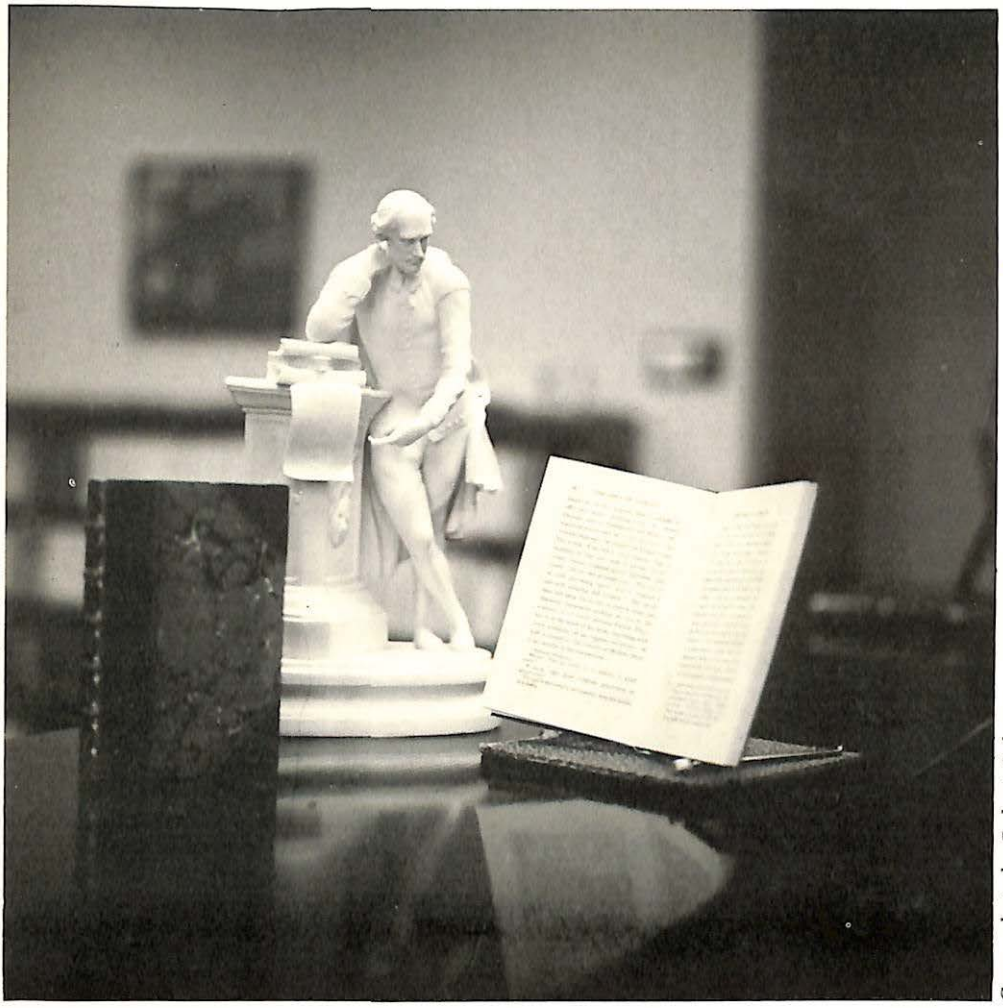

Cover photo by Robert Calnen

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT UNIVERSITY
HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA
Vol.3 No.2 Dec.'73

Insight

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

January

3 – Classes begin for all students
4 – CARPT – 2 p.m. Academic Dean's Office
8 – Department Chairmen Mtg. 12:30 p.m.
10 – Committee on Academic Affairs – 12:30 p.m.
11 – CARPT – 2 p.m. Academic Dean's Office
15 – Marks will be issued for first semester courses
18 – CARPT – 2 p.m. Academic Dean's Office
18 – Last day to enter a new class
22 – Faculty meeting – 12:30 p.m.
24 – Committee on Academic Affairs – 12:30 p.m.
25 – CARPT – 2 p.m. Academic Dean's Office
31 – Committee on Academic Affairs – 12:30 p.m.

February

1 – President's holiday
5 – Department Chairmen Mtg.
7 – Committee on Academic Affairs
8 – CARPT
14 – Committee on Academic Affairs
15 – CARPT
22 – CARPT
25 – Spring study session begins
26 – Faculty meeting

March

4 – Classes recommence
5 – Department Chairmen Mtg.
7 – Committee on Academic Affairs
8 – CARPT
14 – Committee on Academic Affairs
15 – CARPT
22 – CARPT
26 – Faculty Meeting
28 – Committee on Academic Affairs
29 – CARPT

ART GALLERY DATES

November 28 – January 6	Oonark-Pangnark Eskimo Prints and Sculpture Courtesy National Museum of Man
December 5 – December 23	Mezzanine Gallery A Christmas Fantasy
January 8 – February 3	Betty Galbraith-Cornell Landscapes
February 5 – March 3	Contemporary Canadian Indian Art Loaned by Glenbow Institute in Calgary, the Royal Ontario Museum and the Winnipeg Art Gallery
March 5 – April 28	Artists' Media – Organized by Mrs. Marie Elwood

R. E. Merrick

Sister Catherine Wallace, president of Mount Saint Vincent University, is shown presenting a copy of Silversmiths and Related Craftsmen of the Atlantic Provinces, by Dr. Donald Mackay, to J. Lynton Martin, director of the Nova Scotia Museum, as Dr. MacKay looks on. The presentation took place at the opening of "Silversmithing by Nova Scotia Masters", an exhibition compiled by Dr. Mackay for the Mount's gallery which was displayed October 15-28.

Insight

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The MacDonald Rare Book Collection

Wamboldt-Waterfield

by Sister Marie Agnes. Professor Emeritus of English

The story of the MacDonald Rare Book Collection, which is the pride of the university library at Mount Saint Vincent, began with the friendship of two people, a man and a woman, who never met until they were past sixty, but who were drawn together by a common love of books. Sister Francis de Sales first heard of Mr. William MacDonald through his sister, Sister M. Aquinas, a member of the Sisters of Charity of Halifax, who was well known, both for her services to education in the Province of Nova Scotia and as a member of the council general of her congregation.

Through Sister Aquinas, Mr. MacDonald became interested in the Mount Saint Vincent library, and was persuaded to donate a part of his family's collection of Canadiana. This gift was made a year or two before the disastrous fire which destroyed Mount Saint Vincent on the night of January 31, 1951. The catastrophe wiped out not only the recent gift of Mr. MacDonald, but the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity, the Novitiate, Mount Saint Vincent College, and Mount Saint Vincent Academy. Books, paintings, furniture, and above all, records and documents, were reduced to ashes. Yet within a year Mount Saint Vincent College emerged in its first building on campus, Evaristus, which contained the new library.

Sister Francis de Sales Kelly, college librarian, had already designed the library wing. While her plans were yet taking shape in stone and mortar, she moved in six months after the fire, in June, 1951, with several hundreds of cartons that had come from friends and sympathizers all over Canada and various countries abroad. Universities, public libraries, publishers, and individuals of all ages and professions sent books to fill the empty shelves of the new library. Sister Francis de Sales was well known to librarians across Canada as a member of the Canadian Library Association and a charming personality. Who that once met Sister Francis de Sales could ever forget her? At the time of the fire she was sixty-one years old and had spent her entire life at Mount Saint Vincent. She had come at the age of sixteen from Chicago as a pupil to Mount Saint Vincent Academy, where her grand-aunt, Sister de Sales Dwyer, had been mistress general for more than thirty years. Beautiful, accomplished, gifted in many ways, she entered the Sisters of Charity when she was eighteen, and after her novitiate started her teaching career. With a master's degree, and later a Ph.D., she ranked among the most inspiring of educators.

The School of Library Science, founded by Sister Francis de Sales, continued to turn out trained librarians until 1939, when it was closed because of the impossibility of meeting A.L.A. standards for accreditation in a library of

Robert Calnen

this size. Meanwhile Sister had opened a library for Rockingham residents (especially children) in the little house by the north gate known as Le Gras Cottage, which was the first home of the Sisters when they settled on the property in 1873. It was in this cottage that Sister Francis de Sales, along with a few other sisters, took refuge on the night of the fire, January 31, 1951. From its windows she watched the Mount library (and the initial MacDonald Collection) go up in flames.

Apart from her personal loss, she was embarrassed for Mr. William MacDonald, but he, undeterred by the catastrophe, stood by his original intention, and so Sister Francis de Sales could look forward to the fulfilment of her dream. Before long, consignments of cartons from Sydney, Cape Breton, began to arrive at the service door and were unpacked with tender, loving care, and sometimes amazement.

By September 1951 the north wing of Evaristus Hall was ready, and a vast empty space awaited the new library. Sister Francis de Sales had planned every inch of it, the colors and patterns of the floors, the window drapes, the steel cases (shipped from England). With special care she designed the room set aside for the MacDonald Collection. A large square room (26 X 31) to the right of the main library entrance was, under her direction, equipped with cabinets and shelves to hold the "rare books." Now, with the shelves filled, the room is a delight to the eye. Four large windows on the north side give the proper lighting. The woodwork is painted in a light brown with a dull "antique" finish, not unlike the surface of calf-skin leather, a tone which harmonizes with the rich bindings in glowing colors that line the shelves. The total effect is restful. Several items are from the MacDonald home in Sydney, the gift of Mr. William himself and his

sisters. Dark red drapes add richness to the effect.

Visitors to the Rare Book Room read an inscription on a brass plate on the wall just inside the door, as well as on the door itself:

GIFT OF MR. WILLIAM MACDONALD OF SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA and the question usually follows: Who was MR. WILLIAM MACDONALD?

The answer can best be gleaned from a sheaf of letters which bear dates between 1951 and 1959. The writer of these letters, which are addressed mainly to Sister Francis de Sales, was a bachelor in his late sixties, who occupied a house known as "Brooklands" at 755 George Street, Sydney, along with his two maiden sisters, Katherine and Minnie. The father of this family was elected to the House of Commons in the new-born Confederate Government of Canada at the age of thirty-five, and served as one of "the Old Guard" of Sir John A. MacDonald until 1881. In 1884 he was made a member of the Senate. He died in Glace Bay, July 4, 1916.

Young William MacDonald followed his father to St. France Xavier University, and after graduation began a financial career which eventually brought him a fair-sized fortune. Thus he was able to indulge his two-fold hobby, book-collecting and gardening. The joy he found in the garden during the summer months was transmuted during the winter to his delight in books. From 1951 until a few months before his death on September 21, 1959, the Mount library occupied most of his thoughts. He never relaxed in his self-imposed task of selecting, packing, and shipping cartons of books, accompanying each allotment with a sheaf of type-written notes which describe in detail each volume, sometimes

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noting the price of a choice item, and here and there adding a shrewd comment. These notes are contained in four volumes of loose-leaf books, which, until the cataloging is done, constitute the sole source of information as to the nature and the value of the treasures this collection contains. The items are set down in alphabetical order according to author, and exact information is given. The total number of entries, starting with January 28, 1951, is 13,803. Of these, First Editions number 2,873.

William MacDonald's letters reveal a man clear-headed, systematic, busy, rangy, unprofound perhaps in abstract ideas, but keen, witty, with a dry humor full of crochets. His collection is a mixed bag, some items of mere passing interest, many of rare value, with occasional duplicates. The whole assembly indicates a man of imagination and cultivated, if not sophisticated, taste. He had a typically Celtic penchant for the dreamy, the romantic. The weird and the occult attracted him; tales of fairies, goblins, and ghosts he found irresistible. The Arabian Nights in various editions and translations with exquisite illustrations was a favorite buy. Fairy Tales of various ethnic origin, often beautifully illustrated, form another group. "Queer Books" about queer people, – gamblers, thieves, and men and women of fantastic tastes and reputation he sprinkled among the serious tomes, with what one might suspect was a mischievous grin. The proportion of Scottish writers indicates a partiality for his "ain folk," with Bobbie Burns leading in numerous editions (notably the Kilmarnock) and Sir Walter Scott a close second. James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd" trails after them, and of course, Robert Louis Stevenson holds an honored place.

The English Romantics also find generous space, particularly Coleridge, De Quincey and Shelley; and in striking contrast there are the eighteenth century poets and novelists, with heavy emphasis on the journalists, – Defoe, Pepys, John Evelym and above all, Boswell and Sam Johnson. Lovers of the Age of Reason will delight in these rare editions of rare old writers. The seventeenth century, too, is well represented, with John Donne, George Herbert, Robert Herrick, and Andrew Marvel. Apart from an illustrated "Paradise Lost", Milton does not figure largely; nor does Shakespeare, except for the splendid "limited" editions of individual plays by famous illustrators.

The nineteenth century writers form a considerable array. Among the treasures of the Victorian period are some original editions of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, in their paper-back magazine form. Late nineteenth century writers occupy a place apart. There are first editions of Hardy and a splendid collection of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley. The Yellow Book, too, in its original form and all its volumes, is found here. The moderns also have their place: Conrad, Masefield, Galsworthy, Drinkwater, Walter de la Mare, in complete editions. Then there are the less known but delightful authors: W. H. Hudson, Maurice Hewlett, George Gissing, and others, coming down to D. H. Lawrence and the Sitwells and T. S. Eliot.

An item that attracts the visitor is the array of rare bindings, private presses, autographed copies of limited editions by celebrated illustrators. This section is probably the most expensive part of the collection. Here are volumes that delight the connoisseur, enriched by the hands of such artists as Arthur Rackham, Willy Pogany, Edmund Dulac, Hugh Thompson, Eric Gill, and other famous illustrators. Limited editions from private presses bear such names as Chiswick, Nonsuch, Dropmore, Aldine, Hogarth, Kelmscott, from England; Cuala from Ireland, and others from France and Italy.

Another striking feature is found in the examples of book-binding at its

finest, in such volumes as a green, hand-tooled morocco binding of a two-volume edition of *The Compleat Angler,* and another of *Alice in Wonderland.* In the collection, too, are samples of famous book-binders, such as Sangorsky and Sutcliffe.

The curiosity of the visitor is likewise excited by the collection of fifty-six fore-edge paintings, which exhibit a lost art. When viewed in a normal position these volumes show a gilt edge which appears slightly discolored. The surprise comes when the leaves are spread and a delicately wrought paintings appears of an English or Scottish scene. Several of these volumes have a double fore-edge painting; that is, the leaves turned in the opposite direction reveal a second painting. The books which carry these "tricks" are themselves, as a rule, of no special value (excepting one tiny First Edition of *Rasselas).* Since the art of fore-edge painting seems to have disappeared, these volumes should increase in value as time passes.

Among the most useful items is the collection of books on art and the history of painting, large tomes filled with magnificent illustrations. For the horticulturist there are books on gardening, and for lovers of the sea books on ships.

A price-tag has never been affixed to the MacDonald Collection. Many have wandered past its shelves and a few have browsed through some of the volumes, and could only guess wildly at its value. Many items, moreover, are still hidden away in the stacks. It will be the task of a skilled cataloger to set the whole in order. When this job is finished these treasures will be available to scholars and students. As to market value, book lovers can only shrug off the question and ask -How do you price a unique book with a "hidden picture" or which bears the name-plate of some once illustrious bookman now forgotten?

Over My Shoulder

by Helen Champion Waugh.

September, 1907. My arrival at Mount St. Vincent Academy was pure adventure. Surprises were the order of the day from the moment my mother left me and the huge front door closed behind her.

Having had my early schooling as a boarder in a French convent, where the nuns swished along silently and solemnly in graceful black habits with white coifs, sweeping veils and clicking rosaries, I was now faced with cheerful friendly women in the very worst looking clothes I had ever seen. Heavy black skirts of immense yardage, black capes, a crucifix somewhere, and odd black oilcloth bonnets with a stiff bow under the chin. Later, it was explained to me that the order was founded by the saintly looking woman, Mother Elizabeth Ann Seton, whose portrait hung in the entrance hall. She wore the same costume. When I read the life of Mother Seton I realized how little the outfit mattered. It was what she did and what the Sisters of Charity have done in the years since Mother Seton's time that have made the Order one of the most respected of all religious educational communities in Canada.

Our day commenced at 5:30 a.m., ended at 8 p.m. Lights out at 9 p.m. when the De Profundis bell was rung from one of the towers and our sleepy voices responded to the Psalm, "Out of the depths, O Lord," Discipline was strict. Lines must be straight, students used one staircase, the sisters the opposite one. Silence in all corridors except during recreation hours. The heaviest penance imposed on any pupil, (and it was only for a major offence), was having to attend Father MacIsaac's Mass. The dear old man was spending his last years at the Mount. He said his Mass daily but it took not less than two and one-half hours, so the attending pupil had ample time for reflection.

The honor system was impressive. Every evening we gathered in the old recreation hall where each girl was called by name to report her misdeeds of the day. You failed either in order, obedience or politeness, or you stood up and said smugly, "I have complete, Sister." That meant you had had a perfectly harmless day, no doubt a dull one! The result of this evening session was solidified on Sunday mornings at an ordeal known as Prime. The school was assembled in front of Mother General and the teaching staff. Your weekly misdemeanors were indicated by a little white card which you accepted meekly, then backed up to your seat. No one ever turned their back on Mother General. The faculty gave out marks of scholastic progress, not nearly so humiliating as that nasty little card.

Senior division classes were in the charge of Sister Aquinas and Sister de Chantal who must have ranked as two of the finest teachers of their day. What you learned from them stayed with you. They knew how to make the student enjoy the subject, and by enjoying, remember. There were medals to be competed for in all sections. Competition was keen; a tribute to the interest we all had in making the most of our education.

Learning was not confined to the pages of a book. The practical side was equally stressed. Astronomy took us up to St. Joseph's mount on starry nights where the old telescope was set up and the whole sky was ours. Anatomy, in its most unglamorous form, was taught by the dissection of dead cats, frogs or whatever, in one of our classrooms. Girls fainted like ladies, but most of us stood up to the gory business. Marine biology was not on the school curriculum, but we called it that when we had expeditions to the shore to collect periwinkles which were boiled for us in the pharmacy kitchen. We fished them out of their shells with long hatpins and ate them. Result, indigestion! Botany took us to the greenhouses where Sister Domitilla ruled the roost. She was an immense woman, close to 300 pounds which necessitated that she go sideways through the door. Willie, her slave, a lad of sixteen or so, carried the flats, pushed the wheelbarrow and often gave cheeky answers. Sister Domitilla handled her plants and seedlings with the touch of an artist. Her results were seen in the corridors of the school and especially in the Chapel.

Sports were important. No matter what the game, baseball, basketball, tennis, skating or hockey, one of the Sisters played it with us. Their voluminous skirts hitched up, they would work as hard as we did and they took their bumps and falls like the rest of us. Sister Blanche, the disciplinarian, had a tennis serve that left us gasping. The gym teacher could whip a fencing foil out of your hand when you were sure you had her "touché".

Bedford Basin was a quiet spot in those early days. The potato boat would arrive in the early autumn with the season's supply for the school. There was one memorable day when the whole Canadian Navy, in the form of HMS. Niobe, No. I steamed up to the ramshackle dock. Handsome male creatures in spruce naval uniforms came up to give us a dissertation on flag signals.

I never saw the Basin when it was filled with ships in convoy ready for trips across the Atlantic. Three of our sons were there. The fourth one, too young for war, got himself a summer job in Halifax. On his week-ends he would go out to the Mount to have tea with dear Sister Maura. The school never went out of my life, although I never had any daughters to send there. My years at the Mount remain among my happiest memories. It is my fondest hope that the university will not lose the human touch that was so strongly felt within the walls of the old Academy.

Not only "To Minister to the Sick"

By Jo Brazel, Student

Let us stop for a moment to take a closer look at our health care system and at the people involved in it. What parts do all these people play when we are required to enter the system? We are all familiar with the doctor and the nurse, as well as the physiotherapist, the social worker and the lab technician. But let us focus on one member of this team who is very vital and who often is sterotyped. This person is the nurse.

What is a nurse and what is nursing anyway? Nurses traditionally are seen as modern Florence Nightingales whose job primarily is "to minister to the sick". This, however, is only a very small part of their duties in our modern changing society. It is one hundred and twenty years since Florence Nightingale was coined "Lady of the Lamp"; nursing has evolved and revolved tremendously since then. Today there are unlimited challenges in nursing; nurses are no longer remaining primarily at the bedside but they are finding positions in the community, in clinics, as occupational nurses, in prisons, in day-centres, as nurse educators and instructors.

Along with a change in role and new career opportunities comes the need and desire for further educational advancement. There are probably few fields that provide as much diverseness as nursing. In Canada we have basically three main programs: two or three year diploma programs either in a hospital or community college leading to a R.N. diploma; Baccalaureate degree programs offered at a university level leading to a B.Sc.N. or B.N. degree; and Master's degree programs at university level leading to M.ScN. or MSN. Very soon a doctoral program in nursing will be available to Canadian nurses. Upon graduation from a diploma or degree program there are innumerable short courses available in such areas as: cardiology, psychiatry, outpost nursing, nurse practitioner, public health, etc.

It is obvious that our concept of the function of a nurse "to minister to the sick" has been shattered by social evolution and change. Nursing now must be viewed as an art and a science. The nurse is not prepared solely to care physically for a patient's body; she can care for the patient as a whole person – body, mind and spirit. She is also concerned about the patient's environment – his social life, his family as well as his community. The nurse is attempting to move with the ever-changing health care system so that she can provide comprehensive yet personalized care.

Compassionate Care for the Dying

By Marilyn Kelly, Instructor of Nursing

Close your eyes, now imagine that you have closed them never to open them again. How do you feel, what are you thinking? Could you really place yourself in the position of the person who is dying, knowing that in the near future children will be born, the seasons come and go, and that you will no longer be here to participate in the ordinary joys and hopes of life – the striving of each person to fulfill a unique place in mankind's history.

Life! What does it mean to you, to me, to the student, and to the person possibly dying alone in a hospital bed isolated from loved ones. The family may feel relieved he is being cared for by professional staff and that "everything possible is being done", but what is the perception of the patient, and the student, in accepting this human situation – the aspects of pain, suffering, and death, by which both are confronted.

The person dying is, in a sense, facing the same situation as the person who has lost a loved object. He may express feelings of hostility, resentment and guilt – thinking he is a failure, gradually withdrawing from the daily patterns of life that were meaningful, to reflect more and more about the past trying to resolve what his life has been, and has meant to himself and others.

This person must be allowed and assisted to work through a process of adaptation, to face and accept the reality of his situation. Dying means dependence upon others for care which can be very threatening to his concept of self; but as he moves towards adaptation he is able to accept this, provided he is assured of the nurse's availability, competence, and concern for him as an individual. She is the person who can accept his feelings, supporting and guiding him to a state of resolution aware of his specific needs throughout the different stages of his illness, meeting those needs with professional competence and compassion.

Advanced scientific and technological changes have greatly influenced modern man's perception of death. Because we have been shielded from facing the reality of death, we are unprepared to cope with one of the most poignant experiences of our life. And what of the students in health and helping professions who are being educated to care for the dying patient? Tension is experienced between varying degrees of identification with the patient, – but the student must come to experience empathic suffering, and realize the need to learn professional skills that will teach them how to care with compassion.

The students of the Dalhousie-Mount Saint Vincent University Schools of Nursing and others in the paramedical health field share many learning experiences which assist them to reflect on their own feelings, concerns, and fears relating to death, as they are confronted by patients experiencing varying degrees of suffering and crisis. Only as they come to terms with their own feelings will they be able to develop increased self awareness and thus relate with their patients trustingly, personally and professionally. Compassion involves a spiritual dimension in a personal relationship, it cannot be taught from a theoretical concept. The instructor must live what she hopes the student will become. She must be concerned, loving, and emphatic in her relationships with patients, families, and also the student, who, experiencing qualities of compassion in professionalism, can become that person to the dying patient.

The professional person who is open, supportive, caring, can respect and cherish the personal uniqueness of the patient confirming him in his human dignity as worthy of utmost concern, and thus provide a dimension of compassion in the shared experience of their relationship which is life-giving in spite of the process of death.

Each of us is seeking to express our uniqueness, to fulfill the potentialities of being human. In that process we make choices that reflect a special dimension of our selves and in the varying phases of illness these choices are revealed. A man may be no longer able to control his external or internal environment but he can choose his own attitude towards death, accepting and affirming life and death, or denying both in his unique way.

The relationship developed with the caring member of the staff will also help prepare the dying person to emerge from feelings of guilt, denial, resentment, bitterness, and hostility to an attitude of acceptance. He can find hope and meaning in all that has been experienced and all that will be, and come finally to a deep appreciation of what it means to be human. Thus he can become aware that in his death he is actually fulfilling a part of the history of mankind.

A FABLE

By Betty-Ann Lloyd – Student

It was wintertime and all the magic of ice-blue living surrounded Freddy. Four-year-old-Freddy was remembering this winter – the first winter he would ever remember. Four-year-old-Freddy was waiting for his first-remembered Christmas.

"A special present," his mom had said.

"A present for a growing boy," his dad had said.

This Christmas he would receive his first-remembered Christmas present: a finger-paint set like Susan's or maybe building blocks like John's or a tricycle? What was a present for a growing boy? "A young man" was what his mom had said. Christmas came and four-year-old-Freddy stayed awake all night thinking about this grand present.

"I'm going to get a young man's present," he had told his friends.

His mom woke him Christmas morning (she didn't even know he had never gone to sleep!) and he ran downstairs. Under the Tree were piles of presents.

"All right," his dad said, "here it is."

And four-year-old-Freddy was given a box that filled his arms – a present he quickly began to open. There were so many pieces! First a round peg, then a square peg, then a triangle peg, then a star-shaped peg, then a diamond peg. Finally there was a peg that swirled and twisted in his hands. Each of these smooth, glossy pegs Freddy touched, arranged on the floor – building more and more shapes.

"Stop!! there's more!!"

"More?" thought Freedy and he dug down deep and he found a board with holes. Holes just like the pegs, only empty. Then a hammer.

Four-year-old-Freddy kissed his mom and hugged his dad and sat down arranging the pegs in all sorts of funny ways. It was fun! He had never seen so many shapes.

"Stop!!"

"Young man," said his dad, "don't you know how to play with your peg-board?"

Peg-board! That's what it's called! "Yes, I really like it", said Freddy" I am playing with it."

"That's not the way to play with it."

"Oh."

"Here," said his mom, "I'll show you." She took the hammer, and the smooth, round peg, and she pulled the board between them, and she lifted the hammer and HIT the round peg in the empty round hole – which was full now.

Freddy jumped.

"You see," said his mom, "you put the pegs in the hole that they belong in. You do it."

Now, Freddy didn't really want to hit his pegs – so he took the diamond-shaped peg and squeezed it into the square hole.

"Stop!! a diamond isn't square."

"Oh!"

Well, finally, Freddy's mom and Freddy's dad taught him how to play with his peg-board, and, finally, Freddy decided it was fun hammering the pegs into their proper holes and then jabbing them out again. In fact, Freddy decided that everything really must have some emptiness to fill up somewhere, so everything he saw he kept until he found the space for it.

One day, Freddy was getting dressed all by himself when he looked in the mirror. "Hey," he said, "I wonder where my emptiness is. I bet there's a hole that I can fill up." So, all day and all week and all month and all year Freddy looked for a hole that he could fill up. And, you know, eventually he found one.

Christmas
is the reality
of a new-born Child,
loved and wanted,
despite poverty and inconvenience.

May some of the joy, peace, and
wisdom this child brought to the
world be yours this Christmas.

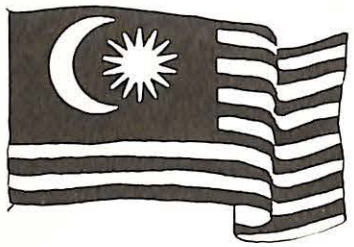
Sister Catherine

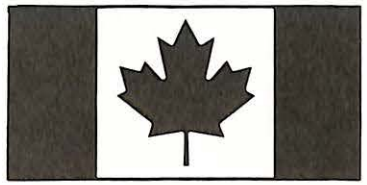
Linda Hoey and Carolyn
Registration, 1973

Photo by Robert Calnen

The amount ordinarily spent for greeting cards will be used "pro-life" – to help some child be born loved and wanted.

A Malyasian Looks at Canada





By Lai Leen Chew, Student

I was graduated from Sultan Abdul Hamid College in Malaysia in November, 1972, and this is my first year at the Mount. I arrived at Halifax in July, 1973, after a long and tiring trip which took me to London and then to Halifax. It was my first experience of travelling so far away from home to a place of which I only had a reading knowledge.

I am from the state of Kedah, north Malaysia, which is the "rice bowl" of my country; I lived in Malaysia until I came to university in Canada. Malaysia is an equatorial country where the average temperature is about 88° F during the hot season and about 84° F during the rainy season. The four seasons are not experienced and this coming winter will bring my first exciting experience of seeing real snow.

Malaysia has a population of Indians, Malays, Chinese and other races. Malays and Chinese are predominant in this country of approximately eleven and one-half million people. Formerly English was the national language but now it is Malay. I'm sure this language is not known to many people in the West. I was educated in a convent until high school, so luckily I do not have any language problems communicating with the Canadians. In the convent, discipline was most important with emphasis upon neatness, good behavior, and morality. I am glad I was educated in the convent, for I learned to be well disciplined as well as independent.

I find Canadians to be more open in almost every respect than Malaysians, who are generally more conservative. The people in Halifax are as friendly as the Malaysians but the majority of Canadians are more sociable than the people of Malaysia. I have noticed that the people here are more refined. I attribute this to the compulsory primary education. In Malaysia, primary education is not compulsory; therefore one can still find a certain percentage of rural people who are illiterate. However, the Malaysian government is looking into the problem of illiteracy.

I was surprised to see that Halifax is thinly populated and that the buildings are mainly one-storey houses. The wooden houses are also situated quite far apart. In Malaysia, houses are mainly built from bricks and are double-storied buildings. In the bigger towns and cities, offices, department buildings, and research centres are at least five stories high. Hotels are now even twelve stories high.

Malaysia is well noted for its rice and rubber production, coconuts, maize and pineapple canning industries. In the state where I came from, if you travel out of town during the padiharvesting season,

the country-side is filled with uniform long stalks of yellow padi grains waving with the gentle breeze. During the planting season, however, it's all green with clear crystal water flooding the fields. It makes a beautifully composed picture during sunrise and sunset with the golden reflections of the sun on the

water. Travelling anywhere in Malaysia, you will observe the neat rows of rubber trees along the roads and highways. In other parts of Malaysia, coconut trees are predominant. The trees are about 40 feet tall filled with fresh green coconuts. We have pineapples, papayas, bananas, guava, jackfruit, watermelon, durians, rambutans, langsats, margos and a large number of other fresh fruits. In Nova Scotia, I find that there is a limited variety of fruits. I do enjoy the apples here, because they are crisp and juicy. In Malaysia, imported apples are already a little soft by the time they are eaten. In geography I learned that Halifax is a fishing port. Since it is situated near the Grand Banks, I expected plenty of fresh fish. To my surprise, I find that fish here is expensive and there is not as wide a variety of seafood as there is in Malaysia.

Since I came from a multi-racial country, I have witnessed a great variety of customs and traditions. Different races celebrate their New Year at different times of the year, and so we have many festivals. To the Chinese children, New Year is the best time as they will receive "ang pows" or red packets containing money from their parents, elders, and relatives. Christmas is also celebrated in Malaysia but there is no snow to accompany it, so I am really eager to see how Canadians celebrate their festivals and especially Christmas about which I have heard so much.

Universities in both countries are big and beautiful. The professors are equally helpful and considerate too. Students here seem to be more relaxed though some are absolutely serious. Malaysian students are, on the whole, more serious but that may be due to the pressure that is put on them. As a foreign student, I find the work here more evenly distributed though, at times, very pressing.

Long hair, I presume, is allowed in Canada. In Malaysia, the government is very strict on this point and many male students with long hair have been punished when attending schools. However, many university students are still fighting for this freedom of keeping long hair.

Socially speaking, the boy-girl relationship here is freer than in Malaysia where society is such that if a boy and a girl were to go out together, people would assume that they were either engaged or at least had quite a definite understanding with each other. The younger Malaysian generation is gradually trying to prove that this is an old-fashioned way of thinking. Interestingly, there is also another part of the younger age group that still hold to the old attitude.

As I understand, Canada is a young country, with many potentials for further development. My main interest lies in my studies; however, apart from that, I like meeting people of other nationalities and observing their way of life.

Remember when?

winter, 1955

Student Newspaper

By Laura Purdy, Editor "Picaro"

Anyone taking a long hard look at student journalists can and does find a good deal to criticize; our grammar is not always the best, our spelling is frequently innovative and our facts are occasionally incorrect. However, despite all these faults the student journalist has one important, redeeming quality; he or she is an involved student, and considering the wide spread student apathy of the day, that is quite an accomplishment.

The student journalists on the PICARO staff are also hard working, unpaid volunteers who are willing to give up their personal time to inform their fellow students. The twelve or sixteen pages published every second week are the result of many hours of plain hard work on the part of PICARO staff.

The paper starts to take shape at the Wednesday night staff meetings held after every Tuesday edition of the PICARO. After taking care of any details involved in running a newspaper office, the staff gets down to business, the paper. First we go through the most recent edition of the PICARO noting technical, grammatical and factual mistakes. Staff then discusses how we can best avoid making the same mistakes in future issues, and ways in which we can improve the quality of the PICARO.

After discussion on the past issue has been completed, staff decides what is taking place on or off campus that might be of interest to the student constituents. When staff has decided on a number of news, feature, and entertainment articles that are of interest, individual staff members then accept responsibility to write up particular articles for the next edition of the PICARO. There is, however, more involved than merely sitting down and writing a story.

Except for a few articles known as fillers, each story requires a good deal of work. To complete one article, the writer will probably have to interview a minimum of three people about pertinent details and spend time checking times, dates, places, and people. This procedure will hopefully, insure that the staff writer has a complete and factual background in the subject matter.

When all the facts have been collected and the interviewing is complete, the writer organizes the facts and insights he or she has uncovered into an article that will be printed in the PICARO. The majority of stories which appear in the paper are due a week from the Wednesday staff meeting, which means that the student journalist has seven days to research and write any single article. Frequently, there are stories which come to notice after the Wednesday deadline and these articles may be researched and written as late as the Saturday before the Sunday afternoon printer's deadline.

However, writing articles is only half the work that goes into each PICARO. When an article is completed, it must then be edited for factual content, grammar, and spelling. The style of writing is left up to the individual staffer. When an article has been edited to the satisfaction of the writer and the editor, it is then ready to be typed in columns. The typed columns are referred to as copy, and PICARO types all its own copy.

Irene Chamberlain

Picaro editor, Laura Purdy, is shown discussing the student newspaper's next edition with staff member, Paul Zwicker.

The PICARO is printed by the offset method and every page must be camera ready when it reaches the printer. To insure that each page is camera ready, PICARO staff devote approximately 25-30 hours per issue to laying out copy; fitting copy into a 9½" X 15" page; letrasetting heads; and proof reading the finished pages. Altogether this adds up to a good number of working hours.

Why are students willing to give up time and put so much energy into the student newspaper? Each staff member will, of course, have his or her personal reasons, but there is a single reason common to all – accomplishment. Staff members are given concrete evidence of what they are capable of achieving with every edition of the PICARO. The paper is an actual, physical proof of their own personal abilities and potential.

Current Issues in Political Science

by Robert Vaison, Assistant Professor of Political Studies

It is sometimes said that nothing is really new in human wisdom. As regards the study of government and politics, there is truth as well as a misleading quality to this statement.

First its element of truth. Students of government from the classical Greeks down to our time have all wrestled with many of the same vital issues: Who should rule? Are class divisions immutable? Are they indeed a good thing? Can we plan in equitable and practical ways for future developments? Is justice best realized through force, or via social morality, or again by recognition by the community of some pre-ordained natural order? Whether we study America under Nixon and monopoly capitalism, Germany under Hitler and racist nazism or China shaped by Mao's brand of personalized communism, the same basic issues have a way of cropping up. And so they should. Men and women still seek the best public solution for their particular circumstances. They still disagree with the choice of others.

As students of government and political policies we analyse and we judge. Comprehension of what we see is more and more possible with accumulated knowledge as long as judging is recognized as precisely that. To understand is not to judge – though it should be a prerequisite. Thus most Canadians are really unable to judge events in contemporary China owing to a lack of clear understanding and honest anlaysis upon which to base judgment. It befalls students of politics to acquire and present such a basis. For such students continue a very long tradition, a tradition encompassing both knowledge and assessment. Which of the latter should weigh more heavily remains an issue in political studies – much as it did when Aristotle countered Plato.

So there abides an underlying truth in our opening observation: human wisdom in matters political and otherwise cannot but build on inherited insight. It is the responsibility of each generation to recognize this and to apply accumulated learning to existing reality. Marx and Machiavelli are much more than mere entries in a chronology of political thought.

In a more limited sense, though, each discernible period in a discipline's history begins at some starting point. Of course this starting point may only clearly emerge with hindsight: different practitioners of the same disciplinary arts may and often do carry differing conceptions of where their field of endeavour is 'at'. For some today, the study of matters political is happily centered around gathering as much empirical (better yet, quantifiable) data as increasingly sophisticated techniques permit. Such a perception is, in its extent of dominance of the discipline, a mid-twentieth century phenomenon. It has produced and developed hand in hand with a consciously new theoretical framework within which political studies has downgraded what used to be called metaphysical speculation, as well as what should properly be seen as due attention to inherent values and moral/social choice. Aping of the natural sciences has revealed its hazards.

This fundamental issue is as far from definitively laid to rest as it has always been. Recent efforts to initiate a 'new' political science – both in the United States and elsewhere – have found considerable support especially from younger practitioners and students. It has struck responsive chords in those discouraged with an academic world which passively accepts or sometimes quite tangibly assists perpetration of obscenities like the Indochina war.

Because politics concerns man's collective actions, and because such collective actions inevitably favour some at the expense of others, the study of politics will always be characterized by division over questions of methodology and of scope, and by dispute focused on the subjectiveness of research and operative frameworks. Several current issues serve as illustrations. The very nature of democracy, seemingly so instinctive to us all, is such an issue. Virtually all nations describe themselves as democratic: clearly the term means different things to different people. A bit of reflection will show this as not very surprising. The representative capitalist democracy evolved in and for the nations of western Europe and their fragments is not applicable to states in other parts of the globe. Different democracies are carved from different experiences and conditions: does this make one 'the' right one? So also for development and progress that all areas of our spaceship Earth earnestly seek. Clearly our own near-sacrosanct path to political and economic maturity (if we can still call it that) is not on the face of it transferable to states under drastically changed circumstances. Models are built and discarded: the plight of three-quarters of mankind remains unchanged and even worsening. We can only do better when we remove our blinders. But students of politics, in spite of their training and perchance because of it, wear heavy blinders.

Perhaps this brief essay can be summed up as follows: Political studies mirrors the political and cultural situation in which it is found. The accuracy of the reflection of that mirror remains a task which perpetually lies ahead of us. But, broadly speaking, the fact that political studies reflects its cultural and political background was as true of Plato, Machiavelli and Marx as it is for our academically well-ensconced contemporaries. Political studies is concerned with politics, yes; but politics has to do with the accepted values of communities of people and political scientists are, inevitably, full members of one community or another.

Sister Mary Albertus Appointed Mount President

Early in November, Miss Florence Wall, chairman of the Mount Saint Vincent University Board of Governors, announced the appointment of Sister Mary Albertus, Ph.D. as fifth president of the university. The three-year appointment will be effective July 1, 1974.

"In assuming the position of president of Mount Saint Vincent University, Sister Mary Albertus brings with her a wealth of experience in university teaching and administration. Her elections and appointments to committees and other offices, both within and outside the university, attest to the very high regard in which she is held," Miss Wall said.

"A warm welcome awaits Sister Mary Albertus and we look forward to the further contribution which she will make to the university, as she commences her duties as president next July," she continued.

Sister Mary Albertus, who succeeds Sister Catherine Wallace, is a native of Lawrence, Massachusetts, where she received her primary and secondary education. She received her B.A. from Dalhousie University with distinction in English, Latin and French, and then went on to Boston College for her M.A. Sister Mary Albertus earned her Ph.D. in educational psychology at Fordham University in New York City. During 1971-72, she held a post-doctoral fellowship at the University of Florida.

A member of the faculty at Mount Saint Vincent since 1962, Sister Mary

Albertus served as chairman of the Education Department from 1964-1971. Before coming to the Mount, she served as head of the Latin department at St. Patrick's High School. Her experience before teaching in Halifax included assignments in U.S. schools.

During 1972, she participated in an International Comparative Education Seminar under the sponsorship of Dr. Gerald Reed of Kent State University, and visited educational institutions in the U.S.S.R., Bulgaria and Paris.

Sister Mary Albertus holds memberships in the Canadian Society for the Study of Education, the Canadian Education Association, the Canadian College of Teachers, and several American professional associations.

She will continue in her present position as professor in the Department of Education until her appointment becomes effective.

Alumnae Fund Drive and Fall Tea

Wamboldt-Waterfield

Mrs. Alan MacDonald, left, an alumna of Mount Saint Vincent, and Mrs. Max Roulston, a former student of Nova Scotia, artist and potter, Alice Hagen, admire a photograph of Mrs. Hagen which, along with biographical information, was placed near her works in Rosaria Hall following the alumnae fall tea.

Fund officials report a trend towards group donations as the Fund Drive goes into its second year. Toronto Chapter raised extra money at their meetings throughout the year in various ways (a "White Mouse" sale of small odds and ends; a pot-luck supper at which recipes were auctioned) and sent a cheque to the fund. Following a successful five-year reunion held at Seton Academic Center on Sept. 1, the Class of 1968 voted to liquidate their bank account and donated the entire balance of $191. And, the rocking chair pictured is being raffled by The Birch Cove Chapter. The rocking chair raffle is an ambitious project undertaken especially to enable this newest alumnae chapter to make a donation to the Fund Drive. Currently on display in the alumnae office, the chair is Roxton rock maple; has the university crest in Birks sterling affixed to its back, and everyone wants it!

Robert Calnen

On Sunday, October 14, fifty members of the alumnae met in Assisi Hall at a tea held in conjuction with the formal dedication of the art gallery in Rosaria Hall to the late Alice Egan Hagen.

Early in 1966 Alice Hagen, then in her 94th year, selected from her collection what she considered to be the finest examples of her paintings, pottery, glassware, glazes and lustres and presented them to her school. As a consequence, Mount Saint Vincent University has one of the most complete exhibits of the work of this internationally recognized artist.

On October 14, Mary Sparling, director of Mount Saint Vincent's art gallery and museum, formally dedicated the Rosaria gallery to this permanent collection. A photograph and biographical sketch of Alice Hagen now hangs in the gallery. Rachel Hagen Dickinson came from Bridgewater for the occasion at which Mrs. Max Roulston, a pupil of Mrs. Hagen's, was the guest speaker.

Following the ceremony, alumnae attended Benediction in the university chapel. Convenor for the event was Annemarie Macdonald of Rockingham.

Spilled Ink

By David B. Roe, Assistant Professor of Education

As Sam Levenson says, if you want a helping hand you'll find one at the end of your arm.

In the first newspaper office in which I worked there hung on the editor's wall a bold faced plaque which read:

IF YOU WOULD AVOID CRITICISM
SAY NOTHING
DO NOTHING
BE NOTHING

Seton Academic Centre was designed in the round to bring us all together, to engender interchange of ideas, at least to exchange normal pleasantries of courtesy. I don't know whether I walk the circle in the wrong direction but I do know that I'm getting fed up with uttering a cherry, "Good morning, beautiful day!", only to

be greeted by averted eyes and an unintelligible grunt begrudgingly given. Do I travel the wrong round, or am I the one who is out of step?

One of the secrets of happiness is learning the art of wanting what you have – not having what you want.

Everyone today seems worked up about the ecology and pollution of air, water, green areas. No one seems to be too disturbed about language pollution. Does abusage become usage and does usage make "anything go"? Typical acceptable example of contemporary small talk: "Jew go?". "Naw, Jew?"

If you your ears would keep from jeers
Five things keep meekly hid;
Myself and I and mine and my
And what "I said and did".

–Anon.

Incidentally, apocryphal as it may seem, I was informed the other day by one of my students that Anon and Ibid are the most prolific authors in literature. The same student asked me if "sic" in a quotation was an editorial comment by the "quoter" or a confession by the "quotee".

Here's an old chestnut to bake in the oven of your mind: Character is what you are; reputation is what others think you are.

Nuisance mail. Gad, it infuriates me. Glossy, high-cost come-ons for shoddy goods I don't want and didn't seek. And all this at a time of high cost and material shortage. The same is true of much of the "inter-office memo" that floats about academic corridors. Surely we could care enough to pile it neatly and call the student re-cycling service. The waste can is not a good enough answer to this mounting problem.

Speaking about re-cycling. Why is it we come up with ingenious ideas about re-cycling to restore to use paper and bottles and beer cans. What about people? Is a person finished and ready for the incinerator at 55? Can't we re-cycle him or her to useful purpose and function?

Teaser: Some of my post baccalauerate students have had problems punctuating this sentence: that that is is that that is not is not. So much for liberal arts or cold science. Can you do any better?

Poser: How many friends can one have?

I'm not anti-American but I am pro-Canadian – and not in a nationalist, jingoistic sense. But I burn when our publicly financed CBC calmly announces, "Our programming tonight will be interrupted to bring you live coverage of President Nixon's address to the nation". Mr. Nixon is not my president and this is not his nation.

In an age when the word "sensitivity" is almost over-worked it seems to me that there is less sensitive human inter-relation than ever before in my adult life. What does it mean to be human?

Let's project – amidst all our problems – happiness. Smile and give your face a holiday!

Campus Personality

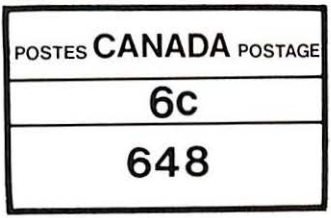
Whether or not one makes a conscious attempt to avoid sterotyping people in given professions, it comes as a surprise to meet Mount Saint Vincent University's comptroller. Such a responsible position requires someone with excellent credentials and experience, and Maureen Lyle fits that need. So her professional background is not the surprise. What stands out is her extroverted, easy approach to her work and her apparent poise in handling every situation.

Maureen Lyle is a native of Australia and completed her schooling there. She studied accountancy and received her certification through the Australian Society of Accountants. Then she began a career that has taken her to England twice, back to Australia once, and finally to Canada. In between she took a year off for travel.

Her rich professional background has included experience in bankruptcy, financial research analysis, auditing and comptrolling with firms of chartered accountants, with stock brokers, and with a property development company.

When she isn't working, Mrs. Lyle might be found sailing, canoeing, skiing, cooking, or reading. She used to enjoy swimming but finds the Nova Scotian water too cold for an Australian. She and her husband also are supporters of the Atlantic Symphony and Neptune Theatre.

Recently Mrs. Lyle's attention has turned to a new interest. This year she and her husband purchased the Sawyer House, a restored historical home that once belonged to Nova Scotia's Uniacke family. Since the Lyles would like to furnish their new home with period Nova Scotia antiques, Mrs. Lyle now attends classes in antiques at the Nova Scotia Museum, and she is beginning the search for pieces that will one-day make her new home a show-place, both inside and out.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