

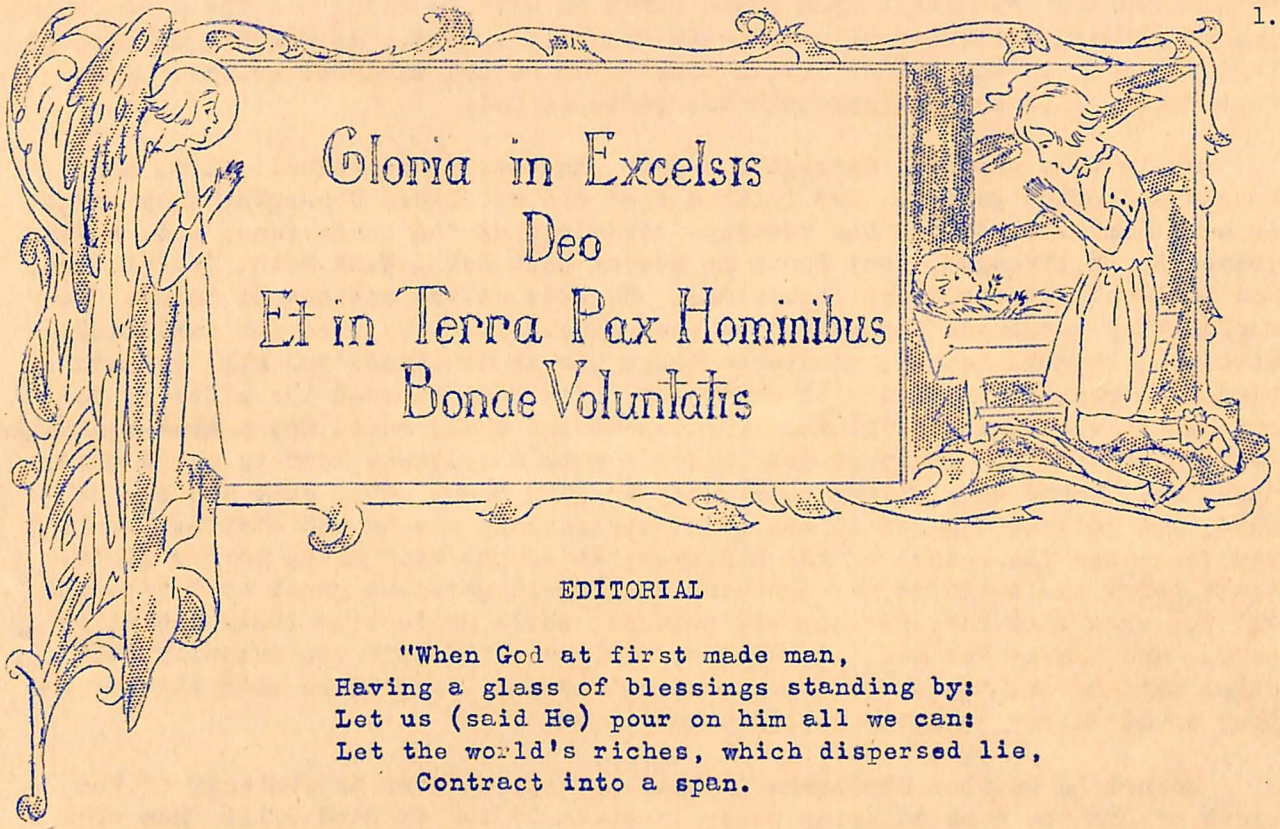
Christmas



Kappa Kromicle

Mount Saint Vincent College

Halifax Nova Scotia



Gloria in Excelsis
Deo
Et in Terra Pax Hominibus
Bonae Voluntatis

EDITORIAL

"When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by:
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way:
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me?
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature,
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness:
Let him be rich and weary, that at last,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

G. Herbert.

Time passed. From the day when Cain, urged on by dissatisfaction and restlessness, murdered his brother, down through the centuries to the birth of Christianity, man strove to find in the world something it did not possess. Through the ages, nations sprang up, surged restlessly on in the path of conquest, only to succumb to another great power. Man persisted in seeking among the gifts of the world for that which it had not to give--for rest. Then came a pause in man's unceasing strife--a great peace brooded over the whole world; God entered therein.

In the little town of Bethlehem nineteen hundred and thirty-five years ago there was born a Savior--a Man-God who came to bring peace on earth to men of good will. The design of God had not changed; the Man-God did not add to the gifts of the world that rest and peace which the Creator had

witheld in the beginning. The peace which he came to bring was the peace which^{2.} passes all understanding--the peace of heavenly things. It was His mission to lead man back to the path of truth from which he had wandered so far, as he kept "with repining restlessness" the gifts of God.

Again time passed. Strength, beauty, honour, pleasure--all these men sought and often gained. But in them rest did not lie. Strength, they sought in war; Rome fell before the restless strivings of the barbarians; yet, having proved their strength, they found no peace; East Goth, West Goth, Vandal, Hun, and Dane--all strove among themselves. So grew up the nations of today. New worlds they acquired; new conquests they made. Yet they were not satisfied. Strength, beauty, honour, pleasure--there was an abundance for all; yet man vied with man, and nation with nation, so that some amassed the gifts of God and others were left destitute. Throughout the whole world was a ~~discontent~~ dissatisfaction--those who had the gifts of God laboured with a restless fear to guard them; those who lacked them strove restlessly to gain them. Then came the war of 1914; all nations engaged in the great strife that was to end strife. Mankind had forgotten the lesson of the Redeemer; it sought rest among worldly gifts. Again today the world is disregarding the lesson given at great cost through- out the ages that have passed; all nations, while protesting their desire for peace, are arming for war. In Africa, Italy and Ethiopia are actually fighting. Other nations are again considering an attempt to bring peace with the sword-- they would impose on Italy military sanctions.

Meanwhile another Christmas is approaching, another anniversary of the birth of Him who came to bring peace on earth to men of good will. How will the world receive that message blazoned forth anew? That is something which we, small group as we are, cannot determine; but we can determine how we ourselves will respond to it. Men of all times have sought rest in the things of the world and failed to find it. Let us, then, as we approach the crib of the Christ-Child on Christmas Day be "of good will"--the will which has learned to seek rest and peace not in the things of time but in the things of eternity. May we experience that peace which passes all understanding, may the true spirit of Christmas be ours!

Margaret Cummings '36.

THE LULLABY

My Baby close Thy tired eyes,
High above Thy star is shining,
And while I sing Thee lullabies
Sleep, my little Son, sleep.

High above Thy star is shining
Gold in the blue of the night
And Thou, my Star, in my arms reclining
Will soon be asleep, asleep.

And while I sing Thee lullabies,
Songs of the snow and the hills
Thy Father is watching Thee from the skies
So sleep, my Baby Son, sleep.

Marie V. Carpenter '37.



3.
I quite understand now why a reporter of an important newspaper braves such tremendous hazards to be the first on the scene of a big occurrence--and his chagrin when he finds that some rival has stolen a march on him. I am in just such a predicament--I take my pen to write our campus doings and find that some of my choicest "bits" have already been reported under "Dean's Day" and "Mission activities". However, still undaunted by such injustices, I shall pass on to my readers the little that my colleagues were generous enough to leave to me.

Since our last publication of Kappa, our time has been so completely filled up that some of our most ardent "home lovers" forgot to count the days before Christmas.

Our outstanding "intercollegiate social event" was a Halloween party at which the members of the Junior class were hostesses to the entire student body. This time, it took the form of a masquerade and many hearty laughs were evoked as Queen Elizabeth tried to preserve her regal dignity in the company of Amos and Andy, whilst the Dionne Quintuplets overlooking her royal presence loudly clamoured for more taffy apples. The prize for the most original costume was awarded to the Duchess of Bath, in the person of Miss Dorothy Webb, who wore a costume made entirely of turkish towels.

On October 26, the Mount Alumnae held a most enjoyable bridge party and afternoon tea in our own auditorium, at which one of the largest attendances ever, was present. The delicious refreshments were served by the members of the alumnae executive, assisted by some of the College girls. This affair, besides being socially successful, was also a decided financial success, and if the other functions of the year prove as encouraging as this one, these loyal supporters of Alma Mater will indeed accomplish their aim to complete the Scholarship fund before June. Their enthusiasm, in cooperating to achieve this, was remarked by the College Seniors who were the guests of the Alumnae at their first quarterly meeting held here in October. They were very much interested in the work the Alumnae is doing and were especially pleased to have the opportunity of meeting the members at the tea which concluded it.

Before the month of October closed, we also celebrated our Thanksgiving holiday and those who went away for the week-end were surprised to find on re- turning, that a Thanksgiving Santa Claus, in the person of our College Mistress had presented the Social Room with a beautiful new reading lamp. This does look very imposing by the side of one of our easy chairs (incidentally, the whole room is changed around) and it is so convenient that already a few of the "comfort-loving" have applied for a monopoly on this site. This is only one of the many recent additions that have been made to our Social room, and con- sidering too, our newest model long-and-short wave radio, it is small wonder that the library is often forsaken in the evening for this more home-like resort.



For many the weekly routine was interrupted this term to attend meetings of various kinds in town. For some, there were business sessions preparatory to, and succeeding the Maritime Mission Convention. For others--the members of the Household Science classes--there were lectures at the Halifax Home Economics Club. These young ladies also attended a luncheon at the Nova Scotian sponsored by the same association and which was both preceded and followed by interesting talks on this most practical topic--Household Science.

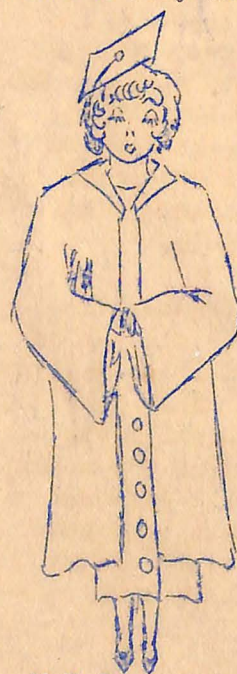
Though everyone thought that with the close of the Mission Convention our opportunity of listening to interesting speakers would end, such was not the case. On November 13, the assembled community and student body were privileged to hear a sermon preached by the Reverend Celestine Kapsner, O. S. B. on the liturgical movement in the church. The lecture was indeed inspiring and his words made clear to all that the Liturgical Movement was no empty form but a living power in the Church.

Then, on November 20, the Mount had the eagerly awaited pleasure of a visit from Right Reverend Monsignor McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow, China. While here, Monsignor McGrath gave an extremely interesting and alternately amusing and pathetic talk on his work in China, and afterwards in an informal discussion he answered the many questions asked by the students. Monsignor McGrath will shortly be returning to China and takes with him when going the good wishes of all the Mount students, whose interest, so stimulated since his visit to us, is not likely to be lessened by distance. We made the Monsignor an offering of the spiritual alms gathered by the Mission Club, and of the contents of our mite boxes with the request that we be permitted to adopt him. He declared he was delighted to be adopted by our college "family"!

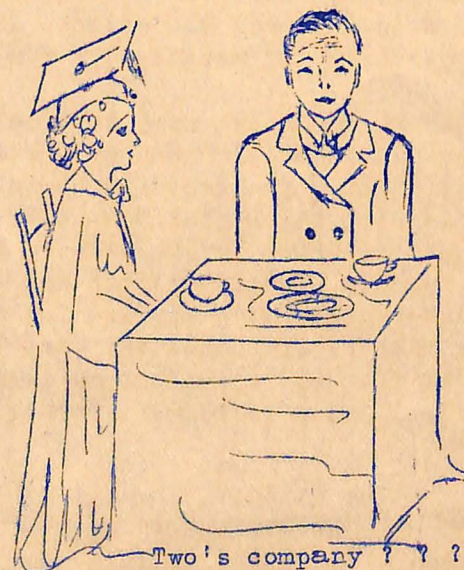
As we "go to press" even though Dalhousie examinations and other such spectres loom in the near future, there are still a few pleasant diversions awaiting us before we take our leave of the Mount for the Christmas vacation. Since this is our last opportunity of doing so, we wish all our readers and friends A Very Merry Christmas.

Marie Dolores Donnelly, '36.

CONVENTION SIDELIGHTS



M.V.C.:-- Talk about robbing the cradle!
He:-- Cradle nothin'! I'M in
Grade IX.



Two's company ? ? ?

Bethlehem was bright with light and pageantry and an atmosphere of feverish excitement hung heavy on the place. The people were far too dazzled with the light of foreign gold to pay attention to weary strangers who begged a place of rest. The hills outside of Bethlehem were in contrast to the town however. There the air was cool and sharp and clean and the stars shone with metallic brilliance in the sky. The countryside was deserted save for a few shepherds who tended their flocks.

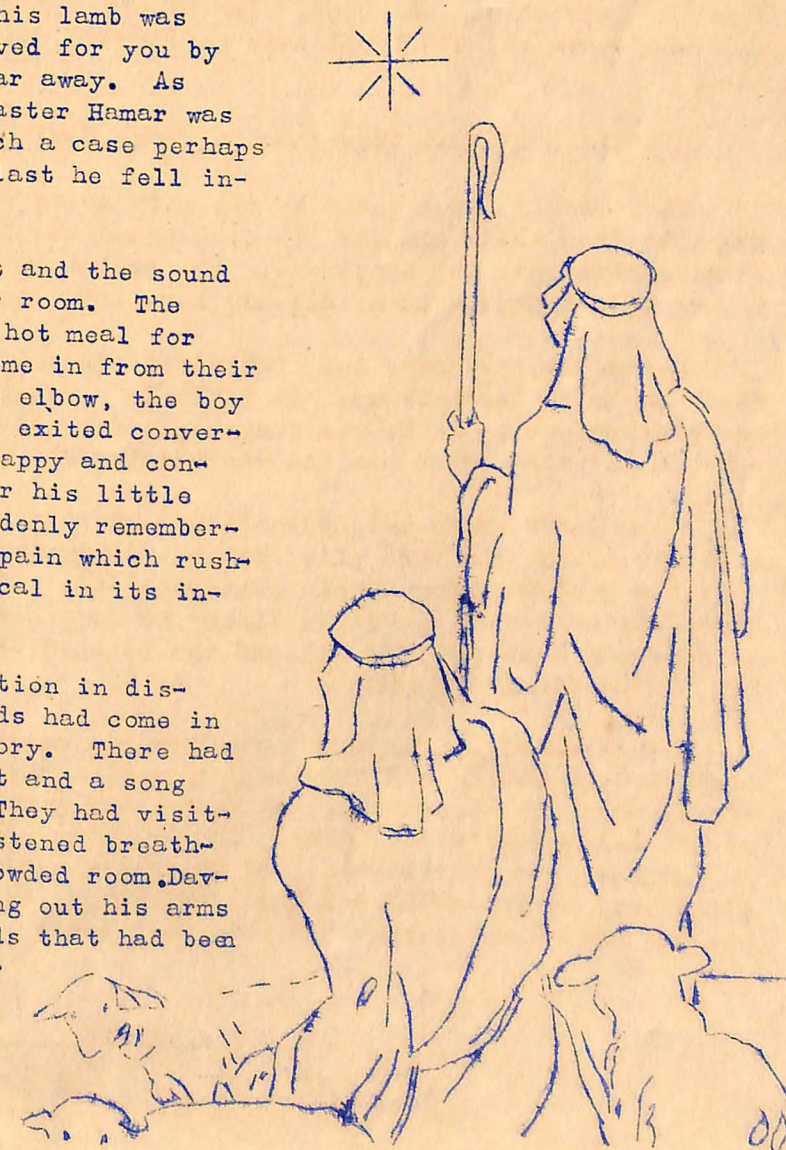
A middle-aged man and a young girl were travelling the road which led from Bethlehem that night. They both were evidently worn out, yet there was a difference in their weariness. A mountain of sorrow and disappointment seemed to be laid on the man's shoulders while the maiden was serenely, blissfully joyous.

Meanwhile a little lad in a neighboring shepherd hut was lying wakeful, trying very hard not to cry. A gain and again he squared his jaw and screwed his eyes tightly but his mouth would quiver and somehow the tears managed to escape. Fiercely he reminded himself that only six-year-old babies cry. (He had been seven now for almost two weeks). You never saw grown-up men crying - not even if a precious little toy lamb did lose its head. But this lamb was different; this lamb was cherished, for it had been carved for you by your hero father who was now far away. As the tears threatened to come faster Hamar was inclined to believe that in such a case perhaps even grown-up men cried. At last he fell into a troubled sleep.

Hamar was wakened by light and the sound of noisy voices from the outer room. The women were preparing the usual hot meal for the shepherds who would soon come in from their flocks. Raising himself on his elbow, the boy listened unconsciously to their excited conversation. For a moment he felt happy and contented but as he reached out for his little lamb, by force of habit, he suddenly remembered its poor, broken head. The pain which rushed in upon him was almost physical in its intensity.

Now he caught the conversation in disconnected phrases. The shepherds had come in and were evidently telling a story. There had been a star -- a wondrous light and a song and bright heavenly visitors. They had visited a Lady and a Babe. Hamar listened breathlessly, then stole into the crowded room. David, his young cousin, was holding out his arms radiantly joyful. The poor hands that had been so cruelly mangled were no longer twisted and crushed - they were healed. They had touched the crib of the Babe.

Suddenly a great idea came



to Hamar. Soundlessly he crept back for his lamb, soundlessly he stole out 6. into the shining, starlit night. He knew well the road which led from the hills to David's cave but at night it seemed very different. Menacing shadows leapt out at him from every turn. Clutching his lamb, the little lad stumbled down the path.

At last he reached the cave. There was brightness and warmth and safety within but he lingered outside shyly. Perhaps the Lady and her Babe only welcomed grownup people and not little boys.

At length Hamar summoned enough courage to enter. The interior he knew well; it was just a rough stable where poverty-stricken folk sheltered their cattle in bitter weather. But now in the center of the room there was a small fire and, tending it, was a kindly-faced man. An old manger had been dragged out. All this Hamar noticed but his attention was focused on the Lady and her Babe. As soon as he saw her Hamar knew that he loved her far more than he had loved anyone in his small life. Somehow he just ached to have her arms about him and to feel her love. And as for the Child on her knee---It was the darlinest, timest Babe he had ever seen and yet It seemed so mighty.

So far he had not been noticed. In awe and love he ventured nearer. Then the Lady raised her head. Her beauty and gentleness took away his breath. When she spoke all the loveliness and joy in the world seemed to have been set free.

"Little son, hast thou come to adore Him?"

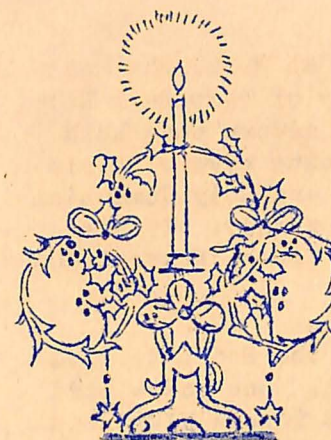
Very softly Hamar knelt by the Lady so as not to waken the Babe. The man also drew close and the three watched the Child. Hamar's heart was overflowing with love and happiness. So completely did he feel welcome that for a long time he knelt thus, all his loneliness and shyness gone.

Being a very little lad, lulled by the brightness and warmth of the cave, Hamar began to feel sleepy. At first he struggled to keep awake but soon he was over-powered. As he was dropping off he was happily conscious that someone had her arms about him and was leaning him comfortably against her knee.

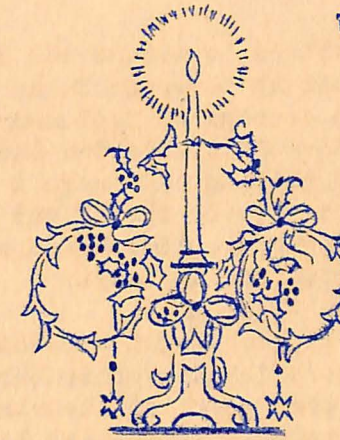
When Hamar awoke bright sunlight was streaming into the cave and he himself was lying on a soft pile of hay. Almost as soon as he realized where he was, the good man came to him with hot food. The Lady greeted him sweetly and Hamar was sure that the Child looked at him lovingly. For one breathless, priceless moment the Lady allowed him to hold the Babe. He was so happy that his throat ached violently.

Hamar would surely have forgotten his manners and remained forever with that Blessed Family had not the Lady reminded him that his mother would worry sorely when she missed him. So Hamar said goodbye regretfully and scampered up the hills towards his home. Only when he had almost reached his door did he remember his poor little lamb which had caused him so much sorrow. He realized that he was still holding it tightly. Suddenly his heart was overwhelmed with bewilderment and then with love. The lamb was good as new!

Marguerite Keenan, '37.



★ ★ ★
SODALITY
NOTES



With the approach of the Christmas Season, Sodality activities have taken on the tone of the spirit of Christmas. Already the Annual Bundle Drive has been inaugurated with a volunteer committee composed of Marguerite Keenan, Irene Veniot, Viola Pride, and Aileen Wilton. It has always been the policy of the Sodalists to give such clothing in this collection as is in condition to show respect to the needy for whom it is intended. This same spirit of Christian giving, it is hoped, will animate the Sodalists of 1935.

Our two Christmas funds are under way - one to aid the children at Saint Joseph's Orphanage and one to supply gifts for the Rockingham Christmas Tree. Of all our Sodality works of mercy, these at Christmas time are by far the most popular.

Another interest of the Sodality has been the Pamphlet Rack. At the suggestion of Kathleen Deasy, the Sodality has taken over the responsibility for this as part of its Catholic Action Program and expects soon to purchase the Junior Rack supplied by the Queen's Work. In the meantime we are contributing our pennies to purchasing pamphlets. Already there have been added sixteen dealing with Mission life in China, and eight from the Queen's Work Press.

The Queen's Work Periodical is found to be well worth the additional cost of subscription. In November two very interesting evenings were given over to a study of that month's issue under the direction of Loretta Brady.

On November 12, the Catholic Literature Committee, with Dolores Donnelly as chairwoman, held its first meeting. The chairman reminded the girls that the real purpose of this committee is not that a few members should read the books and relate their contents to all the rest but rather that a love of Catholic literature should be fostered and each be stimulated to read and appreciate our Catholic authors. The books reviewed and reported on were: "Charles de Foucauld" - by Rene Bazin; "Siag to the Sun" - by Lucille Borden; "Saga of Saints" - by Sigrid Unset; "King of Shadows" - by Margaret Yeo.

We must not fail to mention the zeal and generosity, as well as the originality, displayed by the Bulletin Board Committee. Real talent and enthusiasm has been evident and the Bulletin Board is an "up-to-the-minute" activity in every sense of the word. Great praise is due the members of the Committee for their untiring efforts.

An interruption of the usual Sodality meeting occurred during the nine days preceeding the Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, in order to allow the S -

Sodalists to attend the Novena Services in the Village Church at Rockingham conducted by Reverend Father Meyers, C.S.S.R. in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Each evening at 6.45 many were present, and this first Public Novena ever held in Nova Scotia to Our Lady under this title. On Saturday morning several girls were willing to forego a "long sleep" in order to attend Mass and Holy Communion in the little chapel and on Wednesday Morning all attended in a body. It was a long-to-be remembered nine days and ought to be fruitful in fresh fervor in the service of Our Lady. 8.

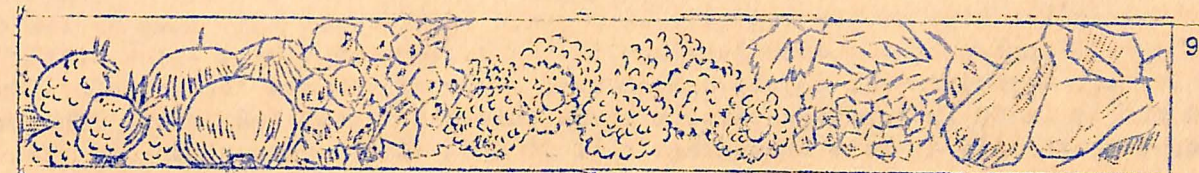
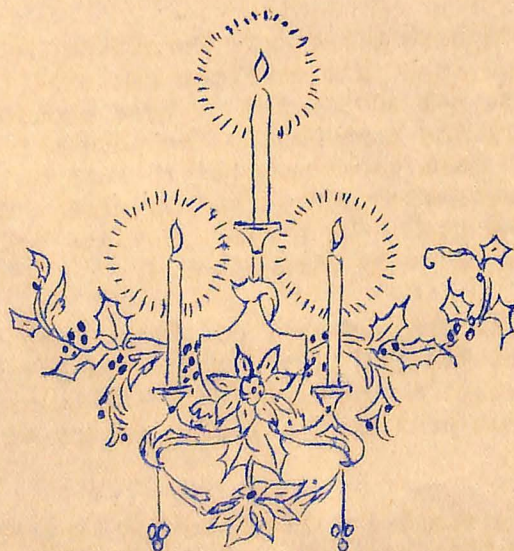
Two very much appreciated gifts were recently received by the Sodality from Sisters interested in our work, for which we are most grateful. One was a card for each sodalist, bearing an inscription composed and used by Teresa Higginson the remarkable English lay teacher, in whose canonization we are all interested. The other gift consisted of several copies of the Hymn to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, with musical accompaniment used in the recent Novena mentioned above, and by two Mount Sisters.

On the occasion of our last meeting before this went to press, two Study Clubs were formed--one on the "Manner of Serving Mass" and the other on "Our Part in the Mystical Body". These Study Clubs, the first under the Chairmanship of Eleanor Coady, and the second under that of Kathleen Deasy will meet on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings respectively. The Clubs have the following memberships--(1) Mass Study Club: E. Coady, A. Wilson, I. Veniot, V. Pride, J. McMahon, D. Ringer, D. Kelly, M. Sawyer, G. Meagher, D. Will, M. Pumble, M. Wall, and R. Fawson. (2) The Mystical Body Study Club: K. Deacy, M. MacDonough, A. Wilson, K. Devan, I. Veniot, J. Cahill, D. Ringer, M. Keenan, M. Cummings, G. Meagher, K. Gallant, L. Pelham, and D. Donnelly.

In our next issue, we hope to be able to tell of real progress, in this, our new venture.

Marie Dolores Donnelly
Sodality Secretary

CONGRATULATIONS to the Academy Sodality on the interesting paper which has been appearing of late. We have all enjoyed it very much and especially the number which came out immediately after the Mission Convention, with its clear accounts of the convention activities. Congratulations also to the Sodality artist on her clever and amusing sketches which provoked many a laugh.



CHRISTMAS IN THE FOODS' CLASS

As Christmas is just around the corner; naturally we are turning our attention to Christmas gifts. For us Home Economics students, this problem of gift suggestions can easily be solved. A "sweet tooth" is an almost universal failing, but dainties are all the more acceptable when home-made. Why not take a step further and introduce still another feature of "home-made" originality. Dainty cookies and candies demand dainty boxes in which to pack them. Why not include the making of gift boxes as a part of the Christmas program? 9.

Of course, everybody knows that cookies, in order to retain their crispness, should be packed in tin containers. But can every student afford to buy a commercial cake box or tin? Usually, they prove too expensive for the Christmas budget of most girls. But, there are always empty coffee or baking powder tins lying around the house; and you can always get large sheets of paper in green, gold, silver, or many other shades, brocaded in attractive designs, on sale at Christmas time in book stores or in the "fivvy". With these tins and the paper we can make very attractive cookie boxes. How shall we go about this?

Circles of paper should be cut just large enough to cover the top of the lid and the bottom of the can - then glued in place. Measure the circumference and depth of the can. The next move is to cut a strip of paper exactly the depth of the can and about an inch longer than the circumference. The extra inch allowing for an overlap. A similar strip cut to go around the side of the lid will complete the box, now quite gay and charming. If a square tin is used, cut the paper an inch longer in both length and width. In gluing the paper to the box, allow about one-half inch to extend at the bottom and top, so that the corners at the bottom can be folded in to form a mitre, as is done in commercial boxes. The half inch at the bottom is folded in and glued to the inner wall, thus forming a tiny border. The lid is covered in a similar manner.

Candy boxes may likewise be covered with paper of attractive color and design in a similar manner to the cookie boxes. But there are more unique ways which produce more pleasing effects, and require less effort.

Nearly everyone, I am sure, saves Xmas cards and the envelope linings containing them, cellophane, tinsel, and seals. These are very useful in making candy boxes. For instance, a Christmas seal in itself is quite attractive and when mounted on the lid of a small box adds greatly to the appearance. Or, you may cut a design from a card which would give the same effect. During the Xmas season many greeting-card boxes, really attractive and almost free from any advertising are being rapidly emptied and discarded. Many of these are ideally suited to the packing of about a pound of candy. So why not collect these from different book stores or gift shops? I'm sure they would be glad to give them away for such a useful purpose as making candy boxes.

These boxes are really easy to decorate. Begin by assembling your seals, cards, tinfoil and paper, and see what will be best suited to the coloring of the box. Place a seal or Christmas design on the middle of the lid.

Perhaps on the side of the box will be a small sticker with the name of the firm and serial number of the commodity on it. If so, merely take a piece of tin foil or lining, corresponding to the design used on the cover and the color of the box, and cut it in an interesting pattern large enough to cover the label. Who would ever suppose this to be a camouflage? If strips of the same paper are glued across opposite corners of the lid, the effect is heightened and the box complete. The inside of the box may be lined with white or colored paper. Lace paper doilies greatly add to its attractiveness. To do this, cut the doilie in half. Paste the straight edge of one half along the upper side of the box - do likewise on the other side. After the box is filled, turn doilie over the wax paper.

Having made all these boxes, you will assuredly want to fill them. Here are a few simple and good recipes for sweets for the candy box, and cookies for the tins.

CANDIED CRANBERRIES

- 1 quart large deep red cranberries
- 2 cups sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water

Mix sugar and water, stirring until sugar dissolves. Boil without stirring to 242 degrees or until syrup spins a thread. Wash and thoroughly drain berries. Add them to syrup and simmer about five minutes. Remove from fire, cover pan, let stand over night. Next day beat slowly to the boiling point and simmer until berries are transparent. Remove the transparent berries from syrup and place on sugar sprinkled platter. Sprinkle a little sugar over them and place in a very slow oven to dry off a little.

BROWN SUGAR PENUCHI

- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 cups brown sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts

Put sugar and milk into saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly to 236 degrees. Remove from fire. Add butter. Set aside without stirring, to cool. When lukewarm, beat until thick and creamy. Add vanilla and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Pour into slightly greased pans. When cold, cut in squares.

TURKISH DELIGHT

- 4 tablespoons gelatine
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon flavoring
- 4 cups sugar
- coloring
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Mix boiling water, sugar, salt. Heat mixture to boiling point. Add hydrated gelatin. Stir until dissolved. Boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from heat, add coloring and flavoring. Cool until firm. Cut in squares. Roll in powdered sugar.

HONEY DATE BARS

- 2 cups dates
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nuts
- 2 well beaten eggs
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Kellogg's all-bran

Mix all ingredients and bake in square baking pan about twenty minutes in moderate oven. Cut in bars.

Jeanne Boylan '36



HINTS

ON

HOLIDAY ROASTING



"Turkey boiled is turkey spoiled,
Turkey braised, the Lord be praised,
But turkey roast! I love it most!"

The holiday season with the first penetrating winds and thin crusts of ice across small lakes and ponds, brings a keen appetite for chicken and turkey. The actual nourishment obtained from poultry depends largely on its selection and cooking. Improper procedure may produce a product having nutritional value, but flavor and texture approximate that of shoe leather. In the realm of meat cookery it is possible for poor cooks to do more toward ruining good food than in the preparation of any other raw food we eat. On the other hand, a really clever housekeeper selects meats with care and cooks them according to their special requirements, in order to preserve flavor, aroma, and tenderness. For while meat is cooked by heat, it is toughened by heat too intense or too long continued. There are two types of meat, the tough and the tender. Unfortunately these do not come plainly labeled!

Of course for the holiday table, a young bird should be selected for it is more tender than one older. Did you know that two turkeys, each weighing about nine pounds may be roasted side by side in a large roaster in less time than an eighteen pound turkey? And do not forget they will furnish a greater number of drumsticks, wings, thighs, livers and breasts. In an old turkey hen, the scales are more prominent and the wattles more developed than in a young turkey hen. The old turkey gobbler is distinguished from a young one by his spurs and by his longer, more bristly and prominent beard.

Domestic turkey, duck, and goose are welcomed by many who seek a change from the ever popular chicken. But having chosen your bird, your problems are not all solved. For do not forget that keeping poultry cold after it has been dressed and refrigerated is extremely important. Maintenance of low temperature is essential to prevent spoilage.

Now we are ready to begin. So the day before the Feast, singe your bird over the fire to burn away fine fuzz and hairs, if this has not already been done. Scrub it with a stout brush and rinse it well in running water until the flesh is absolutely clean. Rinse the inside of the bird thoroughly, and with fowl shears or ordinary scissors trim off any portion which appears dark and bloody. Now put the fowl back into the refrigerator until roasting time.

Then, on Christmas morning, rub the inside of the bird lightly with salt, fill with bread stuffing or your favorite dressing, which is lightly mixed and moist, but not compact or soggy. (Oh yes! do not crowd the dressing in too tightly.) After the outside has been rubbed lightly with salt, place it on a greased trivet or a wire rack in the bottom of a roasting pan; this rack will hold the bird up out of its juices for cooking and browning. Are you wondering why this salting?



Well, it has been found that salting poultry or meat before cooking makes a little difference in shrinkage or loss of meat juices, and it really gives a better flavor throughout, and it also saves time and bother as well as keeping moisture in. Duck and goose require no added fat, but turkey is naturally quite dry meat and is improved by pouring a half cupful of melted butter over the breast.

The roaster should be weighed before filling and then again with the stuffed bird in place ready for the oven, in order to get the net weight. Roasting time is computed on this net weight basis. Then thirty minutes should be allowed for each pound, total roasting time, in an oven heated to 350 degrees F. This is a good general rule which is easy to remember and it gives good results with all poultry. No water is added to the roaster ordinarily. The meat if cooked in its own juices and is basted by its juices which arise as steam, condense inside the cover of the roaster and drip back on the bird.

In the case of young chicken, it is delicious roasted in the manner just outlined, but if it is very young, half a cupful of mixed butter and water improve its juiciness. An older chicken has sufficient fat on it to roast satisfactorily in a covered roaster, without the addition of butter or water. Oh! one thing I almost forgot to tell you! Even if thirty minutes to a pound is a safe time table, still no matter how small the bird, you must allow an hour anyway, since all that is accomplished during the first portion of roasting time is to heat the meat and the roaster.

Do you like your turkey roasted nice and brown? Well, all you need to do after it is cooked, if you want it a little browner, is to put it uncovered into an oven between 450 and 550 F. for a few moments. But ordinarily a roast will brown to suit you during the usual roasting period. One more warning! Do not try to speed up the roasting by using an oven hotter than 350F. which will produce less shrinkage than higher temperature.

Now, you are all ready for a beautifully roasted Holiday turkey! with the thermometer set, all you have to do is to go serenely about your Christmas duties and pleasures while your dinner cooks itself, and is ready for the table when you are.

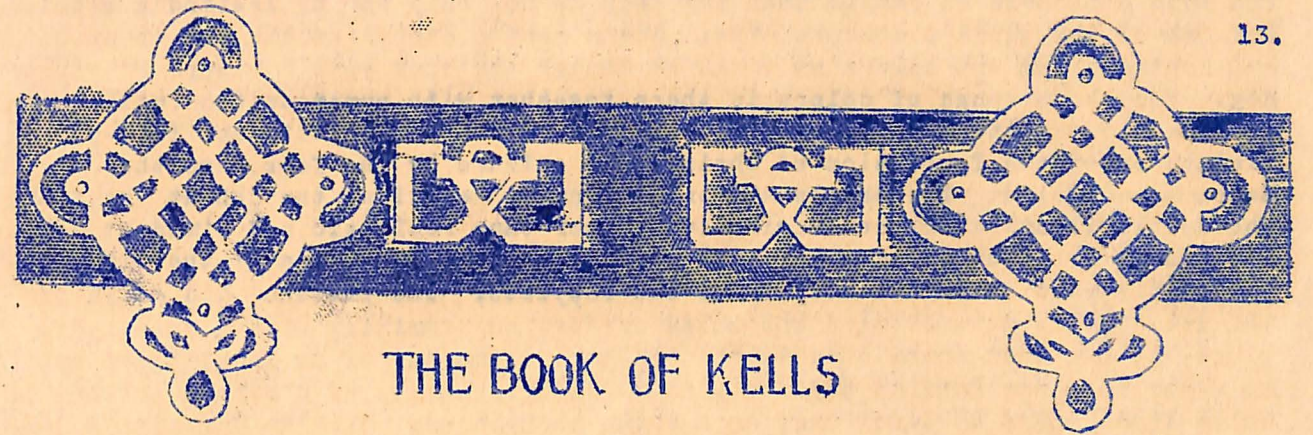
Viola Pride '38

A LAMENT

The typographical error is a slippery thing and sly,
You can hunt till you are dizzy, but it somehow will get by--
It makes the Editor angry; (the librarian just moans--
She spied an humble twenty-six for two hundred sixty tomes)
The typographical error hides until the Kappa's done
And Sister starts to read a bit from copy number one.
She stares in horror at the page, and then she just looks sad
And we can barely ask her, "Is it very, very bad?"
Mistakes just shrink in corners and grow small as small can be--
But when some folks read Kappa--that's the only thing they see.

Marie V. Carpenter '37.

The Kappa Kronicle offers sincerest sympathy to Eileen Wilson on the death of her sister Mrs. L. Saul, and to Katherine DeVan on the death of her grandmother.



The most convincing evidence of the high level of artistry as well as, of culture which the Irish reached long before the end of the first millennium of the Christian era is to be found in the extremely beautiful books that were their handiwork. These are known from actual inspection and not merely from tradition--that the Irish made and completed the most beautiful book that ever came from the hand of man is demonstrated by the actual specimen that remains. It is the Book of Kells.

The town of Kells, in county Meath, Ireland, lies some twenty miles west of Drogheda and the Irish Channel. Keshnansa was its old Irish appellation. Of the famous monastery of Kells, no trace remains but persistent tradition has ascribed the founding of this vanished institution to Saint Columba. Irish historians have fixed the date of its foundation as about the year 550 A.D.. Whether this famous book was written and illuminated in the ancient town of Kells is a question still unsolved. The last few leaves of the manuscript, which would in all probability have furnished us with complete information as to scribe, illuminator, and place of origin, have been missing for many years. The history of Kells and its abbey from late in the ninth century to the end of the tenth century is one of continuous struggle against foreign and domestic oppression. In 1066, the manuscript was stolen by night from the great church at Kells and found concealed under the sods, destitute of its gold-covered binding. It is possible that the leaves now missing were lost at the same time.

It might be thought that this old fashioned mode of decoration which was so charmingly developed in the Book of Kells would now be out of date, but "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." This is as true now as it was when uttered by Keats. The truth of it is exemplified by the fact that that the decorations in the Book of Kells can still be employed effectively and that the charm of line and color, so delightfully elaborated by the Irish artists, still was the strongest kind of appeal to the aesthetic sense of mankind. The Irish mode of decoration has been revived in modern time not only for books but for churches, halls, and tapestries as well. A typical example of this will be found in Saint Patrick's Church, Chicago. After one thousand two hundred years, the charm of the decoration of the Book of Kells is still a living attraction. The same artist has applied similar wizardry to the details of the decoration of Saint Catherine's Church at Spring Lake, New Jersey. A striking demonstration of how modern are even the oldest of Gaelic ideas is made because the Marquis Maloney wished to express some of the ancient beauties of his motherland in this church which is a memorial to his daughter.

Into the pages of the Book of Kells are woven such a wealth of ornament ^{14.} and such a miracle of design that the book is not only one of Ireland's glories but one of the world's wonders also. After twelve centuries the ink is as black and lustrous and the colors as fresh as though the book were a work of yesterday. The whole range of colors is there together with numerous decorative pages and marvelous initials. There are portraits of the Evangelists and full-page miniatures of the Temptation of Christ, His seizure by the Jews, and the Madonna and Child. The angels are exceptionally beautiful throughout the book. The Celtic illuminator was imaginative rather than realistic and aimed at achieving beauty by color and design. The Book of Kells is the Mecca of the illuminative artist but it is the despair of the copyists. The patience and skill of the old scribes have baffled the imitator for, on examining with a magnifying glass, it has been found that in the space of a quarter of an inch, there are no fewer than one hundred and fifty eight interlacements of a ribbon pattern of white lines edged by black ones on a white background. Giralda Cambrensis said it was supposed to have been produced by the direction of an angel at the prayer of St. Brigid.

Sir Edward Sullivan's words sum up the qualities of this great illuminated manuscript volume--"Its weird commanding beauty, its subdued and goldless coloring, the baffling intricacy of its fearless designs; the clean, unwavering sweep of rounded spiral; the creeping undulations of serpentine forms, that writhe in artistic profusion throughout the mazes of its decorations; the strong and legible minuscule of its text; the quaintness of its striking portraiture; the unwearied reverence and patient labor that brought it into being; all of which combined go to make up the Book of Kells, have raised this ancient Irish volume to a position of abiding pre-eminence amongst the illuminated manuscripts of the world."

It was my privilege to view a copy of this famous book during the summer. Needless to say that view only strengthened my determination to see the original one day.

Lenore Pelham, '37.

To Mary, aged Three
(For November 21)

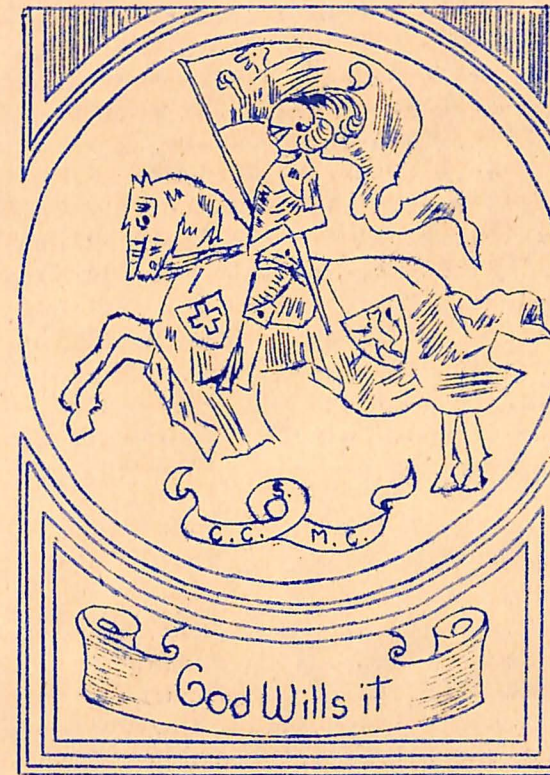
Perhaps St. Anna sighed a bit
As she washed your little face,
And thought of the empty crib near her bed,
And at table the empty place.

Perhaps she even wept awhile
As she curled your auburn hair
And thought of the loneliness she'd have "here"
While you were living "there".

But she smiled as she fastened your little blue dress
And tied up each sandal small
And St. Joachim rode you "piggy back"
So that you weren't sad at all.

She knew that you wouldn't come home again
Until you were five times three
You'd be quite a young lady then--
Oh! how long would the waiting be!

M.V.R.E.C.



THE FIRST MARITIME CONVENTION of the C.C.S.M.C.

Report of the Business Meetings

The Convention of the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade was held over the Remembrance Day week-end. The first business meeting was opened at 10.00 A.M. Saturday, November 9, by the singing of the Crusade Hymn, "God Wills It" in the Chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart Halifax. Following this the delegates immediately adjourned to the Assembly Hall where the hymn "Come Holy Ghost" was sung, after which the Diocesan Director Reverend Charles Curran, D.D., welcomed the visiting Crusaders. Then reports of the following units were heard: Saint Mary's College, Mount Saint Vincent College, Colleges outside of Halifax; Sacred Heart Convent, St. Patrick's Girls' High School, St. Patrick's Boy's High School, Institutions outside of Halifax.

A committee on Resolutions and a Nominating Committee were appointed. Later, the Sister General of the Sisters of Service gave a most interesting address on the aims and progress of her order since their foundation. The meeting was closed by the singing of "The Sacred Heart for All The World."

The second business session, also at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, followed the Pontifical High Mass on Monday, November 11. The following officers of the Maritime Executive of the C.C.S.M.C. were elected: Honorary President, Archbishop O'Donnell, Halifax; Honorary Vice-President, the other Bishops of the diocese of the Maritimes; President, Rev. Dr. Charles Curran, Halifax; First Vice-Presidents, Directors of various institutional units; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Eileen Burns, Halifax.

The speaker of the meeting was Reverend John Lanigan of Prospect. He stressed the need for the right kind of mission enthusiasm which would last longer than the three days of the Convention. He then brought out the needs of the Home Missions. Both the spiritual and the temporal sides of missionary work were explained to us. For both, prayer is powerful and necessary, while for the second financial help is needed.

Rev. Brother Lannon spoke briefly on the organization of the C.C.S.M.C. He endeavored to inspire his listeners with the courage necessary to continue the good work, the seed of which was sown during the Convention. In concluding he spoke of some of his experiences during his thirty-five years of Mission work and declared prayer was most necessary in order that we may succeed in our activities for the great movement. Brother Lannon has all the eloquence of an Irish Orator and his speech aroused much enthusiasm.

The following is the report of Mount St. Vincent Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade- 1923 - 1935 which we feel will be of interest to our Alumnae who helped to make it what it is.

Mount Saint Vincent was one of the first Canadian Units to join the Catholic 16. Students' Mission Crusade in 1923. The first local Crusade Convention was held at the Mount on June 7, 1925. Since that time considerable progress has been made. "Mission spirit" is a part of our esprit de corps, as every Mount girl will tell you. After the establishment of the College in 1925, the College and Academy students worked together for several years as a single unit. Later, owing to difference of class hours, it was found advisable to have two separate units. The following report, however, includes the combined results of our efforts for the common cause. I shall now read the financial report of the past twelve years. For the Scholastic Year ending in 1924 -

Scholastic Year	Receipts	Expenditures
1923 - 1924	\$ 107.64	\$ 107.64
1924 - 1925	190.30	190.30
1925 - 1926	671.40	670.76
1926 - 1927	768.76	768.30
1927 - 1928	713.91	713.91
1928 - 1929	884.66	884.66
1929 - 1930	942.72	942.07
1930 - 1931	1220.69	1220.09
1931 - 1932	743.88	742.83
1932 - 1933	377.71	377.71
1933 - 1934	525.92	525.67
1934 - 1935	361.32	361.17
Total	\$7,508.91	\$7,506.51

This report is only up to June, 1935

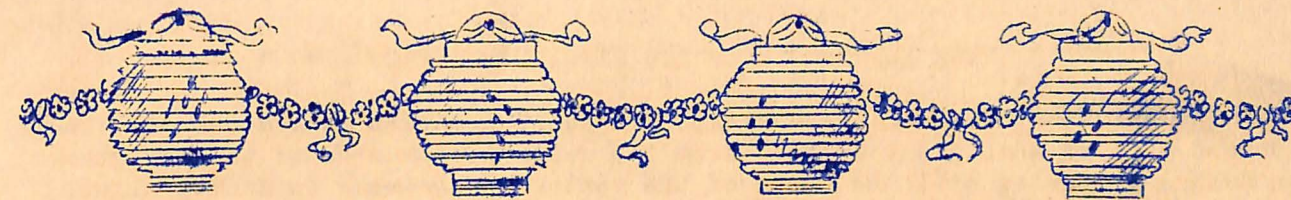
These funds have been gathered annually from the same sources; namely, from donations, mite-box contributions, and entertainments given by the students. They have been distributed to the following Mission Charities: The Society of the Propagation of the Faith; the support of Seminarian (Western Canada); Catholic Church Extension and Home Missions; Father Fraser and China Missions; China Mission Seminary of Canada; the Holy Land; Father Gavan Duffy and Hindu Missions; Mother Kevin and African Missions; Jesuit Missions of the Philippine Islands; Western Canada Missions; St. Joseph's Ruthenian College; Austrian Charities; Canadian and Local Mission Crusade; Mission Literature; and various Mission charities.

Vestments and Altar linens have been supplied to needy churches in the Home Missions, and personal gifts made to poor priests. Stamps are collected and Mission Literature is remailed by our units at Mount Saint Vincent.

Among the Mission Magazines we subscribe to are: The Field Afar; Catholic Missions; The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith; The Shield; The Colored Harvest; China; Jesuit Missions; The Sign; African Missions; The Field at Home; Saint Peter Claver's Almanac; The Crusader; The Catholic Register and Extension Magazine.

Spiritual Alms, amounting to thousands of Masses, Holy Communions, Rosaries, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, etc, have been offered yearly by our units.

Eleanor Coady '36



The Mission Convention in its Social Aspect

17

Reverend Dr. Curran, with his usual keenness and foresight, realized that in order to have this important Mission Convention programme a complete success, it must also be considered in its social aspect. Thanks to his own initiative and the enthusiastic support of his willing cooperation, this part maintained the same high standard of flawless organization as was manifested throughout the Convention--and in this particular case there resulted a consequent maximum of enjoyment for all.

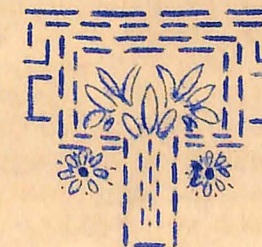
The first really social meeting of the delegates took place after the business session at the Sacred Heart Convent on Saturday morning, when welcome refreshments were served through the kindness of the Reverend religious.

On Saturday afternoon all the visiting delegates and also representatives from the various local units, were guests of Mount Saint Vincent. A quaint and colorful mission play entitled "Matsuri" was presented by the Mount students. Setting, costumes, and stage effects were elaborate and charming with the exotic beauty and exquisite daintiness of old Japan. Between acts there were several good numbers and two delightful Japanese songs by Miss Mary Dee. The finishing touch to an enjoyable afternoon was the dainty tea served in the Students' Dining Hall where covers were laid for two hundred and sixty five lay-delegates.

Just as congenial though somewhat larger was the social gathering at Saint Patrick's High School on Sunday afternoon. There the enthusiastic Crusaders repaired after the Mission Rally and though each unit was more than sufficiently represented, yet their hostesses were just as equally well-prepared for them. To prove that everyone still had their mission spirit, the tea concluded with the singing of Mission songs.

On Monday, two social Mission functions were held. The first, the luncheon at the Halifax Hotel, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, the Archbishop of Halifax, boasted of having the largest number of guests that ever attended a similar celebration at that hotel. The second, the afternoon tea at Saint Mary's College had the privilege of really concluding the Mission Convention since it was here that all the local and visiting delegates met for the last time. However, though the last, it was by no means the least entertaining of the activities. Ladies Auxiliary of the College as well as the President of the College are to be congratulated upon the success of the afternoon.

And so ended the Maritime Mission Crusade--is it any wonder then, all things considered, that we second the motion of one young visiting delegate, for longer and more frequent Mission Conventions.



Dolores Donnelly '36

" " " "THE CONVENTION IN ITS SPIRITUAL ASPECT" " " "

The spiritual side of the Maritime Crusade Convention marked the most important part of this great event. From the general communion of the delegates on Saturday morning till the close of the various programmes on Monday night, deep fervour and zeal on the part of the Crusaders was the predominant note. Throughout the proceedings a strong religious spirit was evident.

The Solemn High Mass for the delegates, held at 11 a. m. on Sunday morning at St. Joseph's Church, marked the first spiritual gathering of the convention. The celebrant for this Mass was Reverend Doctor Nicholson of St. Francis Xavier University and the sermon was delivered by Reverend Celestine Kapsner O. S. B. of St. Paul, Minnesota. His subject was "The Liturgy in its Application to Missionary Endeavor".

The church was crowded to capacity and all those present benefitted by the solemn beauty of the Mass and the meaningful and inspiring address given.

On Sunday afternoon, November 10, the convention reached its climax in the magnificent rally which was held at St. Patrick's Church at three o'clock. More than one thousand students from all the Catholic high schools and colleges in the Maritimes walked in procession from St. Patrick's School, the girl Crusaders marching to meet the boys, forming in ranks of fours, two hundred deep, and then entering the Church in couples.

It was truly a most inspiring sight, this body of Catholic youth, marching as loyal crusaders in the missionary army of Christ. The Church was filled to overflowing. When all were finally in place the organ played the opening chords of "God Wills It" and the stirring hymn was beautifully sung by these fresh young voices.

Right Reverend William C. Mc Grath, Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow, China, preached on the mission life and wants of China with an eagerness and eloquence that could not fail to make the greatest impression on every crusader in the audience. So vivid, so throbbingly real were the words of the zealous missionary who has already suffered much in the cause of Christ that they will long re-echo in our memories.

On the conclusion of this memorable address, Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Reverend John Quinan, assisted by the Fathers Graham and Lanigan. At its conclusion, His Excellency, Archbishop O'Donnell of Halifax addressed the Crusaders briefly. After renewing the Pledge of Decency the crusaders sang the closing hymn "For Christ the King", thus bringing to a close the largest rally of Catholic youth ever held in the city of Halifax.

Pontifical High Mass marked the first of Monday's proceedings. His Excellency, Archbishop O'Donnell was the celebrant. The Deacons of Honor were Very Reverend Patrick Bray, C.J.M.; Very Reverend L. Lapalme, C.S.C; Deacon of the Mass, Reverend Doctor Nicholson; Sub-Deacon, Reverend Louis Graham. A large number of the clergy were in the sanctuary. The sermon was preached by Right Reverend James Morrison, Bishop of Antigonish. The choir, under the direction of Dr. de Merton, composed of the Men's Choir of St. Mary's Cathedral, the Boy's Choir of College Street School, and a supplementary group of forty students from St. Mary's College sang the four part, "Missa Solemnis" by De Boeck. The Crusade Pledge was renewed after Mass.

Kathleen Thompson, '36

THE MASS MEETING

On Sunday night, November 11, a mass meeting in connection with the Crusade Convention was held in the Orpheus Theatre. This was intended particularly for the older people of the parishes in the city, but representatives of the Maritime College units also attended. Although the meeting did not begin until 8.30, the theatre was crowded long before 8 o'clock, and many had to stand in the aisles during the proceedings.

Five speakers addressed the assembly that evening. The first was the Most Reverend Thomas O'Donnell, Archbishop of Halifax. His Excellency took as his subject the duties imposed on Bishops and on the clergy in the matter of aiding the Mission cause, and particularly in the guiding of youth. Since, he said, it is the duty of the laity to co-operate as completely as possible with the hierarchy, their duties are easily deduced once the duties of the clergy are made clear to them. His Excellency quoted from the encyclicals and pastoral letters of various papers to give weight to his own words.

His Excellency, Bishop Chaisson of Chatham, N.B. then addressed the assembly in French. He spoke of the foundation and organization of the C.C.S.M.C., and brought out the work it was doing in making the youth of today the citizens of tomorrow, interested in the cause of the missions. He reminded us of our obligation to help the missions especially by prayer, and added that since sacrifice is the fruition of prayer, and since the earnestness of our prayer is proved by the sacrifice which accompanies it, we should also sacrifice for the cause of the Missions.

The next speaker of the evening was the Right Reverend Monsignor McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow, China. He undertook to answer some of the numerous questions which he had been asked since his return from China. Many of the incidents he related were amusing, yet as Monsignor McGrath said it is not all a joke for the missionaries in China, and there is tremendous work to be done. Monsignor McGrath urged all the Crusaders to pray for the cause of the missions, and to help them in so far as we are able.

Mr. Gerald Flavin gave the view of the laity on the mission question. He first paid tribute to the work being done in the home and foreign mission fields by those engaged in mission effort, and then pointed out the duty of the laity whom he represented, to cooperate with them, and to aid in their work.

The last speaker of the evening was Reverend Father Sharkey, a missionary to China. His speech for the most part took the form of an analogy. First of all he drew attention to the great contrasts today between rich and poor, to the uneven, unjust distribution of the wealth of the world when in New York last year wheat was destroyed because there was no market for it, while in certain parts of China at that time people were compelled to eat grass in the fields to keep from starvation. He then drew an analogy between uneven distribution of material wealth and that of spiritual wealth; through the selfishness of Christians, people in pagan lands have been suffering for nineteen hundred years from an unjust distribution of spiritual wealth--they have lived in ignorance of the Savior who died for them as well as for us. Father Sharkey reminded us that even in the light of common justice our duty is clear--only a chosen number labour in mission work, but it is the duty of all to help; justice demands it, and Christ has commanded it.

Margaret Cummings '36

The Mission Exhibit at the Convent of the Sacred Heart represented twenty-four Mission Societies, each of which furnished very interesting material, which was set forth in booths or separate rooms. Displays were sent by the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, the Catholic Truth Society, the Catholic Students Mission Crusade of U.S.A. besides numerous other Missionary Societies and religious orders. The booths erected in the gymnasium were very attractive. We were all interested especially in the work of Father Sharkey and Monsignor McGrath both in Vancouver and China.

The exhibit which held most interest for us, however, was that of the Halifax Sisters of Charity, which occupied a separate room on the first floor. Here were shown beautiful handiwork of the Children of St. Joseph's Orphanage and the Indian Mission at Shubenacadie, N.S. dainty sweaters, hand-carving, weaving, and plain-sewing. Mother Seton's portrait held a prominent place on the wall, with the miraculous medal opposite. Pictures beautifully arranged, showed the growth of the Community from a single house at Saint Mary's Halifax (1849) to sixty-one houses of the Sisters of Charity by means of flags; red flags standing for schools; yellow for charitable institutions, orphanages etc., and green flags for hospitals. These flags stretched across Canada and the United States, from Halifax to Vancouver Island, and from Boston and New York to Renton, Washington.

We should like to have had more time to see the exhibits and to gather more of the splendid literature and interesting pamphlets.

Mary Coady,

From the Academy Sodality News.

CHRISTMAS FANTASY

Silvered baubles cunningly fashioned in wild symmetry,
Jewels of elves replete with the colors of the dancing sunlit sea,
Garnet and opal, sapphire, amethyst, jade,
Molten gold spun to an airy fineness,
Resplendent birds curiously made.

Tiny crystal starlets daintily, 'fragily blue;
Storied candy castles, spic and span and new;
Debonair painted soldiers leading their pink-cheeked men,
Six prancing horses each with a waving mane--
Fairyland?-----No! Christmas in the Five and Ten! M. Keenan, '37

Snow
White and glistening,
Frost
Crisp and crackling,
Wind
Keen and biting--
December.

A Mother
Wearily patient,
A Stable
Unwillingly lent,
A Baby
Divinely sent--
Remember.

M. Cummings, '36

"Good Queen Bess"



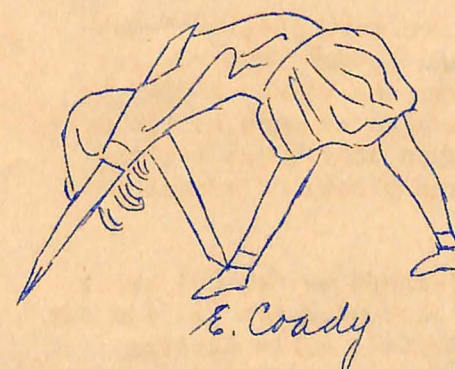
ACT I - Bear Walk!



"Quints"

"Lettie"

Act II Caterpillar Crawl!



ACT III - "Rabbit Hop"



"Of all the dopes!" or "That lame brain!" are exclamations that often escape our impatient mouths. Do we ever pause before speaking to look into the matter, and find out if the blunder was really made through stupidity? How many times we could have spared the feelings of others if we could only curb our impulsiveness! This is almost too much to ask of youthful natures that are characterized by this very trait. As Stephen J. Brown S.J. says in his essay in the July "Catholic World" the "gentle art of making allowances is slowly learned."

We could begin learning it here, at school. We criticize our teachers, "I just snore through his classes," or "She is an old crank". The gentleman who puts you to sleep is probably bored to tears himself. He may be teaching only to earn a living and not to provide amusement for a crowd of sophisticated young collegiates. The "old crank" may perhaps be one who has been teaching the subject for years, knows it inside out, and naturally becomes impatient with supposed students who will not work. It is no pleasure for her to make allowances for our ignorance and slowness of comprehension when we do not even try to see her way.

In our daily intercourse with each other, we have numberless opportunities to learn to make allowances. Some of us have more difficult work than others or require much more study, and the ones who take life easy and are never tired can't understand why the others are not full of pep like themselves. There are also a few among us cursed with fiery tempers. Only their closest friends know how they try to control them. When we know that a person has this fault, we should make a special attempt not to provoke her. It often happens too, that a girl may be in great pain, either mental or physical, without anyone suspecting the fact. As Father Brown says, "A neighbor's state of health, from the baffling maladies of the imagination down to prosaic phases of indigestion, call in varying degree for allowances."

Again we should make allowances with regard to our younger friends in the Academy. We find it difficult to be quiet when in their presence. Put yourself in the place of an Academy girl passing silently in line to the dining hall, a group of college girls, talking and laughing, and practically flaunting their privileges in her face. Would it make it easier for her to keep the rules which otherwise she might never have questioned?

It is not easy, I grant you, to make allowances for such people as the early birds who come in to wake you in the morning, and demand that you get right up and look at the bee-co-teful sunrise, when you are vainly trying to open one eye. I think I appreciate the beauties of nature as much as the average, but--there is a time for everything. And then when they begin telling you about the funny dream they had last night--it takes plenty of effort to make allowances.

After all, we are far from perfect ourselves. Perhaps we are not aware that it costs our neighbors no small effort to make allowances for us, for our abrupt manner, our lack of sympathy, our absentmindedness. Again quoting Father Brown, "A man must not be finally judged by this or that action or series of actions, this or that trait or ensemble of traits but by his personality as a whole, his life as a whole." Our Lord, dying on the Cross, said of his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."--the world's greatest example of making allowances.

Kathleen Deasy, '37



"How wonderful is the human voice!--It is indeed the organ of the soul. The intellect of man sits enthroned, visibly, on his forehead and in his eye, and the heart of man is written on his countenance, but the Soul reveals itself in the Voice only."--Longfellow.

The voice oddly enough is one aspect of beauty that is not stressed very often. Specialists are ever on the alert to help preserve "that school girl complexion", to revive "the youthful lure of that once-golden hair", or to overcome some other physical defect which might "break the spell of beauty." Rarely, if ever, is any allusion made to the voice and yet how often "that spell of beauty" is absolutely shattered when a woman begins to speak. In fact, a harsh, unpleasant voice can spoil a woman's charm.

Many a person makes the mistake of thinking that it is necessary to speak loudly and harshly to gain attention, evidently oblivious of the fact that a low-toned, melodious voice arrests and holds the ear far more effectively than any amount of bellowing. Oh, if we women could only realize the truth contained in that oft-repeated Shakespearean quotation: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in a woman"--In the social circle, how pleasant it is to hear a woman speak in softly modulated tones that characterize the true lady. Very often the plain, unsophisticated and simply-dressed individual wins the day over her more glamorous companions, and finds an interested audience for the most ordinary piece of news because the life and feeling with which she relates it, render her irresistible.

The importance of a pleasant and interesting voice is one of the few really living lessons taught us. We are daily surrounded by those who are offending by their shrill, rasping, droning, whining, or nasal voices, and yet we seem unconscious of our own defects. Good speaking voices can be acquired and a few lessons are invaluable in teaching us to place our voice at the right pitch, to breathe properly and to pronounce distinctly. If only half the money that is spent on making a bad singing voice worse, were spent on making a poor speaking voice better, how much more enjoyable would be the gift of speech! After all, it is not the overgarrulous woman, who is the menace to society, so much as the one who, while believing in non-stop conversations, carries them on in that high-pitched tone which approaches the scream of the steam-whistle. It is my contention that the woman who has a soft, charming voice can rarely talk enough to prove annoying; but when Mrs. Overweight in a "confidential" conversation with her companion on the bus, unconsciously broadcasts to the other occupants as well, that her Tommy (who is a marvel for his age) has been unjustly treated by his teacher, who, she believes, favors Mrs. Rival's son, etc, etc. - then we believe in the maxim "Silence is golden."

Again, Mrs. Newlyrich has the impression that unless she assumes that whining voice which says that nothing is right and nothing is worth-while, she will lose her present prestige - and so, with a pant, a moan, and finally a yawn, she manages to gasp during the party, "My dear! this is really so boring," whilst her husband reddens with embarrassment and her less patient, grown-up son

grasps the back of the nearest chair to prevent his hitting her with the nearest cushion. 24

To a practised ear the quality of a voice is singularly affecting. Hence if we feel interest in what we are saying and so put joy and enthusiasm into our listeners. The imagination can be a valuable assistant especially in relating a particular colorful incident for all real vocal expression is spontaneous and should be representative of the individual speaking. We know ourselves how monotonous it is to listen to a person who uses the same voice inflection (accompanied by the same facial expression), when relating a side-splitting after-dinner story, extending her sympathy in a bereavement or recounting a recent experience which intensely stirred her. Consequently such a person becomes a source of amusement to those possessing a sense of humor, but of annoyance to the less good natured.

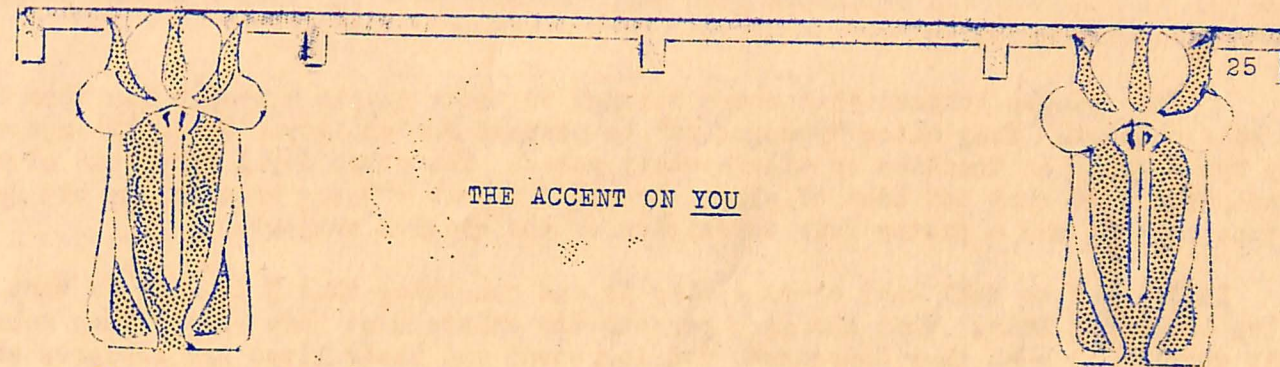
Have we ever stopped to consider how essential a pleasant voice is to the teacher? Maybe some of my readers have had the misfortune of attending a class where the instructor, under the impression that she was gaining the attention of those occupying the back seats, yelled too loudly and transmitted the lesson to the adjoining room. Of course, equally as disconcerting is the owner of the drowsy, monotoned voice whose soporific effect upon the pupils is usually evident after the first half hour of the period.

The need of a pleasing voice is no less important in the nursing profession - for one who comes into direct contact with those who because of illness are often impatient, cross and nerve-shattered, surely there is no more useful attribute than "the right kind of voice". In fact, there are times when the words of a nurse, accompanied by the proper tones, can do more for a patient than the prescription of a doctor.

Learning to control the voice helps even sales persons to succeed. How often have we heard the expression "a born salesman". Yet there is really nothing mysterious about the power of salesmanship. It is a combination of psychology and personality and its most important instrument is the voice. There are indeed, several impressions that can be conveyed by the words of a saleslady especially, depending upon the inflection of her voice. If she uses a tone of weary indifference the customer thinks she is not interested; or her inflection may be sarcastic if she has been sorely tried and of course, Mrs. Crab takes offence and transfers her patronage elsewhere. On the other hand, if in spite of her weariness, the words are spoken with genuine personal concern, the purchaser is flattered and put in a buying mood. The great secret is that the emotion registered by the voice can make or lose sales, just as for the lecturer it can gain or lose the attention of his audience.

The voice is often the index of mind and of character. It depends upon us to control the inflection of our voices so that our words may actually convey what we mean. A clear and agreeable voice and the charm that accompanies it, is, after all, not necessarily a gift but something that may be definitely and deliberately cultivated. Let us not then be too intent upon the defects in our neighbor's voice, and entirely neglect to listen to our own -- What are we at Mount Saint Vincent doing to improve this really priceless instrument that responds so readily to training? Are we among those whose conversations, carried on in the upper college corridor, are heard down by the Library? Oh yes, I know: probably we plead that our tendency towards raucous, high-pitched voices is to be attributed to the phenomena of everyday life - if we are not trying to make ourselves heard over the vacuum cleaners or the din of the radio, then we are striving to "talk down" some one with stronger lungs than our own. Indeed, but much of it is due to carelessness.

Continued on page 28



The indefinable something that makes you wanted--the gift that can make your hostess breathe a sigh of relief when she sees the guests who are hard to handle gather about you (because she knows that they will not be able to complain of a boring afternoon; because she knows that they will not have any desire to leave your company)-----What is it?

It begins 'way inside you, with your understanding, and works outward, leaving distinguishing marks all the way. These marks are you! You have wit? It is of a nature, then, that no one else may imitate without robbing it of its pungency and sacrificing her own personality in the bargain. You have tact? It is a subtle thing that no other tactful person can use. The same circumstance may arise; but two individuals will handle it differently. Each may be "infinitely tactful", each will doubtless react skillfully, but the fact remains that the soul of each will mark her act as indelibly as fire would have done.

A great secret of a charming personality is the possession of qualities implied when anyone is designated "a good listener". There are more elements in this combination than would appear at first sight. To listen, to listen and still to listen, requires a degree of unselfishness and an amount of intelligence rarely met with in one person. Naturally, the grouping of qualities does not fall in in just this way, but from a supernatural point of view the case is not so hopeless. This demands also sufficient loyalty and high principles so that the ideals and beliefs of others confided in conversation may not be broadcasted for the entertainment of others.

It is rather a dreadful thing, this picking apart of a thing which at first we could only call "something" and modify it by "indefinable". The fact remains that if we did collect all the tangible items, we would be as far from "Charm" as (alas) we are at this moment. A negative assortment of virtues might define the elusive spirit more successfully. It does not hide, necessarily, in the wardrobe whether extensive or scanty (though what there is should be well chosen). Far less does it find rest in the paint or powder box under the label "the more you use, the more you'll have". Be it known that in this one line, at least, the woman is the greater artist who can charm those of her own sex. The woman who can deal with women, without causing to sprout by each little success, all the petty meannesses, which seem to be the weapons of defense of the weaker sex, is indeed to be crowned.

Above all charm cannot be worn like an article of clothing -- we cannot take it off or put it on at will. If we have it -- we will always have it. We will not be able to "turn on" the charm for some people and "turn it off" for others -- we will behave the same for everyone. Some people may be charming and oh! so sweet with their very best friend - that is when they are alone - the minute they join a crowd or group there is a change. The person "freezes up" so to speak. Other people are pleasant with persons whom they wish to cultivate and cutting to others who do not matter. Even college girls are sometimes guilty -

they can be charming and agreeable with their companions - but what a change takes²⁶ place when they go home!

Some people believe that charm belongs to older people - people who have learned self control. They allow "youngsters" to possess Personality. Charm belongs to any age - teens or twenties or after-twenty years. The other day I asked one of my classmates just what her idea of charm was - her answer - "being nice to the nth degree." I thought that was a pretty fair definition of the elusive subject.

It is hard to tell what charm really is and one thing that I do know is that it makes a woman a lady. What charming persons the saints must have been! They submerged self completely - as they decreased, God increased and their lives are examples of that "will-of-the-wisp" - Charm. They never thought of the effect they would have on other people - they were always themselves "plus".

Marie Veronica Carpenter '37

P.S. After reading this article if anyone wishes to make a study of "Charm" I would refer them to a pamphlet "How to be Charming" - which has a certain peculiar charm of it's own for college girls -- it's free!

THE MOOD OF THE MOMENT

How many of us are the victims of moodiness? Perhaps if we indulge in a little introspection we shall find that the vast majority of us are guilty of allowing our actions, words, and facial expression to be dominated by the mood of the moment. We have learned from observation that such individuals do not add much to the harmony and enjoyment of school life. How often we hear the expression: "Oh! don't talk to her today - she is not in the right mood." Just because we are feeling irritable or out of sorts, is that a reason why we should persist in looking like "Gloom" personified?

A true friend knows how to refrain from words or acts that would wound the feelings of even the most sensitive! No one appreciates the friendship of a girl who one day is all smiles and kindness, and who, on another day, will pass you without even acknowledging your greeting, or at least with a very cold and lifeless "hello"! Do you ever feel more "squelched"? Prejudices are very often formed against such people because those who are always affable and cheerful do not understand such conduct. One place in particular where we should not give vent to our inner feelings is "at table". Those who have experienced eating in company with such a girl or boy know that the meal is spoiled and freedom of conversation is restricted.

Everyone likes a girl who is always in a pleasant or humorous mood -- she is popular and the life of every party. It may be early to speak of New Year's Resolutions, but we would all do well to guard ourselves and if we find that we do make it unpleasant for others by our moodiness, well we know what our resolution ought to be.

Verta Curry '37



IN MEMORIAM

We take this opportunity to express our sympathy and offer condolences to the parents, relatives, and friends of Mary Burke, E.de M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Burke of Kentville, N.S. and member of the Freshman Class, who passed away suddenly on December 4th. Bright, clever, and full of fun, Mary was very popular in the Academy, from which she was to graduate this year. She was a fervent Sodalist and frequent contributor to the Sodality News Sheet, her last article on "Advent" appearing only on December 1st. Herein she spoke seriously of the third advent of Christ "Before the Judgment-seat of God", little dreaming that her own summons was only three days off. May Christ, the Lover of innocence and child-like gaiety, lead her into the joys of His Kingdom, and may Our Immaculate Mother, the Queen of Sorrows, bring solace to the hearts of the parents bereaved of their only child.

"Eternal rest give to her, O Lord

And let perpetual light shine upon her!

May she rest in peace".

Mary Burke, E.de M. Died Dec. 4, 1935

All in her robe of blue and white
She stepped into the eternal light,
The Child of Mary, sweet and true,
All in our Lady's white and blue.

Seeking the Queen Immaculate
She passed through the shining, open gate;
The gate is shut: she has passed from sight,
The Child of Mary in blue and white.

She has said her Ave before the Queen;
But our Lady stooped from her throne, I ween,
And pressed to her Mother's heart so true
The little maid in white and blue.

Voices Continued from page 24

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ness concerning modulation and inflection as well as diction. How unpleasant it must sound to our superiors to hear our morning salutation "Say kid, how 'ya doin'" instead of "Good Morning."

Let us learn then to distinguish the good from the bad--to scorn the bad and vulgar whether it be radio artist or movie star, and copy the good, even, endeavoring to improve on it. In this way we shall make our voice something melodious, attractive, personal--may almost immortal, remembering the words of Richter: "When those we have loved have long vanished from the earth, then will the beloved voice come back and bring with it all our old tears and the disconsolate heart that shed them".

Marie Dolores Donnelly '36

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Sophomore Apathy

Sophomore year! One step up the grade of three, that lead to the pinnacle of success, of effort rewarded, of dreams come true. We pause here and look around. We can--We are in no hurry. Junior and Senior years, with their corresponding worries, have not as yet made their direful presence felt. Our minds are serene, and life is just too, too beautiful.....to last.

Our Freshman year was ended in a blaze of glory, and we no longer bear the humiliating label of that lowly rank. Our thoughts travel backwards with justified pride and enable us to look nonchalantly to the future. Blissfully complacent in our own state, we view with condescending pity our less fortunate comrades--the juniors and seniors.

Let us study a junior closely! Late of the sophomore year, with its carefree memories and imbued with the sense of her own importance, the realization is slowly dawning upon her dazed intellect, that perhaps she has still a few things to learn. There she is now--in a corner, poring over a book, with strange mutterings issuing from her pallid lips. French, German and Math have played havoc with her once placid brow. One can fairly hear the line marching into her face. And while we leave her to her sorely needed rest, let us pass over to a Senior.

Can that be one, that bewildered individual staggering under a burden of books far too heavy for her already drooping shoulders? I have heard it told that when she finally lays herself down to sleep, instead of the customary gentle snore, a sibilant "one-s-sh" is the sign of a Senior heard by all in the vicinity.

So, Sophomores, let us
All be merry while we may
And though this year, our hearts are gay
Next year we'll all be sighing

Marietta Wall '38



"Christmas Reads." (Jest in Pun)

"What can I give Cousin Emmy for Christmas?" asks a distracted young classmate. "Give her a book" - I suggest - The d.y.c.m. looks at me with disgust" -----She has a book"-----She fairly shrieks at me. Think of it? One book when there are so many uses for a dozen. For instance there is nothing like books to put up a front with--an armful of books plus a worried expression will cause the College Mistress to murmur sympathetically "Poor dear! Slaving away - I must remember to give her a nice long sleep." Or a large book placed on the door-sill will enable the occupants of the room to see all that "passes in the night" along the corridor and yet not be caught in a draught. Then books are a great aid to short people when windows are to be opened. Books are a great aid to biologists - they are ideal for pressing flowers, grasses, leaves, and even house insects. A sign in the Library tells us that there is "no frigate like a book"---so some of the Americans are going to cut expenses and sail home on them for the Christmas vacation.

Wearylones Carpenter.

Book Reviews.

Mac Donough's Cook Book.

A treat for Mama - Aunt Katie or the B.H.Sc. Packed with intriguing recipes as for instance Surprise Fudge. This fudge does not harden - so it can be used either to frost cakes or take spots off gloves.

Guess What Mints.

These mints are different! They are chewy, either too hard or too soft and they do turn out in the oddest ways! The "soft" ones last about one hour and seventeen minutes (by actual test!)--the "hard" ones may be used either in the bottom of the gold-fish bowl as a substitute for pebbles or placed around your pet bulbs. (Excellent -

for hyacinths!)

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Memoirs: by Jeanne Boylan.

Not to be read by people with weak hearts or high blood pressure! Miss Boylan tells the story of her life and loves. The section devoted to "New Ross for Nuts" and the chapter entitled "I want My Trunk" are too--too exciting.

Deasy's French Pronunciation.

A good book for students. Foreward by Professor Gautheron of Dalhousie. The chapter on "Gooing and Geeping" is particularly interesting. A sample of the exercises is as follows: For e - Say: hey! Key! (hay? Kay?) For am Say: "am" as in "ammonds".

Hymns of Hate.

Seniors can drive me to distraction With threats of Student Council Action But I could murder the one with glee Who "shushed" endlessly at me!

To Alice Margaret.

Love, how I loathe you when you slam Into the dormitory where I am - Yet you have the nerve to show your wrath When I carol in my bath!

To Kappa Delta

Sweet, you drive me almost mad Since knowledge with you has become a fad---

I feel myself becoming weak,
For on your walks you read me Greek!
M.V.C.

P.T.

See that prematurely aged-creature staggering upstairs? ---That's just one of the P.T. students. She has probably been trying to crouch jump through a hoop-- (hoop measures 28 inches; hips 48 inches.) What's a caved in back or fallen arches --- mere trifles! "Practise your exercises as you go from class to class" says the instructor brightly. One half of the class giggles feebly--the other half is unconscious. Imagine doing the Kangaroo-Hop into Math--or the Bear Walk into English Class? Certain young ladies in Saint Stanislaus Dormitory are to be seen leaping and bounding and pirouetting a-

round to the consternation of several of the occupants in nearby alcoves. All of which will explain the cracks in the Study Hall ceiling.

MORE HYMNS OF HATE

As Marguerite Keenan one Convention Day
(pay attention while I prate)
Was driving her bus to the S.H.C. with
nuns and prayer-books and freight--
She stepped on the gas--she speeded a
bit, and then she touched her gear,
And as she shifted that up in the front--
What did the same in the rear?
M.V.C.

Darling, I hate you when you pass
Into my room before morning Mass,
And when you ask, "Where is my cap?"
I could gladly give you a rap.

TO THE LOVELORN

Oh, How I groan and stamp my feet
When people sigh lovingly, "Isn't she
sweet?"
And when they start writing sonnets and
odes,
I betake myself to the open roads.
K.D.

Colonel "Bows" Amateur Hour

Since so many of us decided to spend Thanksgiving at the Mount, it behooved us to find some form of entertainment to while away the evening. So Colonel "Bows" Carpenter and her assistant Sargent Willie Wimple Mulcahy were requested to take the situation in hand. Well, they took in into the Social Room and the rest of us were taken in along with it. Ah hilarious hour followed, during which the Colonel and the Sargent conducted an Amateur Hour (with humblest apologies to Major Bowes).

The first prize was awarded for a soulful rendition of "Found a Peanut Last night". (Here the censor's pencil got busy, guess who was the singer?) The Thorup-Deasy team walked away with the second prize, which consisted of an alarm clock for the former and a bag of "AM-monads" for the latter. Undaunted when they received the gong during their first performance, "Life is a Song" with pant-

omine, they begged to try "Night and Day". Miss Thorup should have been awarded a gold medal for hanging on to the tune, while her partner ranged through various keys. And now for the winner of the Consolation prize! Folks, this is something that should be seen to be appreciated. No words of mine could adequately describe the unique performance of our little Kathleen Augusta Mahoney, all the way from Lawrence, Mass. Aw-e-e-e right, aw-e-e-e right!! You see, Miss Mahoney is famous already. Her little act consisted of a slow-motion tap dance, accompanied by a vacant facial expression and a far-off look in the eyes, except for a sickly leer every now and then, and a noiseless snapping of her fingers. Kathleen Augusta is also adept in imitating the little fellow we feed peanuts to and I don't mean the elephant. Needless to say, the audience was too helpless to even applaud. Our little darling received a trip to Bermuda, not that she is attracted to Bermuda itself.

Among the other outstanding features of the evening were the Hill-Billies from Dog-Patch, the Misses McLean and Kelly. The former tapped (or shuffled, to be more accurate) to the music furnished by the latter with the aid of her lip.

If I could only spare the time and space, I would tell you of some wonderful hidden talents, that were brought to light on that evening. We had no idea Mag was such a graceful veil dancer, or that Julie was such an elocutionist. The Misses Carpenter and Mulcahy finally condescended to come down from behind the microphone(?) and swing into a dance which brought us back to old Mexico. Mary with a huge artificial rose clenched desperately between her teeth, swooped and bended gracefully while her partner chased her around the floor.

The programme ended with a bang, when the Americans rose in a body, at the request of the Colonel and sang

"The Old Mill Stream". Ingenious as usual, they offered to sing it backward, whereupon with one accord, they turned to the wall and began again. A tap was heard on the door. The Reverend Chaplain had come to see if something was amiss! K.D.

OVER THE BACK FENCE (Being a Page from Miss Pep's Diary.)

Monday:- Up and to breakfast where there was much talk of prayer and such things. "How long will this triduum last?" queried the sweet young thing on my right. Talk then led to November practices and we wonder now that Marg Morrissey has given up candy will she give up Taffy too?

Tuesday:- I did learn that Mistress Donnelly has a unique manner of dancing. This has sometimes been described as "The Drowning Man's Grasp." Also I was amazed to learn that our College Mistress was almost campussed for talking in the corridor after lights out. A clap from the Senior Class President was obeyed promptly and the "party" dispersed!

Wednesday:- In the Refectory. Sister does make the feeblest puns, par example, She claims that our Muriel's voice has "Caroy-ing" power. On puns--one of my table mates observing that she loved hers with coffee! Grr-rr

Thursday:- A lack-a-day! Miss Mulcahy is getting the spotlight in Glee Club now--or is it the search light -- seeing that she plays "Hide-and-Go-Seek" with Sister? To Latin class where I did keep my fingers crossed for fear I would be called on.

Rose Sullivan '36

A VISIT TO THE MATAPEDIA VALLEY

This valley of the picturesque name lies just on the borderland of New Brunswick and Quebec. On the train one is prepared for the radical difference in scenery between Quebec and Nova Scotia by the appearance of mountains and rivers which begin to be noticed around Jacquet River in the province of New Brunswick. I found some similarity between the Matapedia Valley and our own Wentworth Valley in Nova Scotia. The chief difference to me, was that in Matapedia the water is always with us. The appearance of so many rivers and lakes aroused in me a hope of good fishing and I was not disappointed. Before my vacation was completed the rivers and lakes of this beautiful country afforded many wonderful specimens of fish.

From Matapedia, we motored for about twenty-five miles to Routhierville, the joy of tourists, both on account of its magnificent scenery, as it lies in the very heart of the Valley, and the excellent accommodations provided there. It is only about thirty-six miles from Campbellton, but it has the air of being effectively isolated from the English-speaking population of the next province. At least this was my impression when for the first time in my life I found myself among French speaking people.

The next day we motored to Amqui, a small metropolis where the tennis courts are lighted, and the game goes on until midnight. My difficulties with the language were increased by meeting so many French-speaking people but lightened a great deal when I found that many of them spoke very good English. Then too began the numerous short auto trips which were to make me fairly well acquainted with the people and country of Bonaventure, Matane, and Rimouski.

One of the things that impressed me most during my stay in the Valley was the celebration of the feast of that greatest patron of the French-speaking people,

St. Jean-Baptiste. It is not surprising, in view of their great devotion to this saint, to meet so many French boys bearing his name. 32

On June the twenty-fourth, we arose early and drove to Sayabec, a town of about three thousand inhabitants. It was the center of festivities on that day. The celebration began in true catholic fashion with an impressive High Mass. At this elaborate ceremony, representative of the Army and Navy, as well as Cadets, stood at attention during the whole mass, inside the altar rail. The church itself was appropriately decorated with the Papal colors.

If the scene was inspiring, the moment of the Elevation was awe-ful, awe-inspiring in the true sense of the word, and positively thrilling. As the Consecration of the Mass arrived, the drums of the cadets provided a rumbling accompaniment for the call of the trumpet that broke forth with startling clearness, in the stillness of the Church. Then three times, came the voice of the Curé, and the words "Saluez votre Dieu!"

After that, the sermon, the burden of which was "soyez canadiens-français" with frequent allusions to the patron of the French Canadian. Then, at the Collection, the Curé, a venerable man in his priestly robes, made the rounds of the Church, accompanied by a fair-haired child, clad in a sheepskin, and red cloak, after the manner of St. Jean-Baptiste, a small cross over his shoulder on which was a banner with the words--"Ecce Agnus Dei". The blessed bread, customary on these occasions, was then passed.

When the mass, which was entirely beautiful, was over, the clergy and people assembled outside the Church and the blessing of the cars took place.

In the afternoon the procession, very Catholic and very French Canadian, traversed the principal streets of the town. Our Lady of Lourdes, was followed by floats representing the sugar-making and logging industries, and the "voiture" of the "habitant" brought up the rear of a procession which never lacked in allusions to St. Jean-Baptiste.

In the evening a play, "Le Baillon", lasting for five hours, contributed much to the day's programme, which was finally ended with a display of fireworks, set off from the top of the Brother's school. The whole festivity was an inspiring display of Catholic spirit.

Bic the beautiful, as it is called by both French and English alike, entertained us on two occasions, once for three days. Here we bathed in the exceedingly chilly waters of the St. Lawrence, surrounded by the most wonderful scenery of this amazingly beautiful province. Bic is a famous and favorite resort for English people especially. It was here, on the first Friday of August, that I saw the huge illumined Crucifix, which stands on one of the hills that has made Bic famous.

At Rimouski, the theatre offered us Yvonne Printemps, that outstanding favorite of the French people, in "La Dame aux Camélias", which was "très triste"; but it had me on the edge of my chair trying to understand enough words to piece the plot together. Then came an English travel talk, during which the audience conversed aloud with charming abandon and utter indifference to my vain efforts to hear my own dear language spoken.

Before I close, I should like to say something of that inspiring spectacle, the St. Lawrence. I shall never forget the day on which I saw it first. We were travelling by car and it was tremendously hot. Even the fact that we

went eighty miles an hour at times afforded us little breeze or comfort from the all enveloping heat. The air was thick and heavy with the sweet scents of honey suckle, clover, and daisies that covered the country side through which we passed. As we approached the river, the hot land breeze was tempered by and mingled with the bracing saltiness of the wind from the sea, and this marvelous atmosphere remained until we came too near the sea, and left the fields behind us.

The river was a bluish grey line; the other shore, of course, was lost in remote blueness. Visions of Cartier and his intrepid companions rose before me, and I seemed to see the sails of his gallant little ships passing once more up this vast river. I thought of what we owe to him and his followers, fellow dreamers. These charming resorts, flourishing towns, cultivated spreading farms are the result of what he saw long years ago. It must have been interesting to see him land once again, as he did last year at Trois Rivières, but as I had not, I was content to dream the scene as it happened four hundred years ago.

Thus during my stay, spent mostly in the Matapedia Valley, I was constantly surrounded with tradition, the tradition of Catholicism, and the tradition of the French people. The province of Quebec is charmingly hospitable to the visitor, providing everything one could wish for in the line of scenery, history and amusement. For me, its charm was epitomized by my host and hostess. My thanks to them and to the Matapedia Valley for an ideal vacation.

Margaret Morrissey '36

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DEAN'S DAY

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On October, the twenty second the College celebrated Sister Evaristus' feast. The day began with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, offered by the Reverend chaplain. In the afternoon, the auditorium was crowded, for the annual play. The programme was as follows:

Piano Duet:

Valse Carnavalesque.....C. Chamina
Miss Madeline Jones
Miss Donaldal Kelley

Dramatis Personae

Mrs. Dowey.....D. Donnelly
Mrs. Twymley.....J. Thorup
Mrs. Haggerty.....K. Deasy
Mrs. Mickleham.....M. Keenan
Mrs. Willings.....I. Veniot
Mrs. Dowey.....E. Coady

Greeting to the Dean

"THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS"
(James Barry)

Act I, Scene I

Render of Prologue

Songs: Transformation.....Winter Watts
Spinning Song.....Reimann

Marie Carpenter

Miss Mary Dee

Act I, Scene II Act I, Scene III
Choruses: Silent, O Moyle...B. Treharne
Anitra's Dance....Grieg
Glee Club

GOD SAVE THE KING

Our dear Dean seemed well pleased with the whole programme and with the excellent acting in this typical Barrie play with its intermingled humor and pathos. "The greeting to the Dean" was written by Marie Carpenter and recited

to music by the college. The flowers and Spiritual Bouquet were presented by Margaret Cummings assisted by Katherine DeVan. The Glee Club concluded the programme with two choruses, which were beautifully rendered.

Rose Chambers '36

MOUNT GIRLS WIN ACCLAIM IN FINE SHOW

(Copied, in part, from the Halifax Evening Mail, November 28.)

Showing a distinct talent for a convincing interpretation of tragedy, students of Mount Saint Vincent acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner last evening at the first performance of "Marie Antoinette," a play written by one of the sisters and a difficult undertaking for any group of players.

The play was expertly staged with close attention to accuracy of detail, the lighting effects were good and the costuming especially attractive. Each player gave the impression of being thoroughly interested in her part with the result that each scene moved smoothly and easily at a graceful tempo. The event marked the first visit to the Mount of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Covert and a special welcome was given by Miss Kathleen Deasy who also spoke the brief prologue that preceded each act.

The leading role, that of the ill-fated queen of France, was played with artistry and charm by Marie Ackerman who possesses the rare gift of always being able to control the mood of her audience. She was excellent in every appearance but her last scene was actually a masterpiece of sympathetic portrayal.

One of the most popular features of the production was a song by the little Dauphin to his mother. The role was taken by Sheila Gauvreau who showed an unusual vocal talent for one so young. Therese, little daughter of the queen was equally well played by Ann Matchett.

Others who did excellent work were: -- Miss Eleanor Coady, as Mirabeau; Miss Emilienne Trudel, as Louis XVI; Agnes O'Donnell, as Madame Elizabeth, Sister of Louis XVI; Dorothy MacKasey, as Mirabeau's nephew, Charles; Dorothy LeClair, as the leader of the Sans Culottes; Marietta Wall, as Juliette Polignac; Agnes O'Donnell, as Jeannette Bault, the King's Sister; Viola Pride, as Besenval; Eileen Joyce, as the Comte d'Artois; Mary Coady, as Simon the Cobbler; Elfreda Hibbard and Muriel Montague, as Prison Guards; Marguerite Keenan, as an old woman attendant in the Prison; Jane Thorup, as Captain of the Swiss Guards.

The orchestra selections were much enjoyed and heartily applauded. The members of the ensemble were: Eileen Joyce, Joan Davidson, Rita Mancini, Zita O'Connor, Mary Burke, Emilienne Trudel, Mary Griffin, Madeline Jones, Mary Faulkner, Donald Kelly, Marjorie Bartholomay.

Miss Eileen Joyce was highly complimented upon her excellent rendition of a movement from a Mendelssohn Concerto.

FLASH: Since last year the stage in the Music Hall has been completely renovated. The sight which now meets our eye is that of beautiful blue velvet back and wing curtains with lambrequin and side drapes to match. We also find the old roll curtain at the front of the stage replaced by draw curtains of lovely old gold taffeta.

N.B. Our apologies to Patricia M. Jones whose name was omitted on her page of clever drawings.

Training in Luxury

According to a statement made recently by Dean Louise Jones of St. Lawrence University in Canton, N.Y. I learn that "nothing is too good for a co-ed" and consequently I should have my breakfast in bed on Sunday because as Dean Jones informs us this is "a little luxury at the end of the week that I think every woman is entitled to." I also learn, my dears, that as a college student, I should be surrounded by "the very best in the way of room furnishings, dinner and tea service" in order to comply with that worthy Dean's recently adopted system "of rounding out co-ed social education."

Evidently human nature has changed considerably within the last few years. There was a time when young girls could arise early in the morning at all seasons of the year and walk to school carrying their own books. But now girls of college age have become so helpless that their poor teachers have found it necessary to allow the dears to refrain from arising on Sunday morning. Arrangements must also be made on that day by which the students may indulge in the "little luxury at the end of the week every woman is entitled to"--breakfast in bed.

I'll admit that the Dean has been very considerate of her beloved pupils but there are so many other little things she might do to make them see the "soft" side of this hard cruel world. For instance, she could send up each student's favorite flower (straight from the florist) together with the daily paper and her mail on her breakfast tray. Then too, the management might install elevators to carry the girls from floor to floor and have colored porters to convey their books from room to room. A few little concessions such as this might keep the poor misjudged college girl from getting morbid.

Although scarcely one third of the girls in the colleges of the present day will have a right to expect in later life the luxuries they are permitted to indulge in during their formative college years, it is, of course, a noble deed to teach the other two thirds to expect as their right those luxuries which they can never have.

No doubt our modern secular educators think it their sacred duty to awaken and nourish that craving for luxury which lies dormant in every human heart. It makes no difference that over half of their students will have to earn their own living after leaving college and will have to struggle against the habits of indulgence which they acquired while receiving their higher education.

It is no wonder that the young man of the present day is a bit wary when choosing his partner in marriage, especially if the object of his attentions is a college-bred girl. He has reason to be wary for he knows that the very advertisements which the modern girls' college use to attract business boast of the number of extra social activities they can give to their students. He then wonders whether or not he can support a girl who has spent so much time in such surroundings, realizing that she has been, by necessity, influenced by them.

Noticeably different are the methods of the Catholic college as practised here at the Mount. Social activities enough to satisfy any normal young woman are provided. According to the rules of the college we rise early six mornings

of the week. In case of illness the students are well cared for with all the little extra attentions which become the patient. Certainly we are not pampered at the Mount. What healthy young woman wants to be?

36

The chief aim of education, as stated by a distinguished dean of Harvard University, is "to establish character and to make that character more efficient through knowledge; to make moral character more efficient through mental discipline." We prefer the definition of one Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, "Education is the preparation of the soul for God." A fine preparation that--strengthening one's weaknesses!

Dean Jones' statement is typical of those of many women in similar positions, who seem to be following a new trend in college discipline. Do they think that by swerving from the old college methods they can produce greater scholars and men and women of better moral character and mental calibre, than we have had for the last century?

Dean Jones says by the way, that breakfast in bed on Sunday morning is a luxury due to every woman at "the end of the week." Now, it seems that I have been greatly misinformed for the past ten years, for I have always been taught that Sunday was the beginning and not the end of the week.

Mary L. Sawyer, '39

ON READING AGNES REPPLIER

Two months have slipped by since our arrival at college for yet another year and in that time we have learned much, which we may soon forget, but our very interesting English class has introduced us to essayists and fiction writers whom we shall long remember. Such a one is Agnes Repplier whose charm and personality once felt, can never become less attractive to us.

The essays are informal, they are entertaining, and they occasionally point a moral. To me her most appealing little book is that simple story of school life which is in reality an autobiography of her own youthful days at school, "In Our Convent Days." Although today Agnes Repplier is an old lady she still retains the humor and vigor of those earlier days. Hers is a forceful personality. She is still erect and alert, her eyes are at once keen and friendly, she has a fine head, crowned with grey hair, her voice is vivid and incisive. She has an interested and mobile face.

This book "In Our Convent Days" is a revelation to us. We begin to see the very few differences there are between modern children and children of her youth. The sketches are amusing and capture the interest. Out of an uneventful placid existence, she has painted a simple picture of the life of the children sheltered within the convent walls, cared for and watched over by the loving yet not always understanding French nuns. These young girls were by no means as ignorant of life as one might suppose. In spite of their seclusion, these eleven-year-old maidens fell violently in love with a young altar boy. For his benefit it must be stated that he was unaware of this great gift of affection freely bestowed upon him. Nor were they in the least discouraged to learn that the object of their affection, whom they endowed with all virtues, and colored with romance, could only speak Italian. To them this proved no obstacle. They would learn Italian. A dictionary must be found. But to their lasting sorrow their plan was nipped in the bud and Marianus immediately removed from the convent.

This essay may give us some idea how like yet unlike the modern-day children, these innocent young people were. A modern child has love affairs but

they do not exist in her imagination. She often plays at love. From her 37 earliest days she has a "boy-friend" and what is more she has had no need of an imagination so has not cultivated one. The movies supply its place.

The essays entitled "The Convent Stage" and "In Retreat" give us pictures of the girls, gay, sorrowful, foolish, serious, despairing, and light-hearted just as a glance around this modern school will bring the same types to our minds. The scenes in this first essay have probably been duplicated many times here. There is the same last-minute rush, the worry about costumes, the frantic studying of an already well-known part, and the same joy of a "masculine" actress who is permitted to strut around in mannish attire. The Retreat at this convent in Philadelphia many years ago differs little from a Retreat at Mount Saint Vincent today. We see the older girls, serious and eager endeavoring to make the most beneficial retreat possible; the intermediate, just as sincere but not as serious; and the little juniors not certain of the real meaning of a retreat and placing most emphasis on the element of silence, or rather lack of vocal utterance.

The other essays in this book do not reveal character as clearly as those I have already mentioned; but we do discover that these children have a simplicity, a naturalness, and an individuality that is often lacking in modern youngsters even at the tender age of eleven. The modern child tries to create an effect and to make herself the center of attention. These little ones, including Agnes Repplier, were not permitted the freedom modern children have. They were not given first place at home, therefore, they did not gain an undue sense of their own importance. Of course, because of their sheltered lives, these children had not the selfreliance of a modern child, they had not the precocity that is rather amusing, and they lacked the straight-forward honesty and frankness of young moderns.

All this does not give you much idea, I realize, of the characteristics of Miss Repplier's style, of her simplicity, of her naturalness. It does not show you her wit, her subtlety, her humor, and at times, her sarcasm. But whatever the mood, her essays are interesting. They never pall. There is in them a quality that makes them live and it is their life that attracts and holds the attention of all who read them. If you do not know Miss Repplier, make her acquaintance soon!

Gene Stevens, '36.

JESUKIN

"Jesukin", 'twas whispered,
By Mary as she smiled.

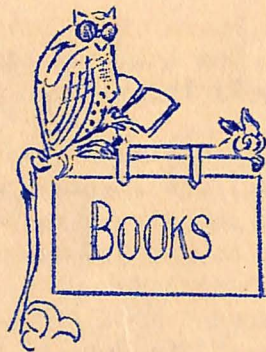
'Twas uttered, too, by Joseph,
As he gazed upon the child.

"Jesukin" --it echoed
From out the heavenly sphere.
Celestial voices brought the lilt,
To shepherds drawing near.

"Jesukin"--the melody
Brought wisemen from afar
To haste in adoration
And follow Bethlehem's Star.
"Jesukin" --'tis murmured
By all on Christmas Eve,
When church bells peal the message
The Christ-Child came to leave.

"Jesukin", our greetings,
Today we bring to Thee
And for our gift to you, we pledge
Our love and loyalty.

Lenore Pelham, '37.



"Books are friends who take you far
Wherever you would go,
From torrid lands and jungle ways
To northern fields of snow."

In looking over a recent number of the "Grade Teacher", I noticed this sentence: "Whatever your travel whims maybe, Ireland will satisfy them." Since at the moment, I had some slight doubt on the probability of reaching Ireland at least in the near future by the ordinary means of transportation, I decided to resort to a book. It was that Hugh de

Blacom's "Gentle Ireland" especially appealed to me. In the first chapter, which is rather in the form of a preface, the author gives us the background, the ancient Ireland on which the modern Ireland is built, and states that in his work he has taken as a model Rene Bazin's "La Douce France". The book itself breathes forth the spirit of Ireland; makes real to us her customs, her people, her traditions, and her faith; and introduces us to her literature--that Gaelic literature which is so warm and alive, and "rich in humor, which mostly is too subtle to bear translation." While in the travel mood, another book which is exceedingly enjoyable is V. Morton's "In the Steps of the Master". Through it we may pass in spirit along the roads of Palestine, may visit those spots made sacred by the footsteps of the Master; and I think we shall find that Morton is, indeed, an observant and sympathetic guide. This later work does not at all belie the promise of those earlier books such as "In Search of England."

Since the Mission Convention a few weeks ago, all of us are more than ever interested in the autographed copies of "The Dragon at Close Range" by Monsignor Mc Grath, and "The Anvil of the Cross" by Father Hugh Sharkey, which appeared recently in the library. The first is an absorbing account of many experiences of Monsignor Mc Grath in China, some of them amusing, some tragic, all indicative of the problem which confronts the missionary in China. "The Anvil of the Cross" is a slender volume of poems, some written, as the author says, during seminary days, others in distant China. They are such that they cannot fail to fulfill the author's too humbly expressed hope that they may "make life happier, God nearer, Nature more intelligible, or suffering more bearable", but it is not simply to "anyone" but to many their message will reach out. With the authors of these two books, we here at the Mount would like to start that voyage of friendship where,

"Laughter, Happiness and Love
These shall be the crew,
And the grandest suite aboard
Is reserved for you",

Monsignor Mc Grath and Father Sharkey.

Among the new fiction books are now to be found "Not Built with Hands" by Helen White and Willa Cather's latest novel, "Lucy Gayheart." The first of these is a historical novel set in the stirring times of Henry IV of Germany and Pope Gregory. For the most part, the story concerns itself with Matilda of Tuscany and her part in that great struggle between Pope and Emperor, in the triumph of Canossa. Like most of Helen White's writings, the book is interesting reading, and the style dramatic and richly colored.

"Lucy Gayheart" is a novel of modern times; the action takes place in a midwestern town and in Chicago. The two main characters are well-developed, although the character of Lucy herself seems just a little overdone.

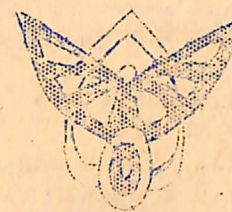
The story as a whole is much slighter than most of Willa Cather's works, and when measured by the standard of "Shadows On The Rock" seems, to me at least, to fall down rather badly.

"Don Bosco" by Johannes Jorgenson is the only thing in the field of biography that I have had the chance to read since the last Kappa. This is written in an easy, familiar style, and introduces a decidedly personal note. In places it is marked by a keen understanding of the character portrayed--as for example, in the chapter "The Ugly Duckling".

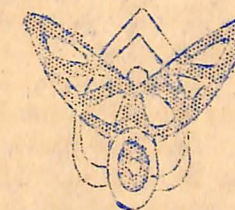
Since the last Kappa appeared, many new autographed books have come into the library, some of them written by Professors at the Catholic University in Washington. Of late also, several earnest students have been seen wandering dejectedly in search of a transferred English or History section. Of course this could never be explained by unaccustomed use of these reference books--no, the answer is that nine new bookcases have recently been installed, and the Library Science class spent some busy hours making the necessary changes.

Since the Christmas exams are so near at hand, there will be very little time for reading in the next few weeks; so, until Easter --!

Margaret Cummings '36



ALUMNAE NOTES



The class letter of last year's graduates has just reached the three Post-graduates at the Mount. They were delighted with it and have passed on some of the news.

KITTY MEACHER wrote from Albany, New York. She broke the news of her entering; and still the thoughtful Class President, made provision for the vice-president to start the letter hereafter, and urged them all to be faithful in writing, so that at their reunion in 1940, it would be a meeting of friends not of strangers.

DOROTHY HARRISON was then busy making the aprons which she is now wearing at the Civic Hospital in Ottawa, where ANNA DUMES expects to be in January. In the meantime, we hear that Anna is doing good work teaching foods and dietetics to the nurses of St. Joseph's Hospital, St. John.

Our musician MARY DEE, MURIEL CAREY, and MARGUERITE MACNIEL told of beginning music classes.

Our little MARGARET MACNEILL, not able to get Household Science work in which she starred, is taking typing and shorthand two nights a week. MARJORIE THOMPSON is likewise taking a commercial course while also a maid-in-waiting.--(for a teaching position)

EILEEN MULLINS does not find life in Bathurst overly exciting but had a very pleasant visit with MARY K. MACDOUGALL in Montreal. Mary K., writing in September, said that she felt every day that the truant officer would tap her on the back and ask her why she was not at school. Mary is studying French--oui, c'est vrai; and said she had worked one day in her father's office but resigned before she was asked to leave! The old inferiority complex is still busy. Incidentally, we are most grateful for the generous contribution of five dollars to Kappa. Thank you, Mary.

MARY MERCHANT wrote enthusiastically of her work at Columbia where she is specializing in Institutional work. She is getting plenty of experience right now in preparing and serving meals for the Faculty Cafeteria.

MISS PYE's contribution to the letter, they tell us, was sincere and kindly--like herself.

JOSEPHINE MACLENNAN has been very busy acting as her father's secretary. They must be happy at the successful termination of his election campaign. AGNES hopes to accompany him to Ottawa in January, we hear.

Among recent and most welcome out-of-town visitors to the Mount were BETTY KELLEY and ASTRID BUGKLEY, who motored from Sydney and were their same charming selves; PATRICIA CLANCY who spent the Armistice week-end with JOSEPHINE FLEMING; and ALICE WARD, now though Mrs. Scott of Yarmouth with a charming son, looks not a day older or different.

HILDA DURNEY is taking the leading role in the opera "Pirates of Penzance". We are all looking forward to it eagerly.

CORINNE VENIOT has been in St John, N. B. visiting. Alberta is busy directing a play to be put on by the Young People's Club. We are expecting to hear that she is accompanying her grandfather to Ottawa for the Parliamentary Session.

LYNETTE BAKER is teaching at the Buckingham School, Boston. Lynette has her own car now and we wonder if it has entirely taken her mind from her pet pony and saddle horse.

EILEEN SHEEHAN, of Brockton, is attending Nazareth College, Kentucky, where she has an aunt.

MARIE CARROLL is teaching in the Nova Scotia Training School, Truro; but occasionally spends a week-end in Halifax, and is still the Kappa artist.

Another most interesting letter has come from Evelyn Campbell. Those who know Evelyn and ANNIE RITCHIE must not miss this. Evelyn writes: "I spent the week-end of November 8 with Annie Ritchie, and had a most enjoyable time. We tried to get six years of conversation into three days, and succeeded fairly well, considering that we took in other social activities. We took a whack at all social problems, existing evils, and life in general-as it is and as we thought it should be, which is a large order you will admit, much as we used to do in the Mount days. Annie has had two wonderful trips abroad, and we are planning on taking a tour in 1937."

Sister de Chantal has told us several times of the very nice letters and generous offerings of spiritual and financial aid for the missions which came from our Alumnae in response to her annual appeal. Sister is very grateful and we are much edified.

In conclusion-many thanks, dear Alumnae, for the subscriptions that have come in and for your words of encouragement and commendation. You do want to see the Kappa grow and improve, don't you? Why not try to get us some new advertisers or additional subscribers? Our rates are very low. Best of all, why not help us to start a real Alumnae section? Send us something soon-prose or poetry, fact or fiction. We want to hear from you. Don't disappoint us!



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