

KAPPA KRONICLE



MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX , NOVA SCOTIA



In Memoriam

PIUS THE ELEVENTH, PONTIFEX MAXIMUS

He loved the heights, the flashing mountain snow;
He loved the stars, the solemn Alpine dawn;
But still his steps by secret path were drawn
Down, down again to haunts of men below:
He loved the world of books; his thought would go
Delving into the ages past and gone,
Lone as a hermit from the world withdrawn
But seeking solace still for human woe:

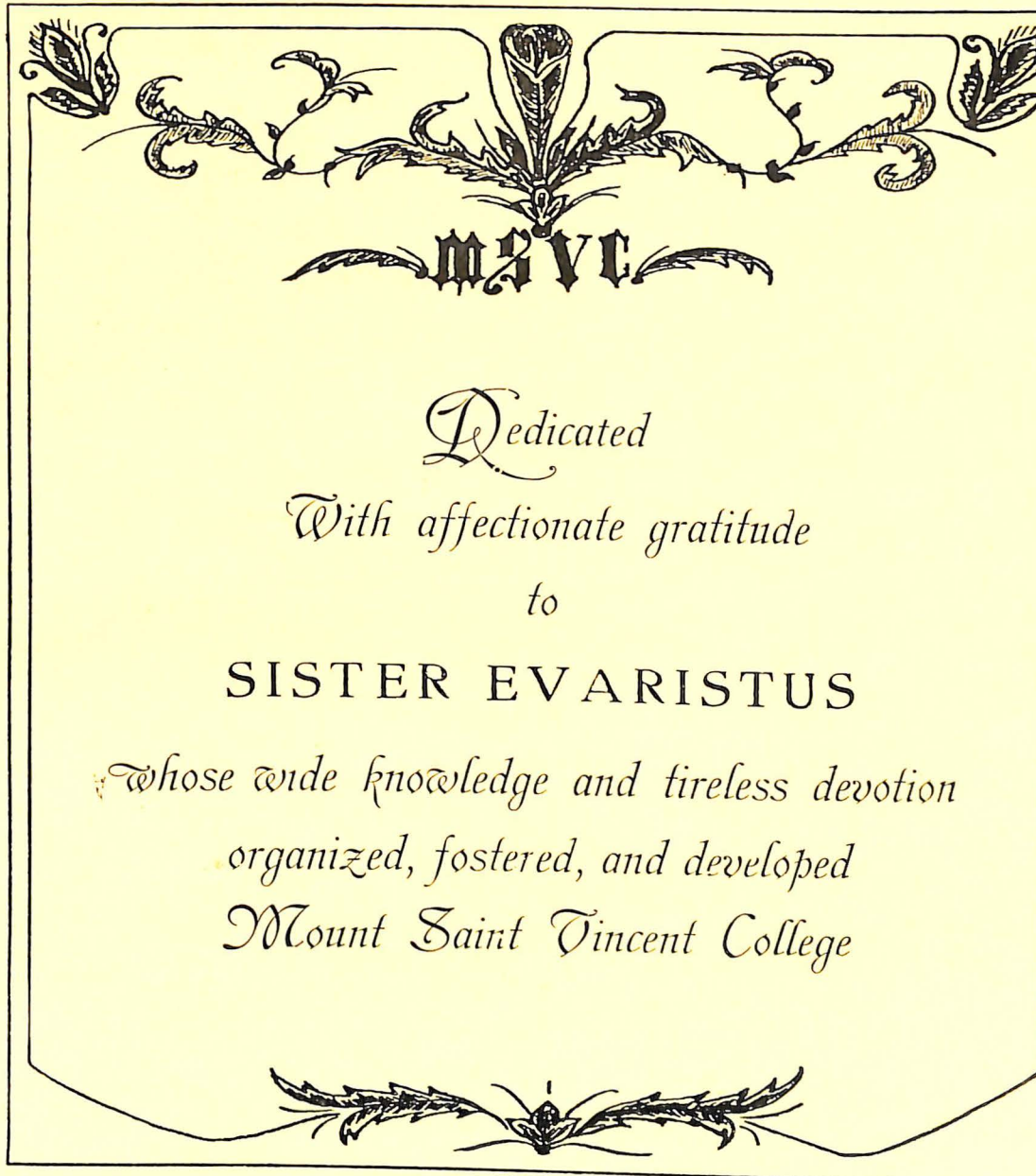
Then on a day God set him on a height
Above the world; no more could he descend;
Christ's Vicar, his to plead, to warn, defend
And lead a blind world towards the dawn's fair light:
O Alpine-souled! thy life has not sufficed;
Christ's peace we crave;—hasten the reign of Christ!



PIUS XII

Peace fell, 'tis said, where Peter's shadow fell,
Where'er he passed, hope did each bosom fill;
Before his shadow fled each human ill,
And joy proclaimed aloud a miracle:
For Peter was Christ's shadow, and 'twas well
With Rome that day, when on its highest hill
He could at last His Master's word fulfill
And conquer from the cross the powers of hell.

Pacelli! thou art Peter's shadow—See!
Before thy feet the sick world helpless lies;
To thee it lifts its agonizing eyes
In mute appeal, for it must turn to thee:
When thou dost bless, all threatening terrors cease;
There falls the Shadow of the Prince of Peace.



MSVC

Dedicated

*With affectionate gratitude
to*

SISTER EVARISTUS

*Whose wide knowledge and tireless devotion
organized, fostered, and developed
Mount Saint Vincent College*



VIEW FROM THE NORTH BALCONY, MOUNT SAINT VINCENT

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

TO THE STUDENTS

At the present time, more than ever before, all nations are particularly interested in youth. And why? Because the youth of today are facing conditions never before, perhaps, experienced in the history of mankind.

This interest is manifested, to a great extent, in the stress laid on preparation for leadership. Unfortunately, many who are advocating and suggesting methods in training in leadership are sadly lacking in the knowledge of the essentials for leadership.

No one can train others for leadership who has not a clear knowledge and right grasp of where they are to lead. All men desire happiness. A leader of men will have to know where to reach happiness. Happiness or completeness of life is defined in the words of Christ: "This is eternal life, to know God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent", for eternal life is but a continuation of this present life. And so, happiness in this present life consists in the knowledge and love of God. To be a true leader, then, one must be well grounded in the knowledge and love of God.

Let us not think that all are not called to leadership. Leaders, in the sense in which the world uses the term, may be the few; but every human being is a leader inasmuch as he influences for good or ill everyone with whom he comes in contact, thus he is leading them to or away from God, true happiness.

The solid groundwork that you are receiving in your Catholic education is the true preparation for your happiness here and hereafter and it furnishes you with the ideals and the means for honest leadership, for Christ, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life", is your Leader.

Sister M. Evaristus

Autographs

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Autographs

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« « C O N T E N T S » »

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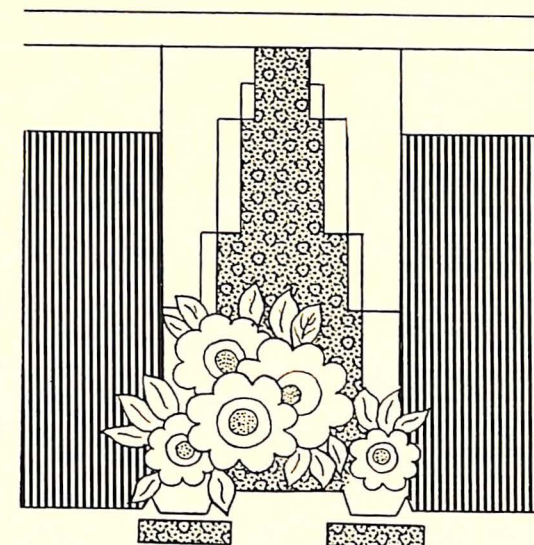
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MARGARET BARRON, '39

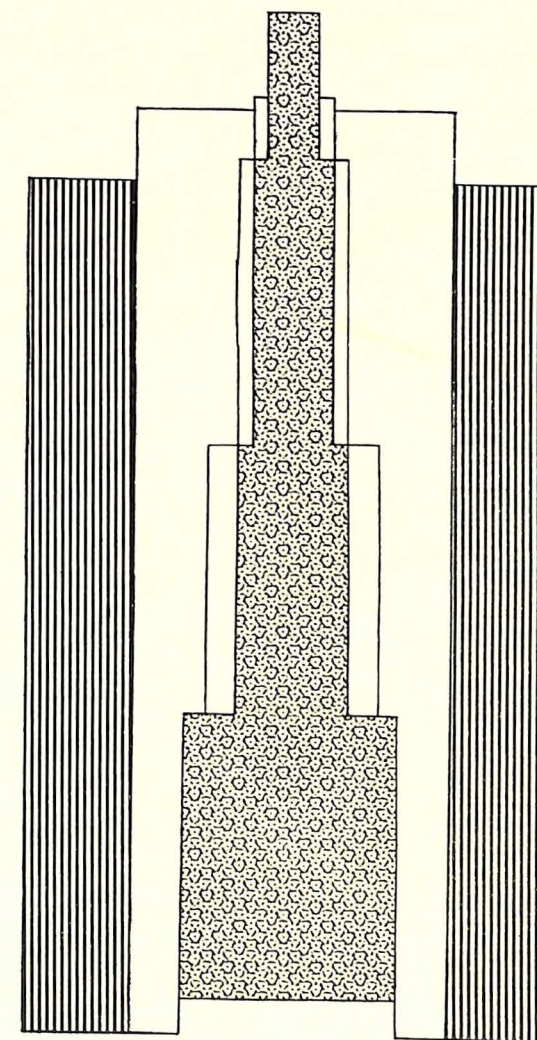
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OUR GRADUATES



A Senior Soliloquizes . . .



HE FRAIL crafts shudder at the uncertainties of a maiden voyage. Will we make port, we wonder. Perhaps — who knows? Only time can tell. Our "dry-dock days" are over.

We have walked the plank now it needs but the bottle-smashing to launch us out into the deep.

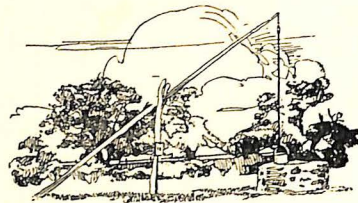
Four years ago, College opened its doors to us. There was much to be learned, we knew: and now, as we bid it farewell, we know just how much. So, to the underclassmen who may be casting green eyes at our hoods we say, "Don't envy a man who is no better off than yourself." We are all freshmen and so will ever be. That's the funny part of this game. The more we get to know, the less we know we know. The thirst is upon us, and as we go along we get thirstier and thirstier. Not even the wine of life will satisfy.

But "say not the struggle naught availeth;" one never knows, does one? In soil beclouded by the darkest ignorance, some seed may be sown, of whose first twitchings we may be unaware until it blossoms in our withered old age. We hope such is the case. It's our last straw!

To those for whom the Senior Year is still afar off, but who will wake up some day to find themselves in our predicament, we leave those few words as attempted-consolation. Moreover, we can truthfully say, in the midst of all our groanings, "we have lived". So do not despair, however the day seem lost. Though we see nothing ahead of us but troubles, the road is not straight: who knows what's around the corner?

Let's live in hope—it's the only way!

AGATHA O'KEEFE, '39



MARGARET BARRON

*"With a heart always right
The head can seldom be far wrong."*

If you should see a group of girls discussing something animatedly, select the one with the loveliest smile and you have, "Marg." Through the rose-tinted glasses of friendship she views the world, her dark hair framing a face alight with fun and good cheer. Where does she come from? Marg sailed right into our hearts all the way from St. John's, Newfoundland, where her last port of call lasted two years at Memorial College.

Although she is very modest, we have had no difficulty in discovering Marg's many talents. On the stage, she runs the whole gamut from the deepest pathos to lightest frivolity with equal grace; at the piano she does nobly and her lovely alto has rung clearly forth in many choruses. Marg is an all-round athlete, which is shown by her "presidenting" the A. A. A. Then, besides, she is the Assistant Prefect of the Sodality and an active member of the Sociology and Science clubs.

The possessor of a strong, winning personality, Marg is happy and most sociable, taking life as she meets it, and ignoring with her endearing gamin smile, the few rough spots.

And now, after two eventful years, she is again embarking on the seas of life. Fortunate, indeed, is her next port! Bon voyage, Marg.



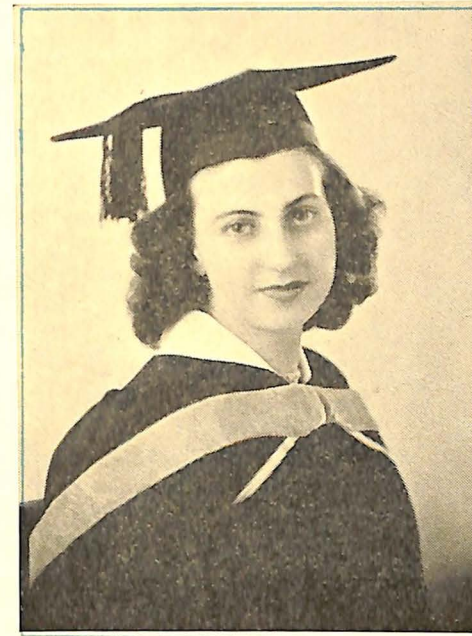
MURIEL BARTHOLOMAY

*"I own no stitch I would not give
To her who asked me to."*

On that momentous autumn day, four years ago, when Muriel first came to our Mount, we beheld a very attractive miss whose facial expression spoke volumes. As we became better acquainted with this happy maiden, we were strengthened in our first impression of her vivacious disposition.

Muriel has charmed us often with that unique "Dawchestah" dialect, and delighted us, too, with her comparisons of Halifax and Boston, where apparently there are many "goings-on". Perhaps her fondness for the sea and all that goes with it, was first awakened by her yearly journeyings to us.

Her natural vivacity is equalled by her generosity in sharing the little joys and disappointments of her companions. This virtue shows itself particularly in her willingness to act as "college hairdresser". Muriel is one of our promising young journalists, whose accounts of the Mount social activities have frequently graced the daily papers. As Social Editor of the College, she is kept more than busy with "catching us in the act" for the Kappa column. Au revoir, Muriel, and may you find life as pleasant and friendly as you have always made it for your classmates.



JULIA MIRIAM CAHILL

*"For she was just the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."*

"Judy" is five feet of pure sweetness. Seldom could you find a girl to have all the qualities "Grandmother had" and still be a ready playfellow. She is the essence of charming reserve and sweet femininity.

Judy is a model student as well. During her four years with us she has worked silently, willingly and faithfully and has displayed not a little talent in the secretarial field. Evidently the work has a fascination for her—or is it her native spontaneity? Is there typing to be done? Judy would "love to do it."

But Judy has a certain weakness—of course, we all have. Still we must not complain, because hers is delightful—chocolate Mondaes! Judy loves them so that the most natural week-end route leads to the ice-cream parlor.

"Hers is a delicate company"—touched neither by selfish ambition nor indolence. "Rather the company of finely wrought vignettes strung on the skin of friendship, whose links are few, but whose wealth of brilliance hold the clear tone of value weighed and fortunes acquired."



ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

*"For though she be but little,
she is—wise."*

"Liz" is one of the Thirty-Nine's best students. If you crave information on matters mundane, just ask "Liz"—she is an unfailing prophet of the doings of the powers that be, and her keen interest in the rest of mankind, has brought her the leadership of the Current Events circle.

However, her interests are not confined to the mundane sphere, for as Prefect of the Sodality she has shown great devotion to Our Lady, and has carried it through a successful year. Liz whiles away those leisure moments with attendance at practically every school club—and her attendance is no passive one. In addition to her Sociology duties, she has the delightful weekly Philosophy discussion at Phi Delta Phi, of which she is Secretary. For philosophical arguments are where Liz shines. And we have a secret suspicion that she has a hero—none other than Socrates himself!

Elizabeth has never said much about her aspirations, but we are certain that they will be worthy of her, even though she does not over-emphasize them with public speeches.



MARGARET DALY

*"Mistress of herself
Tho' China fall."*

The Maine contribution to this year's class is "Peggy"! "Peg" is her informal title—perhaps that name, with its Celtic associations, its suggestion of varying moods, comes nearest to expressing the mingled humor and seriousness which make up her nature.

Peg's ability to hold her point in an argument, brings us to one of her most formidable principles, "Never do anything which has not point". She is one that may be relied upon to do just what Peg thinks is right—not what others may think it right for her to do. And, furthermore, she'll do it when . . . !

An interesting book, a comfortable chair, a good light, and Peg's happiness is secure. A voracious reader, she was chosen as Chairman of the Literary Committee, and has done her duty nobly. Likewise she has shown herself a potential missionary by her activity in the Mission Club.

The spirit of the "Yet-to-be" has not revealed the course of Peg's post-graduate journeyings—but wherever they take you, our best wishes go with you, Peg!



ANNA MACDONALD

*"A certain miracle of symmetry, a miniature of loveliness,
All grace summ'd up and closed in little."*

Anna is little; but a little dynamo, to be sure! And she proves very really that such things are to be found on occasion—these days.

Like a cheery bird she flies daily into our midst, early, on time, or late, as the case may be, from Halifax, spreading happiness. This fair-haired lass is a surprise package, for not only is she a bright and gay individual, but can certainly make us green with envy when her marks go up.

Always eager to lend a helping hand, Anna has been an asset to our A. A. A., and a diligent member of the Sociology Club. Besides, she has a very full program outside—and we know only half of it, because Anna is a day-hop.

Anna and her Arts degree will fly far. Happy landing!



GENEVIEVE MACMAHON

*"Begone dull care, thou and I
Shall never agree."*

There is Jennie and Jennie! And for those who want to prove that there is such a thing as a dual personality—well, they have Jennie. She is a good student as students go—and after that! Well, there is another Jennie, as light-hearted and frivolous as any we have yet seen. Seeing visions and dreaming dreams! With her mind on anything but text-books.

Perhaps, the ease with which Jennie the first becomes Jennie the second, is the result of her dramatic ability, which she has in abundance. And then life is a stage! Or mayhap she is trying to interpret one or other of the Chesterton paradoxes, for which she has a distinct preference.

Following in the wake of G. K., Jennie has cast her lot with the journalists, and at the rate she is going now, it will not be long before the Writers' Club will claim great things of its President. Then, too, she lends herself to the Sociology group and the Mission activities with equal zest. And now, is she versatile?



MAGDALENE MORRISSEY

*"A name far sounded among men
For noble deeds."*

It has been said that time will finally reveal one's faults. Here is an exception. For in the two years that Magdalene has been with us, she has proved that she is still as sympathetic, generous and sincere as we first thought her to be. It seems she has kissed the Blarney Stone, this titian-haired lady, and imbibed just enough of its spirit to make her lovable to all.

Somehow or other, we suspect that Magdalene has a magic vial of balm concealed about her person, for never has anyone come to her with a sorry tale, who has left unconsoled!

Throughout the two years, she has been with us, we have seen only the sunny side of Magdalene's nature. When she enters into the spirit of any occasion, she is inevitably found most enthusiastic and altogether untiring. We feel that she will go through life carrying rays of sunshine to corners which perhaps Old Sol has overlooked.

As Magdalene passes through the portals of the Mount, with one accord we say, "Newfoundland, we thank you for Magdalene!"



DOROTHY ANN MURRAY

*"A daughter of the gods divinely tall
And most divinely fair."*

Dorothy's charms and sterling qualities have won for her the reputation of a "regular girl", from her earliest years in the Academy. The passage of the college term has served to confirm this title. Blessed with an all-round even disposition, and a most likeable one at that! Not only is she active as President of the Mission Club, and Editor of the Kappa Weekly, but takes a prominent part in all college activities.

Chosen unanimously as President of the Athletic Club last year—that indicates her ability in such fields. A thorough sportswoman! Her prowess on the basketball floor and in the saddle, and her general excellence in the "gym", are proof of this.

Especially does Dorothy Ann's buoyant gaiety arise when Saturday draws near. There is certainly an added attraction over the week-end, for you see the social side of life must not be neglected! And when dancing is in the offing, Dorothy occupies the foreground. A good time is a golden opportunity—never miss one.

We shall part from you regretfully, Dot, wishing you all the happiness and success in the world. May every day in your life be Saturday for you in the coming years.



AGNES O'DONNELL

*"Good nature and good sense
must ever join."*

Little Agnes! My, how she has grown since Academy days, growing in every way, but especially into the hearts of her classmates.

She is an original member of Phi Delta Phi of philosophic fame, does considerably well on the gym floor, and has displayed not a little ability in "speechifying"! However, in the Commercial Room she finds her favorite haunt, where she has found that a secretary's life can be quite fascinating.

We are somewhat doubtful as to Agnes's plans for the future, but with her tenacity of purpose and her ability to get around difficulties, we know that she will be successful in anything she undertakes. Perhaps if we should stop some day in the near future, we shall find Agnes seated in a private office next to the Beaver Bank burgher; shut in by a door bearing the formidable sign, "Miss Agnes O'Donnell, Private Secretary".



NANCY O'HEARN

*"Let the world slide, let the world go
A fig for care, a fig for woe."*

This is Halifax's contribution to the class of '39. Seven years ago little Nancy came to the Mount—and now, Nancy, still little, prepares to bid adieu to us. It is especially hard to part with such a true and steadfast pioneer.

Dark hair, blue eyes, and a somewhat wistful manner. Yet, carefree, happy-go-lucky, Nancy has taken few things seriously, and has worried about a still smaller amount. Her philosophy of life excludes every suggestion of worry.

Nancy has been an interested member of the Science Club and the A. A. A., but the greatest joys are in the Commercial room. Already she has given evidence of her ability in her chosen career, for she has been a busy Secretary of the Sodality.

Two things are inseparably connected with Nancy's name—good nature and exemptions. She'll do anything for you, just to be obliging; and as to exemptions, oh, well, they're second nature to Nancy.



AGATHA O'KEEFE

"Witty company sharpens the apprehension."

Two years ago, the "Portia" bore a very welcome bundle to the Mount from Newfoundland in our "Agith", and since we met her, she has often amused us with her delightful quips, which always express so well the chance humor of a situation.

Agith's eyes twinkle with each newly-concocted scheme and prank; yet, when on occasion, you find her deep in philosophy books, well, that is another side of this young miss. She belongs to that category of girls who do everything well. She works diligently, and philosophizes more diligently, and plays whole-heartedly. Warm of heart, Agatha holds a very high place in our esteem, although her natural reserve has kept her from achieving the prominence in the classroom that should be hers by virtue of her diligence and intelligence.

Despite the praise Agith has received for her diligence and success, she has stood amongst us as a model of simplicity—simplicity without a shadow of shallowness.

While at the Mount, Agith has never willingly sought the spotlight: we feel certain that in time she will be a shining light in Newfoundland educational circles.



LILLIAN WAGSTAFF

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

Kentville has made only one contribution to the Class of Thirty-Nine, and in that it shows that it recognizes quality over quantity. Just one look into Lillian's blue eyes is enough to give you a suggestion of her personality. It seems to shine in her eyes—the sincerity that is the very keynote of her character, the high ideals she has placed for herself and the fund of real wit that refuses to take life too seriously.

When Lillian first came, we all thought her a quiet, gentle little thing, but we were soon disillusioned when her wit and cleverness came to the fore. And ever since then, her wit has been tried with doing original things at college socials and writing comic sketches, plays, and anything at all.

In between her secretarial studies, which are her fortes, Lillian manages to become acquainted with the culinary arts—you see, she is getting ready for the high teas and big feasts to come! We have no doubt that you will be a most charming hostess, Lillian—first, in the office, then in the home. Always, a fond remembrance of Lillian will be kept in our hearts.



FLORENCE WALL

*"Yearning in desire to follow knowledge,
Like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."*

If you were to ask Florence what made her so neat and serious—well, she could not explain. Florence really can't help being conscientious and earnest, but that does not make her less sympathetic with the jesters amongst us.

It was in her Junior year that Florence came to the Mount, where she has since pursued knowledge five days a week, and proves that learning can be a happiness in itself. Her quiet smile and dreamy eyes bespeak her poetic self. She has responded to the great events of college life with some very fine verse. Her ability has made her an outstanding member of the Writers' Club. Who knows, in time—poet Laureate? As Custodian of Literature she has shown her appreciation of the fine arts.

But Florence is not always drifting in such ethereal regions. She is a very practical young lady, as she has evidenced by the activities going on in the Sociology Club, of which she is President.

Without a doubt, a successful career lies ahead of you, Florence, and our best wishes go with you.



MARY WALL

*"A soul so full of summer warmth,
So glad, so healthy
Sound and clear and whole".*

Need we say more? Although a "day-boarder", and spending only half her time with us, Mary has managed to endear herself to the hearts of all. What Mary cannot do would be hard to enumerate, for she is one of those rare souls who has the knack of doing everything well. You have heard of such people, who plan everything down to the minutest details? We have a living example in Mary. The classics and philosophy? They are merely stepping-stones to her success. Extra-curricular activities? Why, she is into them all. As Treasurer of Phi Delta Phi, she philosophizes as a good Thomist; marks the minutes of the Science Club, and finds enthusiasm for all college socials.

We have been told that a kind heart and a sane philosophy are the requisites for a perfect woman. Mary possesses both. May they prove trusty guides along the path you choose in life!



MADELEINE JONES, B.A.



MARIETTA WALL, B.A.



RITA FAWSON, B.A.

Our Post Graduates

*Eight learned lassies acquired a degree
Five left for fields afar, and now there are three.*

These three representatives of the class of '38, now dignified by the title of Post Graduate, are Madeleine Jones, Rita Fawson and Marietta Wall. Madeleine's sphere is the Music Corridor, as you probably expected all along; and Rita and Marietta are busy with lesson plans, registers, and practise teaching—the trademarks of the Education Department. To be sure, with Madeleine it's mostly a case of "here today, gone tomorrow," since she has been sporting a bee-yew-ti-ful diamond. However, she appears frequently enough to let us know she is still interested in M. S. V. and all its activities. It seems so strange to see someone else presiding at the piano, which had been Madeleine's province for so many years.

Rita and Marietta may generally be found in the Education Classroom, up to their ears in "professional literature." The chesterfield does not see those two very often this year.

Rita, between times, dashes to the Gym for a fast game of badminton, at which she is a crackerjack. She is always a member of the group who enjoy an after-dinner tramp through the woods.

Marietta, sooner or later, appears in the Social Room, lured by the music. Between dances, she listens to the troubles of unfortunate undergraduates, and offers sympathy and advice—with special rates for Freshmen.

It is a strange status, that of a Post Graduate. You partake of the privileges of college life, with none of the accompanying drawbacks. "Don'ts" do not figure into the general scheme of things, and the plottings of Student Council leave you undisturbed. There is a different attitude toward your work. In undergraduate days, you took certain subjects, because they were obligatory, but now your field is a specialized one. You chose your profession because it was the one you liked best. You are enthusiastic and deeply interested in your work, and anxious to try your wings.

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Senior Class History

—in consideration of which, the college of Mount Saint Vincent awards to Margaret Mary Barron, the degree, Bachelor of Arts.

For three years we have heard those solemn, impressive words ring out and have watched with mingled feelings of joy, pride and envy as the graduates of former years rose and stepped forward to receive diplomas and “don their hoods”, the symbols of their achievements and successes during their years in the college.

Even then, Commencement was a great day for us, for although we were unnoticed and unimportant, we reveled in the suspense and the excitement as the long awaited day arrived and we were content merely to bask in the reflected glory of the graduates.

At last, almost too quickly our turn has come—our names are called—as we rise, each one in turn, there comes unconsciously a deep sigh, in spite of our great happiness, a feeling that tells us that perhaps the past, with its troubles that seemed so great at the time, held for us a peculiar happiness that we might never be able to recover again.

Was it only three short years ago that we, as Sophomores, began our college careers? In September 1936, confident, yet curious as to what college would hold for us, we came to the Mount and met Sister Francis de Sales, who was to play a great part in guiding our destinies for the next two years. Julia, Peggie, Meg, Muriel and Jennie, already initiated at the Mount as freshmen took care of us, their new classmates and made us feel “at home”. Dorothy, Nancy, Mary Coady and I who graduated from the Academy were dazed by the newness of everything, and did not know what to expect, especially after we saw on our programmes such subjects as Philosophy I, Apologetics II and Sociology I. How consoling it was though, to be able to show Lillian and Mary Nowlan how to get over to the classrooms and tell Liz that the bell at 10.15 was for gouter.

In not much longer than it takes to tell, we knew everybody and were tried and true members of the “college family”. The year passed gaily along. It brought with it, Dean’s Day, parties, athletics, dramatics, trips to the village and to town, not to mention such things as class marks and mid-years and hours spent writing English themes and learning to appreciate Milton and Shakespeare.

Before we knew it, we were Juniors. Mary Coady had entered; Mary Nowlan and Margaret McDonough were not coming back. Although we lost three, we gained seven new members. Seven new Juniors that we became very proud of; four of them came from Newfoundland, Magdalene,

Margaret, Agatha and Ruth, two were sisters and Walls they were, last but not least, Anna, who soon became famous for her ability to fall asleep anywhere and anytime even in the awe-inspiring Dal classes.

Who will ever forget those Junior meetings held in the Social room, gatherings that were in truth a “feast of soul and a flow of reason”. Plans and ambitions were discussed, Liz outlined her Utopia and Agatha who always “thinks before she speaks” gave her opinions; Mary and Florence showed us their “sisterly” affection in spite of their sometimes heated arguments. Julia and Dorothy were always able to change the subject to lighter veins and Magdalene was ever willing to tell us about her beloved Newfoundland; the rest of us just talked and even Nancy enjoyed herself. How carefree we were that year and how proud of everything we did—the hot dog sale, that was such a success, our class colors and new pins, the coffee party and most of all the prophecy that we composed together and offered to the graduates on Class Day.

Try as we did, it was impossible to be nonchalant as we passed through the corridors in our new jackets. We were just as excited as the Freshmen as we were welcomed by Sister Francis d’Assisi and Sister Carmencita, our new Dean and College Mistress. The date was September 20, 1938—How good it was to be back at the Mount again! Though Sister Francis de Sales no longer had charge of us, we felt that she was present and had a particular interest in us. Now, we were Seniors and had to look after the new girls. That was why we invited the girls to the gym that first Friday night to hear Jennie’s words of advice and see Peggie conduct her elocution class.

In this year of change, October 26 had a new significance, it was now President’s Day. How happy we were that day, when we could give to Sister Evaristus, now our President, our additional offering for the new residence hall. The day was completed by “High Tea” when the graduates proposed the toasts; in the evening, the Seniors and Juniors entertained the underclassmen.

The time passed quickly. The Alumnae banquet, Jennie’s dinner party, our visit to Elizabeth’s and the theatre party, the night St. Mary’s seniors came out when the underclassmen had to sit in the front rows, were certainly red letter days. Then, we were planning for our Christmas party. After Christmas came mid years, the Alumnae dance, the never-to-be-forgotten trip to Antigonish, the Retreat. All too soon we were making plans for graduation . . .

The last name has been called, the applause has died away, and the class of ’39 bids adieu. As we pass through the portals of the Mount, we remember all our happy hours and gay times and remember too, the wonderful example of our loyal and devoted teachers, who have made graduation day possible for us, who have developed and guided our minds and have strived to inculcate in us “The woman’s soul” that “leadeth ever upward and onward”.

AGNES O’DONNELL, ’39

Meditation

I like to walk in the morning sun
And think about life—and what's to be done:
To keep my soul like the morning dew
Sparkling and shining for God to view . . .

I like to stroll 'neath the evening moon
And think about death—(for it may be soon):
Have I lived my part? . . . how do I stand?
Will He pass me by or take my hand?

Although I seem to be dreaming away,
I'm talking things over" with God, day by day.

HOPE WILLARD, '40

"Etcetera"

DID you ever stop to think how insignificant you are? Yes, you. You are only one in a million. Did you notice That Person You Met On The Street? Of course not. You didn't know her, and passed her by, not even conscious of her existence. But, as you are aware of yourself, she is most keenly aware of herself. You are the most important person in the world to yourself. But to how many other people? The truth is sad, but must be faced. The fullness of your importance is not realized by another living person. But you do count, in varying degrees, to many. First of all, you count to your immediate family—father, mother, sisters, brothers; then to your relations—for "blood is thicker than water" any day. You also mean a great deal to your circle of friends, be it wide or small. But beyond that, you are not important.

The same could be applied to That Person You Met On The Street. Did it ever dawn on you that She means more to Herself than she does to another, and more than anyone else does to her. She, in turn, is utterly oblivious of you. The fact that you are considered the prettiest girl on the Campus, or the cleverest student, or whatever your talent may be, has no significance for Her. She has her own world of relations and friends in which she lives, blissfully unaware of you. Her own all-important problems seem petty to you, but each one looms large on Her horizon.

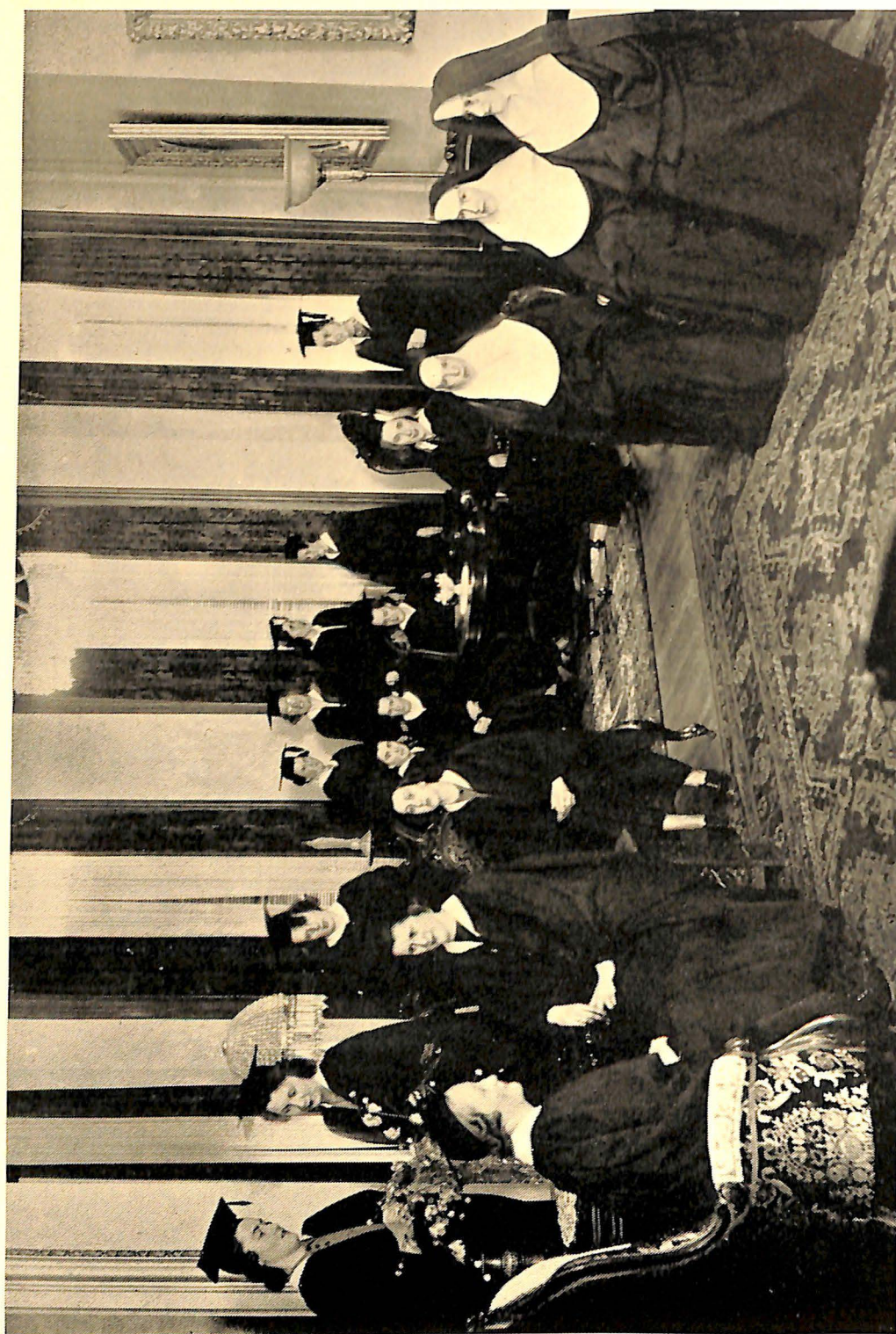
The point of all this? Just that when a friend comes to you with a tale of woe, be sympathetic, give your time willingly, and show that you are interested, though not inquisitive. For remember that the matter under discussion is a vital question to the one whom it concerns. Don't hurt her feelings by ignoring the idea as too insignificant to be given your valuable time and attention. And be grateful for her confidence in your friendly advice by not telling it to all, or any, of your friends. A little kindness never hurt anyone, and has often helped those to whom it was given.

ANNA MACDONALD, '39

[36]



CLASSES



[38]

SENIOR CLASS
 President—Agnes O'Donnell
 Vice-President—Dorothy Murray
 Treasurer—Elizabeth Campbell
 Secretary—Lillian Wagstaff

Steps to an Inferiority Complex

BRIGHTLY YOU step through the wide portal at the far end of the library corridor. You are feeling tip-top. The sun is shining, the birds are twittering, the flowers are radiant, and your heart is singing. The world you behold, through rose-coloured glasses! Life is good! Ah, life!

You have hardly advanced three steps, when one of your co-partners in shorthand brushes by and mentions unconcernedly: "Too bad class marks depend on the 100 word test, YOU didn't get it!" Well! That's a lot to take—even at the height of good spirits, so the natural reaction is one of self-incrimination; thus your self-esteem drops approximately 25 degrees. "Oh, well, maybe next time!"

Three more steps and you pass the social room window. Silently, you wish YOU had time to spend an occasional half-hour in leisure, and still contrive to conform satisfactorily to all the demands on your time—unimportant as they seem, they still take a good deal of time,—in fact, most of it. At this thought, your self-esteem goes down another 5 degrees—to think that you are so slow-witted, as to have to employ all your time in necessary occupations.

Six more steps and the fact that your unstarted philosophy theme is to be passed in at noon, hits you right between the eyes. This inspiration is brought about, when you see a group of would-be philosophers, frantically thumbing through thick volumes, and jerkily jotting down notes. At this, your self-composure suffers a relapse, your nerves give a jump and you try desperately not to listen to the piercing scream of your conscience, saying it should have been done last week. Your self-esteem drops 30 degrees!

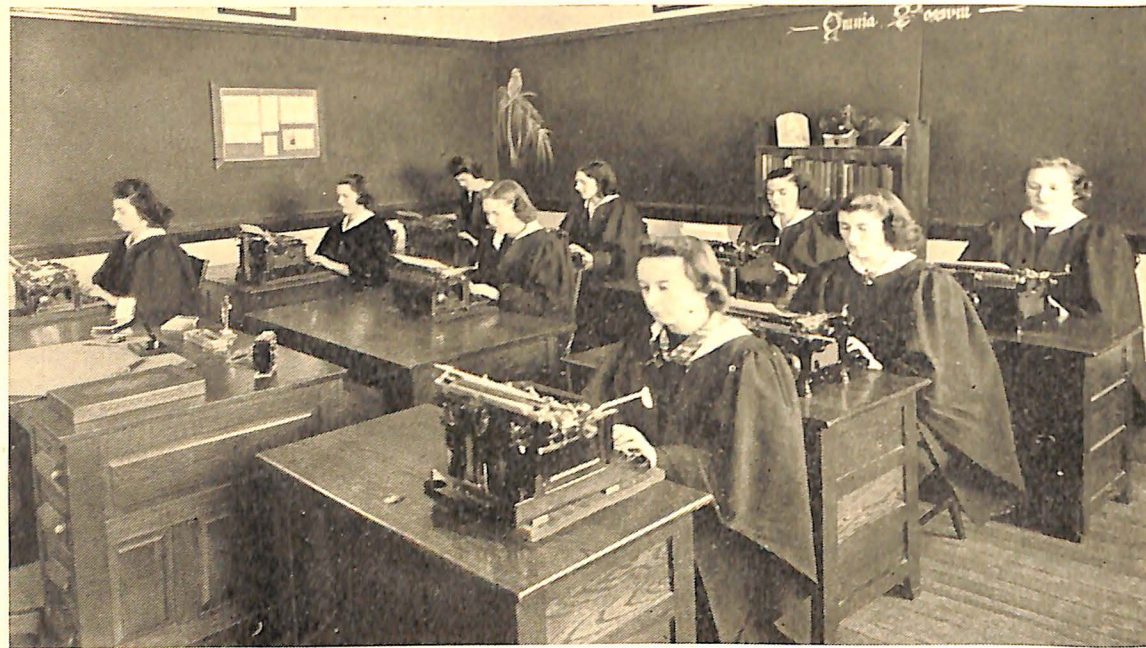
By this time, you are 40 degrees above zero, and you think you have had enough, but it never rains, it always pours! Five more steps, and you happen to meet an intimate friend, who confidentially discloses to you, that she has been invited to the forthcoming dance of a local college—(oh, and you weren't!)—(further drop of 10 degrees!) "Wonderful" . . . you say, "by whom?" The answer leaves you staggering, for it happens to be one of whom you are secretly enamored. Your heart enters into the conflict, and give a painful twitch. You try to force a smile, but it fades before it begins. All this, results in another drop—approximately 20 degrees. Your morale is weakly struggling, for a faint ray of hope!

Your spirits rally a little, when a few steps further on, you find from good authority, that you are cast to play a leading role, in a forthcoming dramatic production; then they drop, twice as far as they rose when you discover in the next moment, that you are being chosen on second choice, and as a last resort.

[39]

All hope is vanquished, and the climax is reached, when a hearty grip is placed on your shoulder and a voice says: "Not so fast, my good friend! I might just remind you that you owe \$.30 to the—club, \$.40 for this, and \$.10 for that, and your class dues are due! (That means you stay home from town this coming weekend!) At this point, your self-esteem is exactly 50 degrees below zero, and your head is splitting. As you round the corner you are confronted by numerous queries such as: "Why should all this happen to me?" "Why is it I suffer more than so and so?" "Why was I born?" and others!

As you go through the music corridor, you chance to lift your head, and glance wistfully out of a window you are passing. The sun is too bright, gets in your eyes and makes them blink (or is it the sun?), and you let your head drop back into its former position where only the floor is within range of vision.



SENIOR COMMERCIAL GROUP

Apple Blossoms

Soft petals fluttering earthward, exuding a fragrance so rare,
Phantoms of Winter's snowflakes, as they gracefully glide through the air.
Their number, indeed it is legion: their color illumines the night:
A delicate tint of pink, combined with a spotless white.
What picture could be more charming? What lovelier sight could you see
Than the fall of the Apple Blossoms, when they bid farewell to the tree?

FLORENCE WALL, '39

"If"

If all the world were upside down
And everything reversed,
The top would be the bottom,
The last would be the first.

And if you went to get the bus
As some of us must do,
Instead of getting on the bus,
The bus would get on you.

And when you finally reached the Mount
To find that you were late,
Instead of losing half your marks,
Then you would get first rate.

For you would be the teacher then
And she would be the class,
And if you did not know your work
You still would get a pass.

But all these things are limited,
As most of us can see,
For "If" 'twere not for such a word,
The world would be in glee.

BEATRICE REGAN, '41

Cupid in Swing



WEET VARSITY SUE" walking down "42nd Street" met the "Cowboy from Brooklyn." He said "My Own": only half interested she replied, "You're a Sweet Little Headache". But he insisted "You Look Good to Me". So they went to the "Café Continental" and had "Cocktails For Two" with "Small Fry".

"The Night Was Made for Love" until "Killer Diller" came trucking into "Café Continental". The "Cowboy from Brooklyn" watched "Sweet Varsity Sue", then grumbled, "You've Got a Far Away Look In Your Eyes". She said very saucily, "Stop Beating Around the Mulberry Bush". So the young cowboy decided to "Hold That Co-ed". In a very simple voice he said "Music, Maestro, Please". Once again he recaptured her heart when they danced the "Perfect Waltz" to "Alexander's Ragtime Band".

At the end of a "Perfect Day" the Brooklyn lad said, "Thanks for the Memories", but "Sweet Varsity Sue" answered, "How Can I Thank You"? That was his chance, "I've Been Saving Myself For You", he rejoined. Then very "Simple and Sweet", he said, "If You Had An Evening To Spare" we could go to the "Little Church Around The Corner" . . .

Now "Mr. and Mrs. is the Name".

A. RITA BURKE.



JUNIOR CLASS
 President—Eileen Finnegan
 Secretary-Treasurer—Mary McGonagle
 Vice-President—Catherine Kelley

Junior Class History

October 1938 saw the Junior Class beginning its year, 15 strong. Three of those who had been with us in June had not so much fallen by the wayside as taken another road.

Ruth Kline was now Miss Kline, with a black net cap instead of a mortar board, and a postulant's cape and apron instead of the Academic gown. Patricia Dwyer had put her "Secretarial Studies" knowledge to immediate use, and holds a position in Halifax. Martha McCafferty, because of the illness of her mother, chose to remain in Saint John and began commercial work there.

To augment our depleted forces, there came from Newfoundland, three girls well qualified to carry on the traditions set by their countrymen before them. Rita Mullowney, winner of the Jubilee scholarship for Newfoundland, has made an excellent record at the Mount for carrying diverse and multiple courses. Catherine Piccott breaks records for un-failing sweetness and generosity, all the more laudable in an "only child". Elizabeth Shortall, made our trio of Home Economics girls a quartette.

The first meeting saw the installation of the class officers.
 President—Eileen Finnegan (unanimously elected)
 Vice-President—Kitty Kelly
 Secretary-Treasurer—Mary McGonagle

At this meeting the class motto was formulated, a motto that will serve us for life—"Give thyself".

A party for the freshmen at Hallowe'en, with Juniors in the role of "Big Sisters" was our first class project. Thus, the Juniors introduced the custom, long established in the other colleges of "adopting" the freshmen as their special protégées.

Celebrities among the Juniors are the President of the Chatelaine Club, Eileen Finnegan and of the Phi Delta Phi, Mary McGonagle. The Secretarial Science department has four representatives among us, Katherine Kelley, Mary Mulcahy, Sylvia Usher and Joan Wallace; the Arts five: Rita Mullowney, Christine McCarty, Mary McGonagle, Catherine Piccott and Jean Rossiter. Geographically, we cover the Atlantic seaboard Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Maine, Massachusetts and Bermuda.

We have had a happy year as Juniors and we look forward to our year as Seniors with mixed feelings of trepidation and joy.

"Crumbs that Fall from a Foods' Diary . . ."

Sept. 23—



GROUP of eight bright-eyed girls trooped down to the Foods laboratory eager to find out "what it's all about". We were introduced to the Lab. and its mysteries, and after an interesting opening lecture we were dismissed early, taking with us the impression "that it wasn't going to be so bad after all."

Sept. 27—

Clad in shining armour, that is our white uniforms and caps, and armed with various utensils, we confidently, *too* confidently faced our first battle in the field of cookery—Jelly making. Cecelia must have strained hers through a flour sifter, but nevertheless, we are soon the proud possessors of a row of sparkling jellies.

Oct. 4—

Today, the Instructress cheerfully told us that we would can tomatoes, and just as cheerfully we started out. How were we to know that tomatoes held on to their skins so tightly? We soon found out.

Oct. 28—

Beverages—tea, coffee. We boil them, steep them, percolate them, drip-o-late them. What's that, we don't bake or fry 'em? Well, well!

One bright girl made the following caustic remark, "Delphine dear, you boil the coffee *in* the pot, *not* over it."

Nov. 8—

Cereals, all kinds and forms. But making them wasn't the point; who was going to consume them? We loudly proclaimed that we wouldn't eat them. The teacher firmly insisted we would eat them. P.S. We ate them.

Nov. 18—

Joyfully it was announced that today we would have "Candy and Sugars". But, alas, it turned out to be only a lecture by that name.

Nov. 22—

On today's programme was pulling, tugging, chopping, hard work, sore muscles and tired sighs. In other words, we made and "pulled" molasses candy.

Nov. 20 and 29—

Fondant, penoche, marshmallows, taffy, fudge, all came gaily into existence, and under the ever-vigilant eye were put away for our Christmas boxes.

Dec. 2—

Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Pop Overs. Smell something burning? Don't mind that! It's only Isabel's waffle taken off a half hour too late.

Dec. 6—

Muffins! For those who have had experience in that line, no more need be said. But I wonder who or what was occupying Elizabeth's

thoughts so much that she mistook salt for sugar? Anyone want to taste the result?

Dec. 13—

Last class day of first term. Candy Christmas boxes are packed amid the cheerful chattering of excited girls.

Jan. 13—

Back to work, and to celebrate some of the famous Foods! Class gave a luncheon. The honourable guests loudly praised the delicious food while each proud cook modestly took all the praise to herself.

Feb. 3—

Cakes. Like market prices they rise and fall.

Feb. 14—

Icings and frostings. A certain girl always made sure that there was some left in the bowl.

Feb. 28—

Apple pies. "Mother's were never like this", because if they were father would never have married her.

March 7—

Milk and Cocoa. Papers—"What do you know about them?" "How to drink them". Hundred percent mark—????

March 21—

Yeast breads. A happy ending to a happy term, and thus a happy ending to my diary—for our bread rose, first time too! And on this cheerful and happy note I will leave you. Who knows what the next term will bring?

MARY COOMBS, '42



FOODS' LABORATORY

Catholic Social Service



THE foremost social agency of all time is the Catholic Church. It is an agency not organized by men; an organization mapped out in Heaven and founded on earth by God Himself appearing visibly to men.

Being a divine Institution, It has always done things in a little different way from that of the human agencies. The same ground has been covered, the same approved methods have been followed, the same scientific research has been promoted, but, still, with a difference. Where, then, lies the distinction? It is to be found in the range of view. The eye of naturalistic social work looks upon that which is temporal,—the focus of the Church is upon that which is unseen and eternal.

The emotional attitude of the one is that of sympathy for a fellow sufferer, that of the other, respect, love, and reverence for the neighbor as a part of the Mystical Body of Christ. Something of this attitude may be seen in the ceremonies used by the Church in freeing the slaves in the early Roman Empire. The slave was advised of his dignity as a man and a Christian. His wife and family went with him, and the money he had earned. Outside the Church, the freeing process was such as to remind the slave that, though freed, he was ever a menial.

Modern social work has made great progress in recent years. Kindness and politeness, respect for confidence and for the individuals' rights as human beings characterize the modern methods. All this and more, too, is to be found in the Church's working.

The modern technique of social work includes—investigation, diagnosis and treatment. The ways of the Church may be seen, at their best, in those of Her Saints. A deep love, warm and personal, even for the stranger and the undeserving, permeated all their dealings. The Saints shared the hardships of their clients and sacrificed themselves, to a heroic degree, to be able to relieve the distress. This attitude resulted in a mutual understanding surpassing that of formal investigation and diagnosis.

The love of the Saints was the love that made Saint Vincent step into the shackles himself, in order to free a husband and father, that made the young Damien turn his back on all that youth holds dear, in order to provide for body and soul of the Molokai lepers, that made Saint Peter Claver give his life to lighten the horrors of the slave traffic. The giving was personal and direct and it partook of the givers.

The spiritual works of mercy performed by the Church include—the admonition of sinners, instruction of the ignorant, counsel for the doubtful, comfort for the sorrowful, patient bearing of wrongs, forgiveness of injuries, and prayers for the living and the dead. The naturalistic social

worker, who appreciates the importance of mental rehabilitation, can hardly realize the extent to which the Church effects a mental relief by means of these spiritual works of mercy, in the making of a soul's peace with God. The modern methods aim to restore the individual to his rightful place as a member of society, the Church would restore him to his place as a Child of God, as well.

In the Catholic social service of today, nearly thirty thousand women, members of religious communities are at work, in some form, in North America alone, while the Catholic social work program rests basically upon the interest, participation, activity, and support of the Church's lay members.

The regard of the Church for the needy is expressed in: bureaus of Catholic Charities, consulting boards, standardization committees, family and child welfare service, employment and relief agencies, public health movements, hospitals with active social service departments, clinics, convalescent homes, care for the aged and for the handicapped, settlement houses, recreation centres, fresh air camps, publications, educational bureaus,—in short, in every known form of modern social service.

All this organization means a constant demand for thoroughly trained Catholic social workers. The Church is providing for this need by the establishment of Her own large schools of social work. Seven of these have been opened already,—two at Washington, D.C., others in,—New York, Boston, Chicago, Saint Louis, and New Orleans. The number of Catholic men and women enrolled in these schools is continually increasing.

The methods of organization and administration taught in the Catholic Schools of Social work are thoroughly up to date and the courses offered are among the best existing. The Church realizes that these things are essential, particularly in handling the enormous case load characterizing our modern civilized society, but She is also aware that fraternal charity with a supernatural motive must be the basis of all Christian Social Work.

The field of need is great; the call to aid is clear, and may it be in the Providence of God, that many more of our splendid students in Catholic colleges may hearken to that call and prepare themselves for the numberless positions offered by the Greatest social agencies—the Catholic Church.

S. L. A.

Ode to a Tray from the Pharmacy

I shall miss thee, little tray;
Miss thee more than I can say!
I shall see thee never more
Waiting at my alcove door
At the early start of day,
—I hate to see it end this way!
Thou gav'st me food; thou gav'st me sup!
Farewell, dear tray, I'm getting up!

MILDRED FLANAGAN, '41



SOPHOMORE CLASS
 Secretary—Marie Davis
 Treasurer—Ann Meech
 President—Mary Daley
 Vice-President—Mildred Flanagan

Sophomore Sing-Song

directed by
ANN RHYTHMICA MEECH

As the directress' baton falls to mark the opening chord, a group of happy voices . . .

Just a song of Sophomores
As the end draws nigh
And the school year closes
Ere we say "good-bye".

Though a touch of sadness
Moves our hearts today
Thoughts of our dear classmates
Cheer us on our way.

Hear a song of gladness
A lyric heaven-high,
It is Medie Davis
Who is lightly tripping by
Like music of the spheres or
Like bird-song on the wing,
The lilting notes drip sunshine
And make the dull world sing.

Mary Marvin sat on a stool,
Mary Marvin was very cool,
All the people and all the noise
Couldn't make Mary lose her poise.

Hey diddle diddle,
A ring and a riddle,
Marion jumped to the phone,
Demure Chris stepped to hear the talk
And then ran away with a moan . . .

What is little Delphine made of?
Just what little cooks are made of,
Sugar and spice and everything nice
And that's what Delphine's made of.

Mary, get up and bake your pies
(thrice)
In the Foods' Lab in the morning.

Mid Flanagan is a merry young soul
And a humorous soul is she,
She calls for her soup and she calls for
her tea
And she calls for her victuals with glee.

To Rita, Cecilia and Ruth!
Three smart girls,

Their song is nearly ended. But once again the full chorus swells as with joyous
faces, they sing . . .

School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days;
Dark frowns and campuses all around,
Earned by the frolics in which we abound;
We've had our fun, we've had our cares,
Speeches and themes and "interested stares",
But we've
Lived through it all, and still can cheer
A rollicking Sophomore year!

See how they run.
They all run down to Biology
For the wormy delivered eulogy,
Did you ever see such foolery
In three smart girls?

Betty Watling goes to class
So early in the morning,
The class begun—what shall be done?
(For Betty has had warning)
The teacher writes upon the board;
Betty slips in without a word,
Is in her place and working hard
So early in the morning.

(A thought from Beatrice)
Hickory Dickory Dock,
Hurry and stop the clock,
It mustn't strike one,
My Latin's not done.
Hickory Dickory Dock.

Betty Fraser went to town
All dressed up in a woolly gown
Scarlet nose
And scarlet toes
Just like a full-blown Beauty Rose.

There were three ladies
Who tried to type,
And who do you think they be
They're Frances and Jessie
And fat little Rita
But I will not tell you which one is the
fleeter.

Did you ever see a Scott, who
Did just what she ought to,
But never could be brought to
Do typing with speed.
At taking a letter
There's surely none better
So if you'd like to get her,
Well, Marion's it!

Ann's our brilliant lassie
Who sails the scholar-ships.
She also shines in dancing class,
Where sprightly steps the trips.

"Nulli Secundae"



WID YOU ever stop to contemplate the plight of a Sophomore?—you didn't? then, let us consider it together.

In September, we come to college, but having received a grade twelve certificate are exempt from taking the Freshman year and so enter the Sophomore class. Meanwhile, the thoughtful and considerate Juniors are busy mothering their new Freshmen sisters, while the Seniors breeze along, vested with their new importance. And all the while, the Sophomores are desolate and bravely try "to fish" for themselves. But, sad to say, we are greatly misunderstood. Since we do a lot of talking, we have kindly pointed out to us that "empty vessels make the most noise." However, that is not the case—rather what about overflowing brains? The intellect conceives ideas, so we learn in philosophy, the outward expression of which is accomplished through the medium of speech. Therefore, when the intellects of our brilliant Sophs are flooded with ideas, then—they simply must express them.

"Oh!" you say, "but they do it at the wrong time"—maybe in the library—then, how do you know that the weekly theme is not being discussed? For Sophomores are always very busy, what with themes, History, of Apologetics or Public Speaking. It is absolutely absurd to even think that we are "empty vessels".

Nor are we lacking in ability — I should say not — for, indeed, we possess not only the skeleton of ability, but even the backbone of it in our midst. Let me present to you the college's leading musician, the college artist, the budding orator and an additional fifteen intellectuals.

Nor does our capability or ability end there. When you enter the refectory and find an extra plate of dessert on the table, did you ever stop to think how it got there? Well, two chances out of three, one of the Sophomore Economists was the doer of the deed. Or if you saw an extra fine typewritten page and the modest producer not on hand, infer then, that it was the work of a Sophomore and you will not be far wrong.

Now, after consideration and due concentration, if you are not thoroughly convinced that the Sophomore class is the best in the building, then, at least you will agree that we are the "best Sophomores" in the building.

B. REGAN, '41

Ode to Sleep

Ah! Sleep! yours is a sweet embrace,
Inviting as can be;
And if I could,
How glad I would
Take wings and rest with thee.

A soothing balm for weary souls—
Nor troubles, nor dismay—
Where spirits soar
Forever more,
In lands, that know not day.

Here beauty walks in every path
And loves to linger late;
Where flowers bloom
Without the doom
Of death—ah sleep! I wait . . .

MARY MARVIN, '41.

It Had to End . . .

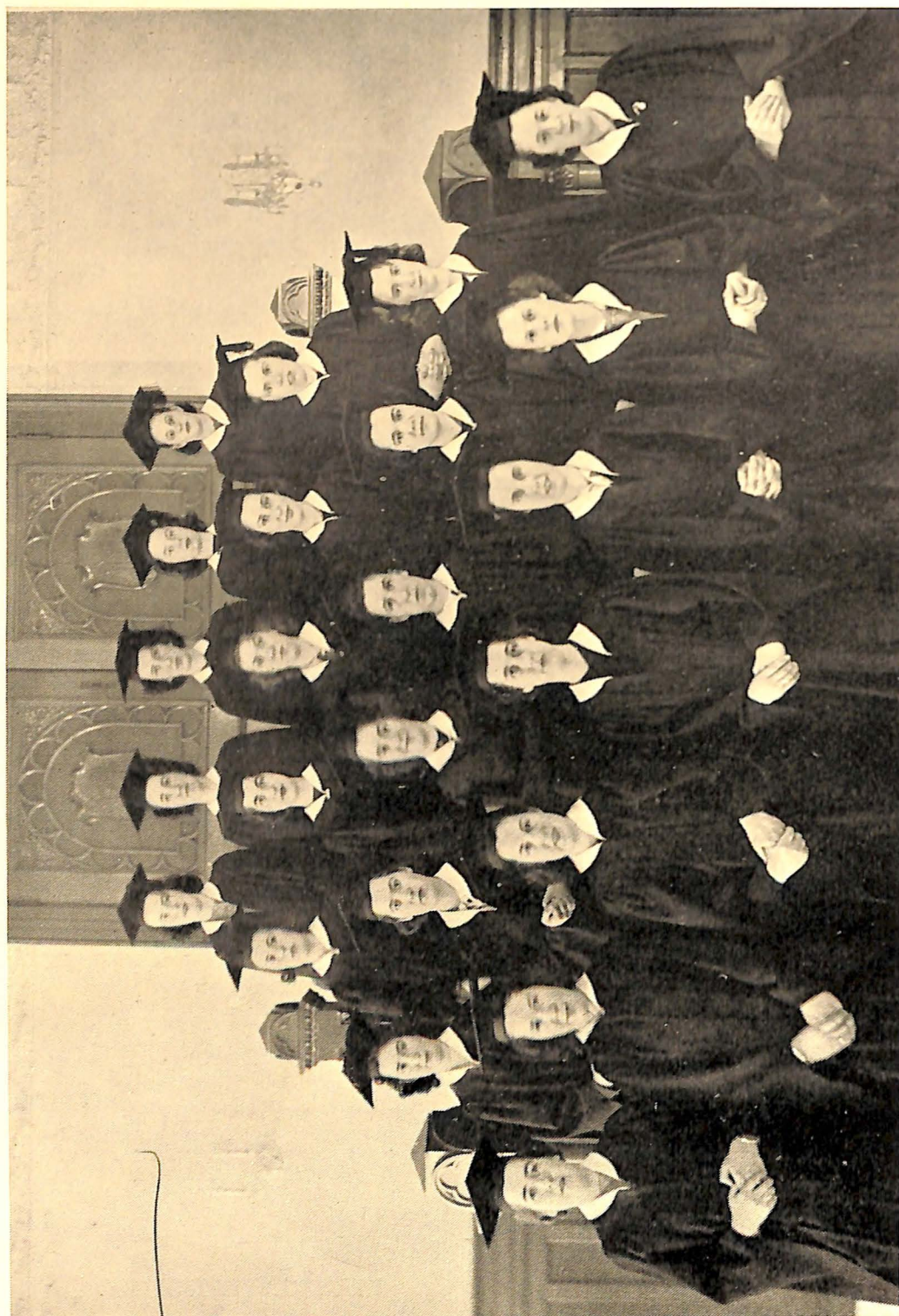
We were sailing round the Heavens
On a cloud, so soft and white,
Just he and I———all alone,
One romantic moonlit night.

Around the moon we circled,
While he whispered in my ear
The tenderest of phrases,
To the music of the spheres.

I was sitting there enraptured
With a strange celestial peace . . .
From the quiet came a clanging
Which I thought would never cease.

It fitted not into this dream.
Whence it arose I could not tell—
But someone ruffled at my clothes,
"Wake up, the rising bell!"

MARY G. STANBURY.



FRESHMAN CLASS
 Acting President—Mary Conlon
 Treasurer—Miriam Ryan
 Secretary—Eileen MacLean
 President (in absentia)—Jane Kelley

Freshman Class Dictionary

Are these words obsolete or just indefinable? At any rate, the New English Dictionary has no record of these so, the Freshmen have prepared an insert for a revised edition of this N. E. D. Consult it for the meaning of any Freshman as to pronunciation and etymology.

Bartholomay, Marjorie (Pidge) Dorchester; What thou Art, that thou Art .

Bishop, Anna (Bish) Dartmouth; "And she could talk—ye gods, how she could talk!"

Brady, Elizabeth (Liz) Kentville; Neither an imp of darkness nor impolite.

Buckley, Jean (Jick) Sydney; Little Jick Hubbard went to the Cupboard to get some chocolate milk!

Burke, Rita (Ricky) Andover; "Effie", "Mrs. Santa Claus", and "Sarah Ann" all rôled in one.

Colchester, Louise (Lou) Chester; A damsel with a kindred spirit. (Consult Totterdell elsewhere in the dictionary).

Conlon, Mary (Me) Moncton; Our President with a preference for ti te to ti tum.

Coombs, Mary (Coombsie) Corner Brook; Fair rival of the Queen of Tarts.

Hanway, Irene (Streak) Amherst; She's here, she's there, she's everywhere.

Kane, Isabel (Izzie) St. John; The spinister sister of Able—and sew on!

Kennedy, Patricia (Pat) Harbor Maine; A type that makes a good stenographer to all accounts.

Livingston, Pauline (Polly) Glace Bay; Dealer in the home-town newspapers (mostly funnies).

MacCormack, Frances (Fran) Rockingham; An expert linguist not lacking in loquacity and loving ludicridity.

MacDonald, Isabel (A.K.) Antigonish; Youth must have its fling, so A.K. takes to the Highland.

MacLean, Eileen (Eileen) Port Hawkesbury; Bells may clang and sirens screech, but Eileen sleeps on in blissful oblivion.

Mahoney, Kathleen (K.) Kentville; O.K. is all right, but shouldn't be used by young ladies.

Mishoe, Martha (Mish) Corner Brook; "Quinn" of the songbirds.

Mulcahy, Eileen (Mul, Jr.) Lawrence; Developing into a first class photographer in the "dark-room."

Phinney, Barbara (Barb) Bedford;

"One shade the more, one ray the less

Had half impaired her nameless grace".

Ryan, Miriam (Mirum) Lawrence; She knows her piece because she minds her queues!

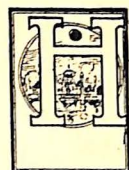
Stanbury, Mary (Venus) Halifax; Poetic, punsive, and possessing "the exuberance of verbosity."

St. Pierre, Marguerite (Margo) Chicoutimi; A live wire charged with current events—n'est-ce-pas?

Totterdell, Marjorie (Cottondell) Peru; A Lima element only found in a Chest o' combination.

○

Magic Delicacies



HOW MANY cooks spoil the broth? But in truth, there is no such thing as spoiling it! Hungry for the substantial bread of knowledge, an unfailing appetizer has been found to produce that satisfied and refreshed feeling. Indulge freely and whenever the occasion presents and worry no more about your weight. To add on avoirdupois take plenty, to reduce take more. Your satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed.

Students' Delight

Purée a French Grammar, mix with dissected History, add to a decomposed note-book, fold in a Dietetics, eliminate the hard cover; if you have no eliminator, first mince then add gradually and barely moisten the whole mixture with poster paint. Pour the combination into a large flask and cook in a water bath over a Bunsen flame, then chill to physiological zero, season well with teacher's approval, garnish with pencil points and serve on an equal lateral triangle.

College Squares

Marinate a loose-leaf, beat in a Chemistry after putting it through the pencil sharpener, add a grated Economics and a coarsely shredded experiment book, noting carefully the chemical changes. Let the batter stand one half hour in a battery jar, then place it in the refrigerator to prevent combustion. In three or four hours, remove from refrigerator and roll in ground glass well peppered with vitamins. Cut in squares and sprinkle with powdered alum.

Universal Special

Four good English chops, add to a Spanish cream, mix with a ground Greek using a glass stirring rod. Then knead in a Latin grammar—if the rigor mortis has passed and leaven with broken regulations, cut in some French fries with the metal edge of two rulers. Blend with a diced German and add just enough Quink to make a smooth paste. Pour into a sterile petre-plate and incubate twenty-four hours. Remove and garnish with historic dates, serve on a squared base.

DINNA FARE.

Clothes Make the Man



SO FAR as dress is concerned, many young men reach their majority at the mature age of eight, and their ideas about clothes, then begin to take a very definite form. No matter what sweet persuasion a mother may employ, nor what dire punishment she may threaten, there is no forcing a young man into that instrument of torture—the Eton collar. Previously, his tastes, (if any), may have been somewhat exotic, with a slight predilection for brass buttons, but slowly and surely after his eighth birthday, he develops an unmistakable clothes sense. He conceives a strong desire for a three-button, single-breasted sack suit with a single-breasted waistcoat having five or six buttons at the front—the uniform of the bond salesman, Charles Augustus Lindbergh, his father and thousands of other American men.

The history of men's clothes began back in primitive times, when men wore skins of animals. Since then, their clothes have gone through all sorts of changes, from the ridiculous to the sublime and back to the ridiculous again, in which state we find them today. While women's clothes have gone from cumbersome unhealthy garments to simple, sensible apparel, men have kept to the same type of clothing for some generations and refuse to admit that they are uncomfortable.

If you ask a man what he thinks of clothes, he will invariably answer that he never thinks of them. Any woman can tell you this is not true. What about the man who is just going out for a date and stands in front of the glass window in the front door to take a last, loving look at his reflection to make sure that his hat is just at that certain, fetching angle? The fact that he is in plain view of all passers-by does not seem to disturb him in the least. Then, there is the inevitable college-boy, especially the freshman, who thinks: "Above all, I must be flashy." He goes off to college laden with clothes of the very latest style. Generally he regrets this, as he finds that his clothes immediately become community property and every one uses them except himself. The next year, being a little wiser, he is very careful to bring back only his oldest clothes and one or two good suits which he keeps hidden from everyone but himself.

Man still struggles hopelessly with broken shoestrings, refractory studs, delayed laundry, overstuffed shoulders, moths in his wardrobe, and that cherished, impossible crease down the front of his trousers. And it never enters into his head that his clothes are twice as illogical as women's most illogical hats. Take a man's hat—it is made of felt, is dull in color, and unimaginative in detail. It is too hot for summer and doesn't give any protection in winter. All it is good for is to give a man a lovely case of baldness. And another thing—it never wears out! The more it is stamped on, driven over, rained on and rescued from under the vacuum cleaner in the hall cupboard, the more cherished it is.

To the initiated in art of Cravatology, the manner of necktie a man wears lays bare at least his social soul. The right necktie suggests a man of discernment, who knows his way about in the world. But how many men can pick a necktie that wouldn't excite the most phlegmatic person?

Designers have managed to get collar and shirt all in one piece, but this has been rejected as radical and dangerous, and most men miss their daily romp with their collar buttons. If you dare mention an open-neck shirt with a zipper, any man would tell you he would just as soon wear a Fauntleroy suit. As for a man's coat, with its shoulder padding and heavy lining, he can't even cut bread without first removing it. The massive shoulder structure is just to satisfy his own vanity and doesn't fool anyone but himself.

However, no matter what people say about a man's clothes, they DO go far in making a man. He can naturally work efficiently, and mix easily with others if he knows that his clothes are as up-to-date as are those of his friends. They help him along in the business world by creating a good impression, especially when he is meeting people for the first time.

I will admit that in prehistoric times clothes certainly did NOT make the man. I doubt very much if they cared whether their bearskins had a belt in the back or whether it was pleated to give that "action-back" effect, or whether their bearskin dinner-suits had the latest thing in tails. Perhaps you will not admit that clothes make the man, but I am sure you will agree with Disraeli who says that "clothes make the SUCCESSFUL man".

ANITA FAULKNER, '40



SEWING LABORATORY

Personality in the Office



YOU HAVE IT! He has it! She has it! In fact everyone has it in his own fashion—what? Why personality—that very vital quality that distinguishes you from every other person, and makes you, you! The sum of all your qualities, in other words. It is a magic sounding word, and don't be flattered when we say *you* have personality, because the only kind that is graciously accepted by society is a *pleasing* personality.

Especially important it is *today*, when there is such keen competition for positions—high salaried and otherwise. Many publications pertaining to personality and its development have been written during the past year and a half, and others are still being written. Seldom do you pick up the daily paper without finding some sort of a "social hint". The American public is at last awakening to the necessity of a pleasing personality.

In the business office today, it is definitely not only important, but quite necessary. The employer is besieged on all sides by prospective employees—secretaries, stenographers, and the like, and from them, whom will he likely choose? Not the conscientious prude who is startled out from behind her eye-glasses by the slightest misdemeanor—whose work is almost perfection in stiffness and correctness, and whose countenance and attitude resemble an Alaskan iceberg! Nor the other extreme, the flippant, brightly painted, slangy, talkative, easy-going, little flapper, whose work is average and whose attitude is a little too familiar! Not the grouchy one either, nor the melancholy one, nor the sickly one! All are on the "black-list" of any employer.

A pleasing personality will impress an employer much sooner and much more effectively than any amount of technical knowledge. In fact, eighty-five percent of your success in business depends on it.

Despite the traditional belief that you either "have" or "have not" personality, it has been proved by many, many men that a pleasing personality *can* be developed, no matter how hopeless the case appears. The one "if" in the case is that you, and only you, are the one who has to do the developing. It cannot be bought or borrowed. You must be the doer!

Just what exactly makes up a pleasing personality? In the first place it isn't made up, or affected, it is developed—built up stone by stone, slowly, conscientiously, and even painfully. The way is not easy, but the result is well worth the time and effort spent. And, as the first step, you must *analyze yourself*. Pick out your strong points, and plan for their advancement. Pick out your weak points, and either destroy them altogether by replacing with strong ones, or camouflage them with the skillful application of your "advanced" strong points. That is the plan.

A plan, of course, is nothing but words if it is not carried into effect, and it is carried out and completed by untiring, undiscourageable *effort*.

If you have an attractive appearance, keep it attractive by being well-groomed. Nature has done her part; the task of making the best of what you have, depends on you and your efforts. If you have nice teeth, smile frequently—but at the right time. If your eyes are your best point, make them your center of attraction. You may have wit, intellectual ability, good humor . . . ! What is *your* strong point?

A pleasing personality is one which is well-rounded—one which has been well developed, and has the cooperation of the body, of which the voice is an important factor, the mind, and the soul.

The mind is a definitely vital factor on the road to success. On it depends the facility with which you will succeed, and the extent to which this success will go. The only counsel that can be given here is to use your common-sense, and try at all times to appear as bright as possible. In your spare time get the reading habit to increase your vocabulary and strengthen your memory.

As for your soul, always remember that there is nothing like a clear conscience. Have a sense of duty in the office, and you will find “little things” becoming automatic.

Health is the fundamental factor in dealing with the body. If you have health, you are likely to have a cheerful disposition, a happy point of view, optimism, along with bright eyes and clear skin—and a sort of serenity which can only prevail with a healthy condition.

To maintain health be reasonable! Get plenty of sleep, eat sensibly and moderately, drink much water and get a goodly amount of exercise and fresh air. If this doesn't work, see your doctor!

Cleanliness is vital! Vital, because it can make or mar a good impression. Everyone can't be beautiful, but certainly everyone can be clean. Often a bar of soap and a pan of hot water would have made a place for a rejected job-seeker. Remember the old adage; “cleanliness is next to Godliness”, and remembering it, heed it.

The next point to consider is clothes. What sort of clothes are most becoming to you? Study your proportions. If you are the solid, outdoorsy type, don't make silk and chiffons your standbys—get some good sturdy tweed or gaberdine with simple lines. On the other hand, if the delicate type is yours, don't have your clothes too severe. Many a rose was born to blush unseen, but don't force this predicament upon yourself!

Get the costume that best expresses your type and personality — literally speaking (and figuratively, too)—suit yourself. Extremes, as you *must* know, never last, and it won't be very long before you find yourself in that deplorable state of having a closet full of out-of-date clothes, and, as the saying goes “nothing to wear!” Be wise, economize! Buy *good* clothes, and sensible ones—this you will never regret.

If you have that very rare knack of wearing clothes successfully, don't spoil it with bad posture. Posture is essential to an attractive ap-

pearance. Show your self-confidence by carrying your shoulders straight, and your head high.

The final requirement in creating a good impression by appearance is the expression you wear on your face. Watch the angles of the corners of your mouth instead of the angle of your hat—see that they don't droop. Be the “little ray of sunshine” in your block. Give the people you meet the impression that you are glad to see them, and they will be glad to see you. Greet them with a pleasant “Good morning”, and watch the clouds roll by.

Now, what all this good impression will be worth will depend a good deal on your voice. Many a girl has lost many chances for advancement because of a harsh, grating voice or a shrill one or an uncultivated one. Make your voice “ever gentle and low”—it is “an excellent thing in a woman!” Develop a friendly note for everyone from the office boy to the head boss, and accompany this with a smile.

With all these points in mind, and in practice, you will not fail to make a good impression—and that is the first stone in the pathway to Success!

MILDRED FLANAGAN, '41



JUNIOR COMMERCIAL GROUP



VIEWS OF LIBRARY



A Glance at The Library



SINCE THE publication of our last Year Book, the Library has grown quite encouragingly both in regard to the number of accessioned books now on the shelves and also in the various branches of Library Science available as courses of study. It has been our ambition to reach the 20,000 mark before 1939 has attained its end, and with the present number of volumes steadily advancing toward 19,000 we feel that our hopes may be realized. What is most gratifying to us is the fact that our books, especially those more recently added, are being circulated and appreciated to their full extent. Several factors are contributing to this increased interest in our new fiction and non-fiction. In the Main Library, there is now an Exhibit table on which the books of the week are displayed for the perusal of the casual reader or the book enthusiast who comes that way. It is surprising how this advertising of recent "additions" and editions has developed and increased the popularity of books that might otherwise have remained "buried treasures" on their respective book-shelves. Again, there is the College Fiction Library which, because of its very convenient situation in the "heart" of the Social Room, never knows an idle moment. Lastly, though of course by no means the least, we are proud to report that the Lending Library is progressing very favorably and its many new books, with their fascinating jackets, are certainly not among those "poor unfortunates" destined for the doom of being labelled "on the shelf" for the rest of their lives.

Whilst on the subject of new books, it would be appropriate here to extend a word of appreciation to Misses Dorothy Murray, Jennie MacMahon, Anita Faulkner, and Mary Mulcahy—all students of the College, who very generously donated volumes to our Lending Library this year; also to Miss Julia Cahill who made a very handsome present to the Main Library.

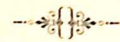
Within the more secluded precincts of our Library Science Work Room, much has been going on this year. We have had two classes in cataloguing and one in the History of Books and Printing which proved so intensely interesting that we decided to give all our Library patrons and friends the benefit of it, as we shall describe below. At present, the senior Library Science class is engaged in a course of Book Selection—another important branch of Library work. In connection with these courses, we have amassed quite a number of Library Science Text-books—such ponderous volumes as the Standard Catalog — A.L.A. Catalog — Book Review Digests — and United States Catalog and Cumulative Index, besides a number of library magazines and the ever-lasting Publishers' Weekly.

And now, just a word about our Exhibits: In November, we joined other numerous libraries in celebrating Book Week, by adopting its poster

and slogan: "New Books. New Worlds", whereupon were brought out some of our most appropriate books of travel and biography. Then in February, as we just hinted above, we combined our commemoration of Catholic Press month with an elaborate exhibit of the History Books and Printing. The result was so successful and gratifying that we were requested to prolong it for a few extra weeks, so that all might have a chance to return and fix some of its many and advantageous details more clearly in their minds and incidentally in their note-books, just for future reference. Finally, there is our new Exhibit case in the Main Library, in which weekly exhibitions of art, history and travel, and topics of current interest are arranged.

For some of the other details concerning our library, we refer our readers to the picture just recently taken, which together with this little sketch of activities, will, we hope, help our Alumnae to renew an old friendship, and outside, to form at least a "bowing" acquaintance with the library at Mount Saint Vincent.

S. F. D.



Thoughts on Books and General Reading.

IN our times, books and reading occupy a large and important place in our intellectual life. Some very obvious thoughts about them may be expressed once again; such repetition is in order owing to the vastness of their number and the continuous increase in their production.

In the nineteenth century, Thomas DeQuincey, when visiting the British Museum, made an estimate of the time it would take to read all the books he beheld there. He came to the melancholy conclusion that a long life spent entirely in rapid reading would suffice for the perusal of no more than an infinitesimal fraction of the many volumes.

In the choice of books we must recognize the importance of wisdom. Lord Bacon, with his usual clearness and conciseness has left us his opinion on this matter in the familiar dictum:

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

Now the acquisition of knowledge is undoubtedly one of the chief reasons for which most persons read. Still, other objects may very properly be sought in books! It is very, very important that we should have some genuine purpose in our reading. Purposeless reading is surely a waste of time.

Many books deserve to be read, not so much for the information they convey to the reader, still less for the amusement they afford, but rather for their very suggestiveness, their power of stimulating thought and cultivating reason and the imagination.

In this age of inexpensive books and free libraries, to Lord Bacon's three classes of works there might well be added a fourth—those which are to be shunned like poison. It is highly desirable that students should acquire not only a love of reading, but some true taste for good literature.

Many wise and eloquent men have spoken and written on the value of books and the pleasures of reading. Good books are, indeed, the unfailing companions, friends and comforters that enliven every dreary way, dissipate every care, and afford solace in every affliction. Napoleon once termed the printing press, "the sixth great power". Even centuries before Napoleon was born, books, such as they were, had played a great part in the development of civilization.

There is an opposite effect potential in the printed page, which is much in evidence about us. Today many, many books are causing, and have caused, the ruin of countless numbers of youths. They are demoralizing the national conscience, and unless checked in their course, will sweep away every barrier which protects the younger generation. Bookstalls are laden to repletion with an enormous quantity of pernicious books and other salacious publications. Let us hope and pray that, "the Crusade for Clean Reading," will wipe out this great menace to human life and happiness.

Our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical on "Christian Education of Youth", teaches the tremendous importance of this phase of education. "How often today must parents and educators bewail the corruption of youth brought about by the modern theatre and the vile book! Worthy of all praise and encouragement therefore, are those educational associations, whose object is to point out to parents and educators, by means of suitable books and periodicals, the dangers to morals and religion that are often cunningly disguised in books and theatrical representations." Long may they prosper among us!

MAGDALENE MORRISSEY, '39



Fate

Last night I sat and pondered
How lovely it would be,
To have my name, by some great deed,
Illumine History.

Nor could I cease from dreaming
Of those who did not tire
Of doing Herculean tasks
Which mankind must admire.

Napoleon was a genius
Of military fame.
So, today, though years are gone,
We don't forget his name.

John signed the Magna Charta—
All this had come to me—
Marconi invented the radio,
Columbus crossed the sea.

Dreams oft come true—
And mine did. I had a similar fate
My name goes down in History
I just made—twenty-eight!

FLORENCE WALL, '39



SIDE ENTRANCE

Surrealism of a Day-Hop



INTRODUCING, a day hop!

In case you are not already acquainted with the species, it is that creature who is rolled up to College in state, and who departs in a bus. She is more often to be seen on the lower regions of the building than anywhere else. The best place and time really, to view such a specimen of humanity would be, anywhere between nine and five occupying the chesterfields in the Social room. As a general run, she is possessed of average intelligence, and if I may say so myself, is above the average in pleasantness of disposition.

Suppose an artist, well-versed for that new kind of impressionistic art, were to take as his subject "a day hop"—his chef d'oeuvre would include in varying proportions, the following characteristics:

1. One right thumb that is rather slightly out of joint, owing to the pressure that is put behind the ringing of the door bell on arrival.
2. Two arms with the elasticity and capacity of four, in order that the owner can perform her duties as "carrier pigeon" (or some such bird) for the rest of the college.
3. An ear that has become enlarged from listening intently to the radio so that she may tell the good news on Monday to her less fortunate brethren — namely, the three popular "hits" of the past week.
4. A tired eye, due to getting up later and going to bed later than the boarders. Unfortunately, it does not see the "rise of day".
5. A mouth with an unsatisfied appetite, due chiefly to the boarders' monopoly on the gouter tin.
6. Always in the immediate vicinity, a sofa or comfortable chair—which constitutes "heaven" to any day-hop.

There you have it—a regular day-hop! Ah, by the way, a day hop has a far more aristocratic name, that is, a "Non-Resident Student"—reserved for state occasions. But all in all, she is a person similar to you and me.

JOAN WALLACE, '40

"Paging a Day-Hop"

"You mean it's for me?"
Oh, who can it be!
—I wonder . .
I really don't care
Just who's waiting there.
It's not in my nature,
I'm much too mature,
Yet I wonder

Who in thunder?
Dare I consider,
Anticipate, judge?
Is it possible,
Probable, plausible?
Now, next week's the prom,
And hmmm . . . "Hello!"
Ohhhh, hello, Mom!"

MILDRED FLANAGAN, '41

Defence of an Accent

"O BE or not to be" is not the question—matters of more moment call us now. Whether 'twere nobler to pronounce r, rrr, or r, ah, that is the question. One is not ignorant if one pronounces the letter after q, ah, nor has one an impediment in one's speech, one is merely the victim of circumstances—one has been born and bred close by a city situated on a peninsula, three miles long and a little more than one mile broad at the head of Massachusetts Bay, 42° 21' 27" lat., 70° 3' 33" W. lon. from Greenwich, Eng.—Boston, by name. Along side of "tell me the company you keep and I'll tell you what you are" could be placed "speak me a speech, and I'll tell you from where you come."

Has one not the right to question the futility of living, if one has dogmatically been told for seventeen years, four months, and twelve days, that the eighteenth letter of the alphabet (reading from right to left) is pronounced ah, only to be taken in hand at this late date and told that this letter is pronounced rrr? Does it not weaken one's faith in humanity? Can one be expected to ever trust human beings again?

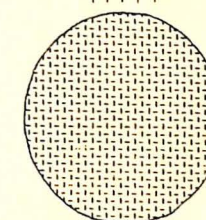
What oft'times starts out to be a calm and cool discussion on what the eighteenth letter of the alphabet is, whether it is rrr, or ah, turns into a heated argument, both parties slowly working up to a sort of frenzy with no hope of a break in sight. And to what is all this animated discussion over the pronunciation of the letter before s, leading? It is hard to say, of course, but there is a possibility that in time, it might weaken the friendly spirit between two neighboring countries in North America (not mentioning any names). This will not happen, of course, if the proper attitude can be adopted by the two combatants soon enough. "Lives of great men all remind us" that duels have been fought and nations have warred over little less than this, so this is a serious matter. Are we in the ah-pronouncing minority to be overruled by the rrr-pronouncing majority? It seems as though we are, so let's compromise and just like old man river—"You keep going your way, I'll keep going my way."

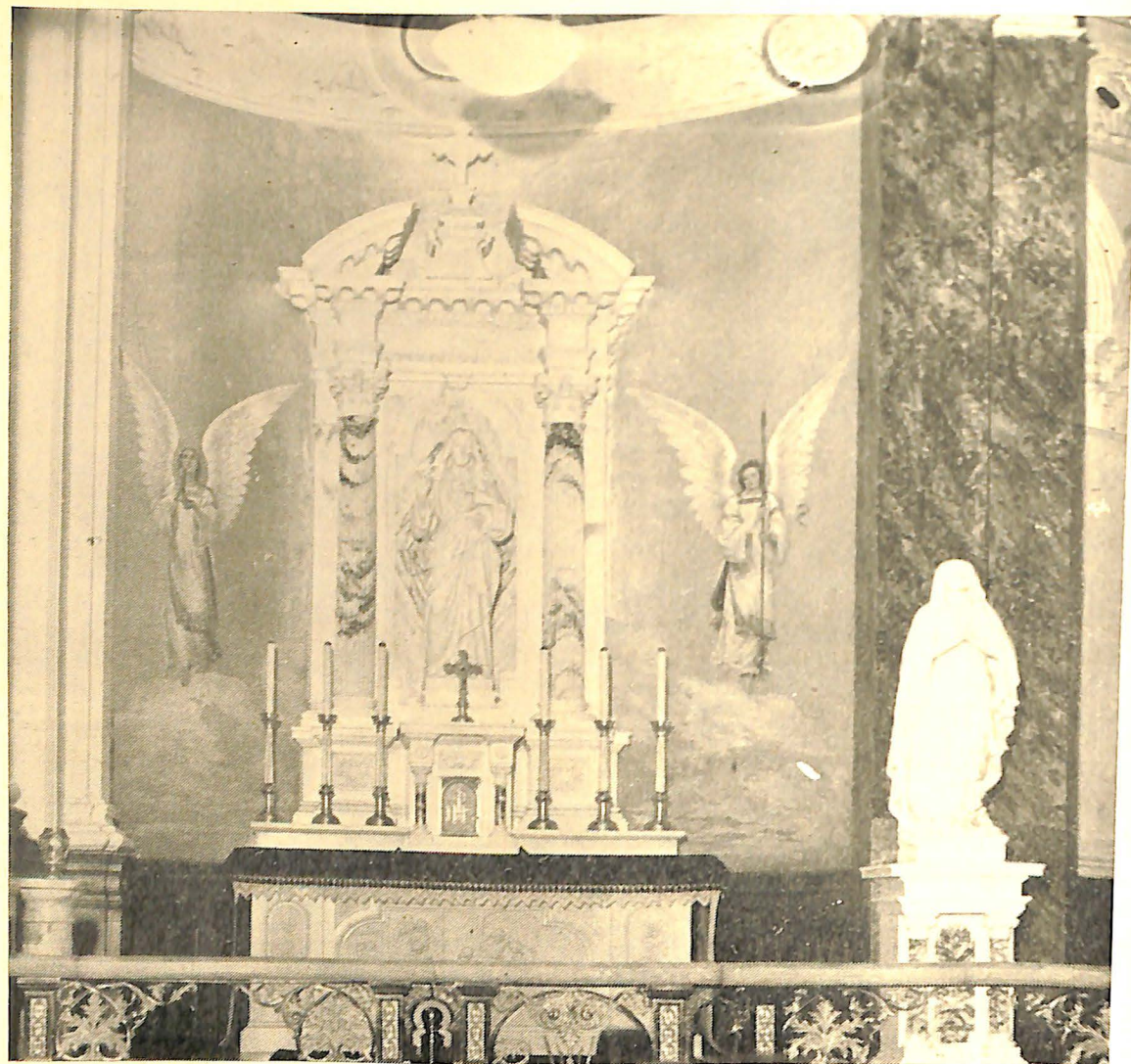
MIRIAM RYAN, '42



ACTIVITIES

RELIGIOUS
SCHOLASTIC
MISCELLANEOUS





SACRED HEART ALTAR IN MOUNT CHAPEL

Sodality Officers



MAGDALENE MORRISSEY
Treasurer



ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
Prefect



MARGARET BARRON
Vice-Prefect



NANCY O'HEARN
Secretary



Sodality of Our Lady



WITH THE organization of Sodality activities for the year 1938-39, it was learned with regret that Sister Irene Marie who had been with the Sodality since its inception into the College, and had ever been an enthusiast for its work, had been transferred. However, under the direction of Sister Francis d'Assisi, an experienced Directress, we hoped for the vigorous continuation of our spiritual work and since then, this expectation has been splendidly fulfilled.

At the first meeting held on October 3, 1938, the following slate of officers was solemnly installed:

Prefect—Elizabeth Campbell
Vice-Prefect—Margaret Barron
Secretary—Nancy O'Hearn
Treasurer—Magdalene Morrissey

At the same time the Chairmen of the various committees received their symbols of office. Two study clubs, one dealing with "The Mass", the other with "Marriage", were organized under the direction of Faculty members. In November, the Sodalists had the great pleasure of a talk on "The Ways of Living", given by the President of the College, Sister M. Evaristus.

Throughout the year, the weekly programs were carried on mainly under the direction of the Committee Chairmen.

The Eucharistic Committee, under the leadership of Agatha O'Keefe, was formed to further among the Sodalists devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Its main activity this year was organizing College adoration on Fridays before the Blessed Sacrament exposed. It also encouraged frequent daily visits. Two regular meetings and a program on the Priesthood and Brotherhoods were arranged for Vocation Week programs. With "A Missal for every Sodalist" as a slogan, it succeeded in a drive for more intelligent participation in the Mass.

Our Lady's Committee. The function of Our Lady's Committee, chairman Jean Rossiter—is a three-fold one:

1. To make Our Lady better known among the Sodalists.
2. To bring Our Blessed Lady into their daily lives.
3. To foster external practices to Our Lady.

Therefore, the Committee began its work this year with a general Sodality discussion on the Personality of Our Lady. The month of October saw the organization of a Living Rosary among the Sodalists. The daily care of Our Lady's Shrine and the special preparation of it for Our Lady's feasts, especially that of the Immaculate Conception, was one of the privileged duties of this committee.

A most important phase of the work was the daily Rosary in the chapel and the development of interest in the saying of the "Little

Office." The closing Vocation Week Program was under the auspices of this committee and consisted of a one-act play "Life's Gift Shop", which was followed by prayers before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, and the hymn "My Child, Give Me Thy Heart", sung by the Sodality's picked choir. Programs for May, and the success of Mary's Day, are due in greater part to the work of this committee, working under Jean Rossiter.

The Publicity Committee with Jennie MacMahon as Chairman has endeavoured throughout the year to keep the Bulletin Board at all times decorated with attractive and appropriate posters. The daily newspaper has been invariably notified of our religious activities and a public record thereby been kept. This year saw the first publication of a Sodality paper—"The Queen's Service". Although it is small at present, consisting of a single sheet, the paper is rather attractive, done as it is in blue, with a darker blue ensign of the Immaculate Conception, at the head of the page.

The Good Literature Committee, chairman, Margaret Daley, sponsored early in the term a play on Father Lord's pamphlet "I Can Read Anything." Throughout the year the bulletin racks were kept well supplied with new and interesting pamphlets and booklets of all kinds. During March, a play contest was initiated, the prize-winner to be announced toward the close of our Sodality term. This Committee gave its whole-hearted support to the C.C.Y.U. drive for Clean Literature in the Archdiocese of Halifax.

The Apostolic Committee. Catherine Picott was appointed chairman of the Committee. The year was started by a Bundle Drive, which was very successful. The chief activities before Christmas included the raising of a fund in aid of the Orphanage and the collection of toys for the Christmas tree in the village. During Lent, a drive was made, and many articles of clothing were collected and distributed to the needy. In the meantime, the Committee's sewing circle met to remodel the contributions. This year, the "Purple Bag" drive instituted last year was repeated and the response was most generous. Proceeds were devoted to Charity work, and during May several First Communicants were clothed by the Sodality.

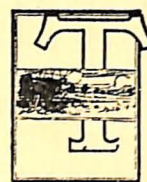
On December 8th, thirteen new Sodalists were received into the Sodality after they had been duly instructed by Dorothy Murray. On this occasion Agnes O'Donnell, Chairman of the Social Committee, arranged a most enjoyable, and well planned evening in honor of the new Sodalists. This committee was also responsible for the several invigorating and novel entertainments, to which the Sodalists were treated on various social nights which the Sodality sponsored during the month of May.

Throughout the entire year, a Mass was offered, once monthly, by Reverend Charles AuCoin, for the intention of the Sodalists. The Sodality, in addition, arranged for Masses for Marie Carroll, at the time of her marriage, and for the repose of the soul of Irene Jordan.

I wish to take this opportunity to extend in the name of the officers and chairmen, their thanks to all those who made this year one of real enthusiasm for the work of the Blessed Mother.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL,
Prefect.

Mission Club



THE MISSION Club for the year 1938-1939 has been quite active. The following girls were elected as officers of the club; President, Dorothy Murray; Vice-President, Margaret Daley; Treasurer, Muriel Bartholomay; Secretary, Julia Cahill. With the co-operation of all Crusaders, they have been able to make the meetings conducive to mission enthusiasm and

interest.

The Club meets monthly, opening with the Crusader's hymn "God Wills It". During the meeting, prepared papers are given by the different members and the mission intention for the month is read and explained. This procedure is generally followed by discussions from the floor by the members present, on matters that are of vital importance to the Club. The meeting is closed with the recitation of the Crusader's pledge.

Throughout the term, the students have been cooperative and generous in responding to the appeals made to them for stamps and magazines. There have been large shipments of stamps sent to the Stamp Bureau. The Club has received acknowledgments of gratitude for the distribution of magazines from the hospitals throughout the city. In the course of the year, the different classes have sponsored various kinds of sales, such as, "Ice Cream sales", "Cake sales", and "Beano games", the proceeds of which have been turned over to the Mission fund. It is by means of this fund, that the Club has been able to answer, financially, the requests received from Missionaries near and afar. Donations have been sent to Monsignor McGrath, the Club's adopted Missionary, to rural parishes of Nova Scotia, and to Canadian missionaries of the West. The Unit received a beautiful Chinese kimona sent directly from Shanghai, together with a letter from Monsignor McGrath. This gift to the Club is an expression of gratitude from the Missionary, for its generous offerings to him.

Active interest has been shown by the Crusade members in the drive that is being launched for Clean Literature. One of the members of the Club, Muriel Bartholomay, was appointed Chairman of the Publicity Committee in the drive, and has been most zealous in writing for publication in a local newspaper, articles that were most effective in attracting the attention of, and stirring to action those who would otherwise be mere spectators. The Mission Club has also attended a mass meeting held in the city of Halifax, for the purpose of interesting youth in this nation-wide movement. At a recent meeting of the Club, pledge cards were distributed and signed by the Crusaders, in connection with the drive.

The Club has had a most successful and satisfactory year and the retiring President and Officers are grateful for the cooperation evidenced in every project undertaken by the members.

JULIA CAHILL, Secretary.

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"Lights that shine brightest, shine farthest from home"



MURIEL BARTHOLOMAY
Treasurer



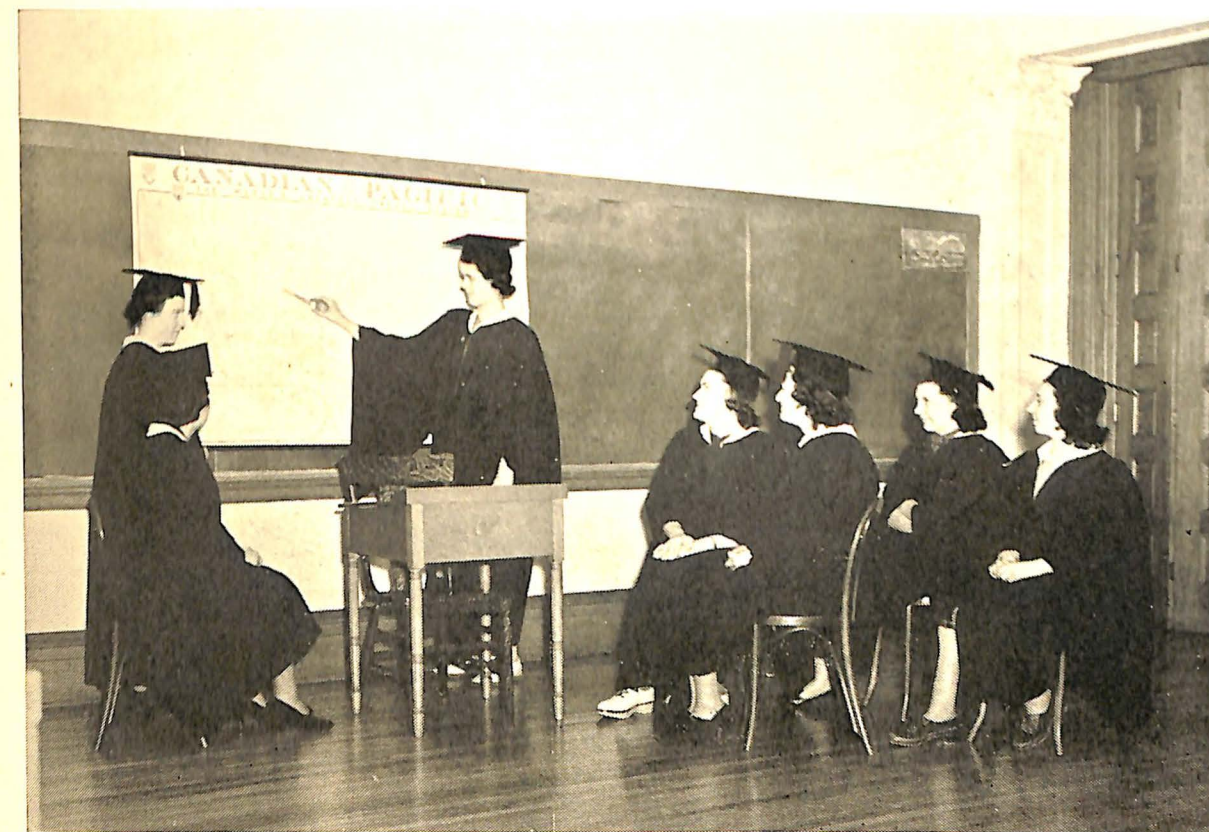
DOROTHY MURRAY
President



MARGARET DALEY
Vice-President



JULIA CAHILL
Secretary



[73]

Phi Delta Phi



IF ALL the college clubs, the Phi Delta Phi is unique, for it is the only club with a Greek name, a restricted membership, and a magnificent standard reference work.

The Greek name explains itself to a certain extent, but it is only when one becomes a member that one understands the full significance of the classic initials. Many a student may be keenly interested or even take several Philosophy classes, but this is not a "love that possesses for the mere wishing". A very few new students are accepted as members each year, and that, only after careful consideration, the especial "hurdles" being scholarship and consistent moral integrity.

Under the especial patronage of Saint Thomas Aquinas, the members meet weekly with the intention of making Scholasticism, for them, something more than the popular notion of vague disputes on "how many angels can dance on the point of a pin". Since our method for making "the first of the Sciences something nearer and clearer", varies as does the time, it might be timely to give just a few of the highlights of this year's program.

Our first concern, this year, was to elect a capable President to replace Ruth Summers who, through illness, was not attending the college. This done, we had the following slate of officers whose interest was to keep one and all from straying beyond the paths of truth.

President—Mary McGonagle

Secretary—Elizabeth Campbell

Treasurer—Mary Wall

One of our first outside programs was the unobtrusive psychological survey of the student body which was conducted by club members in order to determine general opinion as regard problems such as—a philosophy of life, character, the modern girl—etc. Needless to say, the results gleaned were most illuminating!

However, the feature program was held on March 7, to celebrate fittingly the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, when due homage was offered him by the potential Thomists in the form of a Symposium. Papers dealing with various phases of the life of the Saint, the environment in which Thomistic philosophy was developed, and its necessity for the world today were presented.

In truth, we have had an excellent year, and there are many of us who hate to leave our places in the weekly circles. Surely we will take with us some of that wisdom which we have uncovered there, for we have striven for a realistic grasp on things as they are—not for that type of speculation which looks far away on the green fields, and certainly not the other extreme which would make man nothing more than the earth on which he stands.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

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Potency and Actuality?



MARY WALL
Treasurer



MARY MCGONAGLE
President



ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
Secretary



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The Writers' Club



ON October 14, the MOUNT SAINT VINCENT WRITERS' CLUB organized at its first meeting.

The purpose of this club is to aid those who wish to write, to do so along guided lines, accepting constructive criticism and acquiring a greater knowledge of writing, both general and specific.

The following officers were elected:

President—Genevieve MacMahon

Secretary—Muriel Bartholomay

Treasurer—Mildred Flanagan

It was decided to hold weekly meetings at an hour convenient for all members, the time fixed for the present year being Monday afternoon at 4.10.

Saint John, the Beloved Disciple was chosen as patron. The "Golden Sequence," *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* (in Latin), was selected as the opening prayer at meetings, and the *Memorare* to Our Lady as the closing prayer.

The club secured from Paris a beautiful colored reproduction of Carlo Dolci's *Saint John* to adorn the wall of the class room in which meetings are held. A small sepia copy of the same picture decorates the exquisitely printed membership cards.

The subjects discussed at meetings have been: Writing in General, the Art of Interpretation, Metres, Eileen Duggan's Poetry, the Cameo Lyric, the Short Story, O. Henry, etc. Each period included some creative work in collaboration. The members contributed lyrics, editorials, book reviews, and short stories to *The Kappa Weekly*.

The President published a feature article in one of the daily newspapers, for which she earned her first cheque.

After a practical experience of several months, the club formulated its constitution. This insists that every member produce at least one "piece of literature" each semester, and that some of the writings of the club be used as exchanges in the Maritime University Press Association. It also stresses the need of contact with other writers' groups, and co-operation with campus publications. A number of the members have already joined the national New Writers' Society, and Miss MacMahon is on its slate of officers. These are to be elected next month.

Yearly dues are decided upon at the initial meeting; they are to be used, in part, for subscription to magazines of general aid to writers.

A short story contest brought the year's activities to a close; but at the moment of writing, its results are still unknown, as the prize will be awarded on Class Day.

MURIEL BARTHOLOMAY,
Secretary.

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"The pen is mightier than the sword"



MILDRED FLANAGAN
Treasurer



GENEVIEVE MACMAHON
President



MURIEL BARTHOLOMAY
Secretary



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Louis Pasteur Science Club



HERE are countless clubs; there are even countless science clubs but there is only one Louis Pasteur Science club—

Organized two years ago, the club at present has a membership of about thirty students drawn from the Chemistry, Physics and Biology departments. Guiding the destiny of the younger scientists are:

Margaret Tobin—President

Anita Faulkner—Vice-President

Mary Wall—Secretary-Treasurer

The purpose of the organization is to emphasize the more practical side of science. Accordingly, this year, the study of photography was taken as a project. Each member has her own pin-hole camera which she assembled for herself. Pictures, on the campus and off, are next in order, and these are developed and printed by the girls themselves. The theoretical part of the process is closely studied by the classes concerned—the Physics students examining the action of light in the taking of the picture, while the chemists are interested in the part which the various chemicals play in producing the finished product.

Once in a while, these same young people decide that even scientific minds need a frolic—and they have it in grand style! At Christmas, they determined to subject Santa to the latest methods in scientific procedure, and objecting to the traditional Santa's being fat, undertook to "Modernize Santa". In their play, the members performed a series of experiments on Father Christmas, with the result that he is still fat and is very likely to remain that way, while a set of perplexed science students wonder what can be the matter when scientifically prepared menus fail to give expected results.

But with Spring in the air, the scientists could not long withstand its attractions and soon found themselves entertaining at an "Audubon Gathering", an affair which was indeed worthy of its name. A colorfully decorated laboratory greeted the guests, who spent the larger part of the evening in playing scientific games, for skill in which, beautiful prizes were given. Refreshments were served in a truly scientific manner! The guests were seated at the laboratory tables, where they found that Bunsen Burners had become flower vases; filter paper served as plates and saucers; beakers were coffee cups while evaporating dishes displayed generous servings of ice cream. Need we tell what the general opinion of the guests of the Louis Pasteur Club was that night? Why "gild a lily"?

Never before have the secret delights of science been so clearly revealed and never before have groups of potential scientists set about their discoveries with more zest than our own Louis Pasteurites.

MARY WALL,
Secretary.

"Science begets the gentle art of healing"



ANITA FAULKNER
Vice-President



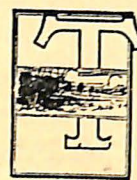
MARGARET TOBIN
President



MARY WALL
Secretary-Treasurer



Sociology Club



THE SOCIOLOGY Club is not in reality one of those brought into being during the current scholastic year. Its organization dates back to March 22, 1938, when Miss Mary Morley, B.H.Sc. was elected President for the year. Before this time it seemed impossible for the various Sociology classes to even consider the various practical activities in social service work, which, because of their importance today, could hardly be ignored. At the same time, it seemed desirable, because of the comparatively recent nature of some sociological work, such as Playground methods, outdoor relief, etc., that talks, given by men who were almost pioneers in this work, would be most beneficial. The Sociology club undertook, then, to provide the proper vehicle for supplying these needs.

The Club, under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, meets monthly, and from March to June, 1938, the club had already done much splendid work in handicrafts, so that an excellent groundwork was established. In March, we had been particularly fortunate to have Dr. S. H. Prince of Dalhousie University give an illustrated lecture on "Housing Conditions in Nova Scotia".

Activities for the year 1938-39, did not really become organized until October. After a new President had been elected the slate of officers was announced as follows:

President—Florence Wall.

Vice-President—Rita Fawson, B.A.

Secretary-Treasurer—Elizabeth Campbell.

During November, members were engaged in discovering types of occupational therapy suitable for the sick-room. At Christmas-tide the club presented a play, and sponsored a display of the craft work which had been accomplished during the term, to which meeting Sister Superior and members of the Faculty were invited.

In February, a special opportunity to understand the extensive work done by the social service bodies in Halifax was given us, when we were invited to attend the meeting of the Halifax Council of Social Agencies at the Lord Nelson Hotel.

On March 10th, Mr. Ferguson, Administrator of Direct Relief in Halifax, gave an interesting account of the various methods used in Direct Relief today, particularly those in use in the Halifax system. This was but another occasion when the need for intelligent and sympathetic dealing with the problems of the day was vividly demonstrated.

Before we conclude this report, we would like to extend the thanks of the Executive and club members to all those who have in any way made the year profitable, by their willingness to co-operate in so many ways.

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL,
Secretary-Treasurer.

"Non ministrari sed ministrare"



RITA FAWSON, B. A.
Vice-President



FLORENCE WALL
President



ELIZABETH CAMPBELL
Secretary-Treasurer



Chatelaine Club



THE YEAR opened with a gay Hallowe'en supper for the new members.

Soon afterwards, we attended the Annual Nova Scotia Economics Convention held at the Lord Nelson Hotel, where many interesting topics were discussed by delegates from the Maritime colleges.

Sales! Bargains! Cake, candy, cookie, ice cream, sandwich and coffee—all very successful—and with no regrets! The department took over the candy table at the Christmas Bazaar—and well, who doesn't like candy? Evidently no one, as the empty table soon proved.

A "Reading Circle" was organized, with bi-monthly meetings at which reviews of current magazine articles and books concerning our work are given. It has proved most beneficial to our members, bringing home many facts which will be useful in future homemaking.

In February, we entertained the entire Student Body at a Mardi-Gras. The Home Economics' Rhythm Band made up of dishpans, eggbeaters, spoons and bells, rendered several selections. There was dancing and singing, and to add variety, a palmist and an artist. The party concluded with the awarding of prizes for the prettiest, funniest and the most original costumes. It was a grand success from all angles!

Again in March, we staged a mock "Reunion"—ten years hence, where each member told of her career—thus showing the many different phases of life for which our B. Sc. fits us.

As members of the Halifax Branch of the American Home Economics Association, we attended the regular meeting every month. The business reports were usually followed by short talks on related subjects, sometimes given by our own Club members. Recently the group met here at the Mount and we were honored by the presence of Dr. Wiswell, noted child specialist of Halifax and guest speaker, who chose as his subject "Child Feeding."

We were more than pleased to welcome Miss Smith, well-known pediatric specialist who spoke to us on the importance and necessity of recreation in the hospitals, especially among children, cripples and the mentally deficient. It was most interesting to us, as many of our students are preparing for hospital work. Afterwards, Miss Smith read the individual characters of the girls which everyone enjoyed immensely.

But all good things must come to an end and true to their calling, as a grande finale;

"Breathes there a Senior with soul so dead,
Who never to herself has said
When she's reminisced on the picnic we had,
A toast to Home Ec!"

HOPE WILLARD,
Secretary.

for "civilized man cannot live without cooks"



MARY DALEY
Vice-President



EILEEN FINNEGAN
President



HOPE WILLARD
Secretary



Glee Club



WHAT IS a song? We know! We should know after having enjoyed one more year of unceasing song! Its opening chord sounded with our first Glee Club meeting, October 6, at which the usual election of officers took place. The year 1938-39 found all the efforts of the club staunchly supported and zealously furthered by

Marie Davis, as president

Muriel Bartholomay, vice-president

Mary Mulcahy, secretary-treasurer.

Everybody enjoys a "sing-song"—songs everybody loves to sing, in as many parts as they care to sing them. Our first one, on November 3, served as a little "get-together" of the old members and a welcoming of the new. Three comic sketches opened the evening social and put all in a merry singing mood. Then the finishing touches—refreshments! And a "gleeful" time was had by all!

Christmas drawing near only meant vacation and home to some, but to the energetic Club, it meant besides, a farewell and a rousing send-off to its members. In the auditorium a tree was set up, beautifully lighted and decorated, gifts were distributed by Santa, and Christmas carols were sung.

The Ladybrook Ladies' Choir, direct from England, made its first first Canadian appearance at the Mount on January 23, under the sponsorship of the Glee Club.

On January 26, the members participated in a musical programme at the Nova Scotian Hotel, under the auspices of the Halifax Ladies' Musical Club. Our contribution consisted in three choruses; "The Swan"—Saint Saens, "The Bull-frog and the Bee"—Wells, and a bright Italian folk song entitled "Marianina", all ably directed by one of our members, Miss Agatha O'Keefe. That evening we had reason to be proud of our promising soprano soloist, Marie Davis, who rendered in really beautiful coloratura style the aria, "Ah fer se lue" from Verdi's "La Traviata" and then delighted her audience with an encore "Summer Showers" by Richardson.

Lent was in full swing, but Saint Patrick's Day gave us a good chance to celebrate which was proudly done by our Saint Patrick's Day party. The music hall decorated to suit the occasion, and all around in high spirits, nothing but a jolly time could be looked for—and found—by each and every one.

Now for our crowning glory—the climax of our year of song—the operetta entitled "The Dress Rehearsal" by L. Diehl, was presented by the members, who were well rewarded for the effort and time they put into it by the "rousing cheer" they received from their satisfied public.

Truly do we say, our song is ended—but the melody lingers on!

MARY V. MULCAHY,
Secretary-Treasurer.

"Joyful music lifts us sunward"



MURIEL BARTHOLOMAY
Vice-President



MARIE DAVIS
President



MARY MULCAHY
Secretary-Treasurer



The Mount Athletic Association



WITH the dawning of the scholastic year 1938-39, came the beginning of the second season in the successful career of our Athletic Association. Young! Yes, but far from unestablished! At the very first meeting, mind you, the flame of enthusiasm which issued from the "old" members spread out among the new ones, and before long, they too were fired with the anticipation of hikes, badminton, basketball, fencing, and possibly baseball and hockey.

The executive staff which had been elected in May 1938, went into action. Our sports-loving President, Margaret Barron, took executive matters into hand, and made plans with our Sister Moderator for a lively athletic program for the year.

Our Treasurer, Anita Faulkner, found her duties—not particularly happy ones, but she did nobly, however.

The Secretary, Mildred Flanagan, of course, kept the minutes of the meetings.

We started off with a so-called "bang" on one memorable day during the first of October, when we participated in a hike to a small cabin about six miles from here. This was only an introduction to what was to come!

Each Wednesday evening we gathered in the gymnasium for a "jam session," where we forgot entirely the approaching class-marks for an all-too-brief hour and a half, and raced around, jumped over bars, swung from the trapeze—all to our hearts' content.

On the last Saturday of November, we again indulged in the pleasures and beauty of the great out-doors with another hike which was fully as exciting as the first. With the coming of winter the hiking season closed, and basketball began. Quite naturally, basketball was the favorite topic of sports' fans for many weeks. This sport proved to be fairly successful, but was almost completely outshone by Badminton when it appeared on the horizon. The latter was entered into with an honest fervor—a fervor that really endured. Tournaments were played, and the Mount made an excellent showing in all of them.

Unfortunately, since the winter months were almost devoid of snow, bobsiding and skiing were impossible most of the time, but we made up for this lack by an enthusiastic sweep of ice-skating which we enjoyed to an extensive degree—in spite of the fact that there was no music to time our rhythm.

With the spring came more hikes, and a more lively interest in outdoor activities—which is not exactly a phenomenon, and incidentally, is generally known as "spring fever."

Well, altogether we had a year packed with action! Let's hope our successors of next year have the same—"To you . . . we throw the torch, be yours to hold it high!"

MILDRED FLANAGAN,
Secretary.

"Mens sana in corpore sano"



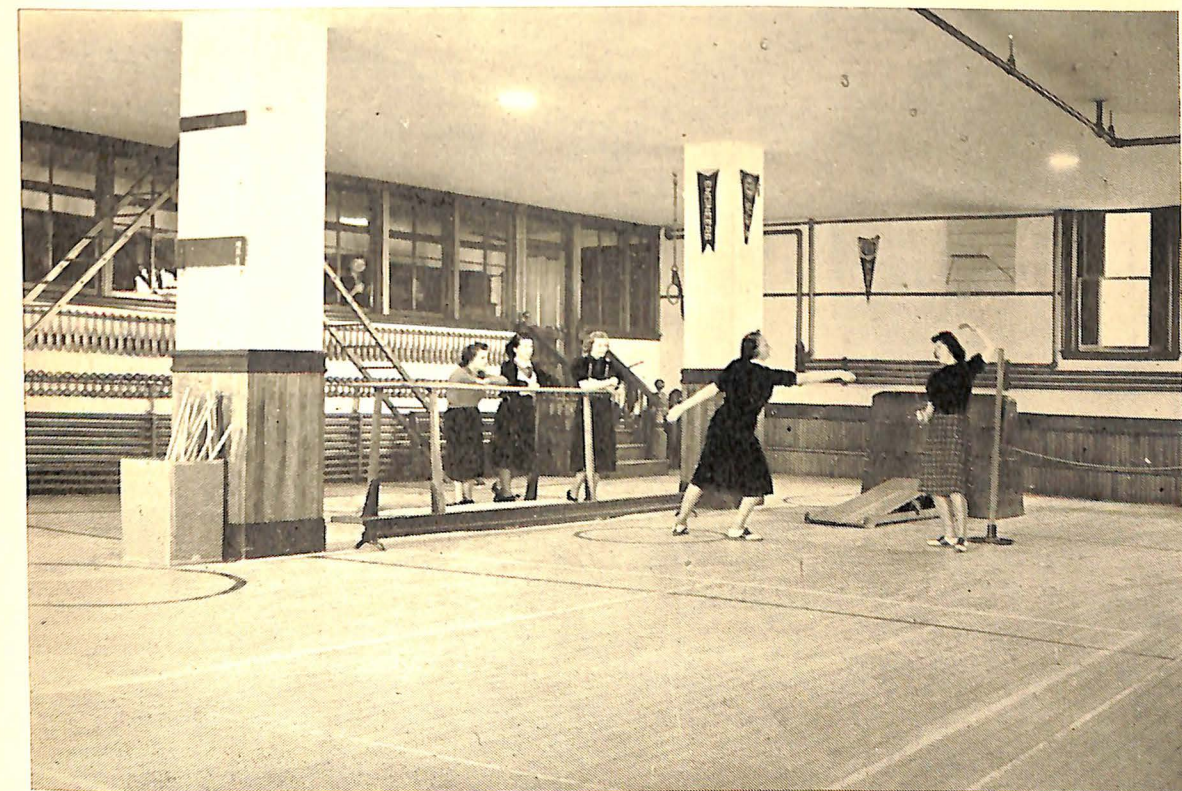
ANITA FAULKNER
Treasurer

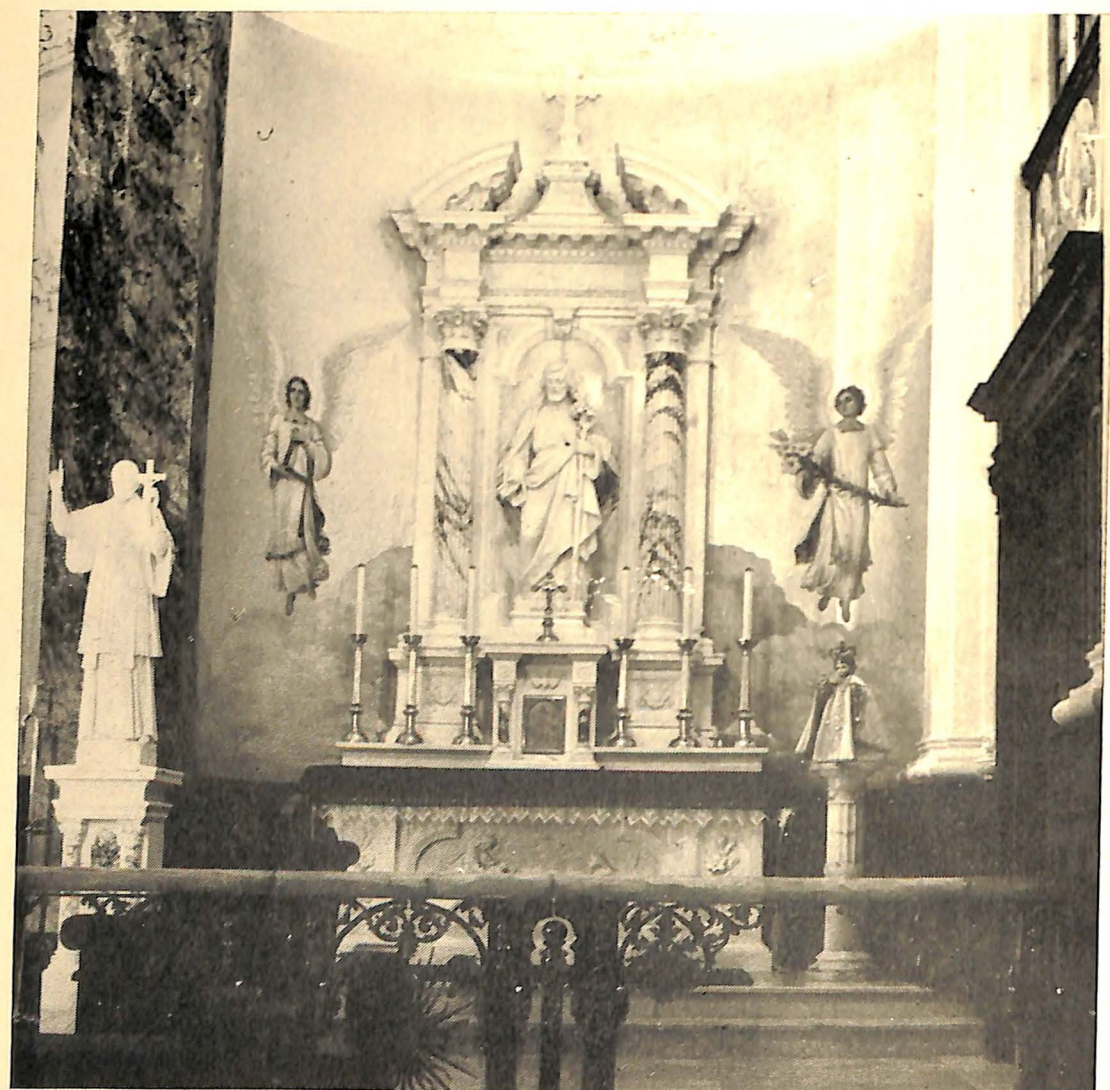


MARGARET BARRON
President



MILDRED FLANAGAN
Secretary





ST. JOSEPH'S ALTAR—MOUNT CHAPEL



Not for school . . . but for Life!

ALUMNAE SECTION

ALUMNAE NOTES

Dear Alumnae:

After plowing through many different, if not diverting pages of material, we are sure that you are quite anxious to hear what all your classmates are now doing, and just where the various students of former years are exercising their multiple abilities and eccentricities. Perhaps you feel that it is impertinence on our part to be editing news of so many illustrious graduates, for how could we hope to even guess what are their important happenings? At any rate, more of that later. And now, here is what we have heard about former "Mount Girls".

Regarding Those Who Have Claimed "The Higher Life"

Sister Francis Dolores (Dolores Donnelly) has been putting her Library Science theory into practice in the absence of Sister Francis de Sales. Sister James Bernard (Marguerite Keenan) is likewise learning the art.

Sister Florence Bernard, Sister Edna Marie, and Sister Mary de Chantal, having finished their Canonical year are attending lectures in the College. Sister M. Etheldreda (Ruth Kline) is also found among the happy Novices.

Best Wishes

To Madeleine Jones, who is the first graduate of 1938 to have her engagement announced. She is to be married to Dr. Cyril O'Brien, teacher, organist at Saint Patrick's, and music Professor, in Halifax. The wedding is to take place sometime in July.

To Katherine Ahearn, of Boston, graduate of 1934, who is to be married to James Francis Slattery.

To Jane Thorup, '36, who has announced her intention to marry a young Catholic lawyer of Washington, D.C., sometime in May.

Mary Dee tells us that she has a nice boy-friend, and unless we have names for next year's column we may be forced to announce her coming marriage, to soothe our romantic hearts, as it were.

Concerning the Brave "Citizen Builders"

Verta Curry is teaching at Woodside, Dartmouth, while Lenore Pelham, Dorothy Webb, Marie Forhan, and Gladys Camp have been doing considerable substituting during the past winter, in the Halifax schools.

Irma Charman is tutoring in Riding and Art at the Ontario Ladies' College.

Marie Soper took Education at Dalhousie this past year, and Mary Morley has taken Marie Carroll Adams' place as Instructress in the Nova Scotia Training School, Truro.

Kay DeVan is no longer in Dartmouth but teaches in Woodside, one of Dartmouth's "suburbs".

Margaret Cummings, M.A., Gene Stevens, and Rose Sullivan are still classmates, since they all teach at Oxford St. School.

In Newfoundland, Eleanor Coady is teaching cooking at the Mercy Convent in St. John's, while Ruth Summers has been tutoring several students in a variety of subjects.

Ida Clarke has a teaching position in Clarksville, N. S.

Frances Romkey and Annie Ritchie, are still at the Queen's County Academy.

To come to Halifax city again—Mary O'Brien is at Oxford School, with Cecilia MacDonald, who now has her degree in Library Science. Alice Kerr, Rhoda Parsons, Margaret Preston, and Delphine Stokes are teaching at Alexander McKay. On the staff of St. Patrick's Boys' are Marguerite Mackey, and Irene MacQuillan.

Marjorie Thompson, who is teaching in St. John Vocational School, is doing splendid work in organizing the C.Y.O. social activities.

Irene Veniot, engaged with interesting work at Fredericton, spent a week-end in Halifax, sometime in February, during which she visited for a short while at the Mount.

These Dietitians

Dorothy Harrison, who is very enthusiastic about her work at the Waltham State Hospital, Mass., spent a busy couple of days in May, visiting at her home in Halifax.

Viola Pride, '38, who was a student dietitian at Saint Michael's, in Toronto, during the past year, has been appointed to the staff of the Halifax Infirmary.

Clair Henley, at the Infirmary for the past year, is going back to her tea-room for the summer.

The Social Service Workers

Coline and Patricia Clancy, are still at the Catholic Federated Charities, in Montreal. Cassie Ferguson is with them, but if reports are correct, she may soon be doing social service work in her own home.

Kathleen Thompson, who is employed in her native city, comes to the Mount several times weekly to take extra lessons toward her degree in Social Service.

The Mad Musicians

Mary McLean has a small class of eager young music-makers. She has been a frequent guest artist on the CBC network.

Mary Dee, teaching at the Maritime Academy of Music, has several very active Glee Clubs in Armdale.

Muriel Carey, with her private pupils, her Junior Orchestra, will be very busy with her new work, that of Assistant Organist at Saint Patrick's.

Marguerite MacNeil is at Bethany, the Mother House of the Sisters of Saint Martha.

The Women in the Business World

We see Margaret MacLean around quite frequently. She looks well and evidently enjoys her work at the Eastern Trust Co.

Rite Nugent is now Medical Secretary at the Cloverhill State Hospital. Lauraine Davis is working with her father.

Pat Dwyer is employed at the Nova Scotia Light and Power Co. Halifax.

Two of the girls are working in Town Halls; Donalda Kelley, in Liverpool, and Eva Gavin, in Parrsboro.

Margaret Gillmor, who had a position in one of the offices of the Roy Building, has moved with her family to Sussex, N. B. In her career there, she will probably meet Kay Devine, who is very much interested in her work too.

Margaret Morrissey, a stenographer at John Tobin's, has paid us several visits thorough the course of the year.

For a long time we have heard nothing of Dorothy MacDougall, one of the first two graduates, and this year we heard that she was also at John Tobin's. Unfortunately her health was not all it might have been, so that she was forced to go back to Cape Breton for a rest. We hope that "Dolly" will soon be completely recuperated.

The Mount Matrons

Best Wishes to Marie Carroll Adams, who was married very quietly on December 31.

To Mrs. C. A. MacDonald (Astrid Buckley) married in July, and living in Sydney.

Mrs. R. J. MacIsaac (Norma Buckley) now living in Halifax, the proud mother of a year-old tot, is a frequent visitor at the Mount.

In the Spring we had the pleasure of entertaining Mrs. Vincent MacDonald (Hilda Durney) and Professor MacDonald, who gave a lecture on The Canadian Constitution.

A Word of Gratitude

The Alumnae Association has shown its continued interest in the growth of the library by its recent donation of twenty dollars, with the promise of more in the future. Through the Alumnae's affiliation with the Canadian Federation of Convent Alumnae, the sixth volume donated to the College by the Federation has been placed on the shelves. This year's gift is Monsignor Ronald Knox's latest book, "Let Dons Delight".

The student body was delighted recently with the very interesting talk given by Marion Haliburton, President of the Alumnae. We are very grateful for such interest shown in the potential Alumnae members.

Ladies With Lamps

Ida Shofer, in training at the Royal Victoria, Montreal, is progressing nicely.

Rita Mancini, will be graduated soon from the Halifax Infirmary.

Our most humble apologies are hereby offered to Rita Maxwell for the error in last year's Kappa. Rita has been employed for the past three years by the "American Federation of Musicians" in the National Treasurer's office, in Boston. She writes enthusiastically of her work, and is equally enthusiastic over the "good times" enjoyed by the Boston Chapter of the Alumnae Association. Last summer, she and Ann Shea paid a visit to Nova Scotia, with a stop-off at St. John, where they spent two days with Anna Burns. At Parrsboro, they were joined by Eva Gavin, and all three were entertained by Francis Romkey, at her home in West Dublin. Connections were made, meanwhile, with Muriel Mossman and Isabel Creaser. Returning to Halifax, they were joined by Cecilia MacDonald, and were entertained for several days, visiting the Mount in the course of them. So it was an all around reunion and everybody was enthusiastic. Why shouldn't they be? The question now is, says Rita, "What do we do this year?"

A Word of Sympathy

The death of Irene Jordan was a cause of deep sorrow to her many friends who had well founded hopes of her rapid recovery. Several of the Alumnae members from Lawrence, who visited her in Middleton Sanatorium, found her apparently much improved. Irene underwent successfully two operations in a series of three, but succumbed after the third operation in a Boston hospital, on February twenty-third. Her passing was a most peaceful and beautiful one; she was fully conscious to the end, and happy to go. To her family and to her fiance, her death was a great blow. Her college friends were present in a group at the funeral, and Mass offerings and a spiritual bouquet were sent to the family. May she rest in peace.

We were all saddened by the news of Martha MacCafferty's mother's death. Martha stayed home this year to be with her mother, who was ill, but not seriously so. Eternal rest grant to her and let perpetual light shine upon her.

And now we have really nothing more to tell you despite all our prying, peeking and poking. We wonder why the Old Girls are so secretive about themselves. We know that you would all like to see this section pages longer, but unless we're told something, we can't say or do a thing.

So please henceforth, write and tell the

"Alumnae Editor"

Kappa Kronicle

Mount Saint Vincent

Rockingham

when you have conquered one of your private worlds.



September

- 20—Classes officially opened; a good representation from the U. S. and Newfoundland; Sylvia back from Bermuda, and several French students.
- 23—Informal reception of new students under the direction of the Senior class. A hilarious time was had by all.
- 27—The Athletic Association sponsored the annual Cornboil. It was, as always, a merry occasion.

October

- 3—The first edition of the Kappa Weekly, our College paper, was presented to the unsuspecting students. Another step forward.
- 10—Thanksgiving Day. The first hike, sponsored by the Athletic Association. The hike was to Ash Lake, where a Thanksgiving dinner of weiners and coffee was enjoyed to the nth degree.
- 11—Reverend Father Camillus, of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, gave an illustrated lecture on the life, works and death of Father Damien. The discourse was under the auspices of the Mission Crusade Units of the College and Academy.
- 22—The seventeenth Annual Reunion of the Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae. The members of the Senior class were the guests of the Alumnae at the banquet. It was a gala afternoon, that will be long remembered by all present, as one of the most enjoyable of the year.
- 26—President's Day. A half-holiday, and a program in the afternoon, followed by High Tea. A joint party given by the Seniors and Juniors took place in the evening.
- 29—Mrs. MacMahon and daughter, Jennie, entertained the Senior class at a formal dinner party, held at the Lord Nelson Hotel. An unusual and delightful treat.
- 31—The Junior Class held a Hallowe'en party for their Freshman "sisters". The same evening, the Senior Class held a Theatre party, followed by a tea at the home of one of the class.

November

- 1—Dermot O'Keefe, delegate from Saint Mary's College to the Catholic Congress, in Ottawa, gave a resume of the Conference to the students and Faculty.
- 3—The first social event of the College Glee Club. Three short skits were presented and refreshments were served.

- 5—Miss Mary Mulcahy was tended a surprise party at the Nova Scotian Hotel by a group of students.
- 8—Miss M. MacDonnell, R.N. gave an interesting lecture to the students on the subject of Health Problems.
- 11—Armistice Day. A holiday.
- 14—Sir George H. Derry, S.T.D., gave an inspiring lecture to the students and Faculty. Dr. Derry is a distinguished Knight Commander of Saint Greory and President of Marygrove College, and is now making a lecture tour of the United States and Canada. The lecture was based on the encyclicals on Labor of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI.
- 16—The College Debating Society held its first in a series of debates, on the subject of Woman's Place in the Home.
- 17—The Sophomore-Freshman Barn Dance was held in the Gym. A typical "barn" atmosphere with hay, pitch-forks and apple cider. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes.
- 22—The Freshmen out-played the Sophomores in a basketball game, with the score of 13-10.
- 23—The Seniors followed the lead of the Freshmen, and beat the Juniors in a basketball game with the score of 20-14.
- 24—American Thanksgiving. The American students celebrated with dinner at the Nova Scotian Hotel, in true New England style. The birthday of Miss Margery Bartholomay, an American student, was also celebrated at the dinner.

December

- 12—The Sociology Club held its pre-Christmas celebration. Presents were given to all the members by the Club "Santa Claus".
- 13—Mr. Arthur LeBlanc, famed French Canadian violinist, just returned from Paris, entertained the students and Faculty with a brilliant violin recital.
- 15—The Biology Club presented a Christmas cantata, entitled Modernizing Santa.
- 19—The Glee Club gave a farewell Christmas party.
- 20—Christmas vacation began. Students leave for all places on the map, and in every direction!

January

- 7—The famous Yugoslavic violinist, Zlatko Balokovic, gave a surpassing recital for the Community and those students who remained for the Christmas holidays.
- 11—Classes were resumed. The Senior Class Public Speaking competition was held. A very varied list of subjects were discussed, and Agnes O'Donnell and Jennie MacMahon tied for first place.

- 22—Miss Marielli Benziger, well-known journalist and social worker from the United States, addressed the students and Faculty, relating many of her unusual experiences abroad, in Germany and other quarters of the globe. The same afternoon, the skating rink was the scene of a gay party; the skaters were undaunted by misty weather.
- 23—The first Canadian Public Concert of the Ladybrook Ladies' Choir was held here at the Mount, with Miss Margaret Maddison, a talented London pianist, as guest artist. The well performed program came to a close all too soon for the audience, after which the members spent an enjoyable afternoon as our guests.
- 26—Our Glee Club, president Marie Davis, directed by Agatha O'Keefe, presented a program at the meeting of the Halifax Ladies' Musical Club, held at the Nova Scotian Hotel. Our first attempt in Choral verse was very successful. It was also the first time Choral verse was presented in Halifax.
- 30—The fateful day has arrived. Mid-year exams begin. Books, books, in evidence everywhere.

February

- 8—The Mount Saint Vincent Alumnae Dance held at the Nova Scotian Hotel. It was a colorful group of students that left the Mount that evening, and it was a very tired but happy group that arrived back in the wee hours.
- 12—The girls left for the Conference in Antigonish. A four-day educational vacation was welcomed by all. Agnes O'Donnell, Jean Rossiter, Mary McGonagle, and Jennie MacMahon, were the four delegates, but approximately twelve "spectators" went too.
- 17—The delegates and "spectators" arrived back from Antigonish with many amusing tales of their visit.
- 18—A group of students were the guests of Mr. Thomas Coombs and daughter Mary, at an informal dinner party at the Nova Scotian Hotel.
- 21—The Home Economics Club entertained the rest of the College at a Mardi-Gras carnival held in the College Gym. Gay and novel costumes were worn by all, and prizes were presented for the best costume. It was with reluctance that Good Night Ladies was sung.
- 23—The opening evening of the Mount Saint Vincent Annual Retreat for the students. Reverend Forerius Schramm, O.S.A. of the Monastery in Tracadie was the Retreat director.
- 27—Retreat came to a close.

March

- 7—Our "philosophers", Phi Delta Phi presented a much enjoyed Symposium to celebrate the feast of Saint Thomas Aquinas.
- 10—Mr. George Ferguson, Administrator of the Halifax Direct Relief Bureau, addressed the Sociology Club, and outlined methods employed in the problems encountered while administering relief in Halifax.
- 14—The Declamation Contest, sponsored by the Catholic Women's League, between Saint Mary's and Mount Saint Vincent, took place at the Nova Scotian Hotel. The Mount's representatives were: Elizabeth Campbell, Mary McGonagle and Marion O'Brien. Both girls and boys did admirably, but the boys were awarded the prizes.
- 17—Saint Patrick's Day. The Glee Club entertained at a Saint Patrick's Day Party.
- 20—The opening day of Vocation Week. During the week, the various departments presented programs depicting the vocations and the avocations.
- 24—Miss Anne Smith addressed the students on Play Therapy, and related many of her Post-war experiences in connection with it.
- 28—Reverend John L. Quinan, rector of Saint Thomas Aquinas Church, addressed the students and Faculty on his visit to Rome, telling of the historic events of the death of Pope Pius XI and the crowning of Pope Pius XII.
- 30—Professor Vincent MacDonald, K.C., Dean of the faculty of Law at Dalhousie, lectured to the students and faculty on the subject of "Problems of the Canadian Constitution".

April

- 4—Easter Vacation.
- 12—Classes resumed.
- 13—Debating Society presented another debate. Resolved that "Social Justice should be secured by Legislation." After a hard battle, the decision was given to the Negative.
- 18—Audubon Gathering held in the Science Room by the Louis Pasteur Club. The last social event of the Club for the year 1938-39.
- 21—Doctor Ernesto Vinci, of the Halifax Conservatory of Music, gave a Vocal recital for the students and Faculty. Dr Vinci was accompanied by Mrs. Daisy Foster Russell, a former student of the Mount and a well-known pianist.

May

- 8—An operetta entitled "The Dress Rehearsal" was presented under the auspices of the College Glee Club.
- 8—Second performance of the operetta. A triumphant success!

- 12—Annual Public Speaking Contest: The speeches were varied and all interesting. Prize to be awarded on Class Day.
- 15—The Writers' Club brought its year to a close with a Symposium, held in the Household Science Room.
- 18—The last day of classes. It has finally come, school is all over.
- 19—Final exams begin. Everyone is studying, it is almost unbelievable.
- 23—Last publication of marks.
- 31—First day of Commencement Week.

June

- 6—Graduation Day.

New on the Calendar

In order that the young ladies be sufficiently acquainted with the fast events in the worlds of Economics and Politics, and be able to take a definite stand on questions of such moment, a Current Events club was organized by our enthusiast, Elizabeth Campbell. The group has functioned very well and the active interest awakened in social problems is most gratifying. Therefore, if new trends should be noticed in business and political policies might it not be that our leader is in some slight degree responsible?

Weekly talks on the various phases of Social Behaviour, given by different members of the Faculty, were greatly appreciated by the student body. The lectures outlined the social life of a young lady in its relation to Religion, Literature, Health, Student life and many other aspects. There is no excuse for our not being the ideal college girl, is there?

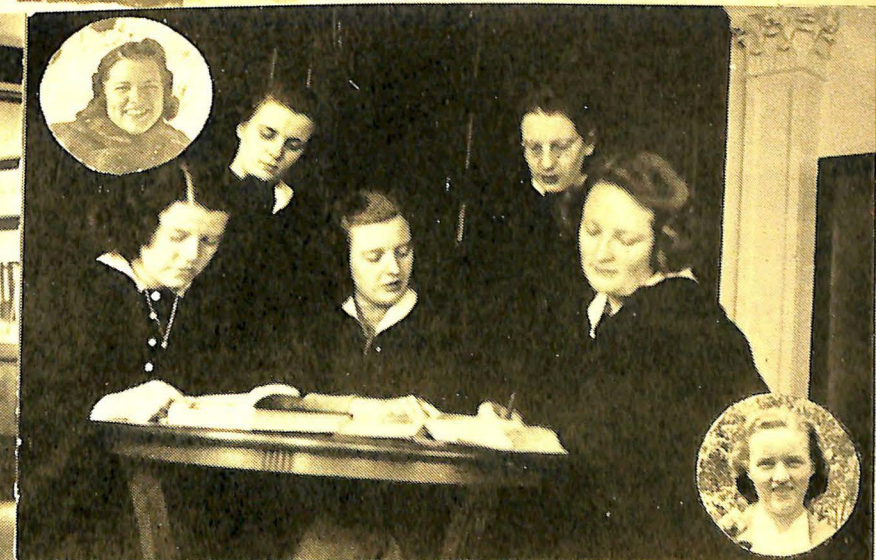
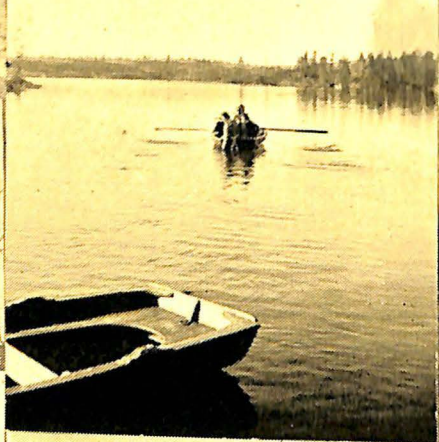
Experience and actual contacts in many new fields have been the order this year. A practical course in Home Nursing and First Aid was offered—lectures being conducted at the Halifax Infirmary, under the guidance of Doctor Keshen. The eager participants are now happy possessors of a fund of hints on "how to fix it!"

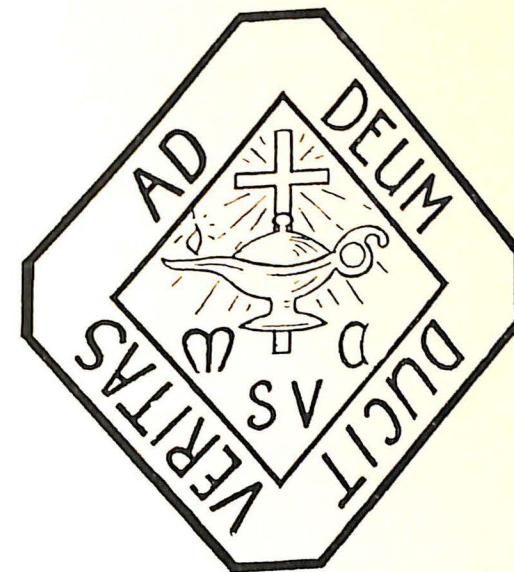
The sociologists-to-be were delighted at the prospect of a series of lectures in Play Therapy conducted by Miss Anne Smith of Chicago, a specialist in the subject. The course is being conducted at the Orphanage whither the group betake themselves twice weekly and the interest, displayed on their return, is indicative of their appreciation of their advantage in this respect.

MURIEL BARTHOLOMAY, '39


INTERMISSION

THE CAMPOS CAMERA





Richard Wagner

"IT IS forbidden to discuss religion or Wagner." ("Minute Sketches of Great Composers"). So, were the German cafés placarded in 1860, to protect the china from the breakage that followed any mention of the greatest revolutionary of his day.

In a fit of morbid despair at the apathy of the public, Wagner once declared his music to be "the music of the future." At the time, it was emphatically so; now, it is just as emphatically the music of the present, imitated by our leading composers and listened to by prominent statesmen. Even Hitler listens to Wagner. Hitler's only important relaxation is music; he is deeply musical. Wagner is one of the cardinal influences on his life; he is obsessed by Wagner. Sessions of the Reichstag, which take place in the Kroll Opera House sometimes end with whole performances of Wagner operas—to the boredom of non-musical deputies! When he is fatigued at night, then his friend and court jester, Hanfstaengl may be summoned to play him to sleep, sometimes with Shumann or Verdi, but more often with Wagner, for Hitler craves music as an opiate.

Fifty years ago, Wagner was looked upon as practically a musical madman, who had arisen to throw all established art forms and traditions to the winds, but since that time, the pendulum has swung the other way, and we are now perhaps making too much of him. However, it is true that, although his contemporaries, for the most part, thought that he would have no place in music, we can no more ignore Wagner than we can ignore Beethoven or Bach.

It often happens that one goes astray in trying to draw from an artist's work, some idea of his personal life and experiences, for it is exceptional to find the one, the counterpart of the other. It is more likely that an artist's work will express the opposite of his life, the things that he did not experience.

"Art begins where life leaves off," says Wagner. How true this was for him! The great musician's romantic tales and the libretti in which he cloaked them, were far removed from his own life of trial, temptation, suffering and defeat. There never lived a composer who was more ready with copious and articulate explanations of what he intended to do in his music—or more certain to do something quite different. He fulminated against the absurdity of the operatic aria, and wrote Siegmund's Love Song; he excommunicated the operatic duet, and wrote the second act of "Tristan and Isolde"; he cursed the operatic ensemble number, and wrote the quintet from "Die Meistersinger". He invented the leitmotif system in order to be able to develop his action in accordance with strictly dramatic principles; and proceeded to compose a series of three-act symphonic poems of such eloquence and magnificence that his dazed auditors,

to this day, do not realize that the amount of actual dramatic action in any one of them would, by itself, scarcely fill an hour. If you want to know the real Wagner, go to his letters, not to his music. In the former, you will find the outpourings of a tormented and discouraged man. In the latter, you will find only the triumphant achievements of a musical djinn, a creative demon, whose sole concern was with turning out masterpieces of art without the slightest regard for the miseries of the highly uncomfortable human being that it happened to be inhabiting. We know that Wagner must have been, deep down, sick at heart, for at first he knew nothing but political persecution and repeated failures. "The Flying Dutchman", written in seven weeks to beat a competitor, failed of production. "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin", shortly afterward, met a similar fate, "Tannhauser" being jeered off the stage.

One thing should be remarked, that he was probably himself largely to blame for the opposition and lack of success which marked his career. He spared no one's feelings. He had no talent or patience for compromise, and he had few of those social qualities and graces that go to the making of friends and the conciliation of enemies, of which he had a host. For the applauding public, he had little consideration and sometimes scant courtesy. To the outside world, he was arrogant, aggressive, contemptuous, and sometimes positively rude.

Even his friends didn't understand his attitude at times. A friend calling upon Wagner one day, made some good-natured remark about his own ignorance of music, but what he said was taken with such stolidity that he went home in a huff. A few days later, Wagner returned the visit, and the friend, after keeping him waiting half an hour in an ante-room, marched in, attired in a plumed helmet, a cork life-belt, and a flowered dressing gown.

"Excuse me for appearing in my working dress," he said majestically, "Half my ideas are lodged in this helmet and the other half in a pair of jack-boots which I put on to compose love scenes."

The friend was Alexandre Dumas.

Wagner frankly admitted that he was, by nature, luxurious and extravagant. He certainly spoke the truth here, for his tastes went far beyond a fondness for rich colours, harmonious decorations and out-of-the-way furniture. He employed a Viennese dressmaker to make the rich garments which he felt, in order to compose, could not be dispensed with. It is said that he made "a veritable rainbow of himself and even wore many coloured trousers."

Strange as his ways may seem to us, if Wagner had not been able to indulge in his expensive tastes, we should probably have been without some of his greatest music dramas today. Wagner has been termed the most stupendous musical genius of the last half of the nineteenth century. Later composers have adopted his mannerisms, but cannot match his inspiration, and so he remains, a solitary mountain peak, to which lesser men lift reverent eyes.

MARIE DAVIS, '41

Why the Home Economist Makes The Ideal Wife



HAT IS the ideal wife? From Adam down, every man has formed in his mind, an answer to this question. Truly, the ideal wife must be many things in one. Besides being chief cook and bottle-washer she must be manager, economist, hostess, dietitian, and interior decorator. She must understand the fundamentals in establishing a home and how to maintain happy family relationship. But decidedly, her most important duty is that of molding the character of her children. Remember that famous quotation, "The Mother in her office holds the key of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin of character." In the ideal wife much of course depends upon the individual character and personality. Her success as a homemaker will depend largely upon the love she has for her home and the efforts she spends in making it a more liveable and lovable place.

Homemaking, as you know, is a highly specialized business. The Home Economist is well trained in this business and fully qualified as an ideal wife. The home is her kingdom; it is the realization of her lifelong dream. It is part of her and she takes care of it as she does her own body. Yet, she is not so much absorbed in it that she allows outside interests to be excluded. She attends her bridge club regularly, goes shopping, visits the movies, and is always ready, willing and able to go to the various parties that occur. Her secret is this—time does not manage her, rather she manages time.

The homemaker is a companion and inspiration to her family. When hubby comes home from work and Jean and Buddy from school, she has the house in readiness for them. In the cheerful atmosphere of home they enjoy a delicious and wholesome meal consisting of their favorite dishes. There is a new picture in town that the family wishes to see, or perhaps they wish to visit friends? The mother is delighted to go with them. If they are tired and would rather remain at home, that's just what she, too, prefers for tonight and so she sits and listens to their recital of the little happenings of the day, or perhaps they discuss the problems of the home such as the spending of the income. When they are discouraged and disillusioned, she encourages them and her cheerful disposition fills them with new hope.

The Home Economist is an excellent manager. All her household duties are performed scientifically, that is, according to schedules. In this way her work is done more quickly and more carefully. She budgets the family income, so that she knows where each penny goes and what she has obtained for her money. Knowing the value of food, clothing and household equipment she is able to obtain the best and most for her money at all times. In the buying market, very few tricks can be successfully

played on her or to use a slang expression "You can't pull the wool over her eyes."

As a hostess, the Homemaker excels. She is prepared for any occasion whether it be a dinner party or an informal luncheon. It very often happens that her husband arrives home accompanied by the boss. Even this surprising event does not upset her equilibrium. Emergencies are her specialty. The preparation of a full course dinner does not necessitate the neglect of her guests. Her systematic planning affords time for entertaining them.

By her knowledge of sewing and costume design, the mother is better enabled to design and make clothes for her family. In this way, the cost of clothing is reduced and the income may be used for more important purposes.

Every family seems to have its share of sickness. In this case, the Home Economist steps into the rôle of nursemaid. By her knowledge of first aid and home nursing she can take care of the invalids properly.

Since health depends largely upon food and happiness upon health, one of the most important problems of the home is feeding the family. The Homemaker is queen of cooks and the tasty dishes she prepares are truly "fit for any king". Knowing the dietetic value of food, she prepares those foods which are best for the healthy development of her family.

Every man wishes to come home to a house of which he can well be proud, one that is artistically decorated and shows good taste in furniture selection and arrangement. The Home Economist is an interior decorator. She knows the color schemes that are suitable for the rooms of her house and how these rooms should be furnished so that the most satisfactory effect is obtained.

To the mother, the home is not merely a framework, a place of shelter and rest. To her, the home means a place where people, united by the bonds of love, are brought up in the fear and love of God. Every mother wishes her children to be spiritually beautiful. This is not possible unless she herself is beautiful. Nurses in child training help very much in training children but children must be taught about God in order that their lives be fully rounded.

Will you not agree with me that the Home Economist makes the ideal wife? Are not the qualities of the two identical? The Home Economist has been given every opportunity to develop the qualities of a homemaker and if she has taken advantage of these opportunities, she is certainly fitted to become that

" . . . Perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command,"
which every man wishes to find in his helpmate.

DELPHINE JORDAN, '41

On Being Worth Knowing ○



IF ALL the people one meets every day there are no two persons the same. Just as varied are the impressions they leave with us; some people repel, others attract. However, one wishes to know everybody, since making friends is one of the joys of life. Sometimes, there is disappointment. The rich girl clad in the latest styles, so attractive outwardly, has a heart of steel. What a shame! Turning to the poorly clad girl we find she is the loveliest person one could imagine. Isn't it strange that some of those on whom God has bestowed plenty, should be so indifferent as to regard only "self" and be "rich"? So, it is well for us not to form judgments until we have ample proof! Appearances deceive!

Many qualities make a person worth knowing. There is in everyone some good trait. But, sad to say, this is not always evident; too often it is overshadowed and grows dull from lack of exercise. It behooves us to acquaint ourselves with those whose qualities are solid, and whose virtues we find worthy of imitation. When we are contemplating making a friend, it is wise for us to weigh well the other's character and traits. Don't misunderstand me. By such an analysis is not meant standing off and criticizing every action and utterance. Hardly—but it does mean not to be too hasty in forming friendships; to find out if the contemplated friend is the kind who "does unto others as she would have others do unto her". "Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rushes to it, it may soon run itself out of breath", or as Shakespeare has it so superbly:

"..... the friends thou hast,
And their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel"

What kind of persons make friends most easily? The affable, generous, kind-hearted man undoubtedly has a score of friends. One who is readily agreeable and does not easily complain, no matter what labor and time the task may cost, is a friend well-worth cultivating. What great strength of will such a one must possess! Energy of will is one of the greatest factors in moulding character. To be able to stand on the two feet God has given and not be swayed from one's ideals by another is absolutely necessary. Every human's will is free—then why be led by somebody else? One must be able to give to oneself the "why" and "wherefore" of one's deeds. In such a character have we a potential friend!

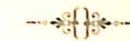
All these traits—strength of will, amiability, kindness—are found in a worthwhile person. But the quintessence of a worthwhile person is his sincerity; the one most worth knowing is the one who is sincere! When one feels that another means every word uttered and every action done,

then, he can be well assured of the true worth of that person. How often have we formed the opinion that we weren't particularly interested in furthering certain acquaintances. Why? Because they have shown themselves just a little false . . . But that little falsity was a great barrier to greatness of soul. There must be sincerity in all one says and does. Sincerity leads to understanding which is the basis of all human friendship and love.

"A friend is one who loves me though he knows me." Yes, even though he knows me! This worthwhile person, considers always the best in everyone, minimizing any minor failings. All of us are weak; undoubtedly, even the best of us, but he realizing this, weighs others' weakness in the same scales as his own.

Knowledge of other people leads to friendship—but, "the only way to have a friend is to be one." Not only that, but also too, "Never contract friendship with a man who is not better than thyself." If we see to it that we ourselves are worth knowing, then what a host of friends will be ours, and how much better will other men be for our having lived.

ANN MEECH, '41



Little Things

They tell me
It's the little things
That mean so much.
I understand by this
A glance, a word,
A song perhaps . . .
And yet to me,
Those little things
Are meaningless
That is, they of themselves,
Because you see
They must have you
Behind them, you and Spring,
But you are gone
And Spring has lost
Its meaning.

So too, have these.
That glance, that word, that song,
Has passed unnoticed
Or I have not cared
Because I miss the voice that linked
Those little things together.

HOPE WILLARD, '40

Nature's Cosmetics

"... Thou who hast,
The fatal gift of beauty ..."



AND to think that such beauty is within the grasp of every little lady! With the distinctly different types, ranging from the so-called glamor girl to the demure little shy-violet, there are just so many recipes for becoming fair to behold or continuing so. Gladys Glad and Sylvia strike it but only half-way. Their secret is somewhat artificial and not lasting. The whole truth is any girl's for the asking—or the doing! It sounds too simple? Home remedies are often best ...

Good health is the necessary background for beauty. Only in a wholesome healthy girl do the charm, grace, distinction and glamour, for which all fair (and otherwise) maidens of this present generation are striving, show to their best advantage. A perfect make-up takes one full hour. But, ladies, time plus patience is not always available, and for after-applications, perhaps a convenient place is lacking. So to insure a permanent make-up, why not patronize the world's most successful dealer in cosmetics—Mother Nature? She will supply new colors for your face and a new way to keep them fresh and clean—a new outlook on life!

Most women have a smart sense of humor about everything except their hips and their diet. There are women, almost as bright as you and I, who go through life convinced that milk is famed mostly for the amount of fat that it contains. Some actually believe that it is unluckily for the hips to pass a milkman on the street. Now let us clear up this great problem, once and for all.

Imagine, if you can, that you are a perfect 36. (If our reader is a gentleman, maybe he had better drop the whole problem—if he has not already done so). Very well! You, if you are still with us — are a perfect 36. Your figure is the envy of every woman in your neighborhood. You weigh 115 pounds. Although you probably will not want to believe it, at least 11½ pounds of your weight is fat. Believe it or not—that's the truth! Contrary to the popular belief then, the chief importance of milk is not the enormous amount of fat it contains because actually it has a comparatively small delicately proportioned quantity.

The obvious objection would be—"If milk contains so little fat why is it—" "Well, because it is true!—" To gain weight people do drink milk, but in very great quantity and in addition to the regular diet. Even at that, in proportion to the amount of weight gained, the fat gained is very small. The rest of the weight is bone tissue, body tissue and beautiful muscle. So please do not bring that problem up again.

Now, the very paper on which I write is trembling with the forerunner of your shudder to think of any intelligent woman's drinking milk to build muscle ... Back in the last century, the frail young woman who fainted at the slightest provocation, was considered quite a catch—when she

swooned. Today's beauty is trim and alert. Her exquisitely developed muscles are the very secret of her stunning silhouette, her delightful poise, her beauty. So, ladies, drink in wholesome extra nourishment between meals; even make yourself big and beautiful with milk.

"But shan't we help out Nature with some artificial means? Rouge or vanishing cream?"

Whole milk is nature's rouge secret and lip reddener. It is the best lipstick and powder puff known. Taken internally, it puts a natural paint on the spot where most girls desire it. It gives the lips a delicately moist sheen and brings out the natural loveliness in the newest fashion shades for Spring. For dry skin, take at least one pint of milk daily and plenty of other dairy products.

Now for Nature's vanishing cream—the most exquisite beautifier ever discovered—if your beautician does not carry it, write your cow and in her own contented way she will forward to you samples, at very little cost. After its arrival, an hour in the refrigerator will produce the most effective cold cream on the market.

Fruits and vegetables, especially green ones, are recommended for bringing out the lines of the slim figure, for slenderizing broad hips, controlling excess shoulder flesh, and for lifting and molding the triple or sagging chin. And that Aristocrat of the vegetable kingdom must not be neglected—the pedigreed tomato. From seed time to harvest time, his is a pampered life, reared and picked at perfection's peak for you. Take advantage of him. You'll revel in the rich, refreshing tang—the fresh tomato taste that assures you unmistakably, at the beginning of the meal, that your vital digestive juices will function fully. Consequently, it puts a spring in your step and a song in your heart. From the tomato take a sip of sunshine!

Do away with heavy perfumes—give yourself a lift and a wholesome atmosphere with seven glasses of water a day. It will add brilliancy and sparkle to the eye. Avoid greasy foods and cut down on sweets, if you will be void of skin troubles. A bleach will help rid your skin of that yellowish winter tone: mix equal parts of buttermilk and fresh lemon juice. One lemon, taken before breakfast, is excellent for toning up the system and is equal to three taken after breakfast or during the day.

Tresses dull? Give them a sheen with oil. If olive is not at hand, try Mazola.

An awkward silhouette may be partly due to incorrect posture habits. Bulges of fat at the sides of the hips respond readily to exercise in the open air. Thus, serious figure defects can be corrected definitely, comfortably, inexpensively and individualized figure improvement provided for the woman whose defects are most noticeable. Walk everywhere, rain or shine, and with dancing and figure skating, keep active.

Nature is offering you charm, fair maidens, charm and rare beauty for ever so little cost. Hurry forth to meet it, and find the beauty of health and happiness!

MARGARET TOBIN, '40

"Books and Book-Making"

Interesting Display of Books and Manuscripts at Mount St. Vincent
(This article taken from Halifax Herald, February 11, 1939)



IF, IN the words of the great Milton, "a good book is the life-blood of a master spirit", the history of books should have something in it akin to the history of men; the preservation and multiplication of books should be a subject of interest to every student. An effort to bring home this truth to the minds of its students is being made this week by Mount St. Vincent College through the Library Science Department.

Preparatory to a fairly elaborate display illustrating "the History of Books", the students of Mount St. Vincent were given last Sunday evening an interesting lecture on the subject by the Head Librarian of the College. The story of the development of the book was presented in a fascinating manner through illustration and example. Starting with the very earliest human methods of sending messages, the speaker sketched graphically the advance from the primitive "Quipu" to the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. The book form, its material and the method of writing employed by the Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks and Romans were described, and pictures and models of each displayed. The description of the codex form, the substitution of parchment for papyrus, the examples of elaborate Byzantine manuscripts led to the fascinating story of the evolution of lettering, which forms part of the display in the Library Science Room this week.

The Librarian, a manuscript enthusiast, conveyed to her audience an interest in the mediaeval specimens which are on exhibition, and an appreciation of the real "art" of printing. Samples of very recent publications and "best sellers" were used to illustrate the modern renaissance of printing. To most readers the colophon is as of little interest as the introduction. Both are passed over in haste to reach the real matter of the book. With book-lovers, however, it is different. To them everything about the book, its make-up and appearance as well as its content is of value. Modern book-makers are striving by every means in their power to foster genuine book-culture, and their attempts to make the book of our machine-age a thing of beauty as it was in the days of the mediaeval scribe are winning the admiration of an ever-increasing circle of cultured readers.

DISPLAY IN LIBRARY SCIENCE DEPARTMENT. The display in the College Library Science Department is the work of student librarians working under the direction of their teacher. Pictures and models illustrating the development of the art of writing carry the interest of the visitor from the crude wall-scratchings of the pre-historic cave-dwellers and the totem poles of Indians, down through the ages to the Rosetta Stone, the cuneiform tablets, the Roman scroll, the fan-book, to a beautiful reproduction of the Irish "Book of Kells". One whole wall is devoted to Mediaeval Manuscripts. Charts show the development of lettering, and

the gradual transformation of the severe "square-toed" Roman into the sharp-lined Gothic, the graceful uncials, and the beautiful Carolingian minuscule. Carefully selected facsimiles from Froissart's Chronicles, the Roman de la Rose, the Sforza "Book of Hours", procured from the British Museum, furnish a wealth of illustration for the History of the Manuscript. A student's chart carefully prepared in explanation of this section gives evidence that the art of printing by hand is not lost. A number of modern books on this subject are also on exhibition; they include a series of monographs in German containing exquisite illustrations of mediaeval art. Mount St. Vincent is fortunate in possessing several beautiful parchments from mediaeval books of "The Hours". Also of interest is a page from the King James Bible printed in 1611, and several volumes dating back to the sixteenth century.

MODERN BOOKS form the subject of the display on the opposite side of the room. Since February is Catholic Press Month, interesting posters and charts direct the attention of the visitor to the recent output of Catholic writers. An attractive poster shows all the principal Catholic magazines and weeklies. The display of "the moderns" attractively arranged like a shop, carries a fine assortment of recent publications from the firms of Bruce and Company, Sheed and Ward, Longmans, and others. One whole section devoted to Chesterton shows the advance made in this special collection of his works since the last exhibit held at the Mount. Another, containing nearly all of Belloc's works, is equally interesting. A personal letter from Belloc and a photograph of Chesterton, Belloc and Baring hold a prominent place. Artistic and colorful jackets illustrating the output of Catholic biographers, historians, essayists, novelists and poets, prove that the Catholic Press is thoroughly modern, up-to-date, and informative, and is no wise unworthy of being the successor of the Catholic book-art of the Middle Ages.



Two Men Look at Saint Thomas Aquinas



K. CHESTERTON and Jacques Maritain each wrote a life of St. Thomas—and both are decidedly different. Are they then, two views of St. Thomas Aquinas? Rather, one must conclude that both viewpoints are on the same line of vision; one is simply a close-up of the other. Just as, from afar off, we perceive the marvelous beauty of a wooded hill, and appreciate its grandeur, so Chesterton gives us a sweeping view of the grandeur that is St. Thomas; when we have advanced near enough, we are able to see the delicate, perfect pattern of the interlaced boughs of the trees against the sky, and perceive the beautiful ferns at their bases; so the work of Maritain stands in relation to that of Chesterton. Both fill an important place: if we see only the individual parts, we miss the breath-taking majesty of the whole.

The real element of seeming difference, of course, is that Chesterton writes as an author and journalist, giving necessary facts concisely, with a shrewd insight as to how the facts relate to one another and to the whole. Chesterton writes, to use a much abused expression, “for the man in the street”. Maritain goes further, and writes for the more enlightened, more thoughtful man. Says Chesterton, “This book is meant only to be the sketch of a man.” Says Maritain, “My purpose . . . is to illustrate certain essential aspects of the personality and influence of the Angelic Doctor, of his present and ever effective influence as much and more than his past influence.”

And so this trend is noticed throughout—Maritain, so to speak, takes up where Chesterton leaves off. It has been said that because we are not sufficiently keen we see as opposites, things which really are complementary: to regard the two works as opposite views is to miss the significance of each. Of all the works dealing with the life and works of St. Thomas Aquinas, no two contain such an all-round appreciation and such understanding of St. Thomas the man, and the nature of his work. More than that, both of the authors, out of the certainty of their convictions, and their appreciation of the universality of truth, see clearly that the salvation of the modern mind depends almost entirely upon a return to the principles of Thomistic philosophy, or to say it more simply, a return to common sense, a return to reason. Chesterton says that every generation seeks its saint by instinct, not the saint who resembles the age, but rather the saint who is an antidote for the errors of the age — “the twentieth century is already clutching at the Thomist rational theology because it has neglected reason.” It has become apparent to all thinkers that the present chaos of the world is due to a departure from reason, a departure from common sense, so obviously, once the mind is rescued, everything is saved; certainly, *unless* the mind is saved, all is lost. The basic principle of Thomistic

philosophy is that reason may be trusted, whereas the fundamental notion of Lutheran philosophy, which is largely responsible for things as they are, is that reason is absolutely unworthy of trust.

In both studies, it is pointed out clearly and forcefully that the world is desperately in need of a working philosophy, a philosophy which can be practised in daily life: it is ridiculous to profess a philosophy which denies freedom of will and then proceeds to go on making decisions and judgments as if one possessed the denied freedom. Thomism, however, is extreme in its good sense: it begins with believing that when we see something, we really do see something, and holds steadfastly to this principle, never losing sight of it. “It is because St. Thomas is pre-eminently the apostle of the mind,” says Maritain, “that he is the apostle of our time.” In the chapter entitled “The Wise Architect” we read, “my object in writing these pages is to show that St. Thomas is our predestined guide in the reconstruction of Christian culture.” Again and again, as opposed to our present senseless and chaotic state, the realism of Thomism is stressed — “the philosophy of common sense” — “the only working philosophy”—“the continuity between philosophy and common sense is re-established.” The hierarchy of the Catholic Church has realized this, and though no philosophy could be imposed as dogma, nevertheless, the Church is urged to embrace Thomism. Both authors quote at some length the encyclicals of the various Pontiffs, urging the faithful to make Thomism their peculiar philosophy.

To go back a bit and explain more in detail the statement that Maritain takes up where Chesterton leaves off, let us take one or two specific instances. In speaking of the universal nature of the works and writings of St. Thomas, both authors defend the validity of his system of philosophy not only for the age in which the saint lived and worked, not only for this age which needs it so sadly, but for every age in history. Chesterton says Aquinas’ work was not merely to enlighten the Middle Ages, not merely to rescue this age from ruin; rather it will be valid centuries after this age has passed, as it is valid now, though the Middle Ages are but a memory. “He is ages in advance of our age.” What Chesterton means to say is that he will be ages in advance of every age, but Maritain goes right to the heart of the thing and says, “He carries the monstrosity and walks in front of the ages.”

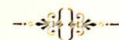
“Love of truth is an element that must never be left out of his make-up.” We must never disregard the overwhelming love of truth which St. Thomas had within him: quite true, but Maritain says “He knows nothing but truth.” The latter statement has so much more behind it than the former!

A thing stressed by both men, as one might almost expect, is the dignity, honor, and reverence which is due to Saint Thomas as the Common Doctor. Indeed, Chesterton even seems to resent the fact Saint Thomas is more usually called the Angelic Doctor: it is, he says, as if one were almost trying to belittle St. Thomas, as the world seems sometimes to be

trying to belittle great men, by seizing upon only one aspect of their greatness. Maritain offers the explanation that the saint is called the Angelic Doctor, not so much because of his purity of soul, as because the sanctity and goodness of him are accomplished in the life of the mind, where "the activity of man borders on the activity of pure forms" and from which everything pours forth as waves of light.

If books of such calibre, written by men of such diversified ways of life continue to be written; if Saint Thomas is repeatedly brought forward as the man whose philosophy is par excellence, capable, and worthy of adoption by all men, irrespective of rank or station; if such well-meaning and far-reaching efforts are made to rescue the modern mind by presenting to it, as peculiarly the Apostle of Our Time, St. Thomas Aquinas; if more and more of the people are roused to interest in Thomism, may we not hope, with Maritain, and of course, with Chesterton, "to see restored in a new world, and informing a new matter, the spiritual principles and eternal laws, of which the civilization of the Middle Ages in its best periods offers us only a particular historic realization."

MARY McGONAGLE, '40.



In Defence of Iceland



GOING to Iceland? To be eaten by polar bears or else frozen alive? No, thank you!" Who would ever want to go to Iceland, the land of Eskimos and icebergs? At least the common belief is that Iceland is covered with Eskimo icehouses, nestled in snow on barren shores, the only view being a few polar bears floating by on cold, frosty ice-cakes. It certainly is odd how a name can put one astray, because an Eskimo on the shores of Iceland, would be as much a novelty as an Eskimo walking down the Marble corridor of Mount Saint Vincent!

Iceland is not at all what the name suggests. It should, in reality, be called Greenland; for now, just as here in Nova Scotia, summer is arriving and girls are walking the streets of the capital city, Reykjawk, in summer dresses. In fact the climate is much the same as that of Nova Scotia. How can that be, you ask, when it is situated on the very fringe of the Arctic circle? The reason is that the tepid Gulf Stream flows past its shores, and spreads its warmth over nearly the whole island.

The Icelanders are a courageous race; they are continually struggling to overcome difficulties as great, if not greater than any other peoples in the world. They are resolved never to desert their great task, that of proving and showing to the world that neither latitude, numerical strength, nor military power alone, can determine whether a life of culture shall be lived or not. They are a modern race, more advanced in their views than

most of the European countries of today, for they realize that the advancement of culture is more important than military strength and territorial gains. They have absolutely no army, and no military protection of any kind. They are an unusually peaceful people. This fact is revealed in a startling way, for Iceland has the distinction of being the only country in the world where Christianity was declared the official religion without any dispute or bloodshed! They have the power of making their own laws and trade treaties, and they have as their monarch, the King of Denmark. The country had formerly been under the complete control of Denmark,

The Icelanders still cling to some quaint, old customs which are peculiar to their country alone. For instance, when a lady marries she still keeps her maiden name; so girls, if you like your name, marry an Icelanders and you won't have to change it! Have you ever noticed that an Icelandic man's name nearly always ends in "son", and a lady's in "dotter". Well, that just doesn't happen to be a coincidence. For instance, a man's name is Robert Jones. He marries and has a son whom he calls John but his last name would not be Jones like his father's but Robertson and his son's name in turn would not be Robertson but Johnson. If Robert Jones had a daughter, her last name would be Robertdotter, and so on.

But the people are not the only attraction in Iceland; the country itself is truly beautiful and unique. It possesses a kind of beauty different from that of any other nation—it is a land of magnificent contrasts. At first sight it appears forbidding and cold, and tourists wonder at the lack of forests, for the largest trees are about the size of our small white birches. But Iceland cannot be seen and appreciated at a glance. It takes a little while to love the vivid colours, and become used to the long Northern day, varying every hour, from blue-tinged morning to rosy "night". The country is a contrast of towering mountains and rolling lava fields, of gushing hot-springs and placid lakes. Everywhere may be seen the work of those two mighty forces, fire and ice. To the sport enthusiast, what a wonderful opportunity this land affords with its high mountains and warm hot-springs! Here among the eternal snow of the mountains, the skier will find his seventh heaven, gliding over breath-taking trails beneath glowing sun and flickering Northern Lights. To enthusiastic anglers, Iceland offers the best trout streams in Europe. The mountain climber will find thrills enough to satisfy him, in the towering peaks and snow white glaciers. The swimmer can have year-round bathing, for when the salt ocean water becomes too cold, he can bathe in the tepid pools of the ever active geysers. And to the traveller who appreciates unspoiled nature, pure air, peace and freedom, Iceland is his answer.

But just remember one thing, all you girls who are ready, no doubt, to rush off to Iceland at once; take a pair of riding breeches and a cushion with you, for outside the capital city Reykjawk, there are no roads for cars and there is not railway in the land. Everywhere you go, you will have to ride pony-back—Ouch! It's not really so bad, though, remember, the first ten years are the hardest.

BARBARA PHINNEY.

For Women Only ○



IT CAME to me all of a sudden—this new awakening which was mine, and from then on, my loveless life was a little more bearable, a little less miserable, and much brighter than before. It was on one of those rare hikes where we really used our feet that my life changed its trend. First, I was knocked almost completely off-balance when I discovered that we were to walk, so I was rather in a defenseless position when the hostess of the party appointed me as the entertaining committee of a vast hulk of humanity, who, she confidentially told me, was a stranger around these parts, and would I please see that he was not ignored!

I knew he was a man, because his ears signified that he was either a man or a donkey, and I knew he was not a donkey, because donkeys do not assume such lolling postures in a rocking-chair—nor in fact, do they sit in a rocking-chair, as far as I know!

Well, to try to amuse this blasé object was more easily said than done. During the entire time I was with him, (it seemed centuries) every topic of conversation I introduced was cut short with a sarcastic grumble or a facial expression which bewildered me. Agreeable soul that he was, he offered not one constructive comment—except on the way home when he muttered, “I wonder what it is that makes women such fluent talkers!”

Needless to say he left my spirits in a condition that would have made “Celia the Centipede” feel as though her head were in the clouds. My morale was trampled upon, and I sank into a gloomy period of depression. —“What is it that I lack?” This I asked myself a million times.

Then I emerged in shining armor, with a new outlook on life and a happiness I had never known. This man had set me thinking, and from among my thoughts I gathered several facts and experiences which convinced me that of men as objects of affection, life is pleasanter without than with.

They have their good points—ah yes! Everything has. But their bad ones so far out weigh the good, that the two are hardly comparable! In the first place, men put themselves on a pedestal and demand to be catered to. For instance, you are playing a match of tennis or a game of bridge. You play a better game than he, but to preserve his manly pride, you must let him win—subtly, of course. If not, you will more than likely have a sulking, moody, over-grown five-year old to contend with.

The majority of them are so touchy that while conversing with them, enough to gain for one, two or three scholarships toward a successful career, but the result is very different. With the scholarship comes triumph without a single doubt encircling it—with a man comes the ever-present question “how long will this last?” And when it is over, you will doubtlessly wish you had never met him, so what did your efforts avail you!

Thus, in my contemplation, I found contentment in the realization that

men are not worth the bother—they are not worth the meager joys of the pangs of love, requited or otherwise, which they make you endure. It is very hard to find the suitable one, to begin with—mostly because of the consistency of the fact that those whom you like well enough to love, you cannot get; and those before whom you can hardly summon sufficient animation to even like, you cannot get rid of!

The majority of them are so touchy that while conversing with them one must constantly be on one's guard so that nothing will be said to hurt the “male ego”. The only difficulty is, that one never knows until after the words are uttered what the reaction will be. The reaction is not hard to distinguish, however, because most men have the very inconvenient faculty of not being able to hide their feelings.

They are of a strange make-up, men! These of the Twentieth Century claim their poor ego has deteriorated with the rise of femininity in the public world. They claim that the business and political world are not the places for women—women should be back in the home, *but* they fail in their campaigning, because of the simple fact that they fail to display the necessary energy to do anything about it!

They are wrathful when a competent young woman applies for a position formerly occupied by a man; they long for the long-dead days of gallantry. But where is the gallantry, when a woman enters a street car filled with men and they fail to rise and offer her a seat? They resent a woman's drawing a fairly large salary to maintain her livelihood—they resent the fact that she really deserves it; yet they do nothing about it, because if they did, who would support this young woman's husband?

As for pleasing them, one guess is as good as the next. For instance, you have a date. You are offered a choice of sitting at home by the fire to listen to him talk about himself, or perhaps, of going to a movie. If your date is not an interesting conversationalist, usually you choose the movies which will enable you to get a glimpse of the city at night, besides enjoying a fairly good piece of acting—as for his pocketbook! Well, he offered the choice, did he not?

You, innocent soul that you are, are prepared for a purely platonic evening, so naturally you are a little annoyed when on the way home, he becomes a highway menace by indulging in one-arm driving. He is plainly puzzled, and even more so, when you resist his every advance, declaring that it is against your principles. It really is, and further, he is not that attractive, and besides, you are tired and want to go home. This is really a dilemma. If you refuse such offers, you are a prude. If you comply, you will be condemned as an easy mark, all of which is still against your principles. What to do, one never knows!

What infuriates me particularly about men is that they themselves are far from perfect, yet where women are concerned, they demand a certain degree of perfection. But, thus it is, and thus it ever was!

My reactions to their inconsistencies, their idiosyncrasies, their shortcomings, and all, lead me to believe I am a man-hater—or am I?

MILDRED FLANAGAN, '41

Photography -- A Modern Art



HERE IS no doubt that travel broadens the mind, and to preserve a record of such broadening experiences and unforgettable sights encountered on the journey is the aim and desire of every globetrotter. Aided and abetted by a little dark box, this can be visibly and easily accomplished, for just such a piece of equipment as this, is the means of giving pleasure to those in less fortunate circumstances to whom your recording machine brings pleasant discoveries of foreign and far distant places. Nor is the joy for them alone! You, yourself, when less momentous occasions have been forgotten, can be carried back along the path of reminiscence and live over again the delightful "days gone by."

The sight of a white-sailed ship, a sloop drifting lazily offshore, her sails hanging listlessly, unmoved by the gentle undulating breeze, lengthening shadows caused by a summer sunset dipping below the horizon — all have the power to bring back happy memories and recreate a romantic atmosphere that could only have been captured by the swift lens of the camera.

Within the last decade or so, photography, as a scientific study, has made gigantic strides, evolving from the old daguerreotypes to the present "jiffy" and "candid" cameras. The advantages enjoyed today in the picture-taking process however, are aided materially by the fairly recent innovations of retouching, design, filtering and the flash bulb. Flash pictures are always interesting and oftentimes unusual. The introduction of the flash bulb has considerably widened the scope of the amateur photographer, so that now, coupled with high-speed film, pictures can be taken by the merest beginner, who gets a big thrill out of snapping them indoors at night with the help of the aforesaid photo bulb and his ordinary, inexpensive box type camera.

Perhaps the greatest thrill of the amateur, though, is the snapping of informal portraits of friends or members of the family, always the first requisite of which is to get a likeness that will be at least recognized—one that is good, and yet looks like them! There is no special need for any expensive equipment in taking this type of picture however, for a portrait attachment can be secured for a few cents and will prove its later worth in the finished appearance of the prints. Changes too, are ever occurring in the family group and the camera is the best admitted means of preserving the continuous and colorful highlights which have taken place in the growing-up process. Though the results are probably destined to be a source of much enjoyment and amusement to future generations they provide the present with glimpses back into their own happy childhood.

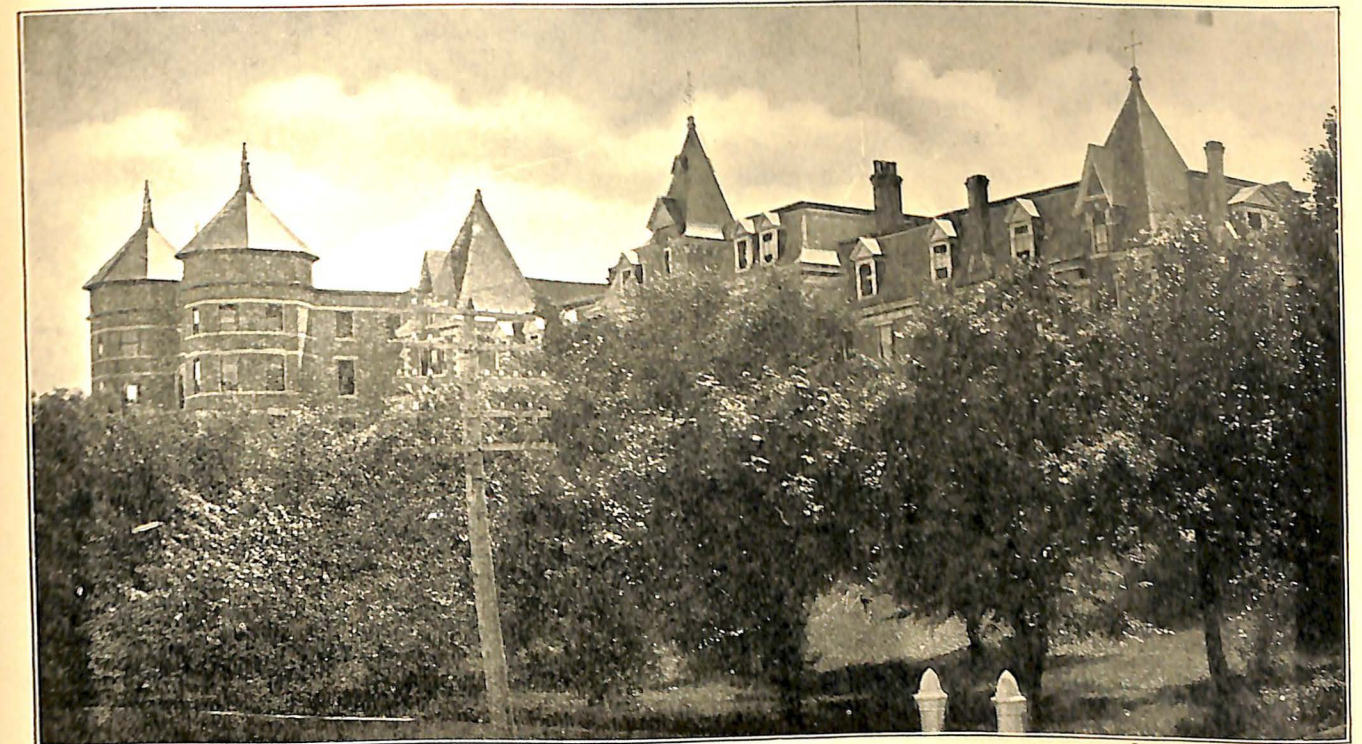
Landscape pictures are becoming increasingly popular and are the most appealing of all. Furthermore this type of picture is the easiest to shoot. The best method in taking scenes is to frame the view with the hands, thus ascertaining what will be included by the lens of the camera. It is better to take small views—such as a picturesque stream, an overhanging tree, or a bare cliff at first, in order to become more proficient in choosing a suitable subject! Too much squeezed in, will go a long way towards spoiling an otherwise good picture.

Another worthy warning is that one picture may contain many. Often experimentation can be done and the best liked portion enlarged. You may discover two or three attractive snapshots in one picture which you thought a failure.

No matter of what kind the picture or of what kind the result, photography is one more manifestation of our advance in the field of science. With the development of individualism in every sphere, this particular study emphasizes the inherent tendency of man to discover and preserve the beautiful, for photography in all its efforts is simply another phase of self-expression. Or is it the answer to Bobby Burns' prayer:

"Oh would that God the gift would gie
To see ourselves as others see—"

SYLVIA USHER, '40.



Francis Thompson, Poet of Womanhood



WHEN we hear Francis Thompson's name, we think of "The Hound of Heaven", the poem by which he is best known, the only one of his poems, included in anthologies not solely devoted to Catholic poets. Devotees of Thompson would wish it otherwise, for he has written a great many worthy poems which are not religious in theme, although the ideas expressed in them are the result of his religious training. After "The Hound of Heaven", his children's verses receive a goodly share of recognition. "Mornia" and "Viola" and "Little Jesus" are not unknown to our little ones today. But rarely, if ever, do we find mention of Thompson's references to women. Yet, Dante has written to Beatrice, Petrarch to Laura, Robert Browning to Elizabeth, nothing which can surpass Thompson's lines to and of Alice Meynell.

Something of the purity and depth of his devotion to her finds expression in his "Manus Animam Pinxit". It is Mrs. Meynell who is eulogized in lines that are said to be the most beautiful ever addressed to any woman:

Is there any girl who would not thrill to these words from her lover's lips?

"Like to a wind-sown sapling grow I from
The clift, Sweet, of your skyward-jetting soul,—
Shook by all gusts that sweep it, overcome
By all its clouds incumbent: O be true
To your soul, dearest, as my life to you!"

There is a sense of dignity and uplift in such compliments to one's beauty as place a value on it beyond the physical. Every woman aspires to appear so beautiful in someone's eyes that he praise her: "whose body other ladies well might bear as soul . . .", and can compare her to the "Lily blown from Galilee" thus, "whose spirit sure is lineal to that which sang 'Magnificat' . . ." Thus the poet sings of Alice Meynell. He claims a right in her, "of chaste fidelity on the chaste". He loved her with the love of an artist for his inspiration. She was the model of beauty he strove to portray.

But Francis Thompson loved two women and in these two he experienced the fullness of love. One was to him a clear white mountain peak whose summit he ever strove to attain; the other was companion and fellow-sufferer before he had found his way in life. Thompson the poet, loved Alice Meynell, and Thompson the man, loved Ann. So complete was his idealism of woman, that he sees in this common street girl

"a flower
Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring
And through the city streets blown withering."

He has little to say of his relations with her; and from his writings, all we can know is that he felt an overwhelming thankfulness for her sympathy and understanding. Ann was a child in his eyes; she was evidently that mysterious being that is half-child, half-woman, a reconciliation of naiveté and worldly wisdom.

"She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
And of her own scant pittance did she give
That I might eat and live:
Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive."

This last line tells of her final act for him, the sacrifice of her own intimacy with him when he had found friends of his own rank and kind.

Everard Meynell, in his biography of Thompson, presents Ann as a kindred soul in forsakenness, and this is the bond between them. "Two outcasts, they sat marvelling that there were joys for them to unbury and to share." We do not know if the poem "Memorat Memoria" is autobiographical, but we do know that it is, in the words of Father Connolly, "an uncompromising presentation of the awful transformation of a human soul when sin has succeeded virtue or innocence." What a contrast there is between the two following excerpts, the first from "Memorat Memoria":

"And I drove you hard on the track to Hell,
Because I was gentle of heart."

and this other from "A Holocaust" inspired by Mrs. Meynell:

"because I am so true
My Fair, to Heaven, I am so true to you!"

Thus does Thompson express the consequences of lust and of love. The most exalted and also the most enduring love between man and woman exists when there is mutual recognition of each other as a Temple of the Holy Ghost. So we have in "Domus Tua"

"A perfect woman—Thine be laud!
Her body is a Temple of God.
At Doom-day dare I make vows
I have loved the beauty of thy house."

In "A Girl's Sin", Thompson presents an entirely different phase of himself, though one, none the less human. The story is a nineteenth century version of "The Rape of the Lock." The author describes the series of poems as "Being a little dramatic sequence on the aspect of primitive girl nature toward a love beyond its capacities." As the poem develops, we enjoy a romance, delightful while it lasted, but which died for harsh treatment. That the girl nature Thompson depicts does not belong to all time is evident from a contrast of his young lady with the outspoken and knowing girl of today.

This "affair" develops slowly, and giving, unasked, a lock of hair seems a forward act of admission—a confession of regard. She hesitates to call him her lover: she is too shy to admit, even to herself, the reason,

for her generosity. In musing to herself about it and trying to justify the deed, the awful thought occurs to her:

"Perhaps he'll think me light; perhaps—
Perhaps he'll think I — love him!"

The man in the case reacts to the favor bestowed on him in a manner quite parallel to the girl's. He is a typical nineteenth century gentleman, for he appreciates her "sacrifice of pride" which leaves him "in adoring trouble, humbled at her humility." However, Penelope is not quite wise enough to keep him at her feet. She does a series of deeds which puzzle him, and finally end in his realizing that she is not capable of satisfying a love such as had been offered her. The modern girl would find it hard to understand the defiant breaking of an appointed tryst, the walking past her lover only to turn and look back at him. The modern girl is straightforward and sincere, and would give no one the opportunity to say: "Her own self will made void her own self's will." Penelope is the soul who "for saddest end finds Love the foe, in Love the friend."

It is to be expected that writing so much about women, Thompson would not leave unsung the greatest of them all, the "Sweet Stem to That Rose, Christ." His first published poem was "The Passion of Mary." In this, he condoled Our Lady's "road of further days, a longer road to Calvary." Mary's Assumption is mentioned in this poem, only to be beautifully sung afterwards in "Assumpta Maria."

"The After Woman" has, as its theme, the contrast between pagan and Christian ideals of womanhood. Here, it is clearly pointed out that beauty in Christian women is only the reflection of Mary. Thompson's love of Our Lady keeps appearing every so often throughout his poetry, and in "Lines for a Drawing of Our Lady of the Night" we have him telling us when the night comes on to "think 'tis Our own Lady spreads her blue mantle over thee" and in "Orison Tryst" he confesses, "on my heart . . . lies image of her conceived immaculate."

Who will now deny Francis Thompson the right to recognition apart from the merits of "The Hound of Heaven"? He has an appeal for women of today, since he can speak to them with intimate understanding on the subject nearest their heart — womanhood! The mysteries of woman's charm are not mysterious to him—this poet of love and woman!

JEAN ROSSITER, '40

HORACE -- *Then and Now*

O matre pulchra filia pulchrior,
Quem crinosis cumque voles modium
Pones iambis, sive flamma
Sive mari libet Hadriano.

Non Dindymene, non adytis quatit
Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,
Non Liber aequae, non acuta
Sic germinant Corybantes aera, . . .

Rendered in modern version:

Although it is your mother's pleasing grace
By means of lotions, creams and lifted face,
And other arts more subtle, to connive
To pass for twenty-one at forty-five,
Yet would I bet my last two bits on you
Her ways are yours and more she never knew.
Thus do I dare to beg this friendly boon,
If you can in your heart for me find room.
Put the kibosh on that note I sent, the cause of all my pain
Toss it in the furnace—'twasn't fit for any Jane.
A man may have a sunstroke or be overcome with wine
But his anger brings him to a point beyond what they define.
Winds may rage and thunder roar and lightnings flash the sky,
None half so risky as the guy with fire in his eye,
It's rage that rules our motives and makes less fearless quake,
So that we seem descended from the lion not the ape:
A man can't be a man, today, the way he used to be;
A woman's wiles rule all his acts, it's plain enough to see.
Fierce and fiery tempers may seething boil and swell
But we've never got the upper hand since poor old Adam fell.
I guess there's no sense skipping it—let's face the awful truth . . .
I'm just as big a fool today as in my blooming youth.
It made me feel, oh aces, to write such scathing lines
When I was just a plucky cub, reporting for the Times
Yet what a hand my wit has cost—how bitter the remorse,
I little thought I'd see it in my private intercourse.
I dashed those lines off madly: my thoughts are those no more,
But when a fellow's been stood up, it makes him kind of sore.
He throws a lot of wise cracks, he'd never really say
If head and heart had not been in so complete disarray.
So, take it easy, Toots, I'd say, and with these simple rhymes
Just cool right off and clean forget those other burning lines.
Come on lass, in your snappy way, take pity on my plight—
And just to clear up matters, "How about a date tonight?"

ANN ONYMOUS.

The Voice Of A Native



CAPE BRETON, with its rugged coastline and mountain background, represents the most picturesque type of Maritime scenery.

One of the great attractions of Cape Breton Island is the diversified nature of its scenery. From the highways which cross its broad expanses or skirt its shores, the view is one of continual change. High mountains, sheltered valleys, winding rivers, and a carried shore line broken by lofty headlands, form a succession of delightful panoramas against the background of the sea in all its changing moods.

Along the Western shores, steep, well-timbered hills rise sharply from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to a height of from 1,200 feet to 1,400 feet, and bold headlands jut out to form delightful bays and rock-bound coves. From the high plateau which forms the interior of the park, numerous mountain streams tumble down narrow, steep-sided valleys through beautiful forests of oak, beech, maple and birch. In its general outline and solitary grandeur Cape Breton Island greatly resembles the Highlands of Scotland.

The establishment of Cape Breton Highlands' National Park in Nova Scotia during 1936 added a new link to Canada's great chain of National playgrounds. In the vicinity of the park are a number of small, picturesque fishing villages which are added attractions to visitors. Cheticamp, five miles south of the Park on the West coast, has a thriving population of Acadians. These people, for generations, have retained their native languages and a rare skill in handicrafts. There are few other places in Canada where the art of rug-hooking and weaving from native wool, carded, and spun on wheels that are heirlooms, has attained to such perfection as in Cape Breton.

The region is accessible by a motor highway called the Cabot Trail, which girds the Northern part of the park and connects with the Provincial Highway system at the South. The approach from the mainland of Nova Scotia is made by ferry from Mulgrave to Port Hawkesbury, from which three routes to the park are open to the motorist. The most easterly route skirts the famous Bras d'Or Lakes and leads to the city of Sydney. The second route leads to Baddeck, the Southern terminus of the Cabot Trail, and the third and most direct route from Port Hawkesbury, winds up the west coast of Inverness County to join the Cabot Trail at Margaree Forks.

Forty-five miles north of Margaree Forks the Cabot Trail passes through the village of Pleasant Bay, which is considered to be the most spectacular part of the Cabot Trail. Here the road rises to the height of 1,260 feet above sea level.

South Ingonish Harbour, a beautiful sheet of deep water lying under the shadow of Cape Smoky, affords one of the few safe anchorages on the

eastern coast. It is frequented by all types of craft from small fishing boats to three-masted schooners of the splendid deep-sea type for which Nova Scotia is so famous. From here, the highway may be followed to Baddeck and the Bras d'Or Lakes, or to Sydney, the metropolis of Cape Breton Island. The total distance of the Cabot Trail is 152 miles, of which 60 miles are within the Park.

Opportunities for recreation in the park as yet are limited mainly to fishing, bathing, boating, hiking and motoring. Many of the small streams and lakes contain trout, and salmon ascend some of the larger streams. Deep-sea fishing may also be enjoyed on both the eastern and western coasts. The finest sword-fishing grounds in the North Atlantic lie off the east coast of Cape Breton Island. Sword-fish are usually harpooned from a "pulpit" located on the bowsprit of the fishing boat, but angling for sword-fish is developing rapidly into a popular sport. Recently, a new North American record was established for a sword-fish caught by rod and line in Nova Scotian waters.

Species of big game found on the Island include Virginia or white-tailed deer, which may be seen along the highway. Black bear, fox and lynx are also numerous. The island, according to historical records, at one time abounded in Caribou and Moose, and it is hoped in time, to re-establish these species. Bird life embraces ruffed grouse, golden and bald-headed eagles, and several species of water-fowl, including blue heron.

Eastern Cape Breton is widely known for its mining industry, that is Sydney, North Sydney, Sydney Mines, Reserve, New Waterford, Inverness, and Glace Bay, the largest town in America. Sydney, the second city of Nova Scotia, is noted for its Steel Industry. Other Mining Industries in Cape Breton are the famous Gypsum and Plaster Mines in Cheticamp, and the Farming Industry upon which so many lives are dependent, is carried on in three of the four counties, namely, Inverness, Victoria, and Richmond.

Other sections of interest are Whycocomagh, Baddeck, and Margaree, which are noted for their beautiful scenery as well as healthful summer resorts. Margaree is also of great interest to the American tourist who enjoys fishing and painting, and many prominent people may be found here during the summer season. The Honourable Ramsay MacDonald of England spent sometime here on his visit to Canada. Last but not least, is historic Louisburg, situated south of Sydney, where may be found a Fortress built by the French between 1720-40, as strategic military and naval posts. Its capture by the British in 1758 preceded the transfer of Canada from French to British rule. Picturesque ruins, about 328 acres in area, have been partly excavated and a historical museum erected.

The development of Cape Breton Island is still in its early stages. However, as time goes on, orderly improvement and extension of highways and trails and restoration of wild life will be carried out, as well as the provision of additional facilities for accommodation and recreation.

Do you wonder that we call it "God's Country"?

RITA TOMPKINS, '41.

From the Office -- To the Home

WHY give your daughter a business training? She will only graduate and get married—three wasted years when she could have been at home collecting her mother's recipes, learning to quilt Aunt Josephine's way and filling her hope chest with fine linens. Then what? Is she to sit around with her full and brimming hope chest till someone comes along with a car and gives her a ride down the road to matrimony? It is true that a person takes a business training to get work in an office, but who ever heard tell of a person taking a business training to be a wife in a home—not only a wife, but an ideal wife?"

It must be admitted that a girl who seeks a husband must have certain qualifications as well as the girl who seeks a position. These qualifications are fundamentally the same and most of them are summed up in the four d's: demeanor, dress, deportment and decorum. The office is a home to many hundreds of people for a great many hours of the day and consequently there must be a pleasant and efficient atmosphere fostered by a secretary, the office hostess. In the home this same pleasant atmosphere must exist, guided and inspired by the wife. So, the specially trained office hostess is prepared to take her place capably at the head of the household.

Consider the girl with a business training, she has proved that she can earn her own living which gives her an honest independence; it makes her appreciate her new-found home and gives her a sense of security in the knowledge that she will be able to support her family in case of the illness or death of her husband.

Recent statistics have shown that the greatest factor in happily married life is companionship. She, once of the business world, has the same background and can lend a sympathetic understanding to her husband. How well can she realize that her husband is weary and that a bridge or a dance that night is out of the question. Reminiscent twinges of particularly "heavy days at the office" make her realize that he might be feeling a little below par. Now and again, he can discuss statistical reports and market variations, and she will understand and not laugh him off commanding the conversation with idle gossip. She is, therefore, responsive as no other person who has not gone through the mill can be.

The quarrels and misunderstandings are fewer, for the business girl can take criticism on the chin, and smile, with the tactful reply that adjusts matters immediately and restores good will. She will not refer too frequently to her 2x4 square of Irish linen and sob out her threats of going

home to Mother. Instead they will calmly talk things out together and through cooperation settle their differences.

To the business girl, her husband is a human being who forgets at times. If a bunch of flowers arrives and has a card "Happy Birthday" instead of "Congratulations on our Wedding Anniversary", she graciously says, "You're a darling, Percival, to think of me when business is so pressing. I always loved roses." Not—"Oh, you have even forgotten when we were married. How could you!"

The practical business lady knows that it is not the time to talk to hubby about a new hat, when he is busy gulping his morning coffee and digesting the daily news. She will take advantage of his happy mood, and not irritate his morning rush. Trained not to talk about private matters outside the office, her sense of loyalty forbids that her husband nor those of other women be picked to pieces over her neighbor's bridge table.

Again, how is the business girl as a housekeeper?

She cannot but be a success because of the accuracy, responsibility, and precision that have been vital parts of her office work. She will cook, sew, and clean by rule. Her kitchen will be as orderly as the Jones' who keep a maid. It will contain a file of all her recipes, bills, etc. As her business time was scheduled and planned for the greatest efficiency, so will her life be now. Her marketing and buying will be economical: one hundred coppers make a dollar to her and she knows just how much labor is entailed in each. At the same time she keeps in mind that good, wholesome food must be bought, for a family cannot live on tooth picks and pretty china plates.

Consideration for the rights of others was a part of her business training, so her husband is not a hen-pecked individual who meekly steps across the threshold and bows low extending the pay envelope well in front so that she sees it before she sees him. They budget together on a 50-50 basis or so much for household expenses and the rest for private expenses, just as the case may be!

Who will get a ride more quickly down the road to matrimony? The girl whose head is peaking above a huge pile of luggage which resembles the leaning tower of Pisa and includes all her worldly possessions and half of her relatives too? or the girl whose hope chest is full of worthwhile traits of character, strengthened and built up by her business training?

LILLIAN WAGSTAFF, '39

Chesterton -- The Poet

"Knight of the Holy Ghost, he goes his way,
Wisdom his motley, truth his loving jest:
The mills of Satan keep his lance at play,
Pity and innocence his heart at rest."

Walter de la Mare



ILBERT Keith Chesterton laid the foundations for what was to become a great poetical name by writing that intensely stimulating book which is so oddly stirring, so violent and strange—*The Wild Knight*. Since that time, Chesterton has published well over one hundred volumes, three of which are verse. *The Ballad of The White Horse* is undoubtedly his greatest achievement in narrative poetry. In this poem, we find that characteristic vigor and strength, as well as an equally great vividness of an historical picture which prevails throughout the entire collection of Mr. Chesterton's poetry. He is the most representative Englishman and Catholic of our times. He is more affectionately regarded and received than any other modern author. We say *is*, for, although Chesterton the man is dead, Chesterton the poet will never die.

Chesterton's poetry is strangely G. K. himself. It is the garment of his own soul, the tapestry of his crimson battles, the gold of his ideas, the echo of his heart. It is a poetical record of his hopes, longings, struggles, defeats, and finally his great victories. It is the story of a great man who won his way to God. This is the reason why the poetry of Chesterton becomes a part of us and introduces a friend into our hearts. This is why it exerts such a great influence over us. It is as if God spoke through Chesterton, who marched up to you, beat you down with his thoughts and truths, then marched away leaving you breathless with the immensity of his power. Can it be that much of what Chesterton has said has struck a responsive, sensitive spot in the hearts of modern men? Yes, it is so. Will Chesterton's poetry endure? A few critics say "No". But they are afraid, they cringe under his powerful words, they fear because they know it will never die.

Let us speak now, of those ideas which run like threads throughout all G. K's poetry as well as his prose. These threads should be untwined that we may gain a greater understanding of him. These three elements are *violence*, *humility*, and *humor*, elements which are said to be at variance in many but which in Chesterton are complementary. These three elements are present in all G. K's poems but I believe one could almost attribute a specific quality to each of the three books. Violence seems to be the most characteristic of *The Wild Knight*; humility, most evident in *The Ballad of The White Horse* and humor the most notable quality of *Poems*.

There is magic too, in G. K's poetry, plenty of it. Not the delicate, elfish magic of Yeats or de la Mare, but one which is none the less evident. Sometimes, when flying straight for a bombast, he mysteriously steers clear, and often when forming a paradox, he gets "beyond its truth to the creation of a rose that shines upon the lips of truth". Chesterton loves freedom, especially that which suggests the freedom of the soul. He said his favorite line was "over the hills and far away." But all poetry is a freeing of the soul and nothing effects this more perfectly than the hint of swift flight or motion over unbounded lands or sea or through the "boundless" air. Of the great masters before Chesterton's time, Keats has it

"Away! away! for I will fly to thee . . .

Already with thee. Tender is the night, etc."

and Milton, too,

"Now that the heaven by the sun's beam untrod

Hath took no print of the approaching light

And all the spangled hosts keep watch in squadrons bright."

The love of distance and free flight steals upon us as we grow up. It stole on Chesterton as it did on Milton and Keats. Many are best satisfied by music but G. K., being stone deaf musically, found his answer in poetry.

"Oh Hark! oh hear! How thin and clear

And thinner, clearer, farther going,

Oh! Sweet and far from cliff and sear

The horns of elf-land faintly blowing!"

Chesterton probably has written more than any man should write. In less critical times, or under conditions which are apparently prevalent today, he would not have produced so much. Less in quantity, it is doubtful if the work could have been greater in quality.

Many critics, including Mr. Charles Williams, have called *Lepanto*, "one of the greatest of modern poems." Mr. Williams understands Chesterton. He sees that the greatness of the poem and the author's ceaseless fighting in the modern battle for a Christian humanism are necessarily and essentially connected. Chesterton writes of the battle as if he were an actual participant and thence arises that startling, unbelievable reality which has caused one critic to exclaim that there has been no better fighting since Homer. Almost always dealing with crises, his poems ring with the din and muffled voice of cannon in the battle. Really there is only one crisis and one battle. That crisis is revived in the present deplorable European situation and the struggle to save it from an almost certain fateful end. Because of this, Chesterton's poetry is more than poetry. Here one finds the living, throbbing soul, the hopes and aspirations of a people; here one finds the essential spirit of modern Catholicity.

The poem *Lepanto* is universally admired as one of G. K's best in verse—second only to his greatest work "The Ballad of the White Horse." It is closely packed with historical allusions and beyond this is the gorgeous

array of color and that irresistible swing which make it such a thrilling challenge to the imaginative.

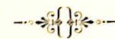
Out of the never-to-be-forgotten engagement in the Gulf of Corinth, Chesterton has created one of the greatest battle pictures, a picture of action beyond the extremest imaginations of men.

The poem ends with the smile of the Christian warrior Cervantes, who fought at Lepanto by the side of Don Juan. This smile is a tremendous finale. It is the spirit of the past; the hope of the future. It is the smile of one visualizing Christian knighthood as eternal. It sees the present crisis of Christendom, the moral disruption, the social and political chaos of today. It sees the angry head of barbarism within and without, the apathy of the Christian, the despair of the non-Christian and above all the call of another Pius for fighting men. If Don Juan of Austria was "the last knight of Europe" in the old world, then Chesterton himself may well be called "the first knight of Europe," in the new one.

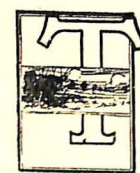
As Walter de la Mare, in his premature, though beautifully wrought "Epitaph" on Chesterton says:

"Chesterton the critic
Pays no further heed:
Chesterton the poet
Lives while men shall read."

GENEVIEVE MacMAHON, '39



In the Printers' Tracks in Halifax



THE FIRST piece of printed material in all Canada appeared in February 1752. The honor goes to Nova Scotia. It was in pamphlet form and deals with — a scandal! Wouldn't you know it!

That little tidbit was the result of frantic dashings around to all those places in Halifax where information is so cleverly hidden. The first clue led to the Legislative Library. As you are doubtless aware, Their Royal Majesties are going to pay Halifax a visit, and as you are also fully aware, the old Provincial Building is certainly not Exhibit A—so the authorities were in full swing with the repairs and decorations when I arrived. Imbued with the enthusiasm and fervor of youth, the light of noble endeavor shining in my eyes, I tripped gaily up the front stairs—barred! Then I tripped up the back stairs, not quite so gaily—barred! Not to be daunted by such minor obstacles, I proceeded across the street to the new Provincial Building, with the intention of seizing the first man who looked as if he might be one of the Fathers of

the City. Such were my powers of discernment that the gentleman I first asked to direct me to the Library—was the blind man at the candy stall!! Suddenly a man appeared from one of the multitudinous offices and was making directly for the stall. Before he even had time to think "chocolate milk", he had his overcoat on and was guiding me across the street. I had picked the right one this time, because step ladders and scaffolding faded away when he appeared with me in tow. He turned me over to the King's Printer who shielded me from flying planks etc. until I was safely ensconced in a very comfortable chair in the Legislative Library.

Much to my chagrin, I found that the history of book printing in Halifax has never actually been written. However, everyone was quite anxious to help me out with a lovely little history of Journalism, and tried to heap upon me, massive tomes dealing with the same. It is really appalling to think that this great field has been neglected, so, I guess it's up to me! Feminine curiosity perhaps it was,—or call it by another name, interest in the furtherance of science, prompted me to continue my research and see just what fruits could be garnered. Brought to maturity, it pleases me to share them with you.

In 1649, an Englishman named Samuel Green, set up a printing press at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1751, his grandson with his printing press and fonts, sailed for the new city of Halifax. He procured a lot of land on the lower side of Grafton Street, a little to the north of where Duke Street intersects, and on this lot, he, the grandson of the man who established the first fully equipped printing office in America, the son of the man who printed the first American newspaper, erected the first printing press in Halifax, and began to operate immediately. By the way, these early presses may be seen in the Public Archives. Just tell them I sent you!

After extricating myself from this veritable Carpenters' Paradise, still imbued with the enthusiasm and fervor of youth and still sound in mind and limb, I jogged along to the Public Library. Since it was a cold day, the reading room was crowded! I sat myself down at a long table flanked with rather discolored gentlemen who were not exactly brimming over with joie de vivre, as the old Greeks used to say. Anyway, I hung on to my purse and was soon engrossed in the romantic tale of "beginnings" in the new city of Halifax.

Small books and pamphlets were printed in Nova Scotia from 1752 onward—the first in Canada too. Since Halifax was essentially a business community, various booklets and price lists were required by merchants appropriate to such a business community. For years, these and the pioneer journal, the weekly Halifax Gazette, constituted the total of the printing done in Halifax itself, and these were sufficient. These early printers possessed a good press, an excellent assortment of types and showed superior workmanship. Preserved in the library of Acadia College is a six page pamphlet printed at Halifax for the government of Nova

Scotia, dated December 6, 1752. Ornamental initial letters decorate the paragraphs. Eight and ten point type and initials are just as clear as any monotype. Halifax was founded in 1749, and just three years later to have a newspaper, and that the first printed in Canada is, indeed something of which Haligonians may be justly proud. It is interesting to note that Green and his successor, John Bushel, printers par excellence, lie somewhere in Saint John's Cemetery unmarked and unknown. Surely the printers could do something about that!

Peeved at the lack of written historical records, I decided to round up the oldest printers in Halifax to see if I could get some oral information as to their first days. It is surprising to note the number of printing firms in Halifax. The one selected for my first victim, I finally tracked down with the assistance of anyone who looked as if he had lived in Halifax longer than myself. Since this hectic life was beginning to tell on me, it was a hard task! The room I entered was dark and dingy. "May I see the Manager", I asked in my best business voice. The man laughed and put on the light!

As far as could be ascertained, there is no great amount of actual book printing done in Halifax. However, the firms of T. C. Allan and William McNab were engaged in this business for many years, and together with John Bowes Printing Company, enjoy the distinction of being the oldest printing firms in existence in Halifax. Today, most of the firms print magazines, pamphlets, year books and other work of this type. Another old firm is that which is known today as the Imperial Publishing Company. It was founded by I. C. Stewart, to whom goes credit of being among the very first to promote printing in Halifax. This firm is responsible for such noteworthy journals as the Dalhousie Review, Nova Scotia Teachers' Bulletin, Nova Scotia Medical Bulletin. It also has to its credit the publication of the Mount Saint Vincent Academy magazine, the Folio Montana, when it was in existence. This firm does work in Monotype. Dating still further back is the firm today called the Royal Print and Litho, whose main work is litho—the process of engraving in such a way to produce a surface that printed copies can be multiplied in the press. This is the manner in which labels are produced. The Artz Printing Company which has been in the same family for three generations has likewise a long tradition. The Ross Print and the McCurdy Print are two other noted firms, the latter prints Mount Saint Vincent College Year Book and Saint Mary's College Journal, among noted journals.

After making the rounds of the greater number of these firms, and being courteously shown the plants, and also shown specimens of the work done, something within cried "Hold! enough!" The spirits were revived somewhat at the thought of home. Even though it hasn't a printing press, there is no place like it.

MARIETTA WALL, B.A., '38.

Speeches delivered at the Annual Declamation Contest at the Nova Scotian Hotel:

Economic Greed is the Chief Cause Of the World's Unrest « « «



ANY different causes have been advanced to account for the disturbing unrest prevalent among the nations of the world today, and yet, surveying the facts, the most satisfactory answer would seem to be that economic greed has been the chief factor in bringing about the present instability.

Greed is responsible for the universal unrest. The statement, indeed, seems to need almost no defence—its truth is thrust upon us more forcefully every time we read a newspaper. We are treated to the spectacle of the wealth and power concentrated in the hands of the captains of industry who, because they control money are able to govern the economic life of a nation in all its phases. Against these, there is no defence. There can be no reasonable objection of course, to men increasing their fortunes legitimately—it is only right that any service rendered society is entitled to a just reward; however, when such reward goes so far as to rob another of the means of subsistence, "social justice" becomes merely another trite saying. These men are not actuated by any simple motive of gain—they have every comfort, now, which man could hope for or desire, yet, urged on by motives of absolute greed, they strive for more and more power, more and more domination. We have become so used to hearing fantastic economic tales of the dog-in-the-manger type, that they have long since ceased to horrify or even impress us—tales of farm produce being destroyed while men are starving, in order to keep the price high so that the margin of profit will meet the demands of the profiteer. No wonder there is unrest in the world!

When there is a sign of decrease in business, the salaries of the workers are cut, while the prices of commodities go up. Certainly the need is, if anything, greater than formerly, and men must still eat and clothe themselves; it is the greed of the profiteers which allows such a state of things to exist. It is nothing else than sheer greed, because these men are not faced with starvation, they have comfortable homes: it is greed, greed for economic power. By their skilful manipulation of the markets of the world, they are able to raise or lower prices at will, so that the manufacturers of the world are at their mercy, and more often than not their avarice is the instrument of ruin for some class of men.

The possessor of such exorbitant economic power is only one step from control of the state, which is powerless in the hands of the financier; as Pope Pius XI said in one of his encyclicals, "The state . . . has become a slave, bound over to the service of human passion and greed." Thence it is only another step to war between states, that is war between interna-

tional financiers, and it is pure folly to deny that the unrest among nations today is not due chiefly to economic self-interest.

The present unrest in the world had its foundation in the behaviour of the allied powers after the World War. These allied powers acted on the principle that Germany must pay to the full. Thus, several of the territories of Germany were taken from her. The allies had little or no need of such territorial acquisitions, but through greed and a desire for revenge, Germany was left without colonies; as a result of this, Germany has been stirring restlessly ever since, and now threatens to involve the world in another major conflict. The minute that the economic holdings of one country are threatened by unrest in another, we see battleships and marines appear, the general tension increases, and the world grows uneasy.

Anyone who denies that greed is the cause of the unrest in the world today is confronted with the problem of giving a suitable reason for the Japanese war of aggression in China, the Italian seizure of Ethiopia, the German taking-over of Austria and Czechoslovakia. The subjects of the Mikado were too numerous in proportion to the size of their country, the masses were ground down in poverty and, the same old story, a few men controlled the wealth of the nation, and true to their principles of selfishness, declined to distribute profits fairly among the factors of production and so, a war of conquest started, a war for the control of China's resources, China's markets and China's industries.

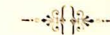
The same is true of Mussolini, desperately in need of natural resources, who by sheer force of arms, trod a small nation in the dust. True, sanctions were applied for a while, but the trade of the nations employing this method suffered — again the economic motive — and the sanctions were lifted. And so the tale goes on — what determines the foreign policy of every country is not an abiding faith in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, but how much trade or other economic advantage will accrue.

The recent Munich crisis, whose beginning was in the breakdown of Anglo-Italian relations, was ample proof of this. Some little time ago, when the British government applied sanctions to Italy after the Ethiopian invasion, France reluctantly chose between England and Italy, but Mussolini found another friend in Hitler. In return for this friendship he had to shut his eyes to Hitler's seizure of Austria, which acted as an admirable buffer state between himself and Germany. The freedom of Czechoslovakia was inextricably bound up with that of Austria, and her defences on the Austrian frontier were lamentably weak, because she feared no invasion from such a quarter. Her downfall, therefore, was simply a matter of time after the downfall of her republican neighbor. Economic greed has sent Mussolini into Ethiopia—as a result of which, economic interests likewise led Britain to apply sanctions. In the face of such things, who would deny that economic greed is the cause of the world's unrest? The underlying cause of any war is an economic one. Until the motive of greed is allayed we can hope for no permanent peace, international or otherwise.

Apart from the struggles between nations, we are daily confronted with problems which rend the internal peace of the nations of the world: strikes and riots, shut-downs in factories, and abandonment of farms. A people possessed of adequate means of livelihood are rarely mischief-makers. Again, such conditions are due to the fact that the money, credit, and wealth of the nation are controlled by a few, who in their unbridled lust for power deprive the people of a living wage. Strikes and such similar activities are directly traceable to greed, not on the part of the workers who are, in almost one hundred percent of the cases, only demanding a living wage, but on the part of capitalists and profiteers who seek to pile up money and with it power. Communism has gained such a firm foothold in the world today because the majority are made to suffer through the greed of a few.

With the country's resources controlled by a minority it becomes increasingly hard to earn a livelihood honestly, so men set out to get one by fair means or foul; money becomes the object of adoration for the world, worth everything else—honor, integrity, charity, and justice. The world becomes materialistic, and of course, loses a proper sense of moral values. So long as it brings in money, anything is permissible and excusable. Man as we have said, has lost all sense of morality, so one of the first things to suffer is the institution of marriage, the guardian of morality. The marriage bond is something to be treated with contempt and broken at will—there is unrest in the family, the cornerstone of the state. If its very foundation is restless and uneasy, can the state be otherwise? We shall have no peace until we follow the words of the Gospel—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things else shall be added unto you."

MARY McGONAGLE, '40



The Family As The Basis of Society



THE GREAT soldier, law-giver, or philosopher must some day die. Unless he have left behind a body of men very familiar and thoroughly imbued with his theories and work in order to vivify, and revivify them, these too, must die with him. Political parties pass in and out of office, political theories are born today and die at the next election. Thus of its very nature, public administration is changeable and transient. But the family, of all societies, is permanent and enduring, the father perpetuating himself in the persons of his children. If we are to have a strong and stable nation we must look first of all to the families comprising it. They are by nature the beginning and end of social thought. Man is born into a home and his fondest hope is that he may die with his family about him. Yes indeed; upon the fate of the family rests the fate of the nation, and it is only when men have realized this, that any country may be said to be enlightened.

Do we need any greater proof of the position of the family than the fact that Christ the God-man, the Saviour of mankind, lived for thirty years in a home?

Nevertheless, for the sceptic, even the story of primitive man bears the truth of the statement, that family life is the nucleus of all other organizations and that it alone is the foundation of all men's relations.

Let us look to early Greece for a few moments. The records of this nation show us clearly that the family was the first group and from it all authority originally sprang. In the earliest times we see the village inhabited by "genos", i.e. a clan or large family—members of which are bound together by a common ancestor. Originally the head of the family had had the power of life or death over the members, but as state power grew this authority was transferred. The importance of the family is most vividly illustrated by the manner in which the Greeks possess their land. The soil is not held by the separate freeman or in common as public property, but land occupied and worked by an ancestor, continues in the possession of the family under the direction of the head. Likewise, the spoils of war are divided among the family chiefs.

As does early Greece, so other vigorous societies of early times, attest the primacy of the family. Thus we see that in the beginning, all men's actions revolved around the domestic household, and the state was but a natural creation to regulate affairs so that no one group should prosper at the expense of another.

Now, this natural survey to determine the priority of the family over the individual or the state concluded, we feel very much like the man of whom G. K. Chesterton speaks in his "Orthodoxy". This man sets out to find an unexplored, uncharted isle to add to the sum total of Britain's imperial possessions. Tossed about for many days in his crudely-fashioned boat, having suffered many toils and privations, he sails at last heroically through the English channel, marches into Hyde Park of London to plant the flag of triumph, only to find that he is in England. For Pope Leo XIII has said: "Man is older than the State, and the domestic society is antecedent as well in idea as in fact, to the gathering of men into a civil union". Unfortunately one hears much too frequently today, roaring lions going about proclaiming, much as did the Bourbons and Jacobite kings, that the ruler receives his power directly from the Almighty and the child belongs not to the family, but to the state. But who is so foolish as to deny that it would seem most fitting that the society whose function was most important should be given the first consideration? All too frequently it is forgotten that existence or creation of the individual must first take place, before that person can be fed to the cannon as fodder.

We are not, of course, denying that any society (or stable moral union of two or more persons for a common end) exists ultimately for the good of the individual. We are saying that of all societies, the family must be regarded as of first importance. The state in the exercise of its rights must look to the family circle and not unduly emphasize the individual right, or even an aggregate of these rights.

The judgment of social life as a whole, depends upon the status of the families comprising it. We have only to glance at the past to prove the truth of this statement. Once the Romans lost their vigour of character, which had made them resist barbarians from without and corruption from within, and with that their respect for authority, the Roman Empire collapsed. But it was in family life that these virtues had formerly found their source. Myers says: "It would be difficult to overestimate the influence of the family upon the history and destiny of Rome. It was the cradle of at least some of those splendid virtues of the early Roman that contributed so much to the strength and greatness of Rome, and that helped to give her the dominion of the world. The exercise of parental authority in the family taught the Roman how to command as well as how to obey—how to exercise authority with wisdom, moderation, and justice."

So it was in the glorious Middle Ages, that period which has left us so many monuments of its greatness. We have, at this time, a strongly united society, so united that all practise the same religion, have one international language, and an economic system that is destined to last for centuries, chiefly because of the emphasis placed on the family and not the individual. Feudalism and agriculture, by their very nature, were intended for strongly united families. Parents took part with their children in recreational enjoyments and rarely was there any chafing at the bonds of parental supervision. But the chief reason for the harmonious family life of the Middle Ages was the Church's insistence that Christ had raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, that He had made a woman His Mother and had said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me".

The early settlers of North America may have had at times a troubled life beset by many dangers. Nevertheless, it is more than probable that they were far happier than our modern individuals. Within a remarkably short time a new continent had been tamed and there developed a sound society with sound laws, and sane standards of living. All this was so, due to the strength of the firmly entrenched family life. The colonial family was economically self-sufficient. Woman's work was so necessary and interesting that no other career could possibly entice her outside the home.

Unfortunately, today we have lived to see a society that is fast on the brink of corruption. It is a society that is set at cross purposes with itself. War is accepted as the only solution of difficulties, the doctrine of "might is right" prevails in all business and even purely aesthetic enterprises. We are confronted on all sides with the most brutal paganism and mercy for the weak is being pushed aside into the limbo of lost things. And why is this? Family life is fast disintegrating. Family states are set up and as quickly pulled down. Children are considered as economic liabilities and not as part of a group striving to help one another live here below so as to enjoy an eternal existence above. The sanctity of the home is laughed and scoffed at. The authority of the parent is reviled. Education is no longer considered as the right of the parents. But those who believe that a good citizen comes from state training are building their hopes on a false psychology. Do they not know that of all lessons learned,

those best retained are learned at the mother's knee, be it the first prayer to Our Father in Heaven, or the fairy tales of literature? Do they not see, that the home is not only a place of education for the child, but also for the parents? Rev. John M. Cooper, a noted sociologist says of the home: "It is a school of living experience in which the adult mates, man and woman, are educated out of instinctive egoism and selfishness, out of the native self-centeredness which is diametrically opposed to the disinterested love that lies at the base of Christian morality, and for that matter at the base of the moral codes of humanity."

Further, we have said that there has been a disintegration in the spirit of family life, regardless of the aforementioned abortive attempt to dispossess it of its natural rights. What are the reasons for such a break-up? Briefly, they could be resolved into urbanization and the development of a false philosophy of life.

With the concentration of population in the city, the family ceases to be self-sufficient. With modern luxuries becoming imperative, the wife does not make the same contribution to the home. Children, housed in small quarters, seek to spend their time outside. Thus, the bond between parents and children is non-existent with the consequent lack of respect for parental authority and therefore for all authority.

Of all the evils of the Protestant Revolt, perhaps the greatest was the emphasis on individual opinion with the consequent consecration of that individual. And so the authority of the Church is mocked and ridiculed. Marriage is regarded as a civil contract and Christ's words "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder" are completely ignored. The spirit of self-sacrifice and the acceptance of responsibility are thrown aside for the more attractive idea of satisfaction at the moment. Take away these, along with self-restraint and self-control from marriages and the morals of the whole nation immediately suffer. Divorce with its attendant evils becomes the logical thing. Yet the sad part of such logic is the numbers of innocent who must suffer. Social workers invariably question delinquents to determine whether or not they have come from homes which the spectre of divorce has blighted.

A far more insidious campaign against the family has been launched in the exaggerated feminist movement of some sections of the country. We must remember that woman, although co-founder of the home is, nevertheless, subject to her husband. Let her beware, for the freedom that she is attempting to gain will do naught but enslave her. In this connection we are reminded of a clergyman of the Middle West who was praying for a "united head" of the home. A prominent gentleman rose in the midst of the assembled congregation and said: "Sir, there is but one head of the home and I am the head; a united head would be a monster".

Therefore, in all seriousness, the only efficacious remedy lies with us, each one of us. Can we allow the nation to perish because we choose to ignore the lesson of the simple home of Nazareth?

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, '39

Permanent Peace Must Be Based On Christian Charity « « «



FROM the grave of the Unknown Soldier, the crowds melted away. The great men of the nations who had stood there bareheaded went back again to town. All day, parties of curious, reverent folk came and went, until only the guard remained. Night came and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness. Then a strange thing happened!

Three shadowy figures, from nowhere, stood before the tomb and one after another read its freshly carved inscription. The first spoke sadly: "I sometimes wonder whether it was worthwhile to die at twenty-eight to sleep at Thermopylae, unknown."

The second had fought with Martel at Tours—but where is the peace, the faith, the goodwill for which he died?

The third was buried in a trench at Waterloo—his grave too, was marked "Unknown." We thought it was to be the world's last great battle: that there would be no more wars," he said.

Thus, our friend over whom the Taps sounded today, was one of millions who gave their lives. Over his body, a nation had cut in stone—a solemn inscription: A nation's promise that he who lies there dead, shall not have died in vain.

The world has made that promise before: all its unknown dead have died in that faith: we told the lad as he marched away, that he was fighting the war to end all wars: he fell, believing; and we have buried him and buried the promise with him. There is a song, you have all heard, — a crazy song with even crazier words—yet this recent popular song, "Dipsy Doodle" is a parable—it sings of an upside down world in which the moon jumps over the cow — and this is precisely, what we have done. Undoubtedly there should be a tomb and an inscription over it, but the only inscription by which the world can keep faith with the long sad line of its unknown heroes, whom it has fooled and cheated, must stand on the grave of the past and read: War: an armed contest between nations: now obsolete: *Unknown*.

And how indeed can this be brought about? Certainly not by concentrating on measures to avoid war—that is something negative: rather in practising a program of positive measures for peace. Where then, can we find a peace which is of its nature abiding? Where even look for it?

Throughout the history of the world we see how, during a succession of conflicts, men have clung tenaciously to the hope for peace. There have been peace pacts, but in all too short a time have they come to pieces!

In early days, the Pax Romana, a peace of political domination was maintained by the Romans at the point of the javelin. It was an enforced peace, that crashed in confusion when the Caesar's power was weakened.

The Truce of God in the 11th century prohibited battle during certain periods and held persons and places of sacred character immune from the ravages of armed conflicts. Yet it, too, though not an armed peace, was an enforced peace since excommunication was the penalty for its violation.

Later, while the Thirty Years' war was tearing out the hearts of a generation of European peoples, Hugo Grotius published a fine systematic treatise on international law in which the fundamental doctrine is the evidence of what that law is in the existing practice of nations. Thus, precedent and respect for the good opinion of neighbor nations came to prevent many a disagreement.

Nearer our own times, the Monroe Doctrine with its policy of "hands off" has kept the Western hemisphere free of foreign entanglements.

The League of Nations with its attempt to prevent war and promote peace: the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928, at root a people's treaty whose enforcement rests upon the power of public opinion to maintain peace—To go on is needless: the rise of these international organizations has marked the acceptance of the principle that permanent peace does not rest upon threats, the intervention of authority, resorts to courts, treaty agreements or huge armaments—all of which may be defied or ignored—as much as it rests upon goodwill arising from understanding and co-operation toward a common cause.

Yet even here we must tread warily! We must beware of those "slimy diplomats who are educated and trained in the principles of Machiavelli, to make a lie look like the truth"—who call that a common cause which really includes one nation, or at most one people united in the bonds of national sentiment. A peace established for even such a group would in time become dislodged, I fear, either from within, when the novelty has worn off and the people seek new ideas and new territory; or from without, from neighbors who cast envious eyes upon her blessed condition, or greedy eyes upon her lack of warlike preparation.

Thus, none other than the pacts and peace treaties of the World War, have created the many wars and clashes which we have witnessed since then. Versailles is responsible for the Nazi aggression in Europe and Africa: Trianon for the Czech crisis: the Balfour document for the Arab-Jew conflict in Palestine, the French-Italian agreement for the present tension over Italy's claim to her colonies, Tunisia, Corsica, etc. "Because pacts and treaties were regarded as scraps of paper to be torn up like the promissory notes on war debts", we see the rise of the Continental ideologies which constitute an omnipresent threat to peace in the world.

Perhaps it was that these pacts have been dictated by a spirit of nationalism—yet nationalism is essentially too national to be the common cause which aims at peace; a lasting peace based on a universal principle, on a rule that practises the equality of all men without considering whether they are "Jew or Gentile, bond or free." Is that a Utopian notion?

So far from it, Christianity, for 1900 years, has in no unmistakable terms affirmed the real and universal brotherhood of men of every con-

dition and color. And this Christian brotherhood is genuine only when it rests on both *justice* and *charity*. Now the basis of justice is the observance of the Ten Commandments of God, which in their ultimate analysis are reduced to the twofold precept of *charity*, love of God and love of neighbor.

Those have a wrong idea of charity who think it means almsgiving alone. Almsgiving is a partial aspect of charity, but not its principal one. Christian charity has that breadth which Christ explained, extending from end to end of earth and reaching from time into eternity. Charity is broad: to love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves, to procure for others the self-same goods we desire for ourselves, and not to do unto others what we would not want done to ourselves, to seek the fullness of justice for one and all. Here indeed is the common cause, the universal cause, truly universal, embracing as it does both God and man. So, a person or a State who makes exclusions of any kind of charity, even against a single one of her brethren cannot possess truly Christian charity.

We are in a position now to grasp very easily the inevitable conclusion, that this charity which maintains the proper relation between God and man, so that the love of one is simply the overflow of the love of the Other, which sees that God gets what belongs to Him first of all and that Caesar, as God's appointed instrument, receives his due as well, that force, Christian charity, contains in itself the groundwork of a peace, broad and stable as itself. For the definition of Peace is "the tranquillity of order." Order is the state in which beings tend to their natural end. And when men as individuals and when groups of men as States bear in mind that their tendencies are Godwards, the seeds of charity blossom forth in the delightful fruits of PEACE! Whenever peace has not reigned—be assured that Christian charity was first ignored. To wit: Saint Paul in superb language that can be applied here writes: (I Cor. 13, 4.)

"Charity is patient, is kind"no doubt, Germany had committed grievous wrongs and was deserving of a just penalty. But over and above the justice, where was the *Charity* at Versailles?

"Charity envieth not . . ."and what of those nations which regard with longing eyes the increase of every Empire not its own? Abyssinia, Sudetenland . . . is it charity?

"Charity dealeth not perversely" . . Promises are sealed with a nation's honor as pledge. But in almost every case we see that honor perjured. The neutrality of Belgium, the "Sanctions" of the League, the treaty to support Czechoslovakia . . . Charity, again?

"Charity is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own". yet what of our suicidal nationalism?

There is not one State today whose self-interests are not sought even at the cost of supreme sacrifice, if not total destruction, of her neighbors. Can we—dare we deny it? And meanwhile, the charity?

We have made an experiment of a peace grounded on a variety of foundations. Experience has shown them all "shifting sands"! The time is come when the world must be lifted out of the black night of hate and war into the light of that day when an enduring peace *can* be built on love and brotherhood. This honor, it almost seems, has been reserved for one man in particular, Pope Pius XI. This is the day for which the ages have been waiting. For 1900 years, the gospel of the Prince of Peace had been making its majestic march around the world and during these centuries, the philosophy of the Sermon on the Mount has become more and more the rule of daily life.

For these two reasons, then, the unique position of Pope Pius, among men, and his espousal of Christian charity as the only standard for nations as well as individuals, do we believe and hope, as Charity counsels, that peace will come and remain.

Pope Pius XI has offered his life a redemption for many. In one of his last radio broadcasts we heard him say, "While millions of men live in dread because of the imminent danger of war and the threat of unexampled slaughter and ruin . . . with all our heart, we offer for the salvation and for the peace of the world this life which the Lord has spared and even renewed . . ."

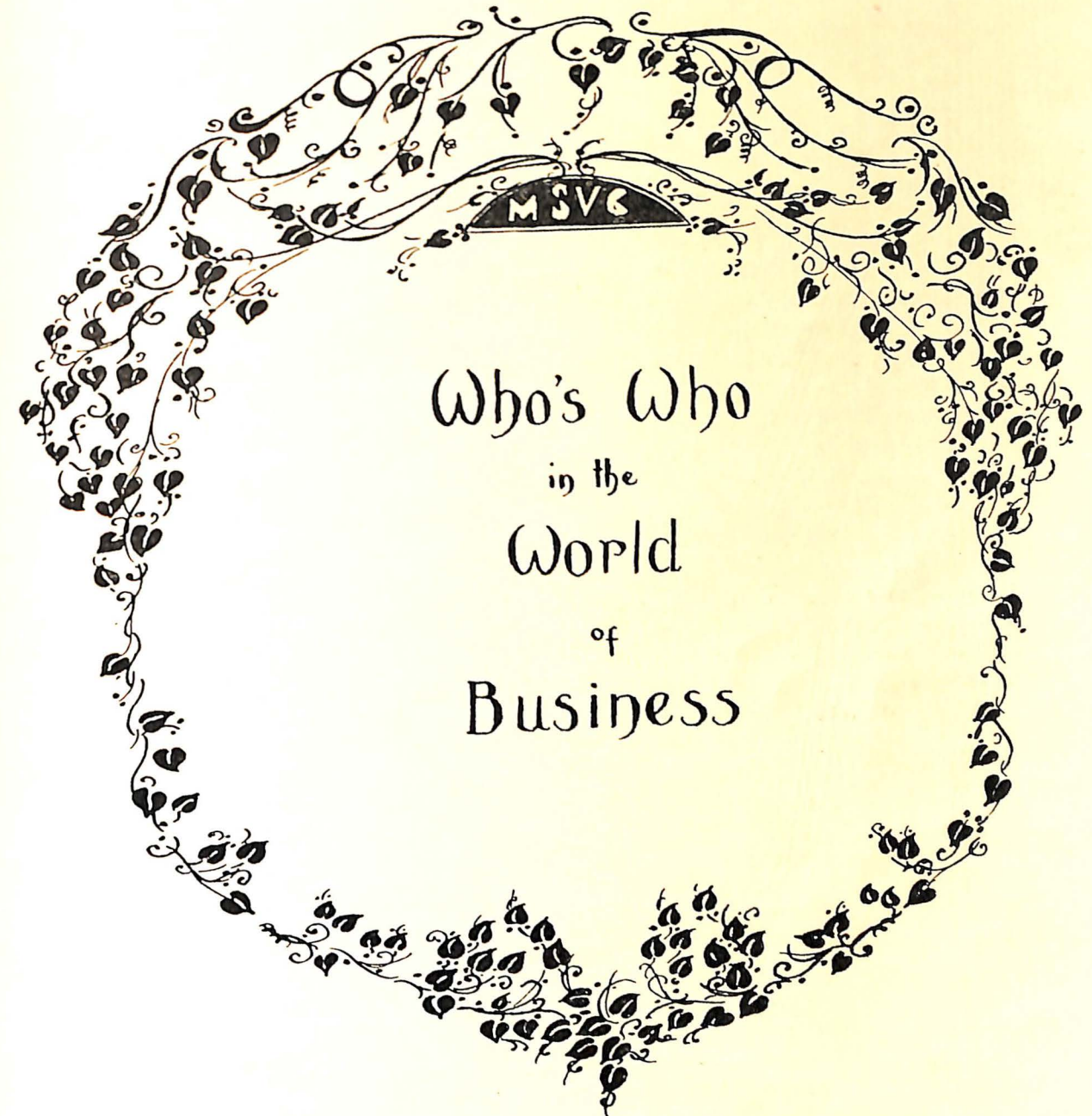
And God has taken that life!!!

MARION O'BRIEN, '41.

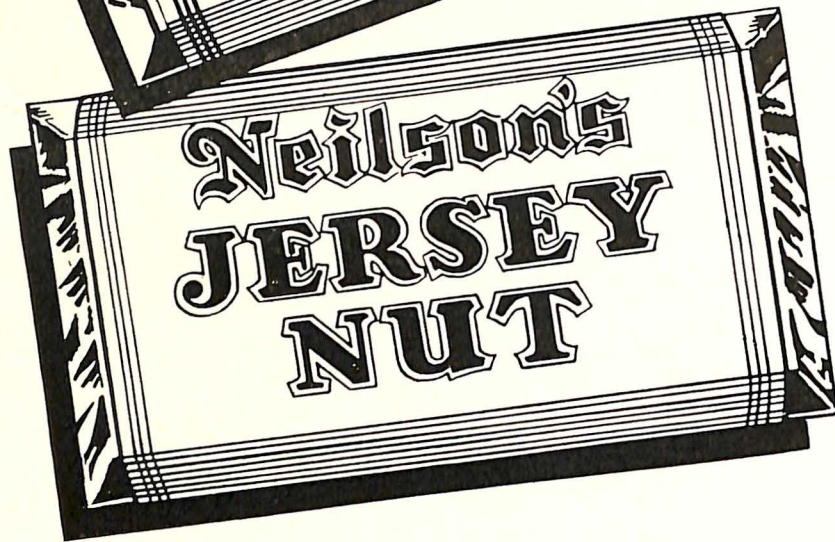
Yesterday

Yesterday, I think it was
I spoke to him.
He seemed so happy,
Yet his eyes were sad.
Perhaps it was . . . but no,
I could not know, of course
His life has been so very good
That happiness should be his portion.
And if sadness be his due,
I would that I could have his eyes
To share his sorrows, if 'twould help,
And make it easier for him.

HOPE WILLARD, '40



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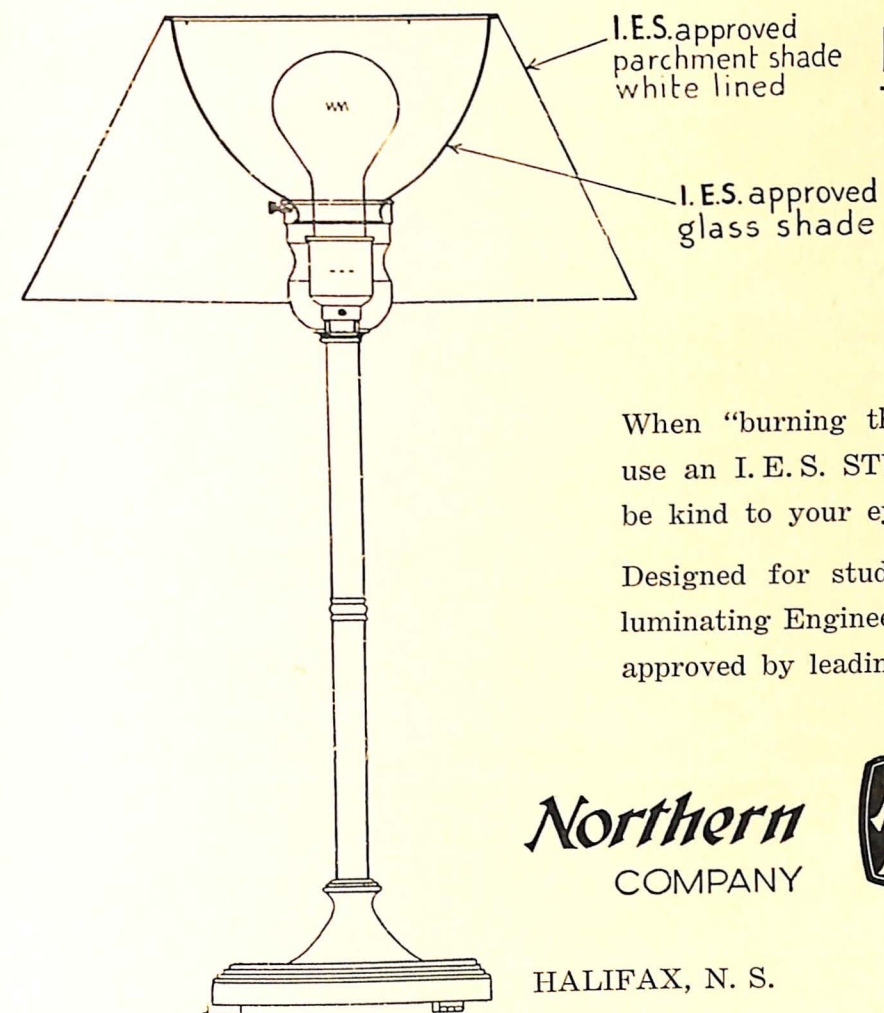


● That's the approximate number of men and women who come of age every year in Canada.

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But there is one common round on which all can meet, and that is the habit of saving money and putting it in the bank regularly. A good habit, from which all conditions of men and women will benefit. Money in the bank is far more than a reserve for "rainy" days. To each of this year's 200,000 a bank account will mean confidence, so essential to youth's success; and when opportunity comes along, a fund of ready cash to provide a means to grasp it.

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