

KAPPA KRONICLE

" VERITAS AD DEUM DUCIT "

KAPPA KRONICLE

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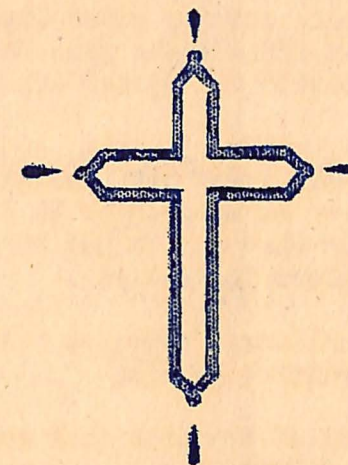
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In Memoriam

SISTER MARY DE CHANTAL
Mistress General of the Academy, 1924-1936
(DIED SEPTEMBER 21)

"The path of the just like a shining light, goeth forward and increaseth even unto perfect day." Day has dawned at last upon that path, leading ever upwards, that Sister Mary de Chantal followed during the fifty-two years that marked her service in Religion. Service? Yes, but service that was absolute devotedness, unswerving fidelity to a call that was ever drawing her onward, upward to the heights of Eternal Love. There are various conceptions of Duty. To Wordsworth Duty meant the "stern daughter of the Voice of God"; to Sister de Chantal it was fidelity to the Will of God, joyous cooperation with the Love of God. She was, above all, a Sister of Charity. That explains many things about her life, her character, her ways of acting. Different angles of her strong personality were reflected in the light of her different occupations, but however one viewed her, there was always a reflection of light:— a wise word of counsel; a cheery smile of encouragement; a radiant ideal of holiness; a hearty laugh that broke through gloom and warmed the atmosphere like sunshine. There are some lines which seem to sum up Sister de Chantal's spirit better than anything else. They are these:

The Torch

Make me to be a torch for feet that grope
Down Truth's dim trail; to bear for wistful eyes
Comfort of light; to bid great beacons blaze
And kindle altar fires of sacrifice.
Let me set souls aflame with quenchless zeal
For high endeavors, causes true and high: —
So would I live to quicken and inspire,
So would I, thus consumed, burn out and die."

Yes, the torch has burned itself out; but it has fallen not into darkness. It is extinguished because the Day has dawned, and in that Day there is need for neither sun nor moon, nor any other light. The torch-bearer has come to the end of "Truth's dim trail"; the path which she followed and which she rendered like "a shining light" has opened out at last upon the fields of eternity.

The girls of the Academy who loved and revered her find it hard to realize that she is gone. There is so much to be felt regarding dear Sister de Chantal that there is little that can be put into words. Nevertheless some of them have tried to express themselves.

"She had such a fund of holiness, combined with such a fund of old-fashioned common-sense". Marguerite Keenan.

"She was trustful, hopeful of the best that was in us; and she always got the best from us." Agnes O'Donnell.

"She was a woman of supreme faith, strong hope, and all-embracing charity." Margaret Cummings.

"She was the 'squarest' person I ever met." Muriel Bartholomay.

"She possessed the essential qualities of a teacher: sympathy, justice, thoroughness, orderliness, and enthusiasm." Mary Coady.

"Fortiter et Suaviter" Sister de Chantal was the living embodiment of the Academy motto. Nancy O'Hearn.

"We feared her and we loved her. She taught us by example, kindness, reverence, and justice." Irma Charman.

"Great-hearted and whole-souled" that sums up Sister de Chantal's character and explains her influence. Dorothy LeClair.

"It was Sister de Chantal's sincerity that struck me most. She was intensely earnest in all she said and did." Margaret McLean

From former pupils:

"She was everything that was said of her in the newspaper accounts of her death. I only hope that she will remember her old pupils and help and guide them still. Monica Campbell

"Others may come, but there will be only one Sister de Chantal." Catherine Comerford.

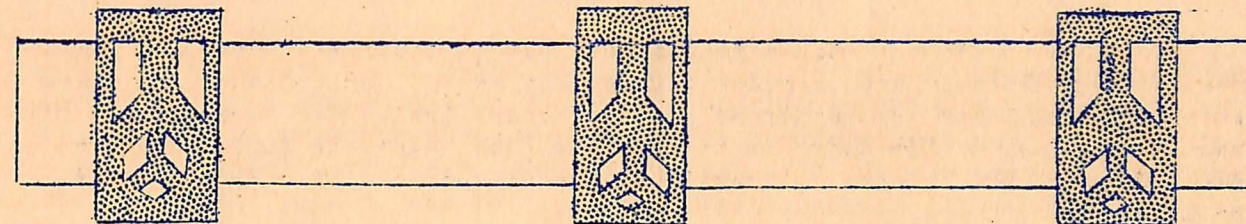
"Sister always took such interest in the success of the students and was so anxious to have the girls happy. I can well understand what her death means to both the Sisters and the girls." Sheila O'Neill

"Sister de Chantal will be sorely missed at the Mount". Madeleine Sinnott

"She was a grand person". Nell Comerford.

"I was indeed sorry to hear of Sister de Chantal's death. She will be very much missed". Mary House

"I can't imagine the Mount without Sister de Chantal". Dorothy McNeil.



Editorial

October is here! Gone are drowsy, sunlit summer days and with them the fruitfulness promised so abundantly and yet so delicately by last spring's blossoming. Gone too, are the sultry, mucky days when dullness of thought was as enveloping as an impenetrable sticky fog. But those days come at the end of the summer. Now we live in a world that is red, gold, and crystal clear. Now the wind is cold and whips our hair and sends us forward joyful and exhilarated. Both sun and wind refresh us and we are glad we have work to do.

The farmer too is glad and he begins his fall ploughing with zest and quiet content. He knows well enough that he will not be rewarded until summer, and he also knows that his labor in the autumn will bring a bounteous harvest. So it is with college students! Let us face the wind and the sun with all the summer mustiness cleared away; let us take up our work gaily and determinedly. There is much to be done. High class marks must not be the summit of our ambition. Our College education gives us opportunities for greater things.

Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley in his book "The Forgotten God" writes, "If we would find the treasure of our salvation, we must plough deep in the fertile soil of duty with intelligence and will." Education does not consist merely memorizing facts that are relatively unimportant. Neither is it the process of storing up knowledge which will later gain us wealth and luxury. Education has one purpose, namely the training of the body and the mind, of the heart with its affections, of the soul with its unending yearnings, so that God may be served and glorified to the best of man's ability. This work is accomplished with the aid of two faculties; the intelligence and the will. These faculties are the greatest gifts of the natural order that God has given man. The intellect is trained by education; the will is strengthened by exercise and use. When the intellect is trained it can perceive the truth which is taught and is able to recognize what it should do. Then the time has come for the will to determine to fulfill its duties.

A College may teach the truth and show how its training may be utilized to the best advantage, but the ploughing must be done by the individual. All wisdom is worthless if the will does not cooperate with the intelligence and consent to raise the soul up to God. Many say that education is a preparation for life. It is not a preparation, it is life. The training of the intellect and will must go on day after day, year after year, until life itself is ended. Unless we begin early, our intellect, will grow dull and our will weak. Our implements for ploughing will have rusted, and we shall have no tools with which to do our duty nor to fulfill our destiny. The love and service we could give God will remain undone for all eternity.

Bishop C. Kelley also writes; "The trouble with the world is that we have not been ploughing deep. Though we have the sharp steel plough it is doing only the work of the old forked stick." That applies especially to us. Our intellect and will have had opportunities of training such as few have enjoyed. Still we are apathetic and content with meagre results. The tawdry dust raised by smug complacency at small successes bewilders us. We do not know the depths of our duties and capabilities. A new year with fresh opportunities lies before us. Let us meet it gallantly, with prayer, hope, and determination!

Marguerite Keenan '37

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AS THE CLASS PRESIDENT SEES IT.

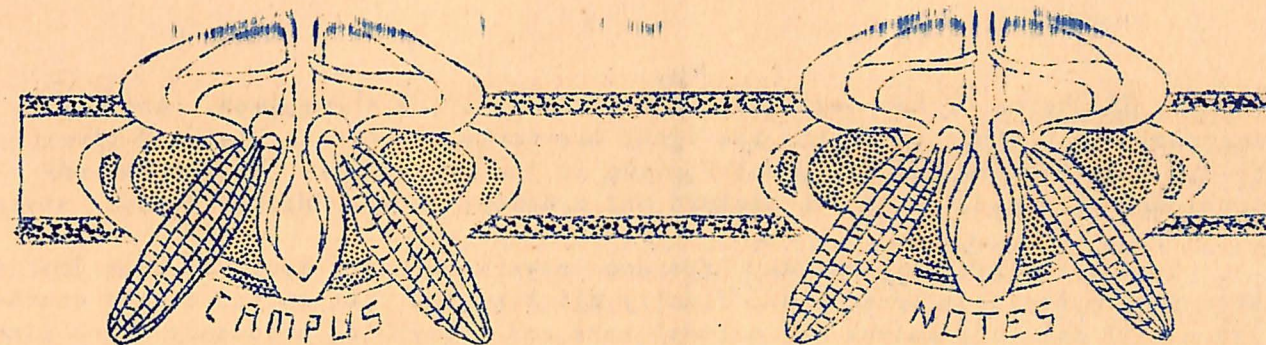
What is student government? Many have asked that question, and listened skeptically to the answer given. To them, student government seems just a whole lot of theory, with little or no practical worth. To us, the same term has a different significance. It is the means which we employ to show that we possess initiative and leadership, that self-control and cooperation are not qualities peculiar to adults only, and finally, to indicate that our brains have emerged from the embryonic stage and that we feel capable of meeting the problems confronting the student body.

The idea of student government is not a new one. It dates back to the period when no less a teacher than Vittorino da Feltre advocated that students have a voice in their government. This thought has persisted through the years to our present day world. Since 1900, it has spread rapidly.

Student government was adopted by our college a few years ago, and although we are still in the experimental stages, we are confident of arriving at a satisfactory system before many years have elapsed. Our government consists of Student Body, and a student Council. The Council is composed of the officers --president and vice-president--of each class, together with the Prefect of the Children of Mary Sodality. The general meeting of the Student Body is held once a month, whereas the members of the Council meet weekly. This latter group discusses matters of particular importance. To it also is entrusted the power of selecting and enforcing the punishment to the violators of school laws. This duty, and that of maintaining disciplinary order, which belongs to every Senior, are the most unpleasant and most thankless tasks which could be wished on anyone. But they are part of our government program, and therefore must be done.

Perhaps we are not all conscious of the effects produced by student participation. We realize that its purpose is the maintenance of law and order, in as democratic a manner as possible. But beyond this immediate purpose, we should see its far reaching effects. Student government is supposed to mark the transition from the extraneous control of childhood to the self-control of the adult; it develops initiative, leadership, charity, self-reliance, group consciousness, honesty, spontaneity, and constructive interest. It supplies the required pressure for character development. In short, it is giving us the opportunity to provide ourselves with those qualities of which the world is so badly in need; so that we may go out from college, not as inexperienced and irresponsible creatures, to be the prey of the uncertain times, but as Catholic young women, equipped to deal with the critical situation, both economic and moral, which the present day has to offer.

Irene Veniot '37



After much meeting of trains and carrying of luggage, the College students arrived and settled down--until the first week-end. Among the new sophomores are Mary Nolan, Sydney, C.B.; Lillian Wagstaff, Kentville, N.S.; Elizabeth Campbell, Halifax; and Florence Butler, Halifax. The new freshmen include Melba Callow, Advocate, N.S.; Mary McGonagle, St. John; Doris Nicholl, Bermuda; Eva Barnaby, Kentville, N.S.; and Betty Harris, Laurencetown, N.S. As usual, the U.S.A. is well represented with three new additions in the persons of Eileen Finnegan, Lowell, Mass.; Hope Willard, Mattapan, Mass. and Rita Morris, Dorchester, Mass. We also welcome the return of several Academy graduates: Agnes O'Donnell, Beaverbank, N.S.; Dorothy Murray, North Sydney, C.B.; Mary Coady, Seattle, Washington; Nancy O'Hearn, Montreal; Muriol Bayer, Rochingham, N.S.; Irma Charman, Truro, N.S. and Dorothy LeClair, Charlottetown.

The former students were immediately charmed with the appearance of the Social Room, with its new chesterfield and matching chair of blue silk rep and accompanying chair in golden brown. A beautiful new floor lamp also helps to make our playroom more homelike and comfortable. When we finally progressed to the College floor we found more improvements in the shape of very pretty new curtains and drapes in all the rooms. After the process of unpacking was over the rooms began to take on an even more attractive appearance with gaily colored mats and pillows strewn around and all kinds of strange looking animals perched on beds and chairs. Some of our dignified Collegians even show signs of returning to their childhood days by displaying a variety of dolls mostly of a dark hue.

Now that you have an idea of our background, you might care to hear what we have been doing since we arrived at our Alma Mater. The first important event of the year was the opening of the Sodality of Our Lady, which took place on the first Monday evening. The new officers were installed, a short talk by the Directress explained the purpose of the Sodality, and refreshments were served.

Next on the program came the General Student Government Meeting. There was not much to be discussed at the first meeting, but the College President, Irene Veniot explained for the benefit of the new arrivals, the "do's" and "don'ts" of the Mount. Class meetings followed and the sophomores elected Margaret Daley of Bangor, Maine for their President and Agnes O'Donnell for their Vice-president. The officers of the Freshman Class are Eileen Finnegan, President, and Catherine Kelley, Vice-president. But the senior's plans, which I shall reveal later, were the best of all.

The first break in our College routine was a half-holiday on Citizens' Day to give us an opportunity to visit the Provincial Exhibition. Anyone going through the Forum who knew the Mount girls would have seen them on the Ferris Wheel, the Whip, the Merry-Go-Round, looking at the animals and various ex-

hibits, disposing of hot-dogs, and thoroughly enjoying themselves. Another 8
surprise which occurred during the first two weeks was a real "talkie" given
by the Reid Picture and Equipment Service in the Music Hall. We saw two ed-
ucational pictures, a musical picture and a comedy on the "Mickey Mouse" style.

On a certain mild Wednesday afternoon several Seniors could be seen dashing
around on mysterious errands and finally climbing the path to the tennis courts,
laden with cups and knives and salt-shakers and everything necessary for a picnic.
A bonfire blazed merrily in one corner; a huge pot of corn stood steaming beside
a large pan of frankfurts and a pot of bubbling coffee. In a very short time
the guests began to arrive and every inch of bench room was occupied as the Col-
lege settled down to enjoy the Seniors' combined "weinie roast" and "corn boil".
After our appetites were satisfied we sang songs until we were hoarse and we
played forfeit games under the energetic direction of our Basket Ball coach, un-
til everyone was pretty well exhausted. Of course the Senior's activity did not
stop there but that would lead to the less attractive details--even pie tins
must be washed.

During the short time since school opened we have been honored by two dis-
tinguished visitors. The first was His Excellency, the Most Reverend P.A. Bray,
Bishop of St. John, who spent a night at the Mount and celebrated Mass and gave
Holy Communion on the following morning. The well-known leader of the Adult Edu-
cation movement, Doctor M.M. Coady of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish,
was our second visitor. Doctor Coady gave us a very interesting lecture on his
work, which aroused much enthusiasm among those attending.

Then came Thanksgiving with many of us going home for the week-end or spend-
ing it with friends. Now everyone is back and fearfully preparing for that dark
cloud which is looming near and is known as the "first class marks".

Kathleen Deasy '37

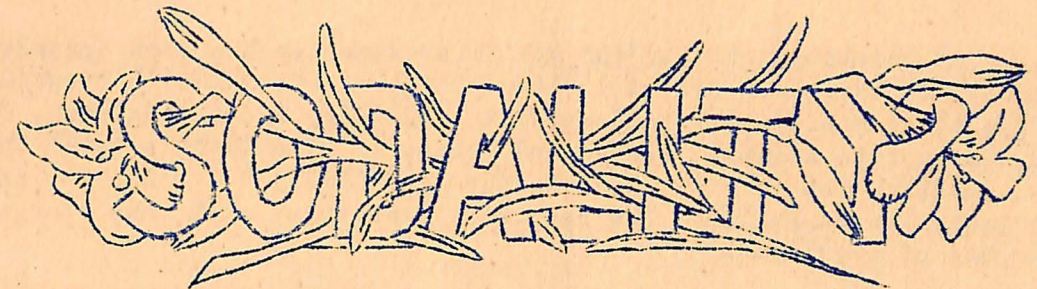
VVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVVV

TRAINS

(Composed in St. Stanislaus' Dormitory)
With apologies to Edgar Allan Poe

Hear the banging of the trains----
Shunting trains!
What a night of sleeplessness their clattering ordains!
How they rattle, rattle, rattle,
On the silent midnight air
While the sleepy girls that shiver
In our dorm, all start to quiver
With an agonized despair
As they bang, bang, bang
With a scraping, grinding clang----
O that squeaking, creaking clamor ever beating in our brains!
From the trains, trains, trains, trains,
Trains, trains, trains,
From the smashing and the crashing of the trains!!!

Mary Nolan '39



Sodality activities commenced on the twenty-first of September, on which
date, the following officers were installed.

Prefect.....Marie Forhan
Secretary.....Lenore Pelham
Treasurer.....Dorothy Webb
Mistress of Ceremonies.....Kathleen Deasy
Catholic Notes Reporters.....Irene Veniot
Julia Cahill
Sacristan.....Geraldine Meagher

At this meeting Sister Evaristus, Dean and Sister Francis de Sales,
College Mistress, attended as invited guests. After a few words from the Dean,
the meeting adjourned and a social hour in honor of the new officers was much
enjoyed by all.

The Sodality sponsored a Contest in order to obtain a fitting slogan
embodying its spirit as exemplified in the virtues of self-sacrifice, reverence,
and cordiality. A prize was offered for the best entry and it was won by
Lenore Pelham. Her slogan "Be Marylike" will be combined with one by Sister
Directress and adopted by the Sodality. The Bulletin Board Committee, com-
posed of volunteers, numbers among its members--Loretta Brady, Marie Forhan,
Marguerite Keenan, and Geraldine Meagher. The usual "Queen's Work Drive" was
held and the objective reached.

After a spirited discussion the Sodality approved and adopted the following
devotions as the minimum for every sodalist:

1. Morning offering.
2. Grace before and after meals.
3. Reverent inclination at the Holy Name.
4. Reverent inclination at the Gloria.
5. Act of faith on rising.
6. Examination of Conscience (before retiring).

A number of Study Clubs are being formed to begin operation on November.
The first semester will be taken up with the subjects: "Christian Marriage",
"The Pope's Encyclicals on Labour," and "The Church in Troubled Countries";
while the subjects "the Mass", "The Mystical Body" will occupy the second
semester. In addition to these, two study clubs will be formed for the
Domestics, one for the English Speaking Domestics, which will be conducted by
Lenore Pelham, and one for the French Speaking Domestics, which will be con-
ducted by Irene Veniot. The subject for these Clubs has not yet been decided.

The activities of the sodalists so far have been such that we can anticipate
a very fruitful and valuable sodality year.

plan of Sodality Activity for the first semester has been arranged. Three committees have been formed to take charge of one Monday's program a month. The first Monday will be devoted to "Our Lady and the Saints", Committee chairman, Marguerite Keenan; the second Monday to "The Queen's Work" Committee, chairman, Kathleen Deasy; the third Monday to "Timely Religious Topics" Committee, chairman, Lenore Pelham. The Spiritual Directress will take charge of the fourth Monday of each month.

Geraldine Meagher was awarded a special prize for a very attractive Slogan design. Miss Meagher combined the winning slogan with another entry and the two were fused into an artistic crest.

The activities of the Sodality so far have been such that we can be confident of a fruitful and valuable Sodality year.
Lenore Pelham, '37
Secretary.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF CATHOLIC ACTION 1936

When I was told that I might attend the Summer School of Catholic Action in Boston, I immediately formed "great expectations." Upon my arrival home, I was able to say that the week at Boston College had far exceeded those expectations-- and that is saying a great deal.

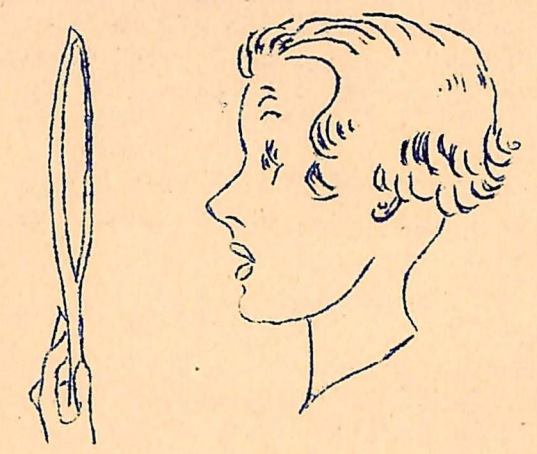
The college itself is beautifully situated on Chestnut Hill, and consists of a number of grey stone buildings. It is one of the finest groups of Gothic architecture on the continent. Classes began on the morning of August 17 and continued until August 22 with no possible opportunity to become disinterested. The faculty consisted of such important personages as Reverend Father Lord, Father Lyons, Father Dowling, Father MacDonald, Father Walker, Father Heeg, and Miss Willmann from the Central Office of the Sodality of Our Lady, St. Louis.

The aims of the Summer School were:

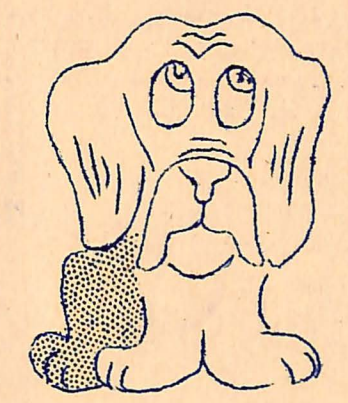
1. A more thorough understanding of the basic principles of Catholic doctrine, on which all Catholic Action must be founded.
2. The inspiration of Christian ideals in the development of personal holiness.
3. The Catholic viewpoint in dealing sympathetically and unselfishly with others.
4. The principles of organization that will make work for parish, school, and diocese more efficient and effective.
5. Opportunities to meet with Catholic leaders in various fields of Catholic endeavor, exchange ideas, places, projects, and return to their own organizations better able to do their work with the eagerness which comes from the realization that one is part of a great army working for a great cause.

The choice of elective subjects was a difficult one, because all promised so much in the way of interest and practicality. The first hour of the day was for all students and from it we learned "What Catholics Must Bring to the World." The second hour, likewise for all, was given by Father Lord, and he chose Faith for his topic. No one hearing Father Lord's talks could possibly fail to appreciate their Faith to the fullest. In the modern world our contact with atheists and unbelievers gives us many opportunities to use just such arguments

E FINNIGAN had her hair cut

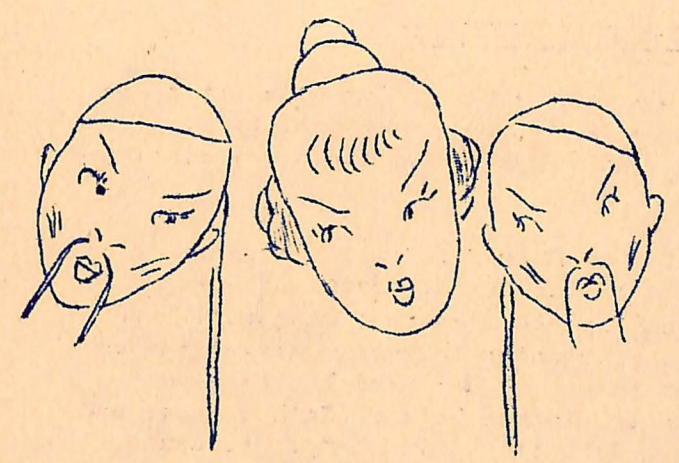


LOST-- one Ferocious ---

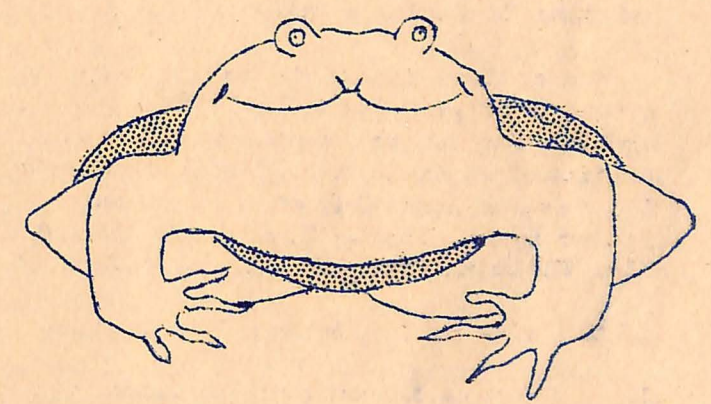


He had something ON his MIND.

Ruby -- the Belle of the College Flat.

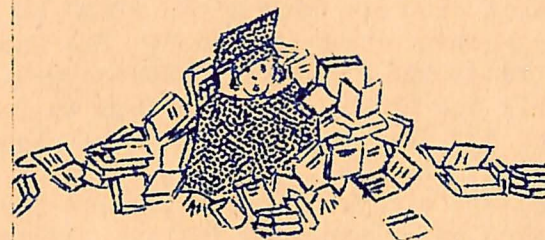


The New Stars of the Mission Play



Autumn IN College Styles Hats.

"-- each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth."



Man thinks and dreams and gradually the world takes on the form of dreaming. So the sum of the dreams of today is the world of tomorrow. Many dream but inarticulately; to some, however, comes the gift of expressing those dreams, of giving them form in words--so we have books. Whatever type they may be, books are always

expressive of some dream, some thought; and when those thoughts are worthwhile we value them, whether or not we agree with them, because they are the opinions of people like ourselves. Novels as well as any other form of literature express the author's dreams, his interpretations of life, his understanding of what is good and evil in it; in short, they express his ideals, or, at least, his search for ideals.

"Silan Crockett" by Mary Ellen Chase is a quiet story of the New England Coast, yet one that is full of the colourful existence and hearty living of its sturdy people. The story of four generations, it takes us from the days of the full-rigged clipper--prosperous days for the sea-going Crachetts--down to the present with its more difficult times for these people whose heritage from their sailor ancestors of courage, and humour, and high hope still lives on. All the varied incidents of life in a coast-town, made richer in meaning by the tales of far places brought home by captains and sailors, is there vividly real in Mary Ellen Chase's story. Not only does it clearly trace the changes in the history of the New England Coast from the days of the sailing ships to the present with its steam-driven ocean liners, but also gives us an understanding of the character of these maritime people--of gallant men before the mast, and courageous women with their wisdom and their humour. Through all the changes in the times Mary Ellen Chase brings out the abiding fineness of the Crocketts--the similarity of character between the old Abigail and the modern competent district nurse, Ann; between the clipper-captain Silas of the 1830's and the modern Silas who earns his living in a fish-canning factory. Setting as well as character plays an important part in this book. The beauty of the New England Coast, of sleepy Saturday Cove in the days of its important trading activities, and the lingering dignity and charm that yet clings to these towns now that the sailing ships with the trade they brought have gone, is all pictured in the author's clear way. The style of the book is quiet and lovely, partaking somewhat of the unhurried yet definite character of the people about whom it is written.

"Spring Comes On Forever" by Bess Streeter Aldrich is, like many of the author's other books, set in Nebraska. The story itself follows the life of two families from the time of their arrival in Nebraska in the covered wagon days to their life in the present. Young Mattias Meier follows Amalia Staltz, in his hot young love, from his home in Illinois to Nebraska in the first days of the homesteading there--. Hearing, on his arrival, that she has been made to marry the man of her father's choosing, he soon decides to settle in what is rumoured will be the Capitol of the State. Advancing with the rapidly growing young country, he becomes an influential banker, a leader in his city. Amalia's people, settling on the prairie, wrest prosperous farms from the wilderness, and gradually solid comfortable homes replace the first log-cabins, and the wilderness is fenced and cultivated. Years after their arrival in the

country, the two families are united when Amalia's greatgrandson, Neil, and Matthias' granddaughter are married. Old Amalia lives to see that day and, in her quaint German way, welcomes the young Hazel with her "Ich liebe dich" to the home which she had seen grow from the log-cabin of her girlhood. The whole book breathes forth the pioneer courage of the people who settled Nebraska--a courage which lives still in the modern Neil and Hazel, enabling them to face fearlessly the problems of the climate and of the depression. The underlying refrain of the book is first given expression in the title, "Spring Comes on Forever," and it is carried throughout the entire story. It is a pioneer refrain of high hope, of abiding trust that, even after apparent failure, success will come--after winter comes the spring. Amalia says always, despite her loss of Matthias and her loveless marriage, despite hardship, despite unending work--spring comes always. That high courage she preserves and passes on to the young Hazel and Neil. An intimate knowledge of the history of this section of the West shows in every page of the book, a knowledge which has come down to the author directly from pioneer ancestors who settled in Nebraska. Perhaps the best thing about the book, however, is the understanding characterization of the people who developed the new State--people in whom the pioneer spirit is not yet dead.

Among the recent stories which are worked out against the background of the Civil War, a notable example is "Gone With the Wind" by Margaret Mitchell. In vivid presentation of conditions in the South (particularly in Georgia) immediately before, during, and after the Civil War, as well as in understanding and characterization of the Southern people it far surpasses the earlier book, "So Red the Rose" by Stark Young. A character-forming and hardening process was the Civil War--a process which forced the Southerners to rouse themselves from their easy gracious way of living which was "Gone With the Wind" and to face life as something stern, something very real, something to be mastered: as such Margaret Mitchell shows it. Different characters reacted in different ways in this annealing. There were those who, seeing their world shattered, would yet have wished to turn away from the life of hard reality to the world of broken illusions--as such the author shows Ashley Wilkes: there were those who accepted the reality but who carried over the fine characteristics of their early life to the struggle with the new ones--such was Melanie, strong but finely strong: also there were those who cast aside all that came from the old life, their honour and their gallantry, to fight unencumbered the reality of the new world--such was Scarlett O'Hara, strong but with a hard strength. Rhett Butler, who saw through Scarlett yet loved her; Rhett who understood people so thoroughly, distinguished so unerringly between the gold and the glitter in life; Rhett unscrupulous, going his own careless way, yet with an ineradicable gallantry: Scarlett, with her deep-rooted love of home, of Tara for which she was willing to sacrifice everything--honour and friends included; Scarlett, who found too late that a cargo of principles thrown overboard in a storm cannot be salvaged in safety: Melanie who was gentle yet strong, a support from whom all took courage: Ashley who was unable to face reality--these four make the book: these four characters set against the vividly portrayed background of the Civil War are Margaret Mitchell's greatest accomplishment in "Gone With the Wind!"

"Out of the Whirlwind" by William Thomas Walsh might be called a psychological novel. Primarily it is a study of the reactions of Stephen West, naturally intelligent but untrained, when, through education of wider thought was opened to him. Set in the Polish and Lithuanian section of a typical New England town, and the later in the State Penitentiary, the action of the story is crude, almost unnecessarily sordid, but the author's insight into the thought of his characters, as well as the moral and intellectual training and uplifting of Stephen West in the latter part of the story, raises the book high above

this class. The style is simple yet forceful: although "Out of the Whirlwind" is a psychological study, the plot is strong and well worked out.

There is not time for a detailed account of any more books, but among those which have come in recently to the literature department are the set on the Elizabethan Stage by E.C. Chambers, and "The Common People of Ancient Rome" by Frank Frost Abbott. The music shelf has seen the addition recently of "My Musical Life" by Rimsky-Korsakoff, "Music, a Science and an Art" by John Redfield, "Symphonic Masterpieces" by Alia Downs, and "Moussorgsky" by Oscar won Riesemann. To the Economics department have come "Who Owns America" edited by Herbert Agar and Allen Tate, "Land of the Free" by Agar, "Consumer Co-operation in America" by Bertram B. Fowler, "A Better Economic Order" by Right Reverend Monsignor J.A. Ryan. These last books will prove of especial interest to the study clubs this winter. There have also been several new books added to the Education section. A recently acquired library treasure in which we take pride is an illuminated vellum Psalter leaf from the "Book of Hours," dated France 1380. It's Bar Ivy decoration is a thing of beauty. This leaf is attractively framed so that both sides are visible.

Margaret Cummings B.A.

FOLLOWING THE FASHIONS

Following the fashions! When one hears that phrase one invariably turns one's thoughts to the weaker sex although I can't quite understand why, for the men are certainly not immune from the bite of that persistent little bug.

Over teacups, behind windshields, in theatres, at sewing circles, bridges, and teas, in fact, anywhere that two or three women are gathered together the conversation eventually turns to that all important subject. I suppose that the reason why "fashions" and "Woman" are mentioned in the same breath, and why men seem to be left out of the discussion is that men follow the fashions in a definitely quieter manner. They have their own magazines; "Esquire" etc. "for men only" from which they can read about the newer styles for men in their favorite armchair. When they decide on what they want they go about getting it in such a round-about way that after they have it their wife will say to Mrs. Next Door, "You know, I almost have to drag Henry to the tailor's.--and she really believes it--but Henry smiles knowingly. I have never heard of a man boring his friends and acquaintances with his idea of what the well-dressed man will wear and I have yet to hear a man exclaim, "I simply must have one of those duck Clark-Gable-back suits!"

No! Men are subtle. And just as men are subtle so women are obvious. A woman will discuss fashions with anyone from her hairdresser to her scrubwoman. All she needs is a start----"and have you seen those new perk little hats?" Adjectives such as "perk", "chic", or "smart", always are used to describe hats, while "adorable", "divine", "sweet" and a few more standard words are used to express opinions of a gown.

A woman will follow the fashion regardless of what it costs her in looks, personality--or money. When the flapper craze died down and skirts began growing longer, the feminine world gave a sigh of relief; but, nevertheless, if fashion were to decree that skirts shrink again women would willingly display bowed-legs, knock-knees, and some very unshapely limbs to be in style. Again when fashion dictated plucked eyebrows, women tore their eyebrows off and put on thin artificial ones. Then a prominent actress decided to be different and let hers grow in. It immediately became "the thing" to have normally thick

eyebrows so every woman west of Suez had them.

Women must certainly be endowed with an enormous amount of patience to follow fickle Dame Fashion. One day it's smart to wear lipstick, the next it isn't. One week hair "must" be curly, the next we are out of style unless it's straight. And it's wonderful the tortures a tender woman can stand to be fashionable. Mrs Jones will forget all about the burned scalp she acquired at the hairdressers when she sees her reflection, with all her beautifully set waves, in a shop window. And Katie, the hired girl, will forget about how she lost her sleep over those tin curlers when she sees herself in all the glory of her kinky curls.

Oh yes, women must be fashionable young or old, fat or thin, plain or beautiful. We all must dance to the tune the Piper plays. We may spend all our days vowing to cease being silly over such things but as soon as we pick up the evening paper we immediately turn to "Fashion Hints." Yes, women must ever be fools about such things. Let us spend our time, spend our energy, spend our thoughts and--most of all spend our money but oh! let us be fashionable.

Dorothy LeClair '40

ACADEMIC AND PERSONAL QUALITIES DESIRED IN TEACHERS

(A species of examen of conscience profitable to all-----Editor's note)

The following discussion is based on statistics resultant from an observation of high-school graduates who have entered teacher-training institutions. These statistics do not apply to the average high school student, but only to those who have entered institutions for teacher-training. Here, they will serve, as a good excuse for something to talk about, and at the same time give an idea of what professors expect in would-be teachers--in which class many of us belong--Please may I be pardoned if I use "I", "me", "you", "they", as I wish in this very informal paper?

The heads of Department of Education were asked to mention the five academic and the five personal qualities of high-school graduates most desired by teacher-training schools, and to appraise present highschool graduates on each quality listed. They were classed as strong academic qualities and thirty-seven personal qualities. Here are the personal qualities in their classes:

STRONG

Christian character
ability to co-operate
health
personal appearance
enthusiasm
good voice
adaptability
kindliness
sympathy and love for children
dependability

AVERAGE

Pleasing personality
interest in other people
social qualities
intellectual curiosity
poise
good taste
tact
cheerfulness
breadth of interest
emotional balance
self control
punctuality
common sense

WEAK TO AVERAGE

general intelligence
industry
neatness
persistence
orderliness
originality

WEAK

initiative (definitely)
self-reliance
leadership
good judgment
resourcefulness (definitely)

Let us glance over the first column marked "strong". All these qualities should be strong in you collegians if they are strong in a high-school graduate. There is nothing much to be said about this column except for a few general statements. I should think that christian character, health, personal appearance and dependability would be fundamental for any vocation whatsoever; but, of course, they are highly necessary for the teacher as well. But don't you think that willingness to co-operate is just as important as the ability to co-operate? Enthusiasm is considered by some to be the prime requisite for a good teacher. You can easily see why. It may even be said to be the basis of the teacher's personality. As for adaptability, that figures in the strong class. Kindliness, sympathy, and love for children would be naturally characteristic of those who enter teacher-training schools.

The first quality in the "average" list is pleasing personality. We could spend hours discussing what constitutes a pleasing personality and we would probably end up by saying it was indefinable, so pass on to the next. Interest in other people, of course, doesn't mean minding everybody else's business but your own. Neither is it purely a Christian virtue. In one sense it has nothing at all to do with morals. But how much real good do the self-sufficient people ever do? Don't you pity them in a way? The remaining qualities in this list -- social qualities, intellectual curiosity, poise, good taste, tact, cheerfulness, breadth of interest, unselfishness, emotional balance, self control, punctuality, common sense--- all these are not set aside for the teaching profession. They are necessary to every walk of life but, if possible, even more so to the teacher. For example, how can a teacher expect her pupils to be on time if she is always late herself? The teacher must always remember that she is not dealing with playthings but with human beings and that impressions gained in childhood are lasting. You as a teacher, help to shape the life of the child and yours is a tremendous responsibility.

Don't faint when you look at the next two columns. Now, you know how bad you are. But it's really not so bad as it looks at first glance. All the qualities in the weak to average column can be developed to some extent. Neatness and orderliness can be brought to perfection by means of two of the other qualities--industry and persistence. Originality may be developed by exercise of the imagination (and that's not supposed to be funny either). Because I value my skin, such as it is, I shall say nothing about general intelligence.

It is sad that the next five qualities are weak because they are all especially necessary to the class-room teacher--initiative and self-reliance in teaching; good judgment and resourcefulness in the matter of discipline and leadership all round. The only comfort I can give is to say that either the faculty members are underestimating those who enter teacher-training institutions, or they are not getting the better class of high-school graduates. Perhaps the low salaries of recent years have discouraged young people

from entering teacher-training institutions.

But besides being a paragon of all these virtues, the teacher's academic qualities have to be considered. In their special classes these stand as follows:

<u>AVERAGE</u>	<u>WEAK</u>
strong in social studies	good command of English
information in science	good study habits
desire for knowledge	mastery of elementary fields
attitudes toward teaching	ability to organize materials
at least two years of foreign language	ability to work independently
<u>WEAK TO AVERAGE</u>	ability to express oneself orally
broad scholarship	ability to think
reading ability	ability to follow directions
mental alertness	integration of learnings
ability in mathematics	objective attitudes
ability to concentrate	extra-curricular activities
information in arts	culture
	ability to evaluate subject matter
	intellectual initiative
	articulateness
	accuracy
	knowledge of hygiene
	interest in modern problems
	wide range of interests

You will notice that the qualities listed as average are not very hard to attain. And by the way, what is your attitude toward teaching? Have you more than an average desire for knowledge?

You would expect in college students that all the qualities in the next column would be graduated to at least the average column. Ability in mathematics may be the one exception. They say there is no cure.

It is surprising that of the thirty academic qualities required in the student teacher, nineteen are possessed only to a weak degree. Every English speaking college student should have a good command of the English language. This is another of the qualities that is especially necessary to the teacher, because she must talk the greater part of the school day. It might be well to say right here that slang is never permitted in the classroom. Here also articulateness and the ability to express oneself orally come into the foreground. Then too, if you must teach you've got to know what you're teaching. This necessitates a mastery of the elementary fields. The successful teacher is able to evaluate subject-matter, to pick out the essentials from a great mass of detail and to work "on her own". A knowledge of hygiene is necessary, not only as a subject to be taught but because it is necessary if the teacher would make her classroom a fit place for learning. A wide range of interests is necessary, especially an interest in modern problems. Otherwise the teacher will find herself in a rut from which the process of extrication is by no means easy. It is good for a teacher to have outside activities because it shows that she is still alive, and that she is always ready to learn something new herself. Once the interest in learning dies, the mind becomes but a stagnant pool instead of a living fountain.

I have purposely left to the last that quality named as the ability to think. Man is supposed to surpass the brute, in that he has the power of

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reason and of abstract thinking. How strange is it then that this quality is weak. Maybe it isn't so strange after all. It has been my experience on more than one occasion, that if you have the temerity to ask a theoretical question of any sort, you find yourself being viewed up and down with patronizing astonishment and asked where you ever got the idea, and what do you want to know for, and so forth. You feel as if you have committed a crime and you slink away apologetically. Is there no merit in so called idle speculation? In any case a person who is going to teach others how to think must be able to think herself, so why not start in now? Do you know that, theoretically, an object can travel on infinitely and yet the distance which it travels can be measured exactly? That, of course, is not so difficult, but think up a few of your own and let us have them.

To all these qualities I would add that a good sense of humour is necessary to keep the teacher from going insane. The ability to laugh at yourself in the midst of your trials and tribulations is something so valuable that not a teacher can afford to miss it.

Rose Sullivan, B.A. '36

ON BEING A BIG SISTER

This desperate situation has as many aspects as a centipede has legs--and trying to discuss them all would be like trying to shoe the above-mentioned and aforesaid centipede. Most of them couldn't be mentioned in a respectable Chronicle. The question will not be discussed from the point of view of size--"Big" doesn't necessarily mean "height" or "avoirdupois"--This article could end right now if that were the case, however--The show must go on.

"Little sister getting ready to go to College" and "Little sister at College" might possibly be a better title but lack of space will not permit it--anyway it only means more work for the typists and peace must be kept in St. Clare's room at all costs. "Little sister getting ready to go to College" wasn't very much of a problem--in fact the prospects were rather pleasant (in spots)--It was that-a-way--As long as she didn't choose green I could wear her clothes--and her Celtic ancestry makes her thrifty--more money for me. Besides she likes ketchup and would probably keep the table supplied with it. On the other hand--perhaps she wouldn't let me wear her clothes--perhaps I could not "borrow" her money--and in all probability I wouldn't be at her table. On top of this she could boast of an operation, which I cannot.

"Little sister at College" was like a bad dream of green elephants--"She has such a 'bee-oo-tiful' posture"--"She has the brains of the family" and "such a sweet disposition". To say nothing of the classes she never got to--Philosophy was never around when she wanted it--Apologetics I invariably took place in the Apologetics 4 room and she couldn't be convinced that the Senior Apologetics class doesn't welcome a Freshman with open arms--What was good enough for her sister was good enough for her. The climax comes when as Freshman Vice-President she sits at the front of the room at Student Body meetings while I make myself as small as possible in the back.

At present the Student Council is giving the verdict about a certain Junior while that Junior's sister sits as one of the jurors.

What do you think of this situation of being the big sister?

Donalda Kelley '38

"Thrift is the wise utilization of time, money, and goods." It includes every form of economic management from that of running a factory to the purchase of a pair of stockings or it may be seen in the wise choice of a position or the wise buying of a bag of flour. The thrifty person tries to get the greatest good possible out of the amount of money he has to spend and he strives to take care of goods already in his possession and to make them endure as long as possible. This matter-of-fact description of thrift is very unattractive to young people. If most of them could say that "thrift is the utilization of time, money and goods" indeed they could then say that they were very thrifty. But wise utilization - there's the point! Why do young people so dislike anything concerning wisdom when it is among the greatest things one can possess?

Everyone gets a great deal of pleasure out of spending money but they have missed the greatest pleasure by not spending wisely. Perhaps you will say, how can a College girl be thrifty? Her purchases are only on a small scale and are generally not very expensive. Let us see if we can find some examples. One great expense to the average girl is silk stockings. Could she not save by buying heavier qualities, other than chiffon or crepe, for everyday wear? In the use of cosmetics, too, there is a very great deal of waste. By most college girls, makeup is greatly overdone and although they do not realize it, wealth is actually being thrown away-- and looks sacrificed!

Thrift in the use of time is, perhaps, the way in which thrift shows itself to best advantage. Everyone knows what it is like to have plenty of time to do work. It slips by unused and at the end all the work has to be accomplished in perhaps one tenth the time it should have been done in. Then we know how foolish it was to waste time.

To practise thrift a few things must be observed; they are not to spend money on harmful goods; not to buy unnecessary goods; not to waste; and to buy according to the money you possess and the needs you have. Do these things, as most young people think, imply meanness and stinginess? They certainly do not; both of these latter qualities are extremes; thrift is a "happy medium" and implies common sense. How would you like to be told that you did not have common sense? If you are not thrifty then your common sense is not complete even if you have a great deal of it.

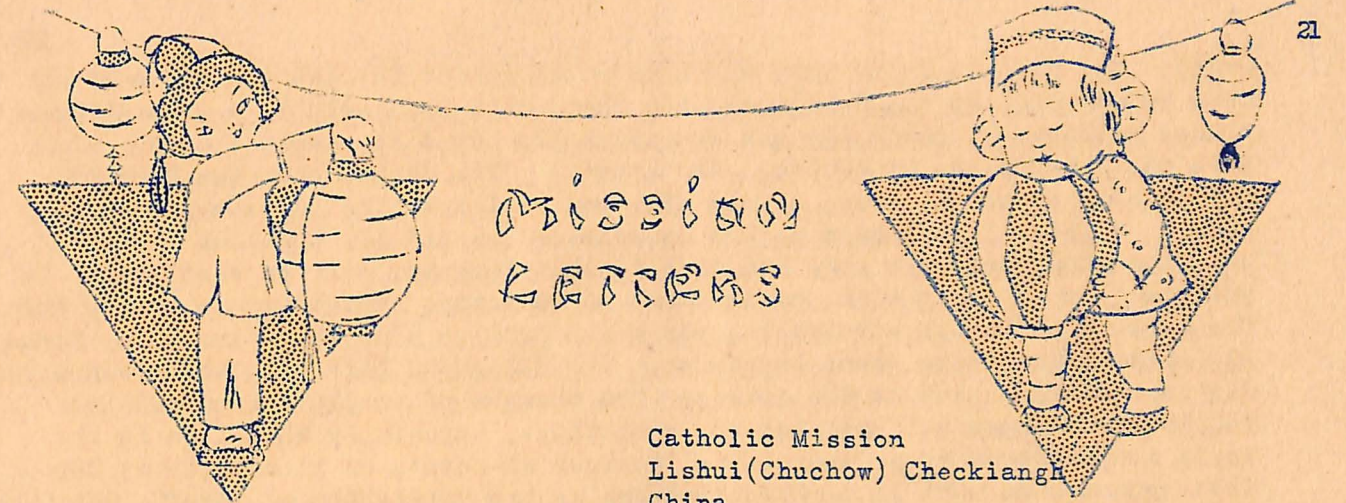
After being so very practical let me see if I can cover up the hostility created by my former words by appealing to you in the way to all women's hearts. If you want "to live happily ever after" one of the things you must know and practise is thrift.

Madeleine Jones, '38

CREDIT CO-OPERATIVES

We had as our first guest speaker this fall, Reverend Dr. Coady of Saint Francis Xavier University. The subject of Dr. Coady's address was the work of the Extension Department in the field of Adult Education, and he treated particularly the establishment of Credit Unions and Co-operative Clubs in many parts of Nova Scotia. Doctor Coady gave us a very clear description of these, and supplemented his speech with many interesting and amusing anecdotes.

We learned that a credit union may exist only among people who are
Continued on page 34



Miss Margaret Morriscey
Mount St. Vincent
Halifax, N. S.

Dear Miss Morriscey,

Your very kind letter, with enclosure of spiritual bouquet and contribution of five "dollars Canadian", as we say over here, has just reached me. At the present time this number of dollars Canadian amounts to \$16.35 in Chinese money, sufficient to pay the monthly salary of one of the teachers in our school. I am deeply grateful for your kindness, and that of my many friends who contributed to the most acceptable spiritual and material offerings. But I am even more grateful for the wonderful spirit of missionary zeal and enthusiasm of which these gifts to your adopted missionary are the visible expression. The news you give me is most encouraging. I am really beginning to feel like one of the family. A sort of "distant" relative just now! Well, I want you to know that I am very proud of my missionary family and only too glad to accede to your request for a remembrance at the Altar. And the names of those who so generously offered seven Masses and Holy Communions on consecutive days for our Chuchow Mission will have a very special place, daily.

For a little while now we have been having a bandit "scare". It does not bother us here at Headquarters or in the larger towns but it does make mission work in the "outposts" a little difficult. Today a very big general visited town, the Commander of a former Chinese army called the Iron-sides, with many victorious battles to his credit. To him has been assigned the task of cleaning up the "Red remnants" in this part of the Province. If the roads were safe we could even have an occasional visitor from Shanghai, and the Government is not too pleased at being deprived of tourist revenue because of the depredations of a few hundred men. The Sisters go about their work as usual. They have won their way into the hearts of the people and have managed to baptise many hundreds of children whom we would never have been enabled to see. The pagan parents call them in because of their medical skill and their wonderful "Mo MO medicine" and there are many little ones in Heaven today because the Sisters came all the way from Canada "to help the people of China", as the Chinese themselves say.

Well, my dear young friends, I trust the plays "Christian Mothers" and "Life's Gift Shop" will be helpful to yourselves in making a very important decision in the not distant future. Both vocations are sublime and for the majority of you it will undoubtedly be God's Will to remain in the

world. You will be happy only where He wants you to be, but for those of you whom He may call to the Religious Life there will assuredly be a greater happiness waiting. I think Sisters are about the happiest people I know. They have their troubles, of course. Who hasn't? You cannot have two Heavens, one of them on earth. But, all in all, you will not find happier people anywhere. I think I mentioned at the Convention (or did I?) that Our Sisters over here have only one fear and that is that they may ever be sent home. If you saw them at their work, among filth and disease, especially in summer when the heat is well-nigh unbearable, you would realise that there isn't any human explanation for their great happiness. The Religious Life only too often wears its forbidding aspect at the outset. The thought of complete renunciation really discourages well-meaning souls at times, especially when life in the world is portrayed in an attractive 'couleur de rose', as it usually is for those who are on what is familiarly known as the "threshold of life." But while, for the true Religious, life grows really happier with the passing of the years, can we say the same for those who remain in the world?

Well, who would have thought it! Here I am with a treatise on the Religious Life in what was meant merely to be a little chat with my "Family" at home. Forgive me for preaching at you. But it is because I have your interest at heart, as I know you have my interests and those of our Mission band in China.

I have surely said enough. God love and bless you all!

Your adopted missionary friend,

Wm. C. McGrath
(Prefect-Apostolic of Chuchow, China.)

CATHOLIC NATIVE MISSION
NEWCASTLE, NATAL.

Dear Friend In Canada:

Greetings from God's Own Country. This is a most fertile portion of the Master's Vineyard and there are millions of WHITE as well as BLACK souls in this country in need of the Truth. It is consoling to those of us who are fortunate enough to be laboring on the Missions to know that we have the prayers and good works of good Catholics in our civilized countries to assist us in the work. We are most cognizant of our own weakness and we appreciate the value of prayer. I feel sure that as a result of your prayers God will grant many of my Zulu people the light of Faith. Please pray often for me and mine.

Your letter of last March was most welcome and in so far as it was a complete surprise to me the joy of its arrival was more intensified. Many thanks for your offering. You surely have shown the training which you have received from the good Sisters of the Mount, because if they are noted for one thing it is for their loyalty to Missioners all over the world. I might mention that since I have come here many of their schools have communicated with me and have aided my missions financially as well as spiritually. May God reward them all, is my daily prayer, and may He bless the good Sisters who have always encouraged them to assist the Missions.

I quite forget what I said in my letter to Rev. Mother General, but I know that I could not have said much about my work in her letter. A few words may now please you and all your sister and brother Canadian Mission Crusaders. I have been stationed here at Newcastle since the first week after my arrival and I have been kept busy ever since that time, thank God. Here in this District the Dominican Sisters have a Motherhouse, and also two big Boarding Schools for White Boys and Girls. Well, I am a chaplain to the Boys and I teach religion daily at these schools. My main work is Native work and I attend sixteen Schools in our district and we also have a wonderful Native Boarding school where we have three hundred children. The Dominican Sisters are in charge of this big Mission School and they also have a Novitiate there for Native Sisters.

My mission district is very extensive and it goes in all directions. It is the most Northern Mission here in Natal and, consequently, I am the farthest one from all the other Mission Districts of this Vicariate. We have been very unfortunate this year in losing two of our greatest Priests who were called to their reward since January. We are hoping and praying that God will send us more zealous priests to fill the places of these most energetic soldiers who have been called from us.

Our Natives, as you may already know, live in mud and straw huts which are called Kraals. There is but one opening to a Kraal and that is from the ground to about a foot and a half high. To enter one, you have to get down on your hands and knees and crawl in. There are no beds, chairs, tables, etc., inside; but in the center of the floor is an open fire ever burning. At times the smoke is stifling. All eating, sleeping, visiting, etc., is done on the floor, and the only food is porridge and mealie meal. The huts are far from sanitary and the stench is often repulsive but what does that matter when you are saving souls. In a word, the Poor Natives have nothing and they are happy and content with their lot. They love the priest and welcome him in their homes. The mail goes now so I must close in haste, begging your pardon. Write me again.

Sincerely,
Father J. Ochs.

The Summer School of Catholic Action 1936. (con't from p. 10)

and information imparted by Father during the Course. The third class of the day dealt with the subject of Organization and supplied information concerning the creating of Sodalties, appointment of committees, and any difficulties that may arise. My first elective subject was "The Study of the Man-God." Father LeBuffe made the subject of this difficult theological topic most interesting and clear. He discussed Christ as the center of history, the source of Catholic truth, the leader of social order; he taught the personality of Christ, and His significance to the modern world.

During the session one was impressed with the friendliness and sociableness of all attending, and the eagerness of the young men and women to fight under the standard of Catholic Action against the evils of the world. It gave an assurance that our prayers to "Our Lady of the Christian Social Order" will be answered, when so many are not only praying but working so well.

Verta Curry '37

Ce fut avec un sentiment de reconnaissance que les gens de Bathurst et des centres français apprirent que les Pères Eudistes du Collège du Sacré Coeur présenteraient en juillet un cours d'été entièrement français. Ce cours était offert à tous ceux qui se préparaient au baccalauréat. Il y avait des classes de philosophie, de littérature, de composition et de grammaire.

Quand la bonne nouvelle me parvint, on était déjà rendu à la seconde semaine, mais l'occasion était trop opportune pour ne pas en profiter. Je me rendis donc au collège par une fraîche matinée, huit jours en retard. Il fallait me mettre à l'oeuvre très sérieusement. Mais cela n'était pas facile. Autour de moi, les visages inconnus suscitaient la curiosité. Je ne pouvais m'empêcher d'étudier mes camarades de classe.

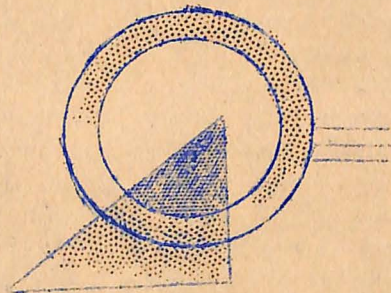
Après quelques minutes je fixai mon attention sur une religieuse dont l'habit m'indiquait une communauté jusqu'alors inconnue de moi. Son costume était de couleur grise, et d'un style qui rappelait le commencement du dix-neuvième siècle, tellement la jupe était bouffante et le corsage serré à la taille. Elle était chaussée de sandales et portait sur la tête un petit bonnet blanc aux lignes très simples. Un large crucifix complétait l'ensemble religieux. J'appris plus tard que c'était une Fille de la Sagesse.

Un peu plus loin, mes yeux rencontrèrent des figures très familières--celles des bonnes religieuses de l'Hôtel Dieu, et en arrière j'aperçus deux soeurs de l'Assomption qui suivaient très attentivement la conférence du professeur. Près de moi se trouvait un groupe dont les uns m'étaient étrangers, les autres de ma connaissance. Lorsqu'enfin mes yeux se dirigèrent vers mon livre, la cloche sonna--ma première classe était finie!

Le cours continua pendant trois semaines. Chaque jour nous y trouvions quelque chose de nouveau. Chaque jour, aussi, je découvrais, hélas! combien mon français me faisait défaut et combien il me restait à accomplir.

Ce fut avec un sentiment de regret que nous vîmes arriver le dernier jour de classe, tellement les bons Pères avaient su rendre le cours d'été agréable et instructif. En même temps, la joie éclairait les visages; nous allions enfin reprendre nos vacances interrompues par quatre semaines de travail assidu!

Irene



A STAR IN THE SKY

With a lurch the Maritime Express came to a standstill in the Grand Trunk Station, Montreal. Sue Davis gave a final pat to her curls and tilted her hat for the hundredth time. A little run down the stuffy corridor, --a tip to the porter and she was on the platform, breathless and excited. She felt a stranger and a bit lonesome in the crowd. She glanced at the clock--Five ten. Marcia and Kit had promised to dash down from their offices as soon as the clock struck. They would be along in a moment.

Marcia came first, like a whirlwind. "Oh! Hello there! I'm so glad to see you Sue. Kit will be along any minute now. She works farther up town than I. What a darling hat! Did you have a good trip?"

Then Kit came and Sue was welcomed all over again. "Oh, it's grand that you're here Sue--And you let us know just the right time. Marcia and I leased a darling apartment--Two bedrooms, sitting room and kitchenette. I's a pet." Now they were coming to the street.

"Taxi lady, taxi!"

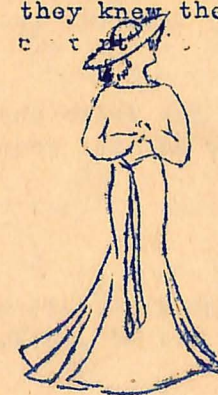
"Where is it? I mean the apartment house, not the car. I don't know one street from another in Montreal."

"On Cote des Neiges. Have you all your bags? We're going swank!"

"Oh Kit! and Marcia! I'm so happy--I never dreamt that I, Sue, would be in Montreal, sharing an apartment and having work. A month ago I was trying to be resigned to life in the country. Why, Yarmouth was the largest place I knew. I hadn't even been to Halifax!"

In such a way did Sue Davis begin her career. The city, indeed, constituted a foreign atmosphere, so accustomed was she to the country. For a hundred years the Davis family had owned the white sprawling house that was bounded on one side by the sea and on the other side by acres of rich farm soil. It was twenty miles from Yarmouth but could not be seen until the very last bend in the road was passed. On a dark night a bright light, radiating warmth and hospitality shone from the lower window. The Davises belonged both to the land and to the sea, and many had been famed for their knowledge of far away, glamorous places. Yet the land had finally claimed them all. Consequently Sue's father and mother were surprised at their daughter's longing for a career. A longing for knowledge or a desire to visit the world they could understand. They too loved beauty; they understood the breath-taking loveliness of a summer dawn and they knew the joy of listening to the surf on a stormy night. But they were

content with these together with the beauty reflected in sparkling dishes set in orderly rows and fragile porcelain which were souvenirs of voyages long ago. They were puzzled when Sue spoke of gorgeous clothes and millions of bright lights, music, and gay parties. Nevertheless, they helped her when she joined an amateur theatrical group in Yarmouth, and promised many things if times got better. Then Sue would become discouraged and would know in her heart that her dreams were idle longings. She would be a country-woman always. Still, she worked hard in the amateur group and suddenly word went around that the adjudicator was coming. A month after his visit Sue was offered



a contract as a minor character in a series of weekly plays broadcast from Montreal.

That night Marcia, Kit, and Sue had a regular bull session. The apartment had been properly admired, the view commented on, and they had done justice to one of Kit's famed dinners, so they were in a happy mood. They talked for a long time about the fun they would have, about the good times they had had together.

"How is Alan Richards these days, Sue? You know I liked him as soon as I met him."

"Is he the one who owns the farm next to yours?"

"Yes. He is a dear. But he will always be a farmer. Can you imagine that he went to Agricultural College?"

Sue lay awake a long time that night. She was glad she had had the smaller bedroom to herself. From her bed she could see myriad stars.--Tomorrow she was to begin her radio work. Now she was tiny and unimportant but someday--who knew what might happen? Strange that the girls had spoken of Alan. Poor boy, he had not wanted her to go. She loved him but there was plenty of time for marriage--meanwhile all the world was before her.

Then followed glorious, happy days. There were, of course, long hours of practice and tedious rehearsals but bit by bit Sue was making a niche for herself. The critics were not unfavorable, although they were not exactly enthusiastic. Before she knew it, she met Miss Sue Davis, charming newcomer to the radio, smiling at her from the popular weeklies. Then came the fan mail, first in a dribble but later in an avalanche. Marcia, Kit, and Sue had grand shopping tours; there were exiting dinner parties after the broadcasts; invitations to formal dinners were now common-place affairs. Life was certainly glorious! Gradually Sue acquired a certain amount of sophistication, of savoir faire. Now she could go to the studio without feeling a thrill at being able to pass unchallenged. Now she felt quite sure of her way about town. An introduction to an important personage was not a signal for her to become weak, dumb, and nervous. Sue knew what it was to be a celebrity and she was not disappointed.

Her fame had grown when she went home for Christmas. Sue's father and mother did not seem to appreciate her glamor, and Alan stayed away but the neighbors were lavish with their homage.

As soon as Sue returned to Montreal she was caught in the whirl of winter festivities. In the Spring she made a short trip to Boston and New York. When her radio program was suspended during the Summer months a blissful vacation was spent at one of the Laurentian Mountain Lakes. She returned in the Fall happier than ever. Perhaps her careless content intensified the tragedy that was soon to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis planned to visit Sue early in October. For weeks she lived in joyful anticipation. The night they were to arrive she hurried from the studio all eagerness. On the street she hailed a taxi.

"Extra! Extra! All about the train wreck! Extra!"

Mechanically Sue bought the paper--horrified she read the headline--it was the Halifax train. "Among those who met instant death were Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Davis, parents of the well-known Sue Davis."

Kit and Marcia were wonderful. The public was apparently sympathetic. In her sorrow, Alan was with her, helping her as no one else could. Sometimes they took long walks. Usually they were very quiet. One night Alan asked Sue to marry him and begged her to come home to the farm. Sue refused, hating herself at the same time. Life as a star might be sweet again. Still, the night Alan left her heart ached to see him go and she knew vaguely that in some way her career had left her empty.

After those awful days the few critics who had been scathing commented on the deepened sympathy and the powerful feeling that Miss Davis now manifested in playing her roles. Sue no longer read these criticisms. Slowly she fell into the habits of her former life. After a time she felt the old zest and thrill for her work returning. Occasionally she was even seen at some place of amusement. It was about this time that Sue was notified by her lawyer that the entire property had been sold to Alan Richards before her father's death. So her father had been forced to sell his house, the house where so many daring, sea-faring men had lived and died. He had not wanted her to know and she had been careless, wrapped in her own success, in her joys. Now, all her ties with the dear, homely people were broken. Now Sue was a Monrealer, an ultra-sophisticate.

Sue's next news of Alan came indirectly. Mrs. Lockhart, the village post-mistress at home, came to Montreal and included Sue as one of her sight-seeing trips. With considerable difficulty she forced her way into the Studio and Sue herself rescued her from being kindly but firmly escorted to the street. Mrs. Lockhart gossiped on at great length. Breathlessly wedged between the accounts of the last two card parties was the news that Alan Richards was trying hard to work both farms but that he was not making a success of them. For sometime after, Sue felt a wistful lonesomeness for Alan. Her thoughts foolishly insisted on reverting to those short afternoon twilights when the neighborhood children used to storm the Davis house after school for snacks, shouting joyously before going out to coast until supper. The house had been silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky and the kitchen light had been warm and inviting....Sue pulled herself sharply from day dreaming when her escort for the evening arrived and the lights gleamed on her corsage and faultless coiffeur as she descended to the waiting car.

The next autumn Sue again heard from Alan. He wrote that he had not the ambition nor the courage to attempt to work the two farms alone any longer, so he was going to put both farms on the market and leave Nova Scotia. "I can't keep the light glowing on the road much myself, Sue--It's all over unless you can come home."

Sue wrestled with the problem for hours. As soon as she had read the letter she had known that she would go to Alan; she loved him; he needed her; the house would be so lonely and empty. Still--Why did Alan insist on being a farmer? Why couldn't they live in Montreal? Then she could continue her career and she would have Alan together with the brilliant life she enjoyed so much. In feeble self-defense she confided in Marcia and Kit. Characteristically they took sides on the problem.

"You're foolish, Sue, if you go back to the country. Alan, of course, is a dear; but not worth years and years of country boredom. Marriage vows are for ever you know!"

"Still, Marc"--this was from Kit" a radio career isn't everything in life

and Montreal wouldn't be such a sweet place if Sue didn't have the money to get about with. If anything happened to her she'd get a few sentimental newspaper blurbs and that's all!"

"Oh Kit! she has a new contract for five years waiting to be signed. She's a fool if she leaves now-- after a few years there will be enough money for Sue to live in leisure and then some for the rest of her life. Don't you think that I am right Sue?" But Sue was writing to Alan she was coming.

Sue and Alan were married at Nuptial High Mass in Yarmouth and held a reception there in a friend's home. It was a large wedding for "the bride", according to the society editor, "was one of the most popular radio stars of the present day." It was quite late when Sue and Alan started home. Alan was on the top of the world but to Sue, who felt the strain of the past weeks, the ride had a slight drop of an anti-climax. Alan was speaking

"Happy, Sue?"

"Of course, Alan"

"Not a bit lonesome for Montreal?"

"Well-a little." Now the city would be brightly lit; the studio pitched high with excitement; there would be gay dinner parties. Here, the stars were the only light; but how cold and brittle and unfeeling. They had almost come to the end of the road. Now they were there-- Sue rubbed her eyes, dazzled at the sudden blaze of light. Her home!

Silhouetted in the light were the dear, homely friends from the near-by houses. Happiness and joy seemed to be tumbling out of the house, rushing to engulf her. They were in the circle of light. Suddenly a deep peace and warmth enveloped her. Now she knew what was meant by a "happiness too deep for tears." Alan swung her over the threshold into the lighted room in the traditional manner of brides. Sue laughed softly.

"Penny for your thoughts, Sue!"

"Remember the day you helped me to analyse that sentence in School? 'It is better to be a light in the chamber than a star in the sky?' Now, I understand it."

Marguerite Keenan, '37

A MOUNT GIRL GOES TO MANCHUKUO

All "old girls" will be interested in the latest news of Ida Marsland, now Sister Francis de Sales of the Maryknoll sisters. On September 14 Ida wrote to the Mount: "I must, with all haste, convey the glad tidings to you all at the Mount. I've been assigned to Fushun, Manchukuo. My field of activity there lies among the Chinese and Japanese. From what I can gather, it is quite a choice mission....There are about ten sisters there, I believe. Real, honest-to-goodness Catechetical work takes up most of the time....My companion and I are leaving Maryknoll on September 27 for Chicago, thence we're off to Los Angeles, Los Altos and San Francisco, where with other Sisters bound for the Orient, we set sail for Hawaii. Here we stop and visit our Sisters who are scattered throughout the Islands. Once on the boat again, we don't disembark until our arrival in Yokohama. Our next stop is Tokyo. Here, we may be shown around by the relatives of one of our Japanese novices. And then off to Manchukuo, we go....Hasn't God been good to choose one so unworthy as I to preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ? Pray that through being poor in self-life, Christ may use me as His instrument to "witness unto Him."

Processing--am I finished yet?)
 Ruth: No'. Don't forget to stress the key-point in successful canning--everything else you mentioned is based on it--and it is complete sterilization. (Laughing) Now go forth, my lady, and win your laurels! And be reckoned with the great women of the day--conservation of natural resources! Isn't canning something of the sort?
 Mollie: Have your joke, Ruth. I don't care--my worries are over. I'm looking forward to Tuesday now, and a half hour ago I wanted to buy my ticket back to Lowell! But seriously, thanks a lot, Ruth. So long--can I do anything for you?
 Ruth: So long, and good luck. Come again and--I like jelly beans!

Viola Pride '38

MODERN MUSICAL CLASSICS

Since the beginning of this century, music has taken on an air of modernism. The old harmonies were discarded and composers began to write using whatever effects they pleased for harmony or melody. The result has been to some extent a broadening of the limits of musical expression, but there is now room for so many individual styles that the results are sometimes a little chaotic.

The modernist works are extremely interesting and effective for piano. They are mostly programme pieces, which the composers treat with skill and expression. The styles that seemed natural to a Debussy or a Stravinsky have led some, at least into a deliberate search for odd effects. Modernism gives the composer a free hand in creating programme music and much of this shows great power. The modern use of involved harmonies is the basis of this change. Taking chords by themselves, it is quite true that the modern tonal combinations, which would have sounded discordant in previous times, now do actually appeal to those who compose them. In general, the more definite and detailed a programme is, the more chance will the music have to create a favourable effect.

Modernism in its present stage has justified itself by many beautiful compositions and many famous composers. It is a difficult task, therefore, to pick out any special modern composers, however, the following may be selected as leaders.

Among the American composers MacDowell is perhaps the best known. He was born in New York and his best and chief teacher was Teresa Carreno. To her he dedicated his Second Piano Concerto. He studied in Paris, then Frankfurt, and after years of concert touring he returned to Boston, where he taught and composed, giving concerts occasionally, with great success. The degree of Musical Doctor was conferred upon him by Princeton University and he was called to the chair of music in Columbia University in New York. It is as one of the tonemasters of America that MacDowell stands forth prominent in musical history. His "Indian Suite" is one of the best examples of his art; besides composing some very graceful works in smaller forms for piano, he has also written sonatas which have indicated what the 20th century composers must do with the old form if they wish to perpetuate it.

The end of this great composer was most pathetic. His work had been constant and conscientious, but it was too severe for his mind and symptoms

of mental disorder gradually appeared and he died in New York in 1908. At Peterborough, New Hampshire, where he often worked his compositions are given annually as a memorial service.

George Whitfield Chadwick is another important American composer. He was born in Lowell, Mass. His first attempts at musical composition were made while a pupil at Lawrence High School and were chiefly songs and dances for piano. Some of these he preserved and used a quarter of a century later in his successful comic opera "Tobasco." It is said that in spite of his strong love for music, there was no "juvenile prodigy" element in Chadwick's life. As a composer Chadwick is to be reckoned as the equal of any one on this side of the Atlantic.

During these last few years it has been said, that the restless political conditions in Europe have hindered, to some extent, the steady artistic progress, particularly in Germany and Italy. In Germany certain bans were put on many musicians of Jewish birth or ancestry. In Italy musical conditions have been disturbed by the determination of the government to put a ban on the music and musicians of nations which have imposed sanctions on the country.

In America in 1935, musical celebrations celebrating the 250th anniversary of the births of Bach and Handel, were held throughout the world and during this same year much new orchestral music was set forth as well as important new works by native American composers, some of these beings--Converse's "American Sketches", Mason's "Suite", after English Folk-Songs" and Carpenter's "Danza". From this we see, that although there are no great geniuses at the present day that can be compared with the early masters, musical art as a whole is one the upward trend.

Mary Mc Lean '38

HERE AND THERE

Hats are on the up'n up. They're being worn turned up in front, turned up behind, turned up on both sides, turned up--oop! I suppose that's as far as I can go. Well, as I was saying, the hats are being turned up. The chapel line looks like a strange collection of turned-up (no, not turnips!)--but the more they're turned up the cuter they look, bless 'em.

It wasn't enough for Peg Daley to inform me that she was "bon" in Maine, but Loretta Brady had to remark that she liked "roar" onions on hamburgers. I'm still wondering.

I suppose its just in the nature of engineers to be kind. When I consider how they stay awake all night just to give those poor dear little trains some exercise, I always wonder how we can sleep so comfortably. They're so cute too! They shunt the engines back and forth and sometimes they forget a car and have to go all the way back for it. Many a night as I lie awake listening to the dear little things I feel inspired---inspired to get out a petition for noiseless trains which never shunt outside people's domiciles at night.

***** Dorothy LeClaire '40

Saint Joseph's Rectory 33

Halifax, Nova Scotia

October 15, 1936.

Dear Crusaders,

The beginning of a new season of Scholastic efforts should prompt us to resolve as Canadian Catholic Student Mission Crusaders, to do more than we ever did before in the interests of the Home of Foreign Missions.

Applying the basic principles of the programme of Pope Pius XI on Catholic Action to our Mission Crusade responsibilities, we should promise to lead a life of more intimate union with Christ so that, depending primarily upon supernatural means, our prayers and good works on behalf of the conversion of souls may be rendered more fruitful in the sight of God. It is so easy for students to deceive themselves in regard to positive conquests in realm of grace. We may quite innocently believe that by mere passive presence at Mission Crusade meetings, we are modern apostles in the campaign against heresy and infidelity. Yet were we to be permitted to behold the actual fruits of our Crusade activities, might we not be disappointed to know that very few souls were saved?

Mindful on the other hand of the glorious triumphs of the conversions attributed to the prayers of St. Theresa of Avila, we begin to understand that we also, here in Canada, can emulate Theresa's example and by fervent, generous prayer, intimate union with Jesus of the Blessed Sacrament, by frequent acts of self-sacrifice, we can save possibly hundreds, and even thousands of souls languishing in the black paganism of China, India, Africa and Japan.

Let us be Student Mission Crusaders worthy of the name. Let us resolve to assist at daily Mass, determined to wrest from God the salvation of innumerable souls. Let us make all our communions fervent, attentive, humble, and apostolic. Let us place all our mission activities under the gracious patronage of Our Lady, Queen of the Missions, doing nothing of a prayerful nature unless "by" "with" and "through" Mary. Let a decade of the beads, which as loyal crusaders we should say daily in the presence of the Eucharistic King, be allotted to the conversion of pagans and sinners.

Prayer, action, and sacrifice will all be necessary in order to receive results. Meetings should be more thoroughly supernatural. Fervent prayer should be addressed to the Holy Ghost for light and grace for the meeting. The supernatural element should predominate at all reunions of Crusaders. Action not preceded by, accompanied with, and followed by prayer, trust in God and purity of motive, will avail very little before the Throne of the Most High.

With the Mystical Body of Christ renewing the passion of the Savior in Russia, Mexico, and Spain, is it loyal on our part to avoid mortification, penance, and self-sacrifice? The thought of fellow members of the Mystical Body undergoing torture, privation of Mass and Sacraments and death itself in the unhappy countries controlled in whole or part by the satanic forces of Communism, should make us ashamed to continue leading lives of luxury, ease, and indolence.

inability to accomplish supernatural results without supernatural means, of quiet, firm determination that through Holy Mass. with our Lady's help, we are going to be instrumental in the saving of hundreds of souls:

Charles F. Curran,
Diocesan Director, C.C.M. Crusade

Credit Unions--continued from page 20

that a credit union may exist only between people who are intimately associated with one another, such as the employees of a large company. These members choose a Board of Directors, an Audit Committee, and a Supervisory Committee, from among themselves by means of elections. In these elections each member has only one vote. The Credit Committee passes on all loans and the Supervisory Committee audits the books at regular periods.

When a Credit Union is established, it sells shares in membership to those of a group who wish to belong to it. The price charged per share is fixed by the members of the union. When a man has shares and has not taken out any money, his money invested accrues interest.

A credit union might well be called a Thrift Union because it promotes thrift among its members and is based on the good faith among them. It serves as a loaning company and makes the entire savings of its members available to any one of them. Before a loan is obtained, however, the purpose for which it is needed must be stated and be a provident one.

There is a Credit Union in Halifax which has been inaugurated by the Railway Mail Clerks's Association, now includes the Postal employees and has so far been very successful.

Dr. Coady stressed also the value of Co-operative buying and selling among farmers, merchants, fishermen etc.. We can all realize that these Unions are of great value to the people who belong to them and we shall undoubtedly see an increase in their member all over Canada in the near future.

Jean Mac Cormack '39

Muriel---"Whenever I talk about Herbie I think of the time-----
Irma ---"Well, it's nearly midnight now.

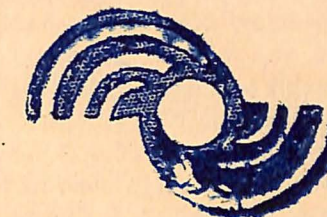
Dot-----"Let's play Adam and Eve."
Alice Margaret---How's that?"
Dot-----"You tempt me to eat your apple--and I do!"

E's Mother---Eileen's letter is very short, dear.
E's Father---So is Eileen or she wouldn't have written at all.

Mul -----Heaven bless Sister-----She showed confidence in me when the clouds were dark and threatening.
Donnie---In what way?
Mul-----She lent me an umbrella.



ALUMNIANA



Marie Amirault was among the many visitors to the Mount this summer.

Marie is still teaching in her home town.

Lynette Baker is a student at Columbia this year, so a letter from Catherine Gallant informs us.

Norma Buckley recent bride of Ronald Mac Isaac, visited the Mount during her honeymoon. She was warmly received and congratulated. Norma's wedding was one of the most important social events of the season. Norma has a very charming apartment in Montreal.

Astrid Buckley, judging from the picture in the paper was a charming maid of honor at Norma's wedding. Their younger sister Jean is enrolled in the B class in the Academy.

Anna Burns completed her Dietetic Course at the Ottawa Civic Hospital in July and was taken on the staff for the following month. She is now back home in Saint John.

Helen Cameron, we hear still has an excellent position as nurse to an old lady who spends much of her time in Florida.

Evelyn Campbell made one of the lay retreats at the Mount this summer and is a frequent visitor. She is still librarian at the Technical College.

Muriel Carey in addition to teaching a large number of pupils has been very busy organizing an orchestra.

Marie Carpenter is at home in New York and is hoping to get newspaper work.

Marie Carroll resumed her teaching at the Nova Scotia Training School, Truro in September after an enjoyable month's holiday, spent, of course, in Halifax.

Rose Chambers, we are very glad to hear, is improving rapidly at the Kentville Sanatorium, where she is a patient.

Coline Clancy and her sister-in-law, Rose Orlando Clancy are still doing Social Service work in Montreal. They spent their vacation at home in Mulgrave. We were sorry to learn of the illness of their mother.

Patricia Clancy motored to Boston this summer and while there visited the Academy of the Assumption, Wellesley. She was accompanied by Josephine Flemming.

Eleanor Coady is, as usual, a poor correspondent. We have heard indirectly that she is engaged in Adult Education in some part of Newfoundland. We wish her every success in her work.

Isobel Creaser, a post-graduate who received her diploma in Education last year, has a school at Dublin Shore near her home town, Riverport. Nine grades is proving a difficult though pleasant task, Isabel tells us.

Mary Dee received her appointment to the staff of the Maritime Academy of Music early in September. So far Mary has twenty pupils

and at the recent Provincial Exhibition one of her pupils captured first prize in the Children's Music Festival, while another was a close second, being just two points below.

Moira Desmond expects to spend a few days with us soon and then we shall hear more of her plans to go in training at the Roosevelt, New York.

Dolores Donnelly surprised us all when she entered the postulate in September. But then Dolores was always doing the unexpected.

Hilda Durney is still a frequent visitor to M. S. V. and is a contributor to this issue.

Ruth Elliot is a senior at Regis College this year and will receive her degree in Household Science in June.

Catherine Gallant has no prospect of a position in the Amherst schools but intends to give private instruction to both French and English speaking pupils. "Special rates for young men."

Sister Agnes de Sales (Agnes Garnier) is teaching Household Science at Reserve Mines. She reports having a hundred pupils doing "Domestic" as they call it. We know she will keep them busy.

Dorothy Harrison visited us recently to decorate the Household Science blackboard. Dorothy, after substituting at the Infirmary for over a month this summer was engaged for the coming year to teach the Dietetics and Cooking classes for the students nurses.

Betty Kelley and Mary K. MacDougall have been exchanging visits and together came to see us over a recent week-end and they are talking of taking a French course in Mc Gill this winter-Ambitions eh!

Bernadette Lannigan and Rhoda Parsons have their same positions and are both doing well, we hear. Mary Parsons still enjoys being a lady of leisure.

Grace Leon entered the school at the Infirmary in September.

Katherine Markham is teaching History and Gymnasium at the High School in Dracut, Mass. Katherine tells us she enjoys her work immensely.

Mary Merchant has been visiting in Halifax. Mary returned from New York in August after a year at Columbia while waiting for an opening in her own field, Mary plans to give private lessons in painting and elocution.

Tina Mc Innis was here for Thanksgiving and was the guest of Doris Dyer, Elmsdale. Tina is planning to go to Boston soon and hopes to get a position there.

Margaret Mc Neil is back in Glace Bay having finished her Dietetic Course at Saint Lukes Hospital, New York.

Margaret Morrissey a B. A. last year is taking a business course at the Maritime Business College Halifax. (We would like some information about all the other "M's" in our file in order pass it on to the Christmas Kappa).

Mary O'Brien, a last year's post-graduate has no permanent position as yet but sometimes substitutes in the city schools.

Monica and Geraldine O'Reilly visited Sister Marie Agnes and Sister Irene Marie during their stay at Wellesley this summer. Both are busy business women.

Mary Pumble who took the commercial course last year is working in her father's office in Saint John, N. B..

Eva C. Pye has the honor to be the first to send in her Kappa subscription this year. At a recent visit to the Mount. Miss Pye gave a very generous donation to the Library.

Alice Ruel is nursing in a private hospital in the Province of Quebec. Alice has been a very faithful subscriber to Kappa.

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Delphine Stokes is to be congratulated for her election as second Vice-President at the Catholic Women's League Convention in Yarmouth recently.

Lucille Theriault is in the office of Wood Brothers.

Kay Thompson is engaged in social work with the Halifax Welfare Bureau.

Jane Thorup who is now making her home in Washington, D.C. is studying Social Work at the Catholic University there.

Alberta Veniot is still with the Employment Commission in Ottawa. Corinne is the business woman at home..

Aileen Wilson who received her Diploma in Education last year is on the staff of the Halifax School for the Deaf and finds the work extremely interesting.

Marie Forhan '37

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Life has a peculiar habit, thru the medium of an elusive odor, a particular piece of furniture or a half forgotten snatch of melody, of suddenly depositing us in the past. We may or may not be willing to accept the fact that we have collected enough years to have a past, but be that as it may, we have collected enough years, Time marches on and leaves us with silt of such tides as have washed the shores of our small human existence.

Looking at the present College Social Room, proud in its glory of cloth of gold curtains, brocaded chesterfield suite, floor lamps, table lamps, and its very modern completeness of radio and orthophonic, one is faced with a picture of another Social Room of not so many years since, where a College considerably smaller in number, but just as earnest of purpose and determination to set the world afire, passed some of its leisure hours.

Visions of unadorned walls and long white curtains, perfect from the standpoint of cleanliness, but sadly lacking in the field of interior decoration; a phonograph with a vague internal ailment that proclaimed, even to the most unmusical that some vital mechanical necessity was not at home, which played endlessly one record entitled "Who", until the Collegians were seriously threatened with degeneration into a group of barn owls; a certain electric stove that generously presented burnt offerings, then suddenly turned traitor and betrayed the valiants with an odor resembling the burning of old boots; excursions to the village to exercise and flaunt our new-born liberty, and the triumphant return with cans of cheap sardines to be consumed at what price physical discomforts the following day:--these are just a few of the pictures that flash thru the mind. Those who are at present Collegians will probably return at some future date and likewise find changes that mark steady progress of Mount Saint Vincent College, and they will probably wonder if that present is any happier than their past, just as we look and see with other eyes and ponder.

Hilda-Claire Durney

-Loneliness-

Yes sir, I'm cryin'
I'm lonesome an' blue,
I've a lump in my throat
That's chokin' me too.
My little black dog
Was awful knowin'.
Now he's dead, I--

An I'm all alone.
Hit by a car
That didn't stop
For they didn't care.
Me an' the cop,
(He's a regular guy)
Couldn't do nothin'

But--watch--him--die.

H.C.D.

To begin with, the real collector calls his hobby "phi-lat-e-ly and he belongs to a phil-a-tel-ic society. The word philately comes from the Greek words meaning "loving" and "exemption from taxes", i.e. a love for stamps. There are societies having transactions and journals for philately. Chief among these are the Royal Philatelic Society of London, La Societe Francaise de Timbrologie, and the American Philatelic Association.

A chair of Philately was founded at Brooklyn Institute. The hobby is that of kings, presidents, and paupers. The late King George V. was Patron of the Royal Philatelic Society of London and owned a collection of the stamps of Great Britain and the British Colonies--a collection which filled hundreds of beautifully arranged volumes and contained many rarities. The Late King George's "\$1,000,000 stamp collection has not been acquired by gift but by the strictest trade and purchase." --Archibald MacLeish in Fortune, June, 1935. Among other famous collectors are:- Franklin D. Roosevelt, Herbert C. Hoover, John Drinkwater, Octavus Roy Cohen, Theodore S. Einway (Yes, he is), Roger W. Babson, and Amelia Earhart.

Although stamps for postal service were used in 1653 in Paris, and in 1802 for revenue in England, "postage stamps" as understood by the philatelist were not used until 1840. The "postage stamps" are stamps with a glutinous wash on the back. These were recommended to the British government by Sir Rowland Hill in his pamphlet on post-office reform in February, 1837. The stamps were put into regular service in 1840. As usual others made claim to the honor of inventing the post-office stamp. The leading contentent was a Mr. James Chalmers, who in 1879 maintained that he had developed the idea in 1834. Sir Rowland had put through the uniform penny rate and it was because he was reforming the postal service that he could introduce into actual use the "postage stamps". For this reason The London Philatelic Society decided in favor of Sir Rowland.

The first general issue in the United States was in 1847, in "the Province of Canada" in 1851, in Nova Scotia in 1851, in France in 1849, in Germany in 1852, in Italy in 1862, in Spain in 1850. Stamp collecting became a hobby in Great Britain, of course, first in 1861.

To show the spread of this hobby, I tell about the day, Friday January 1, 1932. On this day at the Post-office in Washington, twenty-six long lines stretching out to the street were at the twenty-six windows before eleven o'clock in the morning, buying complete sets of the new Bicentennial issue of George Washington stamps, which stamps the collectors used to mail letters addressed to themselves on the opening day of the sale. This was in the post-office at Washington alone. Similar lines were leading to nearly every post-office in the United States.

This hobby can be of immense value to the collector. In Russia, during the revolution, a young Czarist bought up his friends' collections for almost nothing; they were so busy about the revolution that they did not realize what they did. The young man selected the cream of the purchased stamps, put them in envelopes about his person, and worked his way to Constantinople. There he sold enough stamps to pay for his passage to America. Once here, he was able to sell his stamps, now increased in value, and to get a sum from their sale that was sufficient to cover his expenses at college and law school. This young man is now a very successful gentleman in New York.

By carefully thinning off parts of the paper a bit, actual shading of a design can be accomplished in the watermark of a stamp. This technique has been developed to such a state of perfection that several paintings of the old masters have been reproduced as watermarks in paper!

A precancelled stamp is one which has been cancelled at the post-office, usually in sheets, and sold to the business firms who have a Government permit to purchase this class of stamps for their convenience. It speeds up the delivery of the mail so that there is no time wasted in the post-office in cancellation after the mail has been received there. A used-stamp collector is called a "commatologist". If you have an envelope with the cancellation running from the paper onto the stamp, the stamp is said to be "tied on the cover"!

You can get all kinds of cancellations. There are: Stamp, Arkansas; Romeo, Michigan; Joliet, Illinois; Santa Claus, Indiana; Christ, Kentucky; St. Patrick, Missouri; Cereal, Alberta; Joy, South Carolina. A fruit basket includes: Apple, Kentucky; Orange, New Jersey; Lemon, Pennsylvania; Grape, Kentucky; Pineapple, Alabama.

The most famous stamp in the world and the rarest is called the "one cent magenta"; it is quoted in catalogues at \$50,000; it is literally unique. In British Guiana in 1856 the post-office ran out of stamps and were waiting for a delivery of stamps from England. To fill in, special stamps were printed after an original design showing one of the ships that came into port. As a stamp was used or sold the issuing clerk wrote his initials on the stamp. As soon as the order from England arrived all extras were destroyed. This one-cent magenta must have been used for a nearby town to have such a small denomination.

Another interesting stamp is the Mauritius issue of 1847, the first of the British Colony. The wife of the Governor, the first to use the new stamps, wanted them for invitations to a reception. The engraver did the profile of Queen Victoria beautifully; but, when he came to engraving the words, all he could read from his copy was "pos". Now he preferred to suffer the wrath of the postmaster rather than the wrath of the wife of the Governor. On his way to the postmaster, Mr. J. Bernard passed the post-office. There he decided was the solution. So, he engraved "post-office" on the stamp. Ah, but he should have engraved "post paid"! His error has made one of the classics of philately.

Two of the most common American stamps form an error. These are from the Columbian issue of 1893. The first stamp shows Columbus in sight of land; he is clean-shaven, not a suggestion of a beard. Now, it is estimated that it took Columbus about three hours to land. Yet, in the second stamp of the issue showing the Landing of Columbus, our Christopher has a full-grown beard.

To continue with Columbus: a St. Kitts stamp shows Columbus using a telescope. Note the International Encyclopedia: "The first telescope was first shown and used by Galilei, May, 1609. A Newfoundland stamp shows a seal with paws and claws. This artist evidently never saw a seal; he did not know that they have flippers. The largest stamp in philately is an American newspaper stamp; it measures 51 x 95 mm. It comes from Bolivar, Colombian Republic. The smallest stamp was issued the same year, 1865.

Interesting Items;

King Bomba of Sicily objected to having his features on the stamps marred by the ink of the cancellation; so he had a special device made to go around three sides

The "Death Mask Stamp" of Serbia was issued to commemorate a century of Kara-georgevic dynasty. The first five denominations of this series portrayed Kings George and Peter in profile. It was discovered upon turning these stamps upside down that one could see the death mask of King Alexander who had been assassinated.

The British slogan "the sun never sets on the British Dominions" is depicted on a Canadian stamp issued Christmas, 1898, showing a map of the British empire over a legend "We hold a vaster empire than has been". A Portuguese stamp of Saint Anthony has on its reverse side a prayer to the saint. A set of Spanish stamps issued in 1905 depicts the story of Don Quixote in a new series of "stamp acts". An Italian stamp depicting the Campanile of Saint Mark's in Venice was issued to create a fund for reconditioning its tower. Norway has a stamp design showing a post-horn around a numeral. This design has held sway longer than any other in stampdom since 1872.

In Latvia, the first stamp was printed in Riga on the backs of German military maps because of a shortage of paper, in the days of 1918. Latvia also issued stamps in 1920 for the Red Cross, which stamps were printed on the backs of Bolshevik banknotes. Stamps from Uruguay present a picture of the Teru-Teru bird, friend of cattle. Each Teru-Teru bird is the protector of his own particular cow or steer. Taking its place on the beast's back, the bird industriously goes to work eating ticks!

In Bavaria and Italy for awhile, the size of the stamps was doubled and the additional space sold to private concerns for advertising. It was given up because the firms said the government was playing favorites when selling the space.

A stamp from Jamaica issued in 1919 shows a native woman preparing the poisonous cassava root; the result of her boiling and scraping this root is the commercial product called tapioca. The French stamp issued in 1927 for the American Legion Reunion in shows the portrait of George Washington; the portrait of Marie Jean Paul Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, Marquis de Lafayette; an ocean liner, an aeroplane, and the Statue of Liberty, a gift of France to the American people. This is one of the few occasions when a foreign stamp has carried the portrait of an American President.

In the early days of California, Charles Proctor Kimball, a stationer in San Francisco, made a business of collecting all letters going to the East. He would go through the streets shouting his mission so that he was known as the noisy carrier. He used as his letter cancellation "From noisy carrier's", written in ordinary black scratchy print.

American stamps are difficult to collect because they may not be pictured, a law. No living person may be pictured on American stamps. Thus we have the ship instead of Lindy and his lamp instead of Edison. Besides this, American stamps have an infinite variety in the details of one design that may be used in many series issued.

Liechtenstein is an interesting country to collect stamps from. "Revenue and expenditures are relatively small and it has been repeatedly stated that the sale of postage stamps to the philatelist is a major source of income. If such is true, the authorities have not abused the practice, for a close scrutiny of all their postal issues discloses no stamp of higher denomination than two francs (Swiss) and no rarities are noted."--Margaret Lauder B.A.