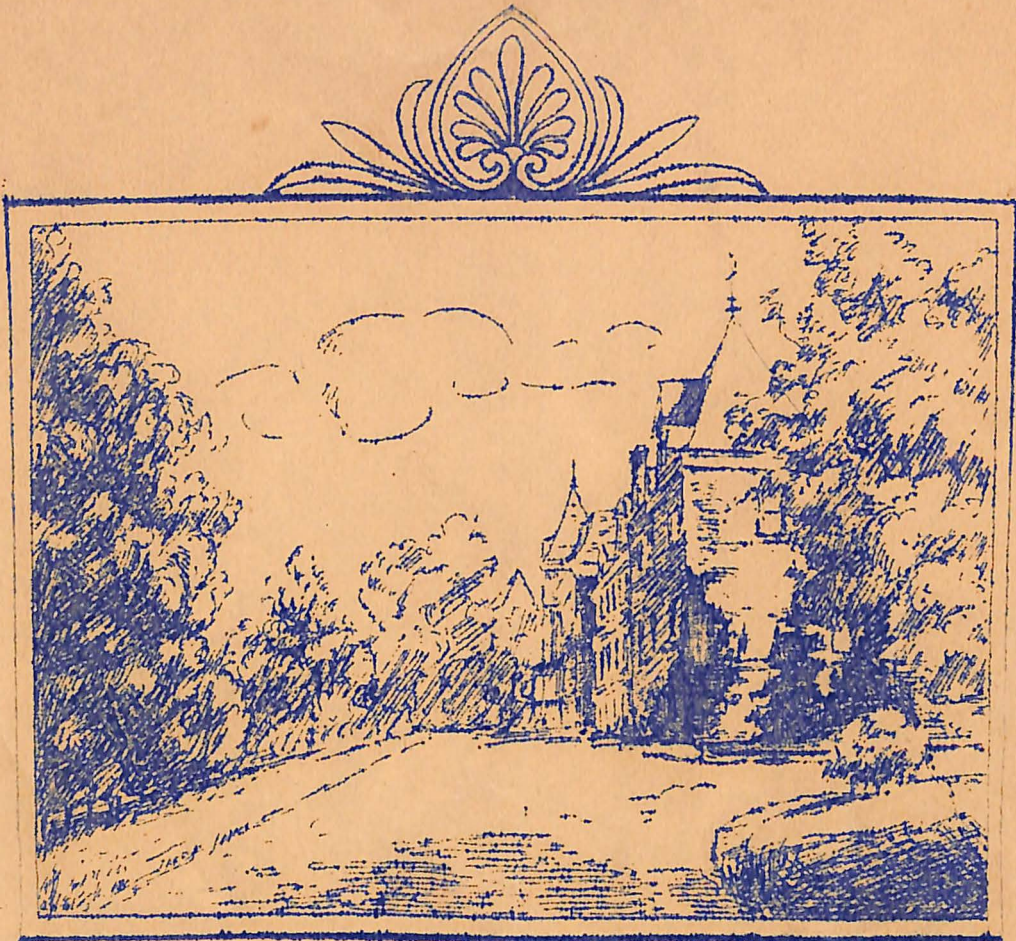


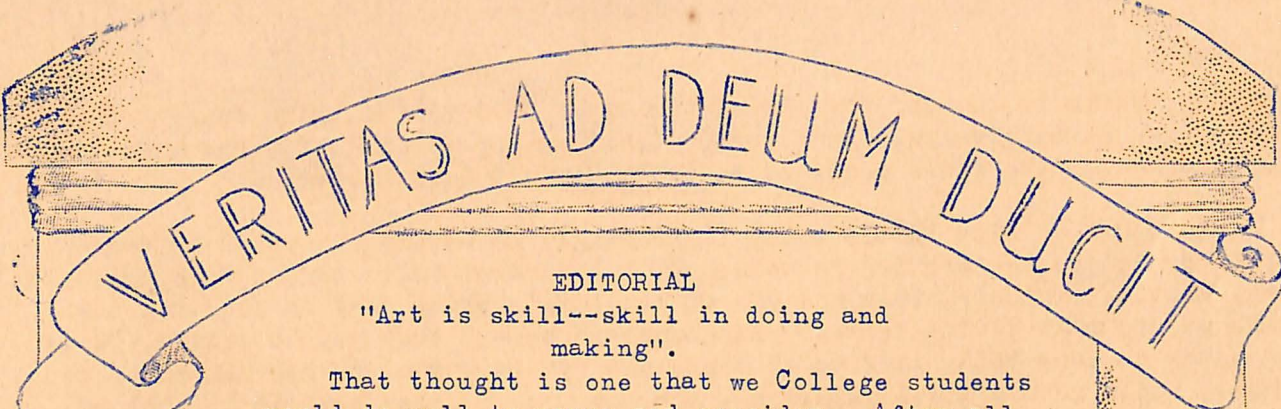
September 25/86



# KAPPA KRONICLE

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.



VERITAS AD DEUM DUCIT

EDITORIAL

"Art is skill--skill in doing and making".

That thought is one that we College students would do well to pause and consider. After all College should be the place where we acquire skill in doing the things that are worth while in life. In short, it is the business of the College to lay the flundation of our training in the art of living--that training which will continue as long as we live.

The College, however, cannot fulfil its mission unless we do our part. If the College has a responsibility toward us, so have we toward it; it is up to us to put our best into it that we may gain the best it has to give us.

There are many things to be considered in that best which we must give to our work. We know that as we go on through life, we shall constantly be striving for positions of leadership and trust in the world. That is the very natural ambition of every one of us. But such positions are certainly not waiting in the chaotic world of today for us to walk into without struggle or effort. We must fight; we must prove our worth; for leadership implies many things, among them personal reliability, high ideals, and an ability to deal agreeably with others, and lead not force them to our viewpoint. So we see that we must acquire particular skill in these three points in order to know in ourselves the art of living well. But skill in anything requires a groundwork, a fundamental knowledge on which experience builds. This fundamental knowledge we must acquire in College.

When we speak of reliability we often think of trustworthiness in important matters where lack of it would mean failure to some great scheme that, we assure ourselves, we would all have. But would we? The testing ground is our everyday life--our reliability in such small matters as the delivering of a message, promptness in keeping appointments, and faithfulness in the little duties which are entrusted to us. If we find that we are lacking in this

quality, there is no need for discouragement. Reliability, like every other skill, can be cultivated. What better training can we find than the unfailing performance of the tasks assigned to us by Student Government?

To speak of high ideals today is seemingly to commit the worst of faux-pas. By it you are branded as outmoded, a left-over relic of the Dark Ages. Yet, despite ridicule, they are one of the skills which must be acquired before we can make living an art. Anachronisms though they may be called, it is up to us to form them, live up to them, and spread them. As our character is formed while we are still young, so, too, are our ideals; thus it is that if we are to carry high ideals through life--ideals of love, of service to God and humanity, of courage, of purity, and of loyalty, to name but a few--we must form them now in College. Let's not be ashamed of splendid ideals; let's carry them into the topsy-turvey world of today as the guiding banner of today's college students!

Last but not least to be considered of the essential skills we must acquire during our College life is that of co-operation. If we do not know how to work with others we shall never be able to lead them; we must follow and aid before we can guide. This ability to deal pleasantly with others is certainly one whose foundations are laid during school and college life. With Student Government still in its infancy here, the opportunities for acquiring this skill are many and varied; we must learn to co-operate with one another, to have consideration for each one's rights in order to make a success of it. This is our test. How do we measure up? It's really up to us, so let us pull together, girls of 1935.

If during this year we lay the foundation for three skills - reliability, high ideals, and the ability to deal agreeably with others - then we shall truly be progressing in the art of living.

Margaret Cummings, '36

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\* EDITORIAL STAFF OF KAPPA KRONICLE \*  
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# "KAMPLS KOMMENTS" 3



Hello, everybody! This is Station M.S.V.C. at Rockingham announcing the opening of another scholastic year and the arrival of many more amateurs, numbering among them representatives from Canada even as far west as Alberta and others from the United States--all with the same purpose in view as those of previous years--to become Finished Products, or Primadonnas as it were,--within the next three or four years. Here's wishing them all good luck!

And now you shall hear some items from the College News Bulletin, which by means of a special "hook-up" we were fortunate in securing and recording, so as to be able to pass them on to you

just as we ourselves obtained them.

Sept. 18. Well I never . . . ! Just gaze on all our new students--more Americans than ever--let us count them. Twelve and two more to come--reckoning thus the "Star-Spangled Banner" quartette of last year can now spread its eagle wings to a small-sized chorus. Quite a number of new Freshmen and Sophomore too.

Well, now that we have registered etc., we might as well take a look around before beginning work--in earnest (at least, we have the good intention). The Library--scores of new books this year, including several gift volumes--and a special section devoted to Catholic reading for the use of the Sodality. This is one of our last year's plans materialised. But, girls, there is something downstairs that will interest you all far more than books and book-shelves. Now what could that be? Let's go and see! Oh! . . . A real canteen with a "shop window" and counter erected on the side of "Ye olde Glory Hole"--"I guess we eat Kay" remarks one bright young thing. But what has become of the cupboards?--Oh well, if you must know before time, look! A gown closet for each class--and something really new--individual cap racks where each student may now find her own at a moment's notice without the inconvenience of first trying on each of the other fifty caps.

Of course, we all think that the new bulletin board with its grand frame and glass, looks "perfectly majestic", as it hangs prominently in the college corridor; but still, one glance at it is sufficient. Somehow, for it seems to forebode evil, as we espy such notices as "Mid-Year and Final Examinations", "Class Marks will be posted" etc.

September 19. Our first Apologetics Classes--We learn with regret that Sister Everistus will be unable to continue with our religion Classes this year because of her manifold duties.

September 27. I say, Jean, are those rumors that I heard true? What did you hear now?--people . . . I mean, is it true that the Seniors are giving us a corn boil? Why yes--of course . . . I mean, of course not--and besides even if we do . . .

especially since it is raining today? It might not be fine tomorrow when we are to have it.

September 28. Hurray! it is fine! Do classes always drag when we are looking forward to something at four o'clock? Well, judging by appearances, I say "yes". At last we are on our way to the Tennis grounds--oho, some Seniors preceded us. Yes, but they are our hostesses and already they are preparing dishes with delicious ears of corn, butter, pickles and tomatoes. No more talking for me--I must eat. Marg pass along the bread and butter. They do seem hungry, poor dears, but I am sure that we have enough to feed them this time. Ready? The curtain is about to be drawn aside on the second course. Cinnamon rolls and hot coffee--but wait!---- and then the Grand Finale of ice cream and frosted cake--There are yet five pounds of candy to be disposed of--That's 'a mere detail, we can take it, and in a scramble of this kind, even the most reticent comes to the foreground.

And so, we thank the Seniors and wind our way down the path to "trip the light fantastic" in the music hall----Did you say "light fantastic"? Yes sure--whats' a few extra pounds? We don't have Corn-Boils like this, every day.

September 30. Saturday, and it is raining incessantly--who wants to go to town on a day like this? And who wants to stay home when there's nothing in particular to do? But heres' a Senior with a bright suggestion--Sister wants to know if you would like a bridge and afternoon tea in the Social room this afternoon--Just the thing!----"You all look so stylish and smart in your pretty colored frocks"--remarks the odd passer by when we chance to meet on our way. "And what do we see when we arrive--A beautifully settable sandwiches, chocolate cookies and other dainties--but the others have seen them too and so the sight does not last long. Then with fully appeased appetites, to bridge and dancing until the supper bell summons us at six o'clock--we had passed the day pleasantly, despite the rain.

October 2. This is almost too good to be true! A half holiday and lake permission for the College girls, to enable them to attend the Exhibition--and so they went. More than one reminder will be needed tonight to maintain silence in the top-flat, prophesy's the Seniors--and indeed such was true. But the girls were not to be blamed--you see they brought back an absolute menagerie and all the various "animals" seemed to carry bells or "squeaks and the like.

October 9. Reverend Charles Curran, D. D. described for us the recent Eucharistic Congress held at Cleveland, at which he had the good fortune and the privilege to be present. This is by no means Dr. Curran's first lecture here but we can trustfully say that this surpassed all his former discourses. In fact, for the period during which he described this great exhibition of Catholic faith and fervor, we were transported in our imaginations to the scene of the Congress, so vividly did Dr. Curran depict it for us. Of course we need hardly say how grateful we are to him for this and many such kindnesses of the past.

By using a little ingenuity and foresight, we feel pretty sure now that the next few weeks will bring forth something "to make hearts rejoice"--we suspect a celebration of Our Dean's feast-day with a play etc. and then a long week-end holiday for Thanksgiving. But you must wait until next time for full description.

Concluded on page 20



Another scholastic year has opened for the students of Mount Saint Vincent and with it has come new opportunity for us all, to grow in holiness as we grow in knowledge and in physical development, and to contribute as much as we can to Our Lady's honor and our neighbors good,--these are our goals as Sodality of Mary Immaculate. We hope that with each successive issue of the Kappa the record here written will tell of progress in their attainment.

The first meeting of the Sodality on September twenty third was specially arranged for the important purpose of the formal installation of the new officers for 1935-1936. They are:

Prefect-----Miss Kathleen DeVan  
Secretary----Miss Dolores Donnelly  
Treasurer---Miss Kathleen Gallant

The little ceremony for this occasion consisted of:

1. Opening Hymn "Invocation to the Holy Ghost"
2. Instruction on the aims and purpose of Sodality---Our Directress.
3. Taking of pledges and reception of symbols of office by the officers.
4. Hymn to Our Lady
5. Act of Consecration

At the close of this programme the girls were "surprised" by a short social which everyone enjoyed.

The next evening, the officers and representatives from the different classes met in order to discuss a plan of work for the coming year with the following results:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Bulletin Board Committee-<br>Miss Marie Carpenter Chairman    | 2. Catholic Literature Committee-<br>Dolores Donnelly-Chairman   |
| 3. Committee for the Spread of<br>Reverence-Miss Irene Veniot    | 3. Committee for the Study of the External<br>of the Mass and the Sacraments-<br>Miss Jean Boylan-Chairman |
| 5. Queen's Work Study Committee-<br>Miss Lorretta Brady-Chairman | 6. Publicity Committee-Miss Marquerit Keenan   |

The Chairman and members of the various committees formed, have shown great enthusiasm from the very beginning. This was, and is still being proved by the splendid work done by the bulletin Board Committee and it is not claiming too much when we say that their work promises to be more original than that

of former years. In Catherine Gallant, this Committee has already discovered a hidden treasure.

Monday, October 7th, the Feast of Our Lady of the Holy Rosary, was appropriately celebrated by a most instructive explanation of the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary given by Miss Kathleen Devan, Chairman of the Liturgy Study Committee. She was ably assisted by the members of her group who showed well-chosen lantern slides illustrating Miss DeVan's lecture. So interesting was this program that the committee has been requested to repeat it for three different groups, thus showing that we can spread Catholic Action whilst learning to cherish our faith ourselves.

The drive for 25 subscriptions to the Queen's Work was successfully completed, in spite of the increase in the cost of the periodical.

If the enthusiasm and interest thus far displayed indicates the spirit which is to animate our work for the year, the Sodality will have accomplished its aim to contribute its share to Catholic Action.

Dolores Donnally, '36

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\* Mission Activities \*  
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The first meeting of the Mission Club took place on October tenth with the student body of the college present. The new state of officers for the year 1935-1936 is as follows;

President-----Miss Rose Sullivan  
Vice President-----Miss Katherine DeVan  
Secretary-----Miss Kathleen Thompson  
Treasurer-----Miss Loretta Brady  
Spiritual Director----Miss Dolores Donnelly  
Literary Director----Miss Verta Curry  
Stamp Collector-----Miss Rose Chambers

The President urged the girls to be more enthusiastic this year for the missions than ever before, to be generous in giving to the mite boxes and faithful in paying up their dues. The chief topic of interest was the first Maritime Regional Convention of the Canadian Catholic Students Mission Crusade which will be held at Halifax over the Remembrance Day week-end, November 9, 10, 11. This is the first convention of the kind to be held in Halifax and it is hoped that it will be an outstanding success. To make it measure up to the high standard of Halifax hospitality and enthusiasm so well known to delegates of other conventions in our city, the co-operation of each and every crusader is needed.

Several very interesting features of this convention will be; the Mission Play and afternoon tea at Mount Saint Vincent; the presentation of a series of tableaux depicting the aims and objects of the various religious orders to be held at the Convent of the Sacred Heart; the Crusade Rally at St. Patrick's Church and huge Mass meeting to be held on the concluding evening.

This convention is open to all Catholic Institutions in the Maritime provinces and it is hoped that many former college Crusades will be able to pay a visit to Halifax during this time and share in the activities. Through this convention we shall be able to get an insight into the work of outside mission units and it will foster greater interest than ever in our home and foreign mission. In the next issue, I hope to tell you of its success. Until then--

Kathleen A. Thompson '36

(A-Paper Read at the Last Alumnae Banquet June 1, 1935)

About one hundred and twenty years ago a small boy was playing in a London square. There was nothing about him to make him appear different from his companions, and no avenues opened for him that were not open to the others. But inside him burned a mighty ambition and when he reached manhood he stood for Parliament against a man who boasted of his family, his ancestors, and his estates but who said very little of himself. "He stands on his ancestors", was said of this man, and when his rival rose from the hustings the shout was, "And what do you stand on?" "I stand on my head", replied he, and later on that head made him the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Now not everyone aspires to become Prime Minister of Great Britain, and success in individuals cannot all be measured by the same scale, each may be striving towards a different goal, and may be progressing towards it through different channels. Some are called to public life, while others are meant to work unseen.

Today we are living in a world of uncertainty and turmoil; ideas are changing rapidly; revolution is commonplace; religion is being cast aside as useless; new leaders are arising all around us; armies are being mobilized; war machines are running at fever heat; munitions are being piled up; machines of every kind are being produced to travel faster and faster; flying squadrons are exhibiting their endurance. Only a short time ago we ourselves witnessed a marvelous exhibition of Italian air prowess; only a short time ago an Englishman travelled at the rate of two-hundred and seventy-six miles an hour in a motor car. Air service has been inaugurated across the Pacific; Planes have been made to fly with control from the ground. And where will the wonders of science cease? They are displayed on every side of us, radio, telephone, electricity, wireless, to say nothing of architectural structures of staggering dimensions. But what for the individual?

We are today experiencing a lull in the wake of a great war, a time when the last generation does not seem to be able to readjust itself to the scheme of things, and the uprising generation has found no place made for it. What more natural for youth to accept the only leadership that is offered, that of militarists? The young men flock in tens of thousands to follow their standards. Europe is today a pent-up volcano; all nations are proclaiming a desire for peace and at the same time arming to the teeth. Militarism masquerades under the title of Patriotism. Youth is taught to denounce God and religion. And all this tries to hide beneath the mantle of Peace. The dove of peace is present but its wings might very easily become stained with blood. Fascism, Naziism, are names familiar to us all; Communism is even more vicious as it would strike into the very soul.

So far the outlook appears very gloomy and foreboding, but this is also a very wonderful time in which we live. Times of unrest and turmoil are days when the old Phoenix is reduced to ashes and the new Phoenix is preparing to arise. Just as out of the chaos of the late eighteenth century came the glorious Victorian era, so now is a new social order in the making. The world suffered a great upheaval in the French revolution. In England the great statesman Edmund Burke was greatly shocked by it, but the poet and dreamer William Wordsworth had a deeper insight that caused him to write

"Joy it were to be alive,

But to be young were very Heaven".

Truly it was a terrible time but Wordsworth was thinking of the future and the opportunities that would later be opened to the youth of his time. And after Waterloo the world seemed to settle down in a peace that was comparatively undisturbed till 1914. It seemed then as if Peace

mistress of the seas, and that her far-flung empire would continue forever as the greatest in the history of the world.

We know the history of 1914-1918. The staid Victorians were shocked at their own blindness in not having recognised the now obvious signs of disaster.

During these years the women were called upon to manifest a marvelous spirit of courage. It was woman's duty, bereft as she was of husband, son, and father, to carry on and instil this courage into the rising generation. And she did not flinch in that crisis as she is not flinching in the crisis of today. Whether in home or classroom, she carries on successfully.

Whence springs this success? What aids her in her task? She has as her aids, her education, her religion, and the ideals that she has formed from these two. In our education we have been indeed fortunate in having for our Alma Mater, Mount Saint Vincent, who so warmly welcomes us today. To her our gratitude, and may we always live up to all that she has taught us!

In spite of hatred and jealousy of nation for nation, in spite of apparent doubt and mistrust, civilisation is still striving for the highest and best, for that potential something that may become a power among men. The appeal is to the human race, to kings, to lords, to common men, and more often than not civilisation chooses the common man. Civilisation called for a man to conquer the vast ocean; today ships sweep across Atlantic and Pacific; for the air to be conquered and planes flew up in the sky; she grew tired of distance and found a boy in an Italian garden with wireless telegraph in his brain. Civilisation is ever seeking the new and the true. For centuries women wore their fingers to the bone and damaged their eyesight stitching, until a London tailor's brain produced a sewing machine. The fellsheen in the Egyptian desert cried aloud for water until a London engineer's brain produced the great Nile dam. A bicycle-maker in Detroit went up in the sky on wings, and the air was conquered. All men are equal and civilisation moves forward as fast as the common man. The very room in which we are has been furnished by civilisation, from the mind of the ordinary man.

We can make of ourselves what we wish. Many before us rose to fame who had not our opportunities. They lived when knowledge was difficult to get, before books were scattered within reach of all, before trains, and ships and telegraphs and radios and newspapers had opened every corner of the earth to every man who had something to sell.

But we all cannot be Edisons, Shakespeares, Wrights, and Lindbergs. The majority were born to live and die the unsung heroes and heroines. But still there is no lack of opportunity. Civilisation asks that you shall understand the world in which you live and the work you have to do. It asks, if you are a clerk, that you shall not make mistakes in your letters; if you are a wife you shall not disregard your household duties; if you are a secretary you shall not forget a dozen things a day; if you are a journalist you shall verify your facts; if you are a teacher your information shall not be given wrongly. It asks if you are baking a cake you shall bake one that may be eaten; if you are instructing children you do it well; if you are required to collect some information you find it with no waste of time; if you are carrying a message you do it without bungling and confusing it. It asks of you, no matter who you are or what you are, you do nothing by halves; that you be as ashamed of bad work as of bad language.

Civilization wants you but it wants no unready man. It asks you to regard



Dirge For a Dollar  
Break, break, break,  
How empty my pockets be!  
And I would that my tongue could  
utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

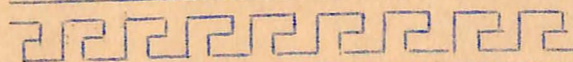
Oh its nice to iron and press,  
But where is the dime to pay?  
Oh the cupboard is well stocked  
But alas--"No credit to-day".

And so the days go on--  
My pockets are empty still  
But Oh! for a "touch" from some  
kindly hand--  
And the sight of a crisp green  
bill.

Broke, broke, broke  
"Are you sure there's no letter for  
me?"

The cost of living is high up here  
And I'm as flat as can be.

M. V. C.



"The songs that I would sing"  
Ah, could I--  
Of that curve of rusty hill  
Against the wide grey sky--  
Of moving silver water never still  
Or clusters of red berries on green  
leaves  
And of the dull Autumnal flame  
that weaves  
With crimson bonds the woods  
together--  
"The songs that I would sing"  
Ah, could I!

Marie V. Carpenter, '37

To Anne Marie  
How does it feel, little wee one,  
To be tiny and weak and new?  
Does it seem strange, little wee one  
Strange and so lonesome for you?

Or is it sweet, little wee one,  
To be only a baby small?  
Just as sweet, little wee one,  
As the joy you brought to us all!"

Can it be true little wee one,  
That with your baby smile,  
You are trying to tell us, wee one  
How happy you are all the while?

And, is it love, little wee one,  
That shines in your soft blue eyes?  
Love for us all, little wee one  
To whom you came from the skies!

I know you're remembering wee one  
Heaven with its bliss untold  
How could you keep it, wee one,  
Since you are but seven weeks old.

And so, I hope, little wee one,  
That life, your very first prize  
Won't make you forget, little wee  
one,  
And thus take the light from your  
eyes.

Lenore Pelham, '37

If I were the College Mistress  
(That could only occur in a dream)  
My poor exhausted darlings  
Would rise at ten-fifteen.  
They'd each have a little novice  
To serve them with breakfast in bed.  
They'd have marmalade every morning

And toast made from Baker's bread.  
 The dorms would be quite sound proof  
 As to the walls and floor  
 If one of my girls wished to week-end  
 I'd say "Leave after class at four  
 You might give me a ring in a week or so  
 Or I won't let you go anymore.  
 There would be no irksome duties  
 To harry my children's play--  
 They'd have cake with frosting two  
 inches thick  
 For "goo-tay" twice a day.  
 Ah-if I were the College Mistress  
 The girls would never be dead.  
 If I were only College Mistress  
 The-----nuff said.  
 Marie Carpenter '37

"Learn this and you'll meet no defeats,  
 No matter what your station;  
 An ounce of Keep-Your-Mouth-Shut  
 beats  
 A ton of explanation."

#### WHAT DOES YOUR HANDSHAKE REVEAL?

To the observant eye, a handshake tells a story about each of us. It makes an impression, good or poor, favorable or unfavorable - an impression which time alone will efface, unjust as that impression of you or me maybe.

Have you ever reached out for a fellow creature's hand, and received a soft and flabby response? And do you remember with what feeling of dismay or disappointment you withdrew your hand? Certainly, the first thought to enter your mind had something to do with "backboneless!" - Perhaps it has never occurred to the possessor of a soft handshake that he was leaving so poor an impression of himself and probably he is not ever conscious of his half-hearted handshake.

Again, have you ever come across the aggressive individual, who, on his first encounter, shakes your hand as if he were working the handle of a water pump. "Gusher" is the adjective you apply to him, and some sixth sense advises you to guard yourself from him. Unconsciously, you find yourself thinking of him as a nuisance, and although he may do something to raise himself in your estimation at a later date, you will inevitably turn back to that overdone handshake, and question his genuineness.

We all have experienced a furious and buoyant handshake, that left us the impression that we were meeting with poise and self-confidence. That person has established himself favorably with us. We realize that fact and cannot think of him without associating him with those qualities.

Now, since other people surprise us so strikingly by their handshakes, do any of us stop to think how we surprise them? Remember you may be pleasant and sincere, staunch and courageous, but if you create that poor first impression, you are erecting a barrier to "night-be-friendships", in neglecting a so-seemingly unimportant act.

Irene Veniot '37

#### OCTOBER

Her brown curls glint to bronzed  
 gold  
 In a gypsy campfire's glow,  
 When she roams the distant hill-  
 tops  
 Where the crescent moon  
 hangs low.

Her voice is the chant of the  
 gypsy  
 Crooning strange lays o'er  
 her fire,  
 While winds in the trees and bird  
 melodies  
 And soft surging seas form  
 a choir.

Her dress is as gay as the Autumn  
 woods,  
 Scarlet and gold, bronze  
 and brown  
 The gypsy Queen reigns from her  
 hillside throne  
 A circlet of maple leaves  
 her crown.  
 Margaret Preston '33

#### THE CLICHÉ EXPERT TAKES THE STAND (Quoted from the New Yorker)

Q--Mr. Arbuthnot, you are an expert in the use of the cliché, are you not?  
 A--Yes, sir, I am a certified public cliché expert.  
 Q--In that case would you be good enough to answer a few questions on the use and application of the cliché in ordinary speech and writing?  
 A--I should be only too glad to do so.  
 Q--Thank you. Now, just for the record--you live in New York?  
 A--I like to visit New York but I wouldn't live here if you gave me the place.  
 Q--Then where do you live?  
 A--Any old place I hang my hat is home sweet home to me.  
 Q--What is your age?  
 A--I am fat, fair, and forty.  
 Q--And your occupation?  
 A--Well, after burning the midnight oil at an institution of higher learning, I was for a time a tiller of the soil. Then I went down to the sea in ships for a while, and later, at various times, I have been a guardian of the law, a gentlemen of the Fourth Estate, a poet at heart, a bon vivant and raconteur, a prominent clubman and man about town, an eminent--  
 Q--Just what is your occupation at the moment, Mr. Arbuthnot?  
 A--At the moment I am an unidentified man of about forty, shabbily clad.  
 Q--Now then, Mr. Arbuthnot, what kind of existence do you, as a cliché expert, lead?  
 A--A precarious existence.  
 Q--And what do you do to a precarious existence?  
 A--I eke it out.  
 Q--Have you ever been in a kettle of fish?  
 A--Oh, yes.  
 Q--What kind?  
 A--A pretty kettle of fish.  
 Q--How do you cliché experts reveal yourselves, Mr Arbuthnot?  
 A--In our true colors, of course.

Q--And you expect to live to...?  
 A--A ripe old age.  
 Q--What do you shaffle off?  
 A--This mortal coil.  
 Q--What do you thank?  
 A--My lucky stars.  
 Q--What kind of retreats do you like?  
 A--Hasty retreats.  
 Q--What do you do to hasty retreats?  
 A--I beat them.  
 Q--Regarding dogs, what kind of dog are you?  
 A--A gay dog.  
 Q--And how do you work?  
 A--Like a dog.  
 Q--And you lead?  
 A--A dog's life.  
 Q--So much for dogs. Now Mr. Arbuthnot, when you are naked, you are....  
 A--Stark naked.  
 Q--In what kind of daylight?  
 A--Broad daylight.  
 Q--What kind of outsider are you?  
 A--I'm a rank outsider.  
 Q--How right are you?  
 A--I am dead right.  
 Q--What kind of meals do you like?  
 A--Square meals.  
 Q--What do you do to them?  
 A--Ample justice.  
 Q--What is it you do to your way?  
 A--I wend my way.  
 Q--And your horizon?  
 A--I broaden my horizon.  
 Q--When you buy things, you buy them for...  
 A--A song.  
 Q--How are you known?  
 A--I am familiarly known.  
 Q--You are as sober as....  
 A--A judge.  
 Q--And when you are drunk?  
 A--I have lots of leeway there. I can be as drunk as a coot, or a lord, or an owl, or a fool--  
 Q--Very good, Mr. Arbuthnot. Now, how brown are you?  
 A--As brown as a berry.  
 Q--Ever see a brown berry?  
 A--Oh, no. Were I to see a brown berry, I should be frightened.  
 Q--To what extent?





And has gone thither to enjoy it."  
In an Alton Churchyard.  
 A.H.H. 1858  
 Thy mortal tenement, immortal germ,  
 Hath sunk to dust, while all thy works  
 stand firm,

Oh mayst thou at the rising of the just,  
 Stand firm, when all thy works are dust.

In Dinedar Churchyard  
 "She was a mortal, but such gift she bare,  
 About her, that we almost deemed her rare,  
 For every day we saw new graces start  
 To touch our love, and bind her to our  
 heart."

From Connecticut  
 Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,  
 The wife of Deacon Amos Shute  
 She died of drinking too much coffee,  
 Anny Dominy 1840.

In general, epitaphs sought to record on behalf of the dead, reputations which they neither wished nor deserved, and lives which they did not lead. Right feeling should prompt all epitaphs, "Nothing but good of the dead" should be strictly followed, but after all an epitaph is of no use if it records imaginary virtues or vices. The deception cannot hope to be permanent for time will efface the record and the misrepresented one escapes it without the advantages of an undeserved glory or the disadvantages of being falsely termed. Therefore the epitaph is of small moment in reality, though it does at times serve for knowledge of a sort, for sentiment and even at times for amusement.

Lenore Pelham, '37

SECRETARIAL NOTES

On returning to the Commercial Room this year we were grieved to learn that Sister Assisium had left us. As Sister had been at the Mount for forty-two years, she had seen many new faces in the Commercial Room; and any girl who had the good fortune of being taught by Sister Assisium has found herself to be better both mentally and spiritually because of the training she was given. Sister has gone to Sacred Heart Convent in Bathurst. We consider this Convent very fortunate in having this religious whom all the Mount holds dear.

Sister Maria Constance has come from Saint Patrick's School in Roxbury, Massachusetts, to take Sister Assisium's place and already she has won the hearts of all those who have come in contact with her. We feel that Saint Patrick's loss is our gain. Sister Mary Magdalen, a graduate of the Mount and able assistant of Sister Maria Constance, teaches the advanced Commercial class, as she did last year.

The girls who have left the Mount would hardly recognize the Secretarial Department as it has been completely redecorated. The walls of both rooms have been painted in egg-shell. Desks have been placed in the secretarial room for the benefit of the advanced classes. The many photographs that once decorated the rooms have been put into an album, and the walls are now lovely in their simplicity.

Loretta Brady '36

And to Elysium doe my journey take; 14  
 And when the trumpet a retreat shall  
 sound,  
 And pierce the caverns of this holy  
 ground,  
 These scattered ashes shall to me  
 repair

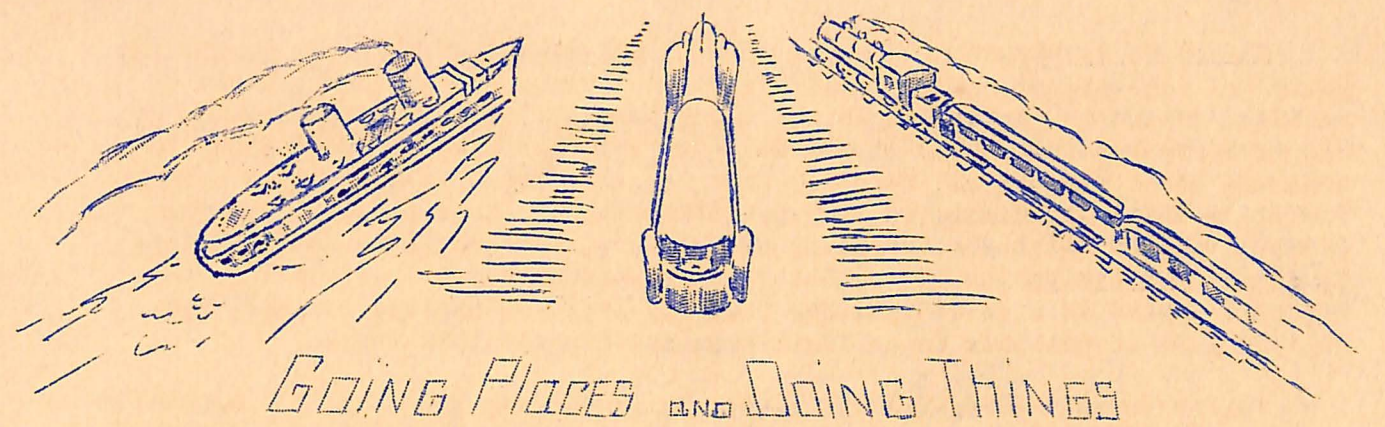
And re-united, equal glory share.

From Montmarte  
 Here lies A. B.

Who at the age of 18  
 Earned forty pounds a year.

On Robert Gray

Taunton bore him London bred him,  
 Piety trained him virtue led him,  
 Earth enriched, Heaven caressed,  
 This thankful town, that mindful city  
 Share his piety and his pity  
 What he gave and how he gave it  
 Ask the poor and you shall have it  
 Gentle reader, heaven may strike  
 Thy tender heart to do the like  
 And now thy eyes have read his story  
 Give him the praise and heaven the  
 glory.



Action! "Action" was the password, the watchword, and the word which describes the general atmosphere of the Summer School of Catholic Action. The school was conducted by the Reverend Daniel A. Lord S. J. and his staff of the Queen's Work, at Boston College for one week. It was attended by priests, religious, and sodalists from about twenty-five states and Canada. And did they like it? Well, in the brief newspaper entitled "Action" which was published each day, several demands were quoted for "two weeks next time"; "more time on each subject" and various other improvements noticeable among them the demand for a larger male representation.

The zeal and earnestness of the students was edifying to behold. There were over two hundred in some classes. The most rapt attention was bestowed on the lecturer, all eyes on his face, pencils moving rapidly and no sound but the rustling of paper and the speaker's voice. Intelligent questions were asked from time to time by eager young sodalists, and satisfactory answers received. Some of these questions led to interesting discussions which enabled those listening to learn what the various sodalities are doing.

The first hour of each day was given up to a talk on Our Lady and her relation to Catholic Action. This was begun by Father Lord on Monday and continued each day by a different priest. What has Our Lady to do with Catholic Action? The answer is well known. "She shall crush thy head". Mary is the Mother of the Saviour of the world. It was always with the help of Our Lady that heresies were conquered. The connection between Christ and Mary is so close that no one attacks Christ without attacking Mary and vice versa. There is no Christian theology without Maryology. What better patron could we find to guide us in spreading the faith than Mary, the Conqueror of Heresies and the Mediatrix of all Graces.

The second period every day was Father Lord's own hour. His subject was the "Great Commandment", the commandment of love given to us by Christ, Himself. Father showed how all the evils of the world, wars, persecutions, etc., are caused by hatred, the hatred of nations for each other, of various religions for each other, even the hatred of people of these nations and members of these religions for their fellow-members. Father showed how all the Commandments of God and the Church are included in the Two Commandments of Christ.

Father Lord, who is well known as the editor of the "Queen's Work" and of various pamphlets and books, is of medium height with iron gray hair and a smile for everyone. His lectures were interesting, yet deeply spiritual, full of humorous remarks and anecdotes. He reminded many of Will Rogers minus the chewing gum.

The class in "Organization for schools and colleges" was held during the Third and last period before lunch, by Father Lyons, who defined the aim of Catholic Action as "Going places and doing things". Father explained how we should carry out the wishes of Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI who desires to make the world Christian. Not only Pope Pius XI, but Pius X with his efforts for piety and daily Communion, and Leo XIII with his Encyclicals. All the popes since Leo, with the exception of Benedict, have urged Catholic Action. It is the "Participation of the Laity in the hierarchical apostolate of the Church". There is a great need for youthful leaders, trained leaders, and the Sodality of Our Lady is an ideal organization for this work.

Father further explained the requirements for organization, the necessity of rules, affiliation with the Prima Primaria in Rome, the need of a director, officers, committees, and their chairmen. Some of the requisites were:

1. Definiteness in purpose.
2. Variety in meetings, ("Some meetings are glorified prayer meetings").
3. The Prefect should be a Leader. She should have her outline well in hand.

As for the intellectual side of it, the reading of Catholic literature should be emphasized. There is a prejudice that Catholic Literature is uninteresting. This should be overcome. We are not equipped to combat the effects of the hundreds of communistic publications which are being printed in over twenty different languages. An effort should be made to get people inside and outside of school to read Catholic works. The best means in school is a book rack which should not show the same books and pamphlets from one end of the year to the other. A Catholic literature drive, not lasting too long, is also good. It should be published for a week, run for a week, and stopped.

Father went on to suggest projects for each month such as a Rosary Drive, and prayers for Russia during October. These are obtainable in the book of suggestions printed by Father Lord for Sodality officers.

The hour and a half for lunch gave us plenty of time to wander examining the various exhibits, and to buy books and pamphlets many of which could be autographed by the author. Instead of taking the time to go out and relax, many of the younger delegates could be seen industriously sketching outlines of the very original and striking posters which were displayed. In one corner stood a huge cross entirely covered with used stamps. In front of it stood a small church also built of stamps with more piled around to signify the land, and a sign "Yes, stamps can build a Church." There were books and pamphlets by Father Lord, Father Heeg and Father Le Buffle, for sale. There was also a catechetical exhibit for those interested in teaching religion.

After the lunch hour, we scattered to our various electives of which we could choose two for the first three days and two others for the last three. Among these was a course in Modern Catholic Literature with Father Walker. We learned that reading and study are necessary for Catholic Action. The preparation of an Apostle demands study, and Catholic workers are Apostles. We should read the lives of the Saints and learn the beauty of holiness; we should keep abreast of the times by reading Catholic periodicals. Father denounced the literature of Protestant England as "breathing rebellion." From Carlyle and Milton down to Swinburne it is subtly drawing us away from Catholicism. The great English converts of today realize that English literature does not belong in a healthy Catholic atmosphere. The modern works are of the best. Belloc, Chesterton, Waugh, and

Many other English converts should be read by Catholics.

Another elective was a course in "Personality and Leadership". Again the necessity for youthful, trained leaders was emphasized. "To lead is to inspire to direct, even to push, but never to intervene". The essentials of a good personality were named among them; courage, loyalty, sympathy, truthfulness, capacity for loving and great emphasis was laid on appearance. To develop the personality with regard to leadership we must look within ourselves, study our personality and be honest with ourselves.

There was also a course in "Study Clubs and Catholic Evidence." Father MacDonald only explained the purpose of "Catholic Evidence Guilds" that is, to study for open-air preaching such as the work of David Goldstein; and for writing in defense of the Church. Most of the time, was spent on the organization of "Study Clubs". A Study Club is not a lecture club, nor a forum, nor a debating society as many think. It is small groups who study cooperatively that phase of a subject which they wish to learn for their own deeper knowledge. The growth of the number of these groups is one of the phenomena of our time and they are a providential answer to Our Holy Father's call for Catholic Action.

The group should be small, never more than fifteen. Ten is an ideal number. The usual method of conducting a meeting is for someone to open by reading a paper, or making a short speech on the subject under discussion. Any objections are then made, questions may be asked and opinions given. One hour is long enough for a meeting. Long meetings cause loss of interest. Meetings should be more frequent than once a month because that allows too much time for forgetting. It is good to have an authority such as a priest directing. There should be a different chairman at each meeting. Some of the most popular subjects are; The Existence of God; The Scriptures; The Life of Christ; The Liturgy; The Encyclicals and The Mass. Besides questions on religion there are several phases of Social Action, Civic Relations and Economic relations which would make interesting study. Study Clubs spread quickly once one begins. Allow each member to bring a friend once. Do not admit new members when in the midst of a subject; keep a waiting list.

It would take a book to tell all we learned at the Catholic Action School. There were of course several other courses, but much as I would have liked to, I could not take all of them. Many students gave up part of their lunch hour to attend a course on Communism. They were also classes in "Mental Prayer", "Convert Making", and just about everything pertaining to Catholic Action.

Besides learning all these things it was very interesting to meet delegates from all parts of the country, to hear the assortment of accents with which the Kings' English is spoken, and to see the different habits worn by the great number of religious who attended. Although the stronger sex was represented mostly by clergy one young man from St. Joseph's College, Buffalo was certainly able to stand up for his brethren and convinced us of their zeal for the sodality and Catholic Action.

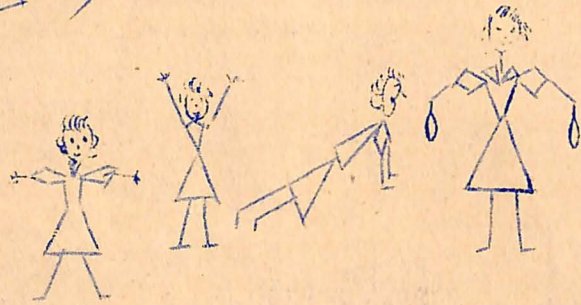
Study Clubs seem to be quite prevalent out in Saint Paul as many of the delegates from there told of their activities. Another student who showed great enthusiasm was a very charming brunette representing "Sacred Heart College," New York City. She did not mind in the least standing before a class of about three hundred and telling them her ideas on Catholic Action.

Boston College with its beautiful Gothic buildings provided a truly Catholic setting for this inspiring course.

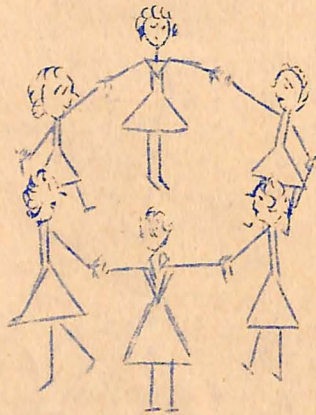
Kathleen Deasy '37

CAMPUS

SKETCHES



Physical Training



Folk Dancing

A gentleman  
is - er - er  
- ah - er - is  
- is - is -



Camera Cracking



Public

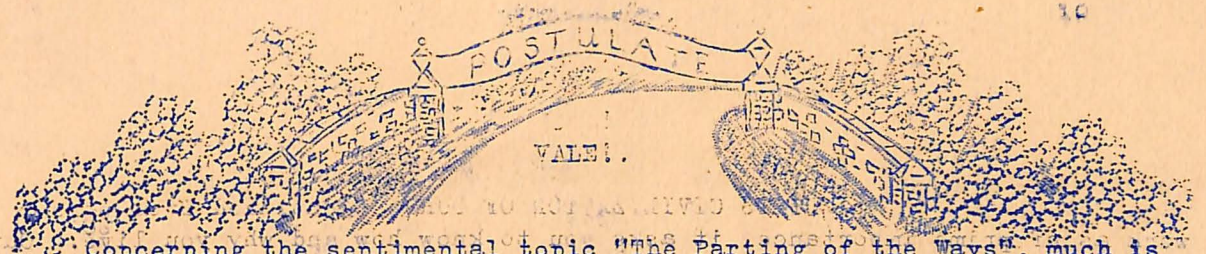


Speaking



News  
of  
Half Holiday  
for  
Exhibition

End of  
a  
perfect  
day



Concerning the sentimental topic "The Parting of the Ways", much is written, heard, and spoken. Much that is dry, trite and smug--how these gloomy assertions jarred our alert minds during school- and college-days, days when said minds refused to accept anything gloomy or sad. We were impatient of such "stuff" and pushed it jeeringly aside. Yet, mark ye, there is such a thing as the above-mentioned "Parting."

In fact, there are several types of "Parting" each of which has its own relative importance. For instance, there is the far-famed "Parting of the Hair", a very delicate and much-discussed art especially with the adolescent, of both species. You will find, on careful observation, that the males are more particular, meticulous and fastidious in regard to the wielding of the well-watered weapon (see Note A below). For hours they will stand, swayingly, before a mirror, clutching tightly in their hand, one of the aforesaid weapons in aforesaid condition. From livid lips issue strange sounds (that should be far from the minds and lips of adolescent youths) as they struggle to decide on the better part. The climax or anti-climax is that in desperation they will beg one of the amused on-lookers, usually the elier sister to "do it will ya!" So much for that!

A vastly different form of Parting, is "Leave-Taking" or bidding "auf-wiedersehn", "adieu", "au revoir"--or what you will--the idea is the same, whatever the language; it's the sentiment I'm trying to bring out. Anyway, this is the parting that is probably the best known and the most popular. It is elaborately discoursed upon, embellished, exaggerated and generally distorted in popular songs of today. I need mention no titles, we know them all, each and every one with the same idea. "Two lovers, a moment's (well possibly an hour's or even one day's) happiness, bliss and what-not, cruel Fate intervenes, it is not to be, Parting is the inevitable result, and so "good-bye." I forgot to mention that, of course, there is "great love" involved but the stoic bearing of both parties particularly that of the gentleman makes the awful farewell a little easier for us to bear. Very touching indeed, we all admit! Such noble renunciation!

This theme of the great renunciation, more than any other, is suited to music. It's emotional appeal makes it dear to the hearts of all bards and songsters, especially to "crooners" who enrapture a radio audience by the depth, profundity immensity, power and glory of their soul-shaking warble as they murmur "good-byes", "farewells" and general remarks of astonishing stoicism in the face of inexorable fate.

To turn to the third and, for us, the last type of parting, we are now getting "in" deeper and it will be a little more difficult to extricate ourselves-----

When we finish, as we all must doubtlessly do, one life as it were, and enter upon another, we go through a Parting of a sort. On finishing the stage of infancy (some, of course, never do, but we are dealing with

the normality), we go up another step to childhood and school-life (the bane of childhood), then on to youth, the 'teens, finally age (that is, after the 'teens),

On the completion of each stage we part with associations, memories, dreams, and life takes on a new aspect.

Time, the "old gypsy man", does not put up his caravan for any of us, but goes on. The change from high-school to college, is a great wrench; we begin to realize what "parting" is. After our college education finishes and we leave our Alma Mater, our many friends, our "happy days", life is oh, so dull and drab for a long, long time.

Then we begin to live again, life becomes serene, blissful, happy, but not for long. Suddenly it is time for another change; this time it is the crisis ----How shall we weather it? We go forward more or less blindly--but prayerfully and hopefully we take this "leap in the dark".

Change-----Parting-----Good-Byes-----That's life!

Mary Trainor, '33  
(Now Miss Trainor of Mount  
Saint Vincent Postulate)

THIS CIVILIZATION OF OURS (continued from page 3)  
your work as of prime importance, it asks you to know how and why you live. Our parents contributed their part in supplying our education; it is left to us to develop our own personality, which is simply adjusting ourselves to our environment.

Not long ago I had occasion to view a list of names and occupations of many hundred people, and after only one name did the occupation NONE appear. The thought occurred to me that of all the people in the world how few there were whose work was really NONE, in this case woman had probably confused her remuneration with her occupation, whereas remuneration is by no means a criterion of the importance of one's occupation.

Have you then been given the equipment necessary? Education, Personality, Ideas--For these qualities combined with perseverance and hard work surely must win the world. If your heart is in your work and you are keeping faith with the ideals that are in you, then your work cannot do without you. Can you do one thing better than any man? Civilization wants a man. Can it afford to pass you by?

Muriel Donah M.A.

Kampus Komments cont. from page 4

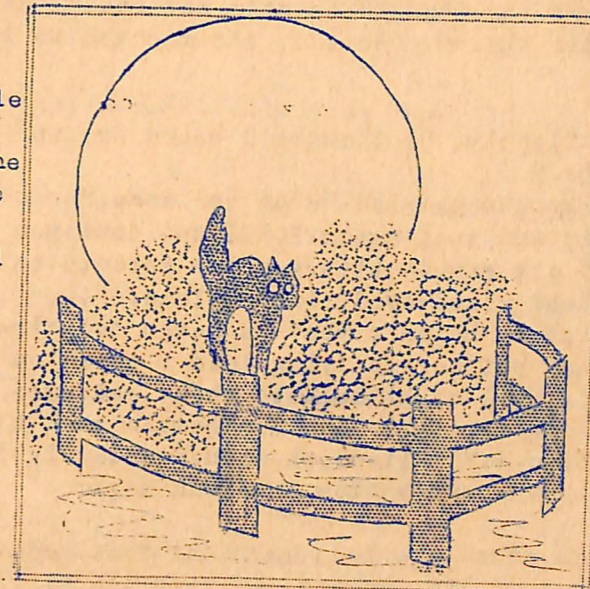
Before concluding we wish to take this opportunity to extend our best wishes to all the "Sister Pilgrims" from the Mount whom we regret not having with us this year, especially, Sister Assisium at Bathurst; Sister Miriam Andrew who has been missioned to Lowell; Sister Margaret Angela now at St. Peter's Dorchester; Sister Anselma at Wellesley; and Sister Agnes Therese, one of the brave pioneers at the new house in Quebec. With this greeting to them, we say, "Auf Wiedersehen" to all our friends in general.

Your Announcer,  
Marie Dolores Donnelly '36

Although the night was warm Elizabeth Stewart felt a creepy shiver run its icy length down her spine. She lay in bed very still not daring to move a muscle. The cold sweat of fear seemed to ooze from every pore of her body. Elizabeth felt that a hundred nameless terrors of the night were crawling in upon her. She was despairingly aware of the fact that she was alone in the house and that the telephone was disconnected. Oh, if only she had kept the servant for another day!

Eliza-  
named her  
she was little  
found near  
grew older she  
step when she  
place. As  
Elizabeth had  
her terrors.  
her a little  
afraid, and  
to suffer in

Earlier  
occasion to  
After the  
talk had  
Hallowe'en,



Elizabeth's mother had rightly  
"child of fears". When  
she could always be  
her mother and as she  
always quickened her  
found herself in a lonely  
Mrs. Kenneth Stewart,  
learned how to control  
Kenneth always called  
goose when she was  
so she steeled herself  
silence.

that evening she had had  
exert all her self-control  
last rubber of bridge the  
suddenly turned to  
then to ghostly tales and  
legends bound up with old heirlooms and finally it reverted to Black Magic,  
Voodooism and the superstitions of the Negroes. For the rest of the evening  
she had sat in an agony of apprehensive fear. She knew that she was going  
to sleep alone in the house that night and the precious silver service that  
had been in the Stewart family for at least five generations was in open  
view in the dining room. At least no supernatural visitors will be troubl-  
ing me as there are no ghostly legends that I know of connected with the  
silver service, Elizabeth thought thankfully.

For a long time she lay still, straining her ears for any untoward  
noise. Apprehension made her all the more panicky. She allowed her body  
to relax after what seemed hours and was on the point of falling into a  
doze when she distinctly heard the muffled sound of footsteps. She clutch-  
ed the bedclothes in genuine terror. Then she heard the footsteps again--  
and yet again. Finally a low murmur of voices reached her. She recognized  
the sound as coming from the vicinity of the dining room. They were after  
the silver service! Oh! why had Kenneth gone to the city? He valued the  
heirloom so! Her thoughts were becoming incoherent. Could Black Magic  
have anything to do with the--the beings down stairs? Gradually one thought  
became uppermost--she must--she must do something.

Noiselessly Elizabeth slipped out of bed and put on a tailored black  
satin dressing gown. She knew that it would accentuate her height and she  
hoped prayerfully that she would appear dignified. She arranged her hair  
a bit in the dark--she did not want to look ruffled or fearful. She stole  
to the head of the stairs. From that point of vantage she could hear the  
voices more clearly. Horrors! They were negroes!

As Elizabeth crept down stairs her mind was in a tumult. Perhaps they 22 would attack her. Thoughts of Voodooism, ghostly legends, former calm and gracious appearances she had made on that very stairway were jumbled together foolishly. One idea was dominant however--she must save that silver. Now she could see their flashlights--they were in the living room.

Quietly and suddenly Elizabeth snapped on the lights. Both men turned quickly, surprised. They were in the act of putting the silver into a bag. They snarled at her and one with an imprecation and pointed revolver ordered her to put her hands up. She did so docily and biting her lip in an effort to regain self-control breathed a silent prayer. Oh, dear Lord, help me and please make me brave. Now was the time to be calm and casual and even non-chalant. Fear clutched at her throat. Somehow she managed to look interestedly about her.

"Oh," she explained lightly, "I thought I heard someone down stairs and so I came down to investigate."

The negroe holding the gun growled "Shut yo' trap."

Elizabeth ignored him and said again "Oh I see that you are taking the silver service. Well, all I can say is that you are welcome to it."

At this both men stared round-eyed, incredulous.

"You've heard its history haven't you? A negro medicine man who was poisoned by tea from that very pot before dying laid a curse on all who should ever handle it. All sorts of evil might come to those who sell it. You see he wanted to keep the curse in our family. You know better than I the kind of evil that a medicine man produces." Elizabeth wished ardently that she had listened more carefully to that conversation on Black Magic.

The negroes gave each other one long look and then made a simultaneous rush for the window by which they had entered, leaving the silver behind them.

Elizabeth sank down into an easy chair and sat tensely for a long, long time. She did not even dare to close the fateful window. Towards dawn she fell asleep.

Later in the morning when Kenneth Stewart unlocked the front door and came in he was greeted by a sleepy wife in a black satin dressing gown who rushed to him and put her arms about his neck saying, "Oh, Ken, I'll never be frightened again, not even to go downstairs by myself to make the last tour of inspection." Later, to Kenneth's bewilderment, Elizabeth asked him to buy her a book on Black Magic.

Marguerite Keenan, '37

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* "To Be Continued" \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

How often do these three very annoying words stare you in the face when you have just settled yourself for an evening of interesting reading? What reader does not know the mental suspense of reading a "continued story"? How many times have you picked up your favorite magazine or newspaper and seen advertised the beginning of a new serial? Although just last month you promised yourself that never again would you start reading another continued story, before you realize it you are looking at the illustration and then reading the first chapter. (Commercial artists are so clever nowadays!)

You will regret that plunge into the "continued story" for what is more annoying than being kept in suspense day after day, as in the case of a newspaper story, week after week and month after month in that of a magazine serial? Here are just a few mental stages undergone by the reader. A chapter of said

story arrives. The reader settles himself to the serious business of finding out whether or not the heroine deceived the hero (conditions pointed that way in the last installments) or whether a change of heart overtook the villain or not (also indicated in last chapter), and finally whether the words-"To be Continued" or "To be Concluded" are annexed to the final paragraph in that issue.

It is the same old story each time of being carried to a pinnacle of interest and then rudely suspended in mid-air.

The continued story idea is nothing more than a money-making scheme on the part of the publishers. The more prominent the author and the more lavish the illustrations, the more pleased is the editor. For then he can easily get our interest--and also our money--week after week. The wise reader is not, however, so easily fooled by the "continued story" game. He knows that if the story is worth reading at all it will soon appear in book form and he can purchase it from the nearest library.

Mary Sawyer, '39.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Athletics \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

With the school term well under way and the programs well established we can now spare a few moments to think of such things as exercise and athletics. The basketball season is about to enter upon another term and we intend to work up a team this year which will do honours to the college. Several newcomers from Wellesley Academy and other parts of the U.S.A. have been seen at practice on Tuesday evenings and we do hope they will keep up their good work. The team will also be enforced by several girls from last years academy team and some of the college favorites are back again, including the star forwards, Isabel Croaser and Mary O'Brien, post-grads, and several strong guards. The day scholars will add their prowess this year so in all we should have several winning teams. Perhaps several games could be arranged between some of the colleges in town. This would help to gain more interest in the game and encourage good fellowship between the various schools.

A coming winter sport throughout Canada is that of badminton. Great interest is being aroused in it and thus it seems hardly possible that day in and day out we shall pass the gym and see the badminton courts unused. It is a healthful, active, engaging sport which limbers up the muscles and helps to keep us in condition for tennis. So, girls, we have the courts, the birds and racquets, why not let us try to work up a team that will do credit to our college?

For those of us who prefer less strenuous exercise, an invigorating walk in the woods, and several hours a week at Physical Training will help us keep on our toes. Let us remember, girls, we cannot keep perfect figure by dancing away the time in the Social Room and walking in leisurely fashion to the village. So let's make the year 1935-1936 a banner year for athletics. and keep ourselves fit by exercising in healthful sports.

Sport Editor--K. Thompson, '36.

## AND THE FIRST WEEK WAS OVER

Bells! Bells! And more bells! Stairs! Stairs! And more stairs! Stumbling down the latter while trying to heed the former--and being made generally miserable by both. Figures flying up corridors only to contact suddenly with figures flying down corridors. Copying and recopying program, trying in vain to make classes coincide with said program. Roaming aimlessly about at class time but with a noticeably improved sense of direction when bound dining-roomwards. And at night wooing slumber by counting trains instead of the conventional sheep.

Within ten minutes of my own arrival I was being rushed down strange paths towards the station to be on hand when the train bearing the New girls pulled in (all the while a-wondering under what category I myself came).

During the course of the week I was privileged to attend two great functions. First, the premiere opening of a "hot-dog" stand in the village, the lack of which had been keenly felt for sometime. The second event introduced me to the hazards that beset the life of a fireman. While several other Mounties (pun-feeble) and myself were strolling through the village we heard the shout of "Fire"; and, casting aside all thought of personal danger, we nobly answered the call to action. With one accord we darted into the burning building and emerged shortly after bearing such household articles as we could lay our hands on. I found myself in possession of a broom and a man's hat--neither of which were of any use to me. Another of the group who shall be nameless was seen coming out of the smoke with a frying pan complete with port chops still sizzling. However since it was Friday we were very much inclined to throw them back. We also assisted in taking down beds and hauling out trunks etc. And when shortly afterward the firemen, much to our regret, extinguished the fire we wended our way back to the Mount, and the routine which does not include fires in its curriculum.

Thus ended my first week.

--Marietta Wall '38.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* ALBERTA \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

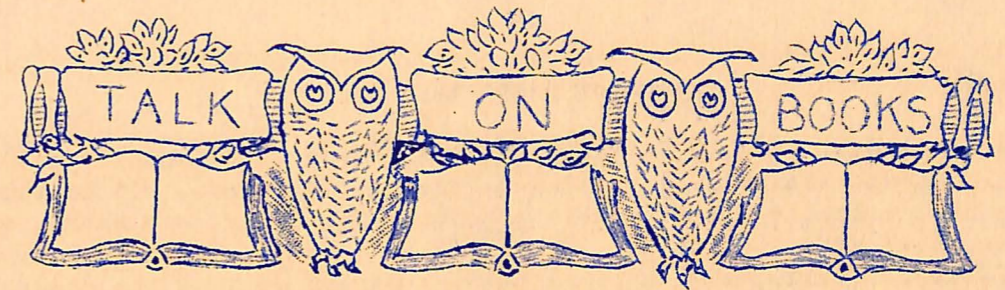
Alberta, to most people, is a Utopia made famous and historical by the new Social Credit System. Economically, Alberta is passing through a crisis; a crisis upon which the people have built up faith and hope. It was the people's choice, or desire for new and progressive changes and brighter hopes for the future.

And the west needs hope. It is a little late in the season to be talking about depression; but many blame the new movement on the old demon which has never really left the West since it landed there about five years ago. The country has at last decided to take a definite stand against it. There are of course, Liberals and Conservatives with their plans and promises. But the new system appeals.

Groups of men, headed by Mr. A. Berhart, promise non-interest bearing loans to producers based on a just price, regardless of world quotations, and every adult in the province is to receive a "basic dividend" of twenty-five dollars per month. It is almost impossible to describe the sudden prominence of Social Credit, or the faith that the people have in it. But the actual functioning of the System has yet to come into effect. In the meantime Alberta's economic fate rests with the Social Credit System.

It has been said recently Canada is now composed of eight provinces and an experimental laboratory. But Alberta is not merely a laboratory. There are such

Continued on page 33



I don't know about you other people but I could almost laugh now when I think of all the plans I made last year for reading during the summer--actually I think I read a book of jokes. However, since the scholastic year has begun again books are once more making a strong appeal.

I suppose many of you have read "Within This Present" by Margaret Ayer Barnes and will probably agree with me that the style is exceptionally lucid, effortless, almost flowing. In case you haven't yet had the time to read it, it is the story of the life and development during the 20th Century of one typically American family, the Sewalls; Sally Sewall, born at the break of the century is the principal character. The book has been called "A Forsythe Saga of Chicago", and as far as vivid portrayal of character goes it can certainly stand the comparison. Miss Barnes has taken for her title and the keynote sounded throughout her novel from these lines of Marcus Aurelius, "Remember that man's life lies all within this present; as for the rest, the past is gone, the future yet unseen."

Another novel that has been in constant demand since the opening of college is "Mary Peters" by Mary Ellen Chase. It deals with life in a New England village at the close and immediately after the period of the sailing vessel. There is about it a singular richness yet clarity of description which makes its peculiar charm, and it brings out strongly how great a loss there is in the dying out of the traditions of these people with the advent of the steamer and the invasion of the harbour towns of New England by the summer visitors. About Mary Peters herself there is a freshness and clear sense of values which is her heritage from a sea-going people and her own early life at sea.

Among the historical novels is now to be found "A King of Shadows" by Margaret Yeo. Although according to the title, it is the life of James 3rd, the Pretender, the main characters of the book seem to me to be Margaret Agilvie and Piero, two staunch Jacobites. Much of the story is of course, fiction although the background is historical. It is a book of high lights and shadows, of colourful scenes, and arresting description.

"The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" by Franz Werfel is the story of the Armenian revolt against Turkish oppression during the World War. It deals mainly with the heroic struggle of the little band on Musa Dagh under the leadership of Gabriel Bagradian--an Armenian despite his French upbringing and sympathy. The book was published in Vienna in 1933, and was received as Franz Werfel's crowning work; its style is characterized by suspense, excitement, and power.

There are also two more books of Sigrid Undset's in the library now--"Stages on the Road" and "Saga of the Saints". Both of them have that power common to Sigrid Undset's books of catching and holding the attention, particularly the later one, "Stages on the Road". It is a collection of articles originally written for Catholic publications in Norway and Sweden with a view to providing Catholics in those countries with a knowledge of those pages of

the history of the Catholic Church which the officially recognized schoolbooks 26 intentionally or otherwise ignore or distort.

"The Eternal Galleon" by Fulton Sheen has recently been added to the Sodality shelf in the Library. In it Canon Sheen is concerned, not so much with the events of Our Lord's life in their chronological order, but rather with the example those acts set for us. Primarily he seeks to teach us how, by becoming infinitely little, we can learn through Christ to know the great God.

In the field of biography two books which have made an especial appeal are "Charles de Fancoult" by Rene Bagin, and "Now I See" by Arnold Lunn. The first recounts the life of a brilliant young Frenchman--a life that took him from the gay existence of social life in France to missionary work in Algeria--from an atheist to a martyr.

The second book by Arnold Lunn is an autobiography and is characterized by the same crisp, matter-of-factness of style and clearness of expression typical of the rest of his works. It gives a detailed account of his search for truth.

Another much-talked-of book is "Beauty Looks After Herself" by Eric Gill. The author takes his title from the quotation "Look after truth and goodness, beauty looks after herself." In his work he identifies the essence of beauty with God and attempts to bring out the point that if we strive after truth and goodness--after God--we cannot fail to find beauty. The manifestation of beauty which he deals with most particularly is that of the plastic arts.

The book is very heavy reading and it did not seem to me that the author made his point very clear. Certainly he spoke with authority, almost, it seemed with too final an authority.

Speaking of additions to the library we now have a framed page from a first edition of the King James Bible, printed in 1611. It was given by a New York lady, Mrs. Rumble-Petre a recent convert and wife of a minister, to the Superior of the Convent in Brooklyn who presented it to the Mount. Also the library accession book shows 26 new books during the summer and there are several shelves still to be catalogued.

There are many other new books which I, and I suppose you, too, are eagerly awaiting. But till the next Kappa--well what are you reading?

Margaret Cummings, '36

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*HOW TO SELECT FURNITURE\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

The two most common mistakes made by home-makers in selecting furniture are, first, that of buying furniture "just for now," which is never a real source of satisfaction while it lasts and soon has to be replaced; and second, that of buying the latest out or something that "everybody is getting now." They don't seem to realize at the time that the latest thing of today will soon be outmoded by the "latest thing" of tomorrow.

Therefore, if you consider the problem of furniture selection a personal problem, as will be the case if you intend to purchase your own furniture, it will be well to take note of the different factors that influence the selection of furniture. The general characteristics of good furniture are: 1) artistic design 2) superior materials 3) good workmanship. It would be

well in this case to have at least superficial knowledge of the different periods of furniture, in order to avoid the danger of mixing the furniture of one period with another out of contrast, and also if you intend to furnish your room according to a certain period. The indications of the above characteristics of design, material, and workmanship are:

1. Details of exterior finish.
2. The price.
3. The reputation of the manufacturers.

Two upholstered chairs stand side by side, the same design, covered with the same material, and the exterior frame work, made of the same wood. One is priced at forty dollars, the other at ninety dollars, yet at a glance there apparently is little difference in the two except the price. But there is really a very great difference which may be discovered upon examination of the two. First consider the finish of the chairs. The exposed woodwork of one chair is covered with many coats of varnish and the grain of the wood camouflaged by artificial means; the other is beautifully colored and the true grain of the wood improved upon by the rich color of the stain and the wax finish. Secondly, the carving in one is rough, the edges being much blurred; in the other, the carvings are deep and clean. Thirdly, the proportions in one are poor and clumsy, while in the other they are well defined. Very often, the buyer or occupant will find greater faults in the cushions of the chairs than in the actual finish of the wood. The cushions of one are hard, unyielding, and when sat upon the springs give way easily. Soon the cushion filling gets lumpy, the springs begin to protrude, and finally the chair collapses completely. But the other chair--what a comfort to sit on a soft and yielding cushion, without fear of the springs breaking and the appearance of the chair being spoiled! Now, you can see that in just this one particular--comfort--there is reason for the great difference in the value of the two.

Quality always commands its price--you can't get something for nothing. In buying furniture it is always well to pay the most you can afford, because furniture should be regarded as a life investment--something with which you are daily associated, and being such, should be of a quality that will last as "heirlooms" to those who follow.

The trademarks on most makes of furniture are regarded as the best possible guarantees of value and quality. It is entirely safe to invest your money in such trademarked furniture, as there is behind it the reputation of the manufacturers. In doing this it will be to your own advantage, and of lasting benefit to the concern.

I have already mentioned that in choosing furniture for a room you should have a knowledge of the different periods of furniture. The young housewife is very often puzzled with the selection of furniture for a room, and these two questions frequently arise--Should the furniture of my living room be of one period? May I use walnut furniture in the same room with oak? Furniture of different periods may be associated in the same room provided they don't vary greatly in color, design, upholstery, and size. In fact, when good taste is used the intermingling of different periods gives a room a kind of informal charm and personality that another room in which one period of furniture prevailed, would not have. It is quite all right also, to associate walnut furniture with oak--the brown color and open grain of walnut resembles that of the oak. Mahogany and walnut are frequently used together; but never associate mahogany and oak, as their textures differ greatly.

Keep in mind that a room should be a thing of beauty--an expression of your highest ideals of home. It is a place where family life goes on, and if the room is beautiful, the family life will take on those qualities which the

room possesses--color, harmony, and atmosphere. Select then, furniture that is in harmony with itself, the room, and the family.

--Jeanne Boylan, '36

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* TELEPHONE MANNERS \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

Every one agrees that the telephone is one of the most convenient of modern inventions. Telephone is a part of a marvellously complex system, which is maintained for our convenience. However, like every good thing it can be and is abused. But before we go into this, let us discuss the person who is always at your beck and call, and plays such a great part in making the telephone system so efficient, the telephone operator.

Generally the operator is a girl, accurate, efficient, courteous, tactful, patient, and quick to think and act in emergencies. Much time has been spent in training for her business, in learning the parts of the switchboard, in the various phases of operating and in local geography. She is also trained in distinct enunciation and modulation of the voice. Night and day she is at your service. There is very little room for criticism of her by the average person. In these days of dial telephones, we are responsible for our own wrong numbers.

The elemental rules for good telephone manners are not at all complex or abstruse. Perhaps the most outstanding place where "the voice with the smile wins" is over the telephone. Here personality is revealed, not in the eyes, in the contours of the face, nor the gestures of the hands, but in the vibrant and pleasing quality of the voice itself.

In business this is only too true and valuable. Too many business men lay aside all semblance of being gentlemen in their offices, and are curt and boorish there. This cannot but have an unpleasant effect on those who are obliged to listen to and talk to them on the telephone. Many an order from another firm has been lost through an uncivil exchange of telephone calls.

In the home too, the telephone has been found invaluable. It is here, and here only, that private conversations over the telephone should be indulged in. Many people, realizing how very convenient it really is in the home, are prone to use it on every occasion, regardless of how they inconvenience and bore their friends. Telephone calls should not be made at meal hours, regardless of the fact that friends are sure to be in at these times. They will probably be most annoyed at being obliged to interrupt their meal to answer the insistent, and often unnecessary, ringing of the telephone.

In the public telephone booths, correct telephone manners are more difficult to achieve. First of all, note is someone is waiting to use, and govern the length of your call by that. We are all acquainted, generally to our sorrow and acute vexation, with the individual, who holds forth at length about trivial personal affairs, while an anxious reporter, a harried business man, and others equally busy, constitute the angry queue outside the booth. Long, gossipy chats while others wait, should be tabooed. A type noted for extinction is the one which uses the pay telephone to spring the "Guess who's speaking" formula, or to continue the family argument begun around last night's dinnertable.

Concluded on page 32

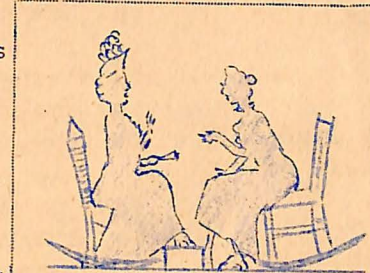
# C S A P P A K R O T I C L E

Volume 1

Number 1

## Society Notes

St. Micheal's Room was the scene of a delightful dinner party given by Miss Jane Thorup to celebrate the arrival of the "First Box". Miss Thorup the recipient of three tomatoes and half a jar of preserves from her six guests. Always good for novelties--Miss Thorup served the supper on napkins instead of plates and one of the guests "carved" (Ahem). Another feature of the evening was the barricading of the door, after which the guests on the dot of 8.09 jeered at the Proctor for a full minute. An enjoyable time was had by all.



## Fads, Freaks, and Fashions

Since the college girls no longer have to wear uniforms it is becoming the vogue to wear form-fitting skirts and sweaters with what resembles a large pocket dangling from each arm. (Do you carry your lunch in them, Lily or Dolores)

Another stylish young student was seen at dinner with a square piece extracted from the south-west corner of her frock. (Was there a dog chasing her or is she rending her garments over that Math Class?)

If you have long, slim feet, (say, 8,aaaa) the thing to wear is a pair of buckled shoes with hard flat heels and toes curled slightly skyward. To produce the proper effect however, one must learn to walk with toes pointing east and west. (Wanna buy a duck, Mag?)

Never in the history of our school have the Chapel veils been worn in such original styles, some turban fashion, others a-la-Red-Cross, others just on. One lucky young freshman doesn't have to depend on her on her ears to hold hers on. She just hangs it on the bump on the back of her head.

By the way, who is that chubby little red-head who has been vainly trying to look dignified in a shapeless frock of the hairy variety plus a pair of "bloobies" (blue ghillies to you)?

Freakishly yours,  
Miss Gadabout.

## BEAUTY SPOT !!!

The latest thing in "coiffers" is to arrange the curls like a bunch of baby sauges at the back of the neck, with the "lancersious" looking weenie just over the right eye. Putting on the dog, Dolores?

Another senior has been seen with nose buried in a book and an adorable spit-curl spang in the

Columbus Day (October 12) was chosen by the Americans for the first of their recitals. The music was enjoyed by everyone as the musicians have been hearing about it ever since. Miss Mulcahy sang several solos, all of which were particularly suited for her gorgeous falseted voice.

Amid a shower of white cards. M. Dolores Donnelly resigned her proctorship for a short time. Miss Donnelly will be back to her "shushing" and black book in a short time however.

Miss Wearybones.

## SPORTS.-

Cap-Rock-Jump. First prize- Kay Deasy.

Miss Deasy was just one jump ahead of Miss Donalda Kelley in this event. Miss Kelly's gazelle-like leap was almost perfect but her aim was poor. Tsk! Chapel- Line Sprint - Winner- J. Boylan.

Miss Boylan ran away with this event. She has the great honor of arriving late for the line and still being able to get in the first pew. (Miss Cummings has been creeping up on Jean in the last week however.)

Gouter- Obstacle Race - M.C. Casey.

Mount students showed wisdom in placing their all on Mary Casey. Mary is so expert now that she gives the rest of the entries a head start and



always emerges from the fray with three pieces of bread.

Flash! Stairway Derby Results!

Winner -- Kay Deasey.

Show -- Jane Thorup.

Place -- Dick Veniot.

Exercise Number 20095 $\frac{1}{2}$  (P.T. Students only) Stand erect! Place left elbow on right foot and vice-versa. Now place right ear on the floor to the count of 1-2. To this twenty-five times each night for best results.

In the Kitchen with Miss Wearybones

Hello, Folkses! I do hope you'll like my recipes this month. They have all been tested in our ultra modern cooking laboratory here at the Mount. They're just too, too delicious. Miss Thorup experimented with our "Mulatto" Coffee using the famous Thorup drip-olators. These are a cross between a cocktail-shaker and a leaky double boiler. The recipe is simple- first place any amount of "dated coffee" (Miss Thorup's was positively antediluvian) in the top of the "thing", next turn the hot water tap on and (here's where the drip part comes in) let the hot water drip slowly onto the coffee. A light tan liquid (mulatto coffee) is the result. The sauce effect can be secured by just sprinkling coffee in a glass of hot water. Most people prefer pop anyway so what's the use of worrying?

Yours 'till the biscuits bounce.

Miss Wearybones.

Heart Throbs

Dear Aunt Marie,

Life holds no glamour for me any more? What shall I do?

Kathleen Augusta Mahoney.

Dear Miss Mahoney,

Stay off the "Chish and Fins!"

Aunt Marie.

Dear Aunt Marie,

I am very fond of "ammonds" and pink and green blankets. Can you help me find someone with similar tastes?

Lonely Heart.

Dear Lonely Heart?

Write me again if you like basketball.

Aunt Marie.

Private Answers

Miss Cummings: If you're still look-

middle of her learned forehead. 30  
Flash! "Carp" has relented at last and had those veritable forests on her noble brow mowed down, after wandering around in unplucked glory for weeks. She's substituted bangs instead.

If you are not satisfied with your present physog, why stand it any longer? A complete transformation may be effected by applying a certain white ointment before retiring (apply to our Lady of Peace Room; whistle three times, open the door and say, "Kay sent me!") To produce the desired results, slap one handful of the goo on the forehead, dab a little to the right of the nose and a little more on the chin. Keep a mirror handy, and when you wake up in the morning--surprise--it will have all rubbed off on the pillow.

Good Looks!

Miss Gadabout.

Private Answers Continued.

ing for that apple see M. V. C.

Miss Fawson: "A stitch in time saves a lot of embarrassment".

WANT ADS

Wanted! An option on the birch bench for Miss Carpenter---!!!

Wanted! An assistant portress. Only Lowellites need apply. (Three guesses who gets the job!)

Wanted! A transomless door for Jennies's room so she won't have to climb up on a chair every morning to get her bathrobe.

DEDICATION

To you dear reading public we have dedicated our little brain child. If in our Heart Throb column we help you to find happiness and settle your problems, if we can give you a new personality by hints from our fashion department, if we can serve you through our kitchen hints, if we can keep you supplied with the news of the times then and only then, dear reader, shall we realize that we have not worked in vain.

The Misses Deasy and Carpenter

ALUMNAE

NOTES

The Kappa staff takes this opportunity to offer sincerest sympathy from all the College to Marion MacDonald who lost her father recently.

The sisters were much pleased to have a visit from Eileen Sheehan just a few hours after she had become Mrs. Vincent Coy. Both the bride and her bridesmaid, Irene McQuillan, looked very charming. Our best wishes to Mrs. and Mr. Coy.

Everyone was delighted to hear of the engagement (or should we say the re-engagement?) of Norma Buckley to Ronald MacIsaac of Sydney. Mr. MacIsaac is a brother of Sister John Stephen (Stephanie MacIsaac) Norma did not return to her Social Service in Toronto but is busy preparing for the big event next summer.

Astrid Buckley and Betty Kelley each sent us five dollars for the Kappa. Here's a big "Thank you" for their generosity and good wishes for our success. We heard a rumor that they might pay us a visit soon and we are hoping that it is true.

Marie Amirault is now teaching at home in Centre East Pubnico.

Anna Burns is teaching Dietetics and Foods at St. Joseph's Hospital in St. John. So far we have not been kept busy answering her letters.

Helen Cameron is doing private nursing in New York.

It was nice to see Cassie Ferguson's writing on her subscription blank. Perhaps at long last the oft-promised letter will come.

Claire Henley has, from all accounts, been making a great success of her tea room. We are expecting a visit from her soon.

Mary House, Mary Egan, and Annie Mancini, while on a motor trip around the Province, spent several days in Halifax. They seem to be as close friends as when they occupied St. Clare's Room.

Grace Leon has the honor this year of being the first to subscribe to the Kappa. Grace is busy looking for a position.

Mary MacDougall is back in Montreal after a summer spent in New Glasgow. We were sorry to learn that Mary had not been well.

Mary Parsons, Lucille Theriault, Mrs. Flemming (Mary Shannon), and Bernie Lannigan, were among those who attended the Alumnae held at the Mount in October.

Rhoda Parsons is now teaching Grade I at Alexander MacKay School.

Cecilia MacDonald has a class at St. Mary's Boys' School.

Mary Merchant is taking advanced work in Nutrition at Columbia University.

Ruth Elliot is now attending Regis College.

Helen Boylan, Marie Carroll, and Miss Pye were recent visitors at the Mount. Dorothy Harrison paid as a farewell visit before leaving for Ottawa where she is to be a student dietitian in the Civic Hospital. Dorothy also entertained a number of last year's graduates at tea before her departure.

Marjorie Thompson is taking Commerce at the St. John Vocational School.

Marie Macneill is working in her father's office in Glace Bay. Margaret is giving her family the benefit of her Household Science.

Hilda Durney reports having seen Coline Clancy and Rose Orlando Clancy this summer. They are both doing Social Service Work in Montreal.

Jean Chislohm has a position at the Acadian Loan and Security Corporation. Delphine Stokes is to be bridesmaid at the wedding of her brother on October 30. Frances Romkey is teaching at a small school with eleven grades at Maplewood.

We are happy to have Muriel Carey, Mary O'Brien and Isabel Creaser, last year's graduates, back with us. Muriel is taking Commercial, and the others are taking their year of Education. Mary Dee also is here once a week, continuing her singing and working toward her recital.

Margaret Lauder was the guest of Irene McQuillin at Jollimore Village for the summer. Margaret paid a number of visits to the Mount and all found her unchanged.

The college is proud of its contribution to the Postulate. This year it is represented there by Mary Trainor, B.A. '34; Elizabeth Adams B.A. '35; Katherine Meagher B.S.Sc. '35; and Margaret '36.

Our Sister Alumnae are unchanged except for Sister John Stepahn who is one of the Quebec pioneers; and Sister Frederick Marie (Gert Foran) who is in Brooklyn. Sister Camillus de Lellis is teaching Bacteriology in the college.

Evelyn Campbell deserves a vote of thanks for complying with our request and giving us some biographical data with her subscription we quote:

"With regard to myself, I am Principal of the consolidated school of Brighton-Barton, in this country. I have nineteen pupils and grades six to eleven, and in addition to my regular work, I am organizing a 4-H Club. Evidently gate or some malignant deity is not willing to let it rest there, so I have been appointed Chairman of the Program Committee of the P.T.A. Association of Barton, President of a Study Club, which we organized at an Institute in Weymouth last Monday, and a member of the Executive Council of the local Union of the N.S. Teachers. I plan on getting the pupils interested in Dramatic Work if possible, but I feel that if I do all this, without the actual descent of the Holy Ghost, or some form of aberration, I shall be indeed fortunate.

You have my best wishes for the success of your paper and all college activities."

If your name is not on this list whose fault is it?  
Rose Chambers '36

TELEPHONE MANNERS - Continued from page 28

No one should smoke in the telephone booth. It is too small and airless for that, nor should any one be so careless as to leave a cigarette to die there, and further befoul the stuffy atmosphere of these malodorous cubicles.

A petite telephone call should be brief. Be sure to speak directly into the mouthpiece, and speak distinctly! Do not force the listener to be constantly reminding you to speak louder. In a pay-station read the rules carefully. Do not indulge in gossip over the telephone. Do not bark, snarl, drawl, or indulge in any affectations. Avoid as you would the plague such expressions as "Oh yeah" - "Think so" - "What?" - "So what?" These are decidedly gauche and betoken a lack of sophistication. Remember not to keep the person you are calling waiting. Good manners consist in being considerate, also good manners apply too, even if they do not begin at, the telephone.

These rules may not include every situation, but they certainly can apply to the usual ones. Telephone manners require only the minimum of courtesy and consideration. Surely moods and mannerisms can be left outside the telephone booth; if they are, the result is sure to be better--not longer--telephone conversations.

Margaret Morrissey '36

things as a sunny climate, scenery, sports and industry. Perhaps the province's greatest appeal lies in the glorious wheat-fields. They appear as a patch-work quilt, stretched out in wide wind swept fields, a symbol of productive progress. The towering grain elevators hold enormous wealth in golden yellow wheat. Alberta also has its share of popular summer resorts, beautiful lakes, and picturesque towns and cities. The famous Canadian Rockies top all of these in their splendor.

The highlight of Alberta in the world of sports is hockey. This game of games is played in every part of the province and competition is keen among the Western and Eastern teams for Canadian Hockey Championship. In all, Alberta is by no means a non-progressive province.

Geraldine Meagher '38

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*ODDMENTS\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

"She seemed to have a special gift of remembering the little oddments that make life so joyous." This seems a peculiar tribute to pay to a person, yet on consideration the importance of those same oddments will be evident. The one who remembers to send a greeting which arrives on one's birthday, the person who leaves at the door of a sick friend a bunch of the season's flowers; the old friend who sends something "she knows you will like" are not all these joyous kindly souls to meet on one's way? The stranger who steps to comfort the weeping child and to make him smile; the person who helps the timid old soul at the crossing; the clerk who tries to please Miss Thomas without losing her patience when confronting that lady's exacting impatience. Do not all these types enrich the world by means of their little oddments?

Only big things matter, most people think. Big gifts, big sacrifices, big charities. But old Mrs. Keddy would tremble with fear at the crossing and Miss Friend would miss the "so much like you" gift and tiny Tiny would not be comforted but for these oddments. Somehow, they are very precious and beautiful in a chaotic world. Small as they are, they are priceless!

Lenore Pelham '37

IN MEMORIAM

On October 12 the College received the sad tidings of the death of Sister Leo Claire. Sister was with us as head of the Department of Vocal Music and Choir Mistress up till two years ago when ill-health obliged her to give up active work. "Active work" combined with ardent charity and boundless generosity sums up Sister Leo Claire's character. Highly gifted mentally and spiritually, she was an inspiration to the College. Her spirit was dauntless; the greater the difficulties of an undertaking the more it appealed to her. Obstacles only stimulated her energy and zeal. Life itself, it would seem, was one long obstacle-race--the greatest obstacle being her persistent ill-health. A long race? No, a very short one in matter of years for she was only thirty-nine; but it was a race straight to the goal. She ran "not as at an uncertainty;" she fought "not as one beating the air." With St. Paul she may say: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course;" with Browning we may add:

"Through such souls alone  
God, stooping, shows us sufficient of His lights  
For us in the dark to rise by."

Let us not forget her in our prayers. Requiescat in pace.

\*\*\*\*\*

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