practical, and capable of bearing the weight which life may place upon it.

This corner-stone is strong because the materials which have gone into its making are strong. With a base of deeply instilled Christian principles and high ideals have been compounded at least a fundamental knowledge of the branches of study we have followed during our College years. It is practical. because it has been formed from the experience acquired in times of difficulty, of political, social, and spiritual unrest; practical, also, because into it has gone our personal experience. We, as well as those who have already entered on their own battle of life, have had to learn to distinguish between the true and the false in literature, in ideas, and in movements, to discriminate between current philosophies of life; we, too. have had to learn to economize, to adjust ourselves to the troubled conditions of the world. Finally, the corner-stone is capable of bearing the weight which life may place upon it simply because it is so strongly and practically

As we stand, then, ready to begin the edifice of our lives, we feel that the corner-stone of education which we have received here, gives us something substantial on which to build. We know the condition of the world about us --every magazine or paper we pick up, every speaker on politics, economics or sociology that we hear, cries out dire warnings. We have lived during a period when much history has been made. Beginning with the upheaval of the Great War, living through the early post-War years of comparative prosperity and experiencing the reflex of the depression, in our latter years of life we have seen the world around us trying to settle, and in the attempt merely turning over and creating new upheavals. We have had to learn to be selfreliant while we are still young; we have been forced to think, to realize that we must face tremendous problems in the business of living. For our instruction, we have the accumulated knowledge and experience of those who have preceded us -- we have gained by their successes and been forewarned by their mistakes; as equipment, we have our training, our strength, our youth itself. and our hope. Disciplined by the depression, we do not expect in the future easy success; we know that we shall struggle, and struggle with all our strength to make a triumph of life. If we have courage, and perseverance, if we are true to the Christian principles and ideals we have been taught, if we build well on the corner-stone of education we have laid here--we feel that we have more than an even chance of victory.

Thus, though it is with regret that we say farewell to our teachers, that we part from many of our College friends, that we end our College years; it is with hope that we enter on the contest of life.

Margaret Cummings '36

MUSICLOGUE VALE--(SENIOR'S SPEAKING)

Silver water -- blue and cloudless sky, Trees in bride's array-good-bye. In the youthful land of college we'll be strangers from now on. No more to share your secrets -- to join in game and song. The path we've trod together (how short) -it looked so long Gone the hours of study at the Master's feet. Gone the hours in Chapel in His Presence sweet. Shall we ever need or ever meet again Our teachers -- those who labor in His Name? Ah! our hearts are longing to go but yet to stay Could we keep it ever--Graduation Day! Farewell--Mount St. Vincent--world of bay and sky, Sadly now we leave you -- sadly we say -- good - bye.

AVE (JUNIOR'S PRESENTING FLOWERS)

Roses!
Gold roses!
We bring you as we part,
Flowers as into the world you start.

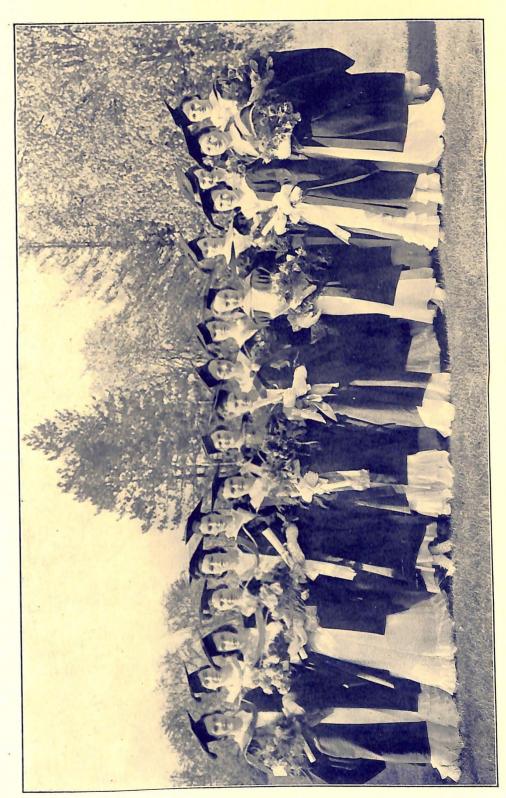
Roses gold to shine like stars
And make your life-way bright;
Roses gold like Charity,
Symbolic of the Light.

Time seemed fast
And sometimes slow,
As those at Mount St. Vincent know;
So pass the sands in Time's hour glass.

Alma Mater brings to you

A message to keep where'er you go:
"Be true--true to the dual blue."
So be not sad, but just be glad,
On this our closing day,
And keep the lesson taught by Charity,
That God is reached through Verity.

M.V.C.



RADUATES OF 1935

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Radiant she is Today. Her dream come true, In the flower-scented Atmosphere Of Mount Commencement ... Starry-eyed, Perhaps already, She is weaving Other dreams ... Of cong'ring worlds, Or humbly saving souls Or helping build a home Wherever, God, Her footsteps tread, Please keep her Brave and true, Her sense of values right This young and eager, Happy, Graduate.



"Contact Chats"

With summer around the corner, there will be a round of parties, dances, club entertainments, and the like, where in many cases, strangers will have to be met and talked to. To some, this sort of conversation comes easily, but others get a panicky feeling at the mere thought of it.

Very recently, I read an article in an English magazine, dealing with this "small talk." The author renames these opening "gambits" of conversation, "Contact Chats." To quote from this piece, "Small talk is the bridge which links two or more alien personalities brought together for a moment by the tide of life. Over this frail bridge of talk your object is to cross in order to discover, if possible, some common denominator of human interest to one or the other, which will make the short contact a real thing and leave a pleasant little memory when the meeting is over."

"If we look on it like this, small talk will, or should, appeal to us in quite a different way. Let us get practical and examine some of the subjects which are of perennial interest to everyone, and therefore most suitable for starting a conversation with a total stranger. Questions are taboo, at least a posse of them, but one may be delicately insinuated." The author suggests a variation of the weather theme, as: "How does this warm weather suit you?" This is much better than "Very warm, isn't it?" which leads to nothing. Such a query may lead to a small recital of the other person's passion for golf or the seashore, etc., which will come about ever so naturally, because you have displayed an interest in her likes and dislikes and therefore made her feel talkative.

The people who are the "Doers" of this world, who express themselves in actions rather than in speech, to whom graceful little remarks come with difficulty, might do their share, should the conversation veer that way, by passing

on some of those bits of household or garden lore which come to them so effortlessly. A new recipe, a new experience are ever acceptable, and a very good way of crossing "that bridge."

Of course, small talk should never have the "least ring of ill nature, nor must it be used as a vehicle to boost oneself." We all understand that....

The thought behind this little article is one worth keeping, don't you think? After all, it should not be very difficult for any of us who are interested in so many things, to get the quality of life in our merest chats, should it? Shall we try?

M. Corinne Veniot '33

JIMMIE

Miss Anne Gates wearily closed the door of the Third Grade classroom and sank into her chair. It was half-past three of a Friday afternoon and another week was over. Another week-that was all every week was to liss Anne Gates now. It wasn't that she didn't like her work; all her youthful ambitions had centred on this work. She had planned so eagerly when she begen to teach; twenty years old and looking no more than sixteen, fresh from college and with great hopes for the future. She would teach there for a while, soon would come a higher place, responsibilities, honours, feme. Her name would be known as that of one of the greatest teachers of the day.

Now she was forty! It was twenty years since she had bought the pair of spectacles she still wore; they had been to make her book old and dignified enough to be a teacher. She no longer needed them but the old habit was strong. They dulled the sparkle of the dark grey eyes and hid the beauty of the straight little nose; they slid behind tiny shell-pink ears. Miss Anne could have been pretty but she did nothing to make her so. Her shining brown hair was drawn straight back, the pale skin with the enchanting freeles, was left without the touch of colour which would have made Miss Anne a really lovely lady, and her dimple showed less and less often. Miss Anne dressed neatly in dark colours, when a flame dress would have made her stand out like a flower, and neat, sensible low-heeled shoes, when her soul teetered about on high French haels. Her mother had been an invalid and when opportunities for advancement came to Miss Anne, they meant leaving the old home to which the mother clung pitifully and so Miss Anne stayed on in the same classroom.

The mother was gone now and hiss anne's home, with an old servant to keep it neat was a lovely place, in which Miss Anne spread all the loveliness which her soul loved. But it was so lonely! It was all very well to have children about you all day, but if one could only bring one home, how the old home would be cheered.

As always when she was lonely, Miss Anne thought of Jimmie Frost who had wanted her to marry him. She had not wanted to marry then, she had wanted a career. It was not until Jim had gone away that she had known that no career could make up for his loss, but pride forbade her calling him back. She would not have been lonely now--but why think of that? Miss Anne sighed wearily and began to tidy up the classroom.

She ate a lonely if well-cooked dinner and picked up the news to read as she sat idly before her fireplace. She scanned it quickly; one article alone interested her, an account of the good work done by a certain orphanage in placing children in good homes. Miss Anne was interested in all that concerned

children and she read the article through. In a flash there came to her the solution to her problem of loneliness; she would adopt a baby! To have a laughing baby to welcome her would surely drive away all loneliness.

True to her professional habits, Miss Anne began to plan. She had laid aside the doleful spectacles and as she dreamed, the dimples came out and her cheeks became flushed; she looked a creature of radiant charm.

"He will be about three years old"--(she had never even thought of a girl) "with blue eyes and that lovely shade of goldy brown hair", she decided. Jim had had blue eyes and goldy brown hair. Miss Anne gazed long into the glowing flames, picturing her baby.

Why hadn't she ever thought of this before? she asked herself the next morning as she sat in the neat reception room of the orphanage. The matron had assured her that it was the easiest thing in the world to adopt a little boy of three years with blue eyes and brown hair. In a few minutes Miss Anne was to be taken to see the children and she could have her choice. It was so easy—just a few formalities and the child would be legally hers.

After a few moments, which seemed hours to Miss Anne, so impatient was she, the matron appeared and conducted her to a playroom where about forty children were playing happily. A sweet-faced woman was in charge of them and the shyer ones ran to her as the visitor appeared.

Miss Anne stood in the doorway a second and in that second Fate decided to be nice to her after all. There he stood: Three years old, sturdy and appealing, blue eyes crinkling at the corners as he smiled at Miss Anne, hair in tight short curls of that lovely shade of goldy brown. He was exactly what Jim Frost must have been at that age.

"That one", said Miss Anne, "I want that one."

"Jimmie," said the matron, "I don't wonder you would like to have him.

Isn't he a darling? But you see, Jimmie isn't for adoption, Poor little
baby, I will tell you why afterwards. Now Carl here and Roger--"

Miss Anne's heart fell. Dully she looked at the others, Carl and Roger and four others. There were six three-year-old boys with blue eyes and goldy brown hair, who were ready and willing to be adopted but none were Jimmio.

The matron led her downstairs after a time. Miss Anne promised to think it over but first she must know why she could not have Jimmie.

"Jimmie?", said the matron, "Well, he has no relative in the world but an uncle. He and his mother were living in this city, the uncle far away. Three weeks ago the mother fell seriously ill and the hospital authorities sent for her brother. He came just in time to see his sister, and with her last breath she asked him to promise to look after Jimmie; she had just come to the city and so knew no one, and the uncle brought Jimmie to us to be looked after until he could find someone to go back with him to look after Jimmie. He is terribly distressed and can't seem to be able to get anyone, but I'm sure he would never consent to let anyone adopt Jimmie. He is coming in this morning so if you would like to speak to him—but I assure you it is almost hopeless."

Miss Anne pondered. She was rather surprised at her determination; she was not in the habit of asking enormous favours from strangers. "I'll ask him." she declared.

Just then the docroell rang and the matron remarked, "Very well. This must be he, so I will bring him in to talk to you." She left Miss Anne hoping and praying that Jimmie's uncle might prove tractable.

After a few minutes the door opened and the matron ushered in a tall man. "Now I will leave you and Miss Gates to talk it over," she said as she departed. She was not going to act as referee, she assured herself in what promised to be a contest of strong wills. She had never seen any would-be adopter so set on getting the one baby she had set her heart upon.

Meanwhile -- "Miss Cates? Anne! " said the tall man, and "Jim Frost! gaspod Miss Anne as though she had seen a ghost-rather a nice ghost though.

After half an hour the matron decided that surely they would have come to some decision as to Jimmie's future, so she brought Jimmie himself down to reward the winner of the battle royal she had imagined.

At least, she thought as she entered, they were hiding their feelings very politely. Both were smiling happily at each other. Perhaps after all, Jimmie's uncle was glad to be relieved of the responsibility; And Miss Gates would be good to Jimmie.

"Have you decided to let Miss Gates have Jimmie?" she queried brightly of the tall man.

"Well, it's this way; you see Miss Gates and I are old friends, so I hated to refuse her request. I said I would grant it on one condition. Since I told my sister I'd never give up Jimmie, if Miss Cates takes oneof us, she will have to take the other one too and she wants Jimmie badly so--".

The matron looked at Jimmie now sitting happily between Miss Anne and his uncle and she smiled as broadly as the other three, "It seems to be a perfectly satisfactory arrangement to all concerned.," said she Margaret Preston, B.A.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Katherine Ahearn is working with an insurance company in the statistics department. Evidently doing nothing has not agreed with Kay as whe weighs only ninetyeight pounds. Sister Everistus and Sister Francis de Salos saw her while they were in Boston at Easter.

Mrs. Frederick Hoss (Lavalie Bisby) is busy and happy caring for her handsome young son. Frederick Hoss. Junior.

Helen Boylan has spent the past winter teaching and studying at the Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax.

Norma and Astrid Buckley are both very busy preparing for Norma's wedding this summer. Both are evidently too busy to write letters.

Anna Burns is reported to doing very good work in the Ottawa Civic Hospital. She likes it immensely.

Helen Cameron is at present in Florida with a patient.

Evelyn Campbell, librarian at the Nova Scotia Technical College is an occasional wisitor to the Mount.

Mario Carroll, the Lappa's invaluable art editor, spent a day with us recently. She reports that in addition to her other work she is now conducting a singing class at the Nova Scotia Training School, Truro, Nova Scotia.

Patricia Clancy, between teaching day school and Sunday school, hasn't much idle time. She seems to have a special flare for decorating class rooms. Her unique ideas have won praise from the Inspector and Principal. Patricia visited here at Eastertime.

Mary Dec: Watch the Halifax Papers for the account of her graduation recital in singing which we know will be a great success.

Hilda Durney left early in May for Bermuda.

Ruth Elliott had a short visit with our Dean and Mistress during their recent visit to Regis College.

To Josephine Flemming we offer sincere sympathy in the loss of her grandmother.

Dorothy Harrison has completed her Post-Graduate training at Ottawa Civic Hospital and is eager for opportunity to put it into practical use. She was here recently and looks ever so well. She and Ruby Zwerling Jacobson were guests at a Household Science function recently. Dorothy is prepared for either Hospital work or teaching, having secured her license.

That Claire Henley retains her interest in the Household Science Department is shown by the beautiful statue and vase received from her for the new Dining room.

Florence Houlihan was another recent visitor to the Mount.

Betty Kelley and Mary MacDougall also visited the Mount during the Easter vacation. They have just teturned from a trip to South America. The MacDougalls are planning to take a house at the North West Arm for the summer.

Grace Leon's /recently gave a very nice shower on the eve of her entering the Nurses' Training School at the Halifax Infirmary.

Margaret Lauder is another of the "old girls" seen by the Sisters while in Boston. Margaret very kindly donated to the Library the books she used in her Library Science course at Simmons College. Margaret says her love of books does not extend to the care of them; instead she is devoting herself to the care of her invalid brother.

Alice Kerr has moved to Prince's Lodge for the summer.

Our four College girls received the Holy Habit on March 19. Kitty Meagher is now Sister Ellen Francis. She typed the art designs in our Year Book for us while she was in the Postulate. Margaret Foran is Sister Thomas Edward. Mary Trainor is Sister Teresa Madeline. Elizabeth Adams is Sister Francis Eleanor.

Mary Montague has announced her engagement to Mr. John Boyd.

Mary Morley completed a course of classes given at night as well as her year's work with Study Clubs in Glace Bay.

Muriel Mossman spent a day here recently and with her came Gelia MacDonald as

Eileen Mullins visited Toronto recently and is to be our guest for Commencement.

Agnes MacLennan is at present in Ottawa acting as secretary to her father. Josephine has taken Agnes' position in Inverness. Anna Burns and Dorothy Harrison were frequent guests at the MacLennan apartment in Ottawa.

Marquerite MacNeil is teaching music and has a very good class.

Margaret Macneill is Student Dietician at Saint Luke's Hospital. New York. Marie is acting as secretary to her father.

Doris Otto was a recent visitor here and is still a lady of leisure.

Annie Ritchie was also a visitor at the Mount a short time ago. She continues to be a successful and popular teacher at the Liverpool Academy.

Mary Romans has a permanent position on the staff of the Royal Victoria.

Frances Romkey is going to Toronto University to take a course in Pedagogy during the summer. In the Fall she will teach in the Liverpool Academy.

Anne Shea is continuing her steady upward rise in her chosen field. Anne is at present Dietician in charge of a 200 bed section of the King's County Hospital, a 3000 bed Institution. Recently she took the Massachusetts Civil Service Examinations in which she came out highest.

Marie Soper recently substituted for one month in the Diet Kitchen at the Halifax Infirmary. She has also substituted several times as teacher of Domestic Science At Morris Street School.

Delphine Stokes makes a weekly trip to the Mount as she is the Captain of the Rangers. She is planning to go to a camp near New Glasgow this summer to get her guide's camper's license.

Lucille Theriault who is employed in the office at Wood Brothers is living in Halifax with her mother.

Alberta Veniot is still in Ottawa as secretary to her grandfather.

Rhoda Parsons sent us the following, from her many experiences: The scenea doting parent, a spoiled child and an inexperienced teacher. Doting parent-"Teacher: I brought Johnie to you. I want you to frighten him. He came home from school at noon and said he thought he thought he was going to have cramps. I watched him and he did not have them. Will you frighten him?" Now, dear Voice of Experience, I appeal to you for a solution to such a problem as this.

One day two boys of unknown nationality were asked by the teacher if they were Jewish and the teacher received this reply: "No, teacher, we are not Jews, we are non-Catholics."

A certain teacher after drilling for a quarter of an hour on the use of capits als, asked her interested class: "Can any boy tell me when he would use a capital letter?" A bright pupil waved his hand frantically and then replied: "Teacher, my mother has a new set of underwear all for herself."





DEDICATION

Ode To Ourselves

We goonly dedicate to all the goons in goondom that they may become goonier than goony -- this our Sappa Year Book.

Don't you think our work is clever? Don't you think we're clever too? Don't you think we're simply marvelous? (If you do you're cuckoo too!)

Name: Kathleen Maria Sara Stephanie Deasy.

St. Mahgret's Hospital, Dorchester, Mass. Origin:

Appearance: Petite: "the cuddly type"; poppy gray eyes; thick chestnut braids; mottled complexion with a wart perched on her nose.

Activities: Chief weather man for "those in the "know". A boon-doggler of note--expert

elboy bender. Hikes--her speciality. (Feet --size 7- D) Makes good cookies and puts spiffy holes in doughnuts.

Assets: Liabilities: Grink -- Beek -- tonsils and "Booful".

Objective: "To put up a front."

Marie Veronica Rose Emerentiana Carpentor. Name:

Norwegian Lutheran Deaconess Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y. Origin:

Appearance: Tall and willowy, all arms and legs, yellow boloney curls, peaches and

cream complexion, green cat eyes and a button mouth.

Activities: Physical Culture; monopolizing the beth-tub; meaning and greaning in

Glee Club and Chapel. Post-hole digger.

Wellesley training; klepto mania; flat feet (good for canoeing). Assets: Liabilities: "Presh"; early rising; carolling Latin hymns while swimming.

Objective: To do the Bear Walk correctly.

We, Kay M.S.S. Deasy and Maria V.R.E.Carpenter, being in a class by ourselves, and also being in unsound mind and slightly deranged mentally do hereby set down our last will and testament. We leave to Margaret McLean -- Pickles because she's a grown woman.

" Tona MacInnis -- A good push.

" Alice Margaret -- A conning tower so that she can keep her eye on the Postulate, Movitiate and St. Stanislaus Dorm.

-- A guide to take her guests around the building.

Jennie -- A canary cage and a large package of bird seed. Mull

" Maggie Keenan -- A balloon for her flights into the strata sphere.

" Kathleen Varia Sara--A mechanical hymn-book collector; a supply of big

nickels and I(M.V.R.E.C.) also leave you alone.

" Marie Verenica Rose Emerentiana -- A cute "lil" bunny all for herself to name what she pleases.

Well, spring is here at last. It arrived by degrees as usual. It's a good thing it did because my goodness gracious, if it just turned Spring over night, where would we be? Turning hand springs, I guess. Well, any how, some of us would be laid low with Pu-nuemonia from changing from the good old sweater and skirt to the good new blouse and skirt. Others would be shopwinding (Pardon me, window shopping), all over the place for one of those little flower pots they are wearing on top of their heads this season. The overstuffed set would turn white, because there wouldn't be time to take the newspapers off the cretonne slip covers and slip them on.

Nope, nice old Springie-wingie wouldn't play a mean trick like that. She sneaks up an you. First come the harbingers. "What's them, Morma?", asks little Millie. They include new Fords and blue birds, lower light bills and milk carts in the dead of night, and maybe a robin or two; also sounds of roller skating on concrete side walks and "Keep Off" signs in the parks. After all that, there isn't much left for Spring herself to boast of. Well, anyhow Spring is just a harbinger herself. She harbinges summer, doesn't she? But there's no sense looking so for ahead, we might all be dead by that time.

K.M.D.

Random Ravings

I guess that I'm just destiny's tot gause she certainly shunts me around a lot had in Deasy's "lot" over the If I study French poems 1, 2, 3, 5, We're sure to get 4-- and sakes alive If I study 4--we'll get a choice from 3 or 5 or 1 or 2 Now I'm asking you -- what would you do?

"In Town" (Heard on the Top Flat)

"Thirty cents to come and go:" "Lunch at the Green, and see a show." "Taxi? Nickel? I haven't any " "Sign me in for seven-twenty." "Get some pastry at the shop We'll have a party to-night with pop." "There's the cab--I'll have to fly." Too bad you're campussed, Toots, -- good bye."

Gossip (History)

Remember! the picnic the Amerks Easter vacation? -- and the lobster party that Jane gave? -- and the April Fool's Joke that fell through because everyone was sleepy? -- and the night Tena planted the garden? -- and the night Mul blessed everybody?-and the "curling" done by Carp, Mul and Kay with three brooms and a door-step? -- and will the members of the "Bismiss" English Class ever forget their thirteen letters?

"Thirty Cents."

On the Bus.

Us.

The Perfect Guest

She answered by return of post, The invitation of her host. She caught the train she said she would And changed at junction as she should. She brought a small and lightlish box And keys belonging to the locks. When offered lukewarm tea, she drank it, And did not crave an extra blanket.

Or extra pillow for her head. She seemed to like the spare room bed. Food rich and rare she did not beg, But ate the boiled or scrambled She brought her own self-filling And always went to bed at ten. (Selected)

Muriel Bartholmay Eva Blackford Loretta F. Brady Julia Cahill Muriel Carey Gladys M. Camp Marie V. Carpenter Rose M. Chambers Eleanor J. Coady Isabel Creaser Margaret Cummings Verta Curry Margaret Daley Kathleen M. Deasy Mary Dec Katherine E. DeVan M. Dolores Donnelly Doris Dver Rita M. Fawson Marie Forhan Catherine Gallant Louise Harris Madeleine Jones Patricia Jones Marguerite Keenan Donalda Kelley Tena MacInnis Jean MacCormack Jennie E. MacMahon Rita Mancini Margaret McDonough Mary MacLean Margaret McLean Geraldine Meagher Margaret Morrissey Mary V. Muleahy Mary O'Brien Lenore F. Pelham Viola Pride Mary E. Pumple Geraldine Purdy Margaret Reid Mary Sawyer Gene Stevens Rose E. Sullivan Kathleen A. Thompson Jane Thorup Irene Veniot Marietta Wall Dorothy Webb Aileen Wilson

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