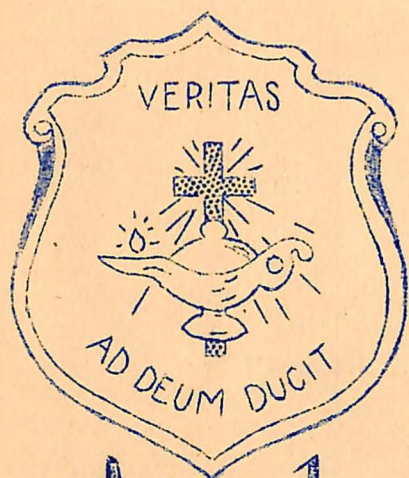


Ex. 89



KAPPA KRONICLE

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT
COLLEGE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



EDITORIAL

The journey of our Lord to the summit of Calvary was rough and lonely. A hostile crowd pushed and jostled him on the way but of his chosen friends not one was present. During the three hours He hung in agony John was the only Apostle brave enough to be faithful when surrounded by enemies. When it was all over, Christ's special followers were huddled together in an upper room for fear of the Jews. In spite of its ugliness, it is easy to understand their fear. The Apostles were ignorant men who had been taught from their youth to look up to the ones who had caused Christ's death. When the Leader whom they had believed to be the Son of God allowed Himself to be crucified, they felt that the Kingdom of which they had dreamed could never become a reality. That Christ had said He must be scourged and crowned with thorns and spit upon and finally rise again on the third day, was forgotten. The promise of an earthly kingdom and the glory of imperial power had dazzled them. When a criminal was preferred to their Lord, their one idea was to flee from the infuriated mob. The warnings that had been given them by Christ were forgotten. Regret that their own beautiful dreams were ended was mixed with the sorrow that Christ had been put to death.

Then came the miracle of the Resurrection. Christ who was dead lived again, more beautiful, more glorious than ever. He appeared to the timorous, material-minded group, and He did not rebuke them for their faithlessness during His Passion. He came through doors and yet was flesh; He ate and drank with them, yet appeared out of space. At last the Apostles remembered all the things He had taught them; again they acknowledged Him to be Son of God. Now they remembered that He had said His Kingdom was not of this world, and that it was expedient that one should die for all.

This was the joy of the first Easter; and throughout all the years, followers of Christ have rejoiced because the Resurrection proves to a world that is discouraged in its search for happiness and weary of dreams that always vanish, that Jesus Christ is truly Son of God and that our faith in Him and in the life he promised is glorious and living. The horrible darkness experienced by the Apostles after Christ's Crucifixion is over. The longings and hopes of the ages are not vain illusions; we have not been living in a fool's paradise. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, died that we might live and He rose again to prove the truth of His teachings.

Man was given life by Jesus Christ, was taught how to preserve it by Him, and was promised infinite help. The reception of life requires the acceptance of the faith and love which the risen Lord wishes to give. He said, "This is Life; to know Thee, eternal Father, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." Every man is at liberty to know God or not, as he wishes. There is something daring in the challenge to accept Christ as the Son of God or to dismiss Him for the sake of earthly pleasures. One choice involves breathless heights, the other tawdry comfort; one promises placid ease, the other requires courage and determination. There is only one way of coming to a knowledge of

2

Christ and that is by following Him up the road of Calvary. The only way of finding life is through death of self. Much more bravery is needed to seek life through death than by seeking it blindly in death. The Christian way of finding life is not placid and uninteresting but requires courage and faith and vision. Its ideal can never be reached because it is infinite. To Communists we can answer that our way of finding life is more radical, more visionary than theirs. It is easy to be a scoffer and a denier but hard to keep faith when encircled by material things.

The Apostles experienced the anguish of the loss of Christ who had seemingly failed. We have the long list of those who serve and served Him, who follow and followed Him, who suffer and suffered for the glory of His name to strengthen our faith and confidence. And above and beyond these things is the glorious truth of this Resurrection.

Easter is the time to take up the challenge. The Resurrection of our Lord is the cornerstone of our faith---faith is the cornerstone of life which was bought at a great price. In our joy of Easter let us not forget that in order to preserve our new found life the story of Calvary must be made our own.

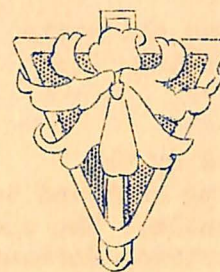
Marguerite Keenan, '37

NOT AS IN NAZARETH

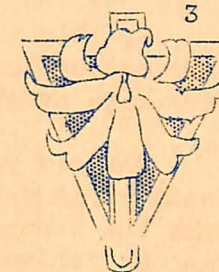
(For a lady who lived there.)

Not as in Nazareth, will Spring come by
With green and golden buds and little wings
Beating their praise against a quiet sky.
Here, her coming is almost secret. She is shy
Letting us guess her presence.
I did not know that Spring was here, until
I saw a flower with a scarlet cap on someone's window-sill,
And where she had stopped by the tulip-cups to light their fire.
Clasped 'round its slender throat, no spire would wear
A necklace of clouds---unless Spring put it there.
Then I saw a woman selling violets on the street,
(In lanes that knew your feet,
You must have come upon Spring imprisoned in a violet.)
I bought some-----knowing you loved them, Sweet.

Marie V. Carpenter



CAMPUS COMMENT



Dear Alumnae

It has been a long time since I last wrote you, before Christmas, but the days have flown by as only vacation days and the busy time that follows can fly. The second week of January found everyone returned with happy memories of the holidays behind us and the mid-year examinations before us.

Three new faces were soon noticed and after introductions, we learned that they belonged to Lorette and Gabrielle Gagne of Quebec and Velda Cashin of Guysboro. The Gagne Sisters divide their time between learning English and knitting garments which are the envy of all. Velda is a very ardent student of bookkeeping. Then too it is like old days again to see Betty Kelley coming out to the Mount twice a week to take French Conversation, while she is spending the winter in Halifax.

A few days after school opened a large group attended a charming play "Another Spring", presented at the Nova Scotian by the St. Genesius Dramatic Guild of Halifax and directed by our own Dramatics teacher. Interest was quickly aroused later in the week when it was announced that Miss Ella L. Smith, M.A. Oxon, who recently returned from Spain was to give us a talk on her experiences in that unhappy country. It was certainly a treat to hear the facts from someone who had been present and seen for herself some of the outrages that are being carried on in Spain.

The members of the Halifax Home Economics Club were the guests of our Chatelaine Club one evening. The usual business meeting, which our Household Science students usually attend, was held followed by a social hour. The hostesses were Irene Veniot '37, Geraldine Meagher '38, Viola Pride '38, President of the Chatelaine Club, Margaret McDonough '39, Muriel Bayer '39, Eileen Finnegan '40, Hope Willard '40 and Anita Faulkner '40. Incidentally the Social Room, with its new rugs, new flowers, and very inviting tea table never looked prettier.

The monthly student meeting was held on the following Monday with Irene Veniot, College President, in the chair. Various plans were discussed and the President announced that "The Beauty Spot", had offered to do free hair-dressing for three of the students. After drawing lots the fortunates were Irene Veniot, Rita Fawson, and Madeline Jones.

Things quieted down as the dreaded exam week drew near, and the library chairs began to be occupied in the evenings, while the dust had a chance to collect on those in the Social Room, in fact, the library was able to boast of many rare specimens for awhile. But Friday soon arrived bringing a most welcome week-end. A pleasant break occurred during exam week when Mr. W. Carroll, Marie Carroll's father and Mr. Burns Adams of Halifax very kindly presented a most instructive and interesting film on the Mass, showing every movement made by both Priest and server from the beginning to the end of the Mass.

By this time the cold weather had finally arrived to stay and ski-suits came out of their moth balls and skates were sharpened, as the College took advantage of the winter sports in a big way.

The mid year play "By the Waters of Phar-phar" was presented by the Academy and College on February 4. Setting, costuming, and acting combined to make the story of Naaman, the Syrian King, vivid and highly dramatic. The cast was as follows: Naaman, Dorothy Mackasey; Thalmar, his wife, Gertrude Horton; Miriam, a Hebrew captive, Jane Kelley; Nikanor, friend to Naaman, Mary Stanbury; Elphaz, a servant, Elfreda Hibbard; Arza, little son of Naaman, Catherine McGowan; guests, Jean McCormack and Agnes O'Donnell; dancers, Marjorie McKenzie and Betty Thomas. The musical numbers included "Canatina" by the orchestra; "Crossing the Bar" sung by Muriel Montague; "Legende" played by Eileen Joyce; "Ave Marie" sung by the Academy.

On Friday evening, February 5, books, knitting, and all worldly things were laid aside as Mount Saint Vincent College and Academy turned their thoughts upward with the opening of the Annual Retreat. The conferences which were given by the Reverend John Collins, C.S.S.R. made a deep and, it is hoped, lasting impression on all.

Mother General's conge on Shrove Tuesday was a most welcome one, giving us a free day to let off steam, as it were, after three days of silence and meditation, and an opportunity to see our last movie before the opening of the Lenten Season. Many of the girls, including the musicians, attended the French film "Stradivarius" which was presented at the Orpheus Theatre under the auspices of L'Alliance Française. A small group who remained at school, were the guests of the Commercial and A Club of the Academy at a Valentine party. The chief entertainment consisted of a Major Bowes' amateur hour with a varied and amusing programme.

The study club on "Cooperatives" is putting its newly acquired knowledge to practical use and has formed a Buying club, which buys toilet articles wholesale and sells them on the cooperative plan to the College, each member holding a share in the business. The idea promises to be very successful and before many years the Students should be able to supply all their wants right on the campus, which should incidentally solve the problems of those who are detained on the campus for any reasons.

A large group of students is attending the series of weekly lectures which are being presented at the Lord Nelson Hotel by the Catholic Women's League. The four lectures are to be delivered respectively by Doctor George Wilson, Professor of History at Dalhousie; Dean Vincent McDonald, Father James Boyle, and Mr. David Goldstein of Boston. The subjects are varied and interesting to everyone. Which reminds me, the Public Speaking classes are preparing for the Oratory contest which will take place before Easter. The competition promises to be very keen.

Alumnae who have visited us lately include Miss Mary O'Brien and Miss Mary Dee of Halifax, Miss Moira Desmond and Miss Harriet Myers of Moncton, Miss Mary K. MacDougall of Montreal.... But my time is up and so is my space. If anything of importance happens between now and Easter, you will hear of it in the Year Book. In the meantime why not let us hear from you?

Sincerely yours,

Kathleen Deasy, '37

March 5, 1937

JANE WRITES —

7010 Rolling Road,
Chevy Chase, Md.
February 13, 1937

Dear Girls,

Due to a final, special invitation from Sister Francis, I am at last going to attempt to give you an idea of what sort of life I am leading this, my first year away from the school in which I spent nine happy, happy years and to which my thoughts almost too often return.

First, you would probably like an idea of the school I am attending -- I have gathered from letters I have received that some are wondering just what school I am registered in. The school is the National Catholic School of Social Service, not the Catholic University. In fact, due to the standing of our course and other such details we do not like to be called "part of Catholic University" in such a way that we lose our identity as a separate school. You are all familiar with the Mount's relationship with Dalhousie: our relationship with Catholic University is the same; we are affiliated. One difference though, is that we receive our Master's degrees from Catholic University whereas you receive your degrees directly from the Mount. Our course assures us just a certificate in Social Service from N.C.S.S.S.

The school is a large, rambling brick building which, previous to its being taken over by the National Council of Catholic Women (one of the very active divisions of the National Catholic Welfare Conference) in 1917 for our school, was a protestant school -- in fact, had been two succeeding schools, the Belmont and the Fairmount. We have our "village" too, just a couple of blocks away. However, we call it "dogtown" and did I ever have a hard time the first two months trying to refrain from calling it the "village". Of course, "dogtown" is a regular little business centre with its bank, post office, drug stores, restaurants, dress shops, etc., and one can buy anything from a shoe string at the five-and-ten to an evening dress. We are just two blocks in the other direction from Rock Creek Park which many have heard me rave about in the past and which I may say, for the poor unfortunate ignorant (!) is one of the largest of its kind in the country -- in that it runs right through the middle of the city out to the suburbs, covering almost 1800 acres; it is one of the most beautiful natural parks in the country. (For further information consult the Handbook to Washington or better still, see for yourselves!)

But I started to tell you about N.C.S.S.S. and not about Washington! I might say here, those of you who know me probably remember spending many wearisome hours listening to me talk on and on about this beautiful metropolis; you might laugh now if you could hear me tell everyone that I'm from Nova Scotia, of course adding that I am a staunch American -- note, you "exiled" fellow countrymen! -- and intend remaining one.

Well, the only way to give you an idea of our courses, all lecture style, is to name them: first semester, Social Case Work, Field Work Seminar, Dynamic Psychology (taught by Dr. Foran of C. U., a Nova Scotian who graduated from St. F. X.) Psychiatry, Nutrition, Economics, Medical Lectures, Community Organization; Second semester, Child Welfare, Religion, Behavior Problems in

Childhood, Standards of Living, Social Ethics, Family Welfare, Seminar in Research, Medical Lectures, Economics and Psychiatry. These are the first-year subjects. I am not familiar with the seniors' courses, except for the inevitable Master's thesis, though I'll learn all too soon.

Our program differs very much from what you have, or rather the ones I know. All classes are fifty-minute periods -- 8:30- 9:20, etc. We have classes only in the morning, though there is sometimes the necessity to put one in the afternoon or evening to make it fit or suit the professor, such as 5-6 on Tuesdays and Fridays we have Dr. Ewerhardt for Psychiatry. Classes are on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays we all do practical Field Work.

Each Girl is assigned to an agency in Washington or Baltimore. I was sent to the latter place so can tell you more about the work over there. Twelve of us go over on the 8:00 A. M. train every Wednesday morning, stay at a hotel for the night and return here on a late train in time for dinner here at the school on Thursday evening. Of the twelve, eight are with the Family Welfare Association, two with the Department of Public Works, and the other two at the Henry Watson Children's Aid Society. I am with Family Welfare. In the city, it is divided into the Central Office and four district offices. There are two girls in each district. I am in the Western District and was very fortunate because one of the two girls with whom I go around all the time, Betty Mortell, is also there. Every girl work under a supervisor, who directs her work. "Work" means visiting and interviewing clients -- general case work, which I cannot well explain here, but those further interested can find a very great number of excellent books written on it and special phases of it.

To return to N.C.S.S.S., because it is a graduate school with those registered ranging in age from twenty-one to thirty-five, we have only such restrictions as get us to meals and classes on time and let the switchboard girls know where we are in case we have visitors or calls. We sign out for meals and put our individual cards in a particular place to show we are not in --- there is no such thing as asking permission. The door is locked at eleven P.M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays and at 1 A.M. on the other nights of the week. However, if one is later, no matter how much later, one need only ring the door-bell. Studying is up to us and there is certainly plenty to do if one wishes; that latter remark is hardly necessary because we all love our work apart from the fact that it is training for a great, steadily growing profession. I must admit some of us are slightly immature about organizing our work in comparison to those who have formerly been in agencies, taught, been dietitians, etc. To give you an idea of the calibre of some of these girls, we have one (of eleven) from California who was a laboratory technician, whose name is well known throughout the greater part of the Coast. Another, also a Californian, was formerly a Nutrition teacher.

The faculty is comprised of secular women who live in the faculty house attached to the school, priests, professors and doctors from Catholic University and Georgetown University. I wish you were as privileged as I to enjoy direct instruction from such well-known people as Father Haas who was a member of Roosevelt's NRA labor board (have you heard of it?), Dr. John A. Ryan, Dr. Furfey and Dr. Moore the eminent psychiatrist. I know that books written by these men are among those on the shelves of the Mount library. It may interest Sister Irene Marie and those working with her, together with the Household Science girls, to know that the housekeeper here, our Nutrition

teacher, Miss Clara Bradley, is Alice Bradley's sister, whose books I very definitely know are in the section just behind the door of the library -- unless that section is changed.

Social activities within the school are not many but we have had several little school parties ourselves, on our own initiative, which are lots of fun. One feature of the school is the monthly tea. A group of girls act as hostesses and prepare and serve it; the others attend, with as many guests, male and female, as they choose to invite. Then, there is the "tearoom" which we are at liberty to use whenever we wish for midnight feasts, afternoon teas, etc. Many of us just make coffee in our rooms with refreshments and so don't bother to go downstairs.

The rooms are a very good size, some with one and others with two closets, which are almost rooms in themselves. Every two rooms are joined by a bathroom in between, making the four girls "suite-mates". There are some single rooms but the majority of them are double. We fix them up with extra furniture, lamps (two girls have fifteen lamps in their room!), curtains and whatever we wish. Radios are an essential feature in practically every room, as one can easily tell mounting the stairs --- noise, you know; rather, a multitude of noises, consisting of opera, speeches, and modern programs.

The chapel is almost as beautiful in its extreme simplicity as the incomparable Mount chapel. Oh, no! don't mistake me; it is very tiny and bare, but one grows attached to it, but never in the same way as to the Mount chapel, the place with which my most wonderful memories and realities are inseparably linked. We have daily Mass which is not compulsory but the attendance is good evidence that we realize starting the day with the Lord is the way to bring great blessings to us and to our work. The Chapel Committee made up of four or five girls under a Senior act jointly as sacristans. We also take turns serving Mass, except on the days when "Jerry" is not working and is able to be there. Our chaplain is Monsignor Michael Ready, who has succeeded the deceased Monsignor John Burke as Secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He is quite young and as "grand" as anyone could possibly imagine.

I mentioned a Committee above: Every month different girls are appointed to the various Committees such as the Household Committee, Chapel Committee, Dining Room Committee, Library Committee, etc. and have particular duties in the places designated to maintain the smooth organization of the school. Incidentally, we have a form of Student Government which is run very well, considering not many questions present themselves in a school of older people where rules are few. Of course, no such thing as a campus is ever heard of ... one wouldn't know the meaning of the term.

I believe you went into Retreat February 3rd. We started February 4th. and "came off" Sunday morning; the Retreats here, I understand, are always just the two days. Our Retreat master was Father McSorley (James) a Paulist, whose "Primer of Prayer" and "Think and Pray" and possibly other publications, I am sure are among the spiritual books of the Mount.

We are still waiting for the results of our exams, which we wrote on the 30th, 1st. and 2nd. I suppose you are well over yours and preparing for the next set!

Well, it seems I have, in this letter to all my old friends, lived up to my old title of an awful talker. I only hope I have succeeded in giving you a fairly complete picture of my life, at least for 1937 and 1938. But, what about a little more Mount news for me? The other day I was very much surprised and, needless to say, delighted to hear from Ruth Elliot. She said: "Do you ever hear any Mount news? It seems to me that everyone that writes me presupposes the other one has told me all the news, and the result is that I never hear any of it." I feel that I am in the same position, though Lenore and Kay Deasy have been very good. Granted, the Christmas Kappa, the one and only which I have received, was fairly enlightening, but it is little every-day details which also add to "an old girl's" happy reminiscences.

Jane Thorup, '36

THE ANNUAL RETREAT —

Every college year sees mostly the same events, differing only insofar as the people who participate in them differ. One of the outstanding of these annual events at the Mount is the Retreat, which this year began on February fifth. Our most efficient Retreat Master was the Reverend John Collins of the Redemptorist Order.

I believe it to be the common experience, that, for no very special reason, we all naturally shrink from making a retreat. It is not pleasant to look in on one's own ugliness or to face things which one would rather forget or else keep in the background as long as possible. But, since it is hard to "enter into" ourselves, perhaps this is why God is especially good to the soul during this period. As our Retreat Master explained it, "a retreat is a time when God gives to the soul certain graces and blessing which can be received at no other time." There is no time like a retreat to get a proper perspective on matters both as to where one stands and as to where one is going. After all then, a retreat is the most sensible exercise one could possibly go through.

Those of us, who, at the beginning of the retreat, were still hampered by a natural reluctance, had all reluctance and apathy promptly shaken off by the thoroughly inspiring words of the first lecture -- "Lord, that I may see!" These words, piteously wrung from the heart of the blind man and uttered in a tone of such ineffable pleading on that far distant day, proved to be the key which was to unlock the treasure house of graces Our Divine Lord was about to place at our disposal, were we willing to open our hearts. What a strange power these words hold! What a wealth of meaning they possess! "Lord, that I may see!" It is only with constant pondering that the thought strikes home. It is the writer's personal belief that graces were received in accordance with the frequency and fervour with which this ejaculation was repeated.

It was also our good fortune during this period to hear lectures on the devotions to the Blessed Sacrament and to Christ's Passion, which at once made

us want to don coats of mail, to snatch up swords and to wield them in the fray which will last as long as the earth lasts. And yet we wanted to be humble too, and to bear all for Christ's sake, in imitation of Himself. In our newly found ardor, no cross would have been too heavy, no foe too fierce.

Our Retreat Master sounded a new note in his conference on Character which succeeded in putting all our actions on the basis of a clear practicality. We learned that "Character is life guided by principle;" or, "one's actions guided by a norm." Character building is the subject matter of moral education which should form a triumvirate with mental and physical education, but which, unfortunately, is so often thrust aside as unimportant. We all know the general opinion of spineless people. They can't handle themselves any more than they could handle a runaway horse. They follow blindly the promptings of nature and become slaves in the end. For freedom means control and control is the secret of freedom. Here, as elsewhere, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

"Our Lady of Perpetual Help" was an appropriate theme for the closing meditation of the retreat. In all our trials and troubles, Mary is our refuge and our relief. She has only to say to her Divine Son- "They have no wine" and the Sanctifying Wine is poured out to overflowing. She is the Mother and we are her children, made so by Christ's own words from the cross---"Son, behold thy Mother!" And how much more bountiful than our earthly mothers, is it possible for our Heavenly Mother to be! "Woman, behold thy Son." The woman will not forget. She will tell Him---"They have no wine!"

Coming then, as it did on this date, the retreat proved to be an excellent preparation for the Lenten season immediately following. Our recollection and prayer during retreat aimed to help us form our resolutions for mortification; and the spirit of fervour we acquired then is helping us to keep them now. O Jesus, give us the light to know Thy ways and the grace to follow them!

Rose E. Sullivan, B.A.

JOTTINGS FROM A DIARY OF A YEAR IN FRANCE —

La Sarbonne is the name given to the building which houses the schools of Letters and Science of the University of Paris, and another "outside school." It is the site of the famous Sarbonne and the Chapel is the very one Cardinal Richelieu built.

Education without credits! This is speaking a new and strange language to us who are accustomed to a highly systematized process of collecting "points" in order to have finished certain stages in our education. The system of following a "school" rather than having the freedom of selecting subjects from various studies, was, to me the most different thing about higher education in France. Each "School" has its own course of study which must be followed completely in order to obtain the certificate or diploma. Our "school" numbered nearly two hundred students, of whom twenty-five were French, about fifty Americans, and the remaining group representatives of about twenty-five various nations. Rather cosmopolitan!

After climbing four flights of wooden winding stairs, we were at the door of our classroom. Here, for the convenience of the students, (it seemed to us), there was a spacious window ledge upon which each group of arrivals rested for a few minutes - to recuperate from the indoor mountain-climbing! Spirits were not raised by the sight of the classroom. A large, but dark room, it presented a rather gloomy atmosphere which was not at all brightened by the look of a dusty paper blackboard.

"Don't judge a book by its cover" - nor a university by its building! The professors arrive! Elderly men, bearded, real types of French learning and culture, their very appearance was enough to rouse interest. It would seem that years of study had implanted an erudition that in its own right should command the respect and attention of it - as it does. In proof of this last, the "public courses" given by these learned men are always crowded, no matter what the subject or the hour. Men and women of all stations in life come to hear and learn. Of course, sometimes, but rarely, we were disappointed. Now and then came someone not so interesting to the ear as to the eye. Result? Those seated in front rows were heroic in studiously taking notes (really catching-up with their correspondence), while those behind enjoyed an undisturbed and quiet snooze.

But enough of school! Let us go out into the balmy Parisian air and the bright sunshine (never a sure sign of fair weather). To be really Parisian, you must carry an umbrella, for it may rain at any moment!

We cannot think of Paris without having also thoughts of the Seine. It is part, an intimate part of the city. Past Notre Dame Cathedral, the Louvre, the Chambre des Deputés, the Tuileries, Napoleon's tomb, and Alexander's bridge, it flows, reflecting the varied scenes above and beside it. Men fishing from its banks, trees, bookstalls, flower venders, boats sailing up and down--What a picture! What a history!

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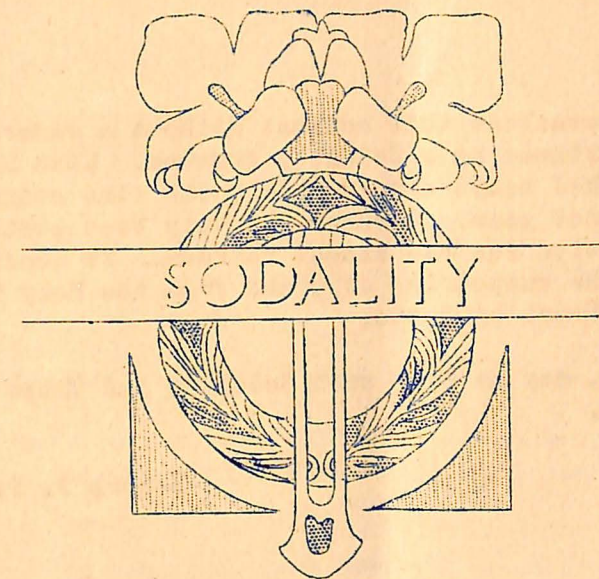
Heroine ----- Saint!

In Paris, on May eighth, we witnessed what might be called the tribute of a nation to its saviour--a mighty woman, a maid who led the armies of her country to victory--a knight of the King of France! Such would be a character thrilling enough, and such is indeed the romantic background of Joan of Arc. But over and above all this, we Catholics reverence this famous historical woman as a saint--a knight of the King of Kings! For four hours, from eight o'clock in the morning until noon, men, women, and children marched in an ever-increasing line of organizations, clubs, societies, schools, etc. Every group of Parisians (and Paris means France), was represented. The Cardinal Archbishop, Cardinal Verdier; the Communist leader, M. Blum; M. La Roque, leader of the Catholic party--all were there. Each delegation carried its banners and a large floral tribute. The streets were lined with spectators who helped with their cheers to keep up the enthusiasm.

The line of march halted at each of two statues of Joan of Arc. Here the flowers were deposited by the chief of each group. Camera men and reporters were on the scene and the very picturesque "dragoons" made the event more colorful. We found we were witnessing the largest celebration of this type held in Paris.

For what all this? Joan of Arc!

Concluded on page 30



Sodality activity was resumed with enthusiasm after the Christmas vacation. As a result of responses to a carefully planned questionnaire, distributed among the Sodalists for their candid opinions, it was decided that the Sodality would carry on as during the first semester. The new programs have been drawn up and distributed. These indicate the procedure for every Monday evening meeting from now until May, terminating with the election of new officers. Each of these meetings is under the direction of the chairman and members of the committees, listed here before.

Since last going to press our activities have been numerous and varied. A letter from Miss Mary Thompson, convener of the Christmas Orphanage Fund Committee, thanking the Sodality for its annual contribution, was read at the first meeting after vacation.

On December 7, Miss Mary Coady spoke on the Immaculate Conception. Miss Mary McGonagle outlined the life of St. Francis Xavier; Miss Katherine Kelly the life of St. Stephen; Miss Florence Butler the life of St. John the Evangelist; Miss Eva Barnaby the life of Sts. Barbara and Lucy; and Miss Lenore Pelham the life of St. Nicholas. On December 4, two articles from the Queen's Work were discussed; the first, Mexican Education by Miss Geraldine Meagher; the second, Campus Co-operatives by Miss Muriel Bartholomay. On January 25, Miss Viola Pride addressed the Sodality for the first time, treating in an admirable way the origin and meaning of "Church Unity Octave." Viola's talk was most enthusiastically received. On February 11, Miss M. McGonagle spoke in her usual fine style on "Our Lady of Lourdes." Mary's appearance on the Sodality program is always welcomed. One of the finest papers of the year was read by Miss Dorothy Webb in the absence of the author on the Significance of Lent. We are sorry that space does not permit of its being reprinted here, in full.

The course outlined in the fall for two of the study clubs has been completed. The other two study clubs are still in operation as this goes to press. The annual retreat was held from February 5 to February 9. A detailed account of this most important period in our school year, will be found elsewhere in this issue. It is sufficient to state here that we feel we are not exaggerating when we affirm that, as a result of this time of grace, every sodalist was truly renewed in spirit.

We must not conclude this account without a reference to the bulletin board, and its importance as a Sodality feature. Miss M. Forhan and Miss G. Meagher have worked zealously to uphold the fine standard set by Miss Katherine Gallant last year. Perhaps the very best poster ever displayed here was that in preparation for the annual retreat. It consisted of a geometric design indicating the outpouring of grace from the Holy Ghost and the flaming love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In conclusion, may we wish each Sodalist and Kappa Reader the joyous blessings of Easter.

Lenore F. Pelham, '37

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS

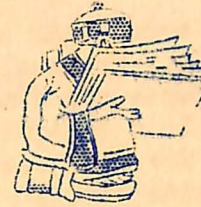
It is almost seven years since my college classmates donned their hoods, changed their tassels to the right side, grabbed their degrees and rushed out to meet life, or rather to try to catch up with it. And still, after seven years, the coming of the class letter never fails to delight and inspire me. I don't know whether my classmates are affected in the same way as I, but to me it acts as a stimulant. It imparts more pep to tackle whatever is ahead. Furthermore it does revive such mental impressions--of courses plodded through together, of difficulties met and overcome together, of round-table conferences, of private jokes indulged in, of arguments and warfare--a whole train of memories that one would not willingly forget.

This contact makes reunions so much more satisfactory. Even after a lapse of several years, it is possible to take up the old comradeship where it was broken off--and this does give one such a warm feeling around the heart. Then there is so much pleasure in noting the changes that have taken place in one another. We did have fun prophesying about one another, but the prophecies have not all come true.

It has always seemed to me that college men retain more real friendship and loyalty towards one another than college women do. I don't know whether that is a short-sighted personal opinion; but, at any rate, I believe that our alumnae should develop a stronger class spirit--one that will outlast graduation and all the gradations in life. I feel sure that my class will achieve this--and I am proud of the fact. But the goal will only be reached if every class makes a resolution, before leaving Alma Mater, that they will stand together. To do this they will need contact, whether physical or mental and I am sure that they will find the class letter a very efficacious means to that end.

Marie Amirault, '30

Miss Geraldine Meagher, '38 of Drumheller, Alberta, is the Art Editor of this number of the Kappa in the absence of Miss Irma Charman who is recovering from an illness at her home in Truro. Irma did not forget, as you see, to send in her usual page of cartoons; the other designs, printing, etc. are the work of Miss Meagher.



MISSION NEWS

Catholic Mission
Fushun, Manchukuo
January 4, 1937.

Dear Sister Berchmans,

Although the New Year will be well on its way when you receive this letter, I'm sure that the usual greetings will be in order, and so I'll say Blessed New Year!

You certainly seem very far away from the land of ice and snow, Sister. According to one mileage chart, we are over ten thousand miles from New York--on the other side of the world. Manchukuo, naturally speaking, is barren, foreign, pagan and uninviting. Yet, supernaturally speaking, it is a fruitful vineyard, our corner of the Lord's Acre, thirsting for the Waters of Baptism and the goal of our desires. A walk through the streets of Manchukuo presents a variety of sights: Japanese women clad in their colorful kimonos, with babies on their backs; Chinese coolies harnessed to rickshaws; pagan temples, a glittering in the noonday sun. We are the only foreigners in the town and consequently are considered quite a curiosity. If we pause before a shop window, we're soon surrounded by an army of spectators. We always try to profit by these publicity scenes in an attempt to interest the people to the point of having them call on us later, to study the doctrine.

There are ten Sisters in our language school in Fushun. Everyone is engrossed in learning more of the "Flowery Tongue". Some, of course, are experienced enough to read characters, but we're content to plod along at the ABCs for awhile. Two of us arrived together, in October you know. The Mission Compound is the scene of many activities. We have about thirty native girls in training for the native novitiate. Then there is a dispensary, an old men's home, and an old lady's home. A department for the designing of Gothic liturgical vestments has recently sprung up too. Several Chinese boys are busily engaged in wood carving as well. So you see the activities are many and varied.

Christmas, above all, Sister, was a day of joy and deep peace. On the morning of the Eve, I was present near the Baptismal Font, when Father poured the saving waters over the heads of many pagans, who were irrepressible in the joy of the new found Faith. At Midnight Mass, the Novices and Sisters swelled the chorus of Glorias to the Little New Born King. Although we had only a small squeaky organ to accompany us, we could not have enjoyed more sweet-sounding melodies, we agreed. After Mass, we, in company with the Novices and Orphans formed a procession around the Compound, singing hymns all the while to Our Little Infant Saviour. Having returned to the convent, we had a private procession to our own little cribs in the foyer and oratory and refectory. During these visits we remembered especially all our dear friends of yore.

I've been spending the past week here at Hopei, one hour's walk across 14 the river, on a Mission Farm in the Manchurian hill-country. You see, Sister, the Annual Ten Day Retreat is in progress at the Central House and I'm relieving here in the dispensary, until January seventh. This is a delightful Compound too. Here may be found Native boys in training for the priesthood. They are about forty-five in number. Most of them are quite young. It will be at least ten years until the first ones are ordained. There are old ladies and men here too, also orphans. Ordinarily three Sisters conduct the works here, but during Retreat the staff has dwindled to two of us. This little Mission was threatened by bandits during the summer and as a result all activity had to be suspended, for a time. The Convent is about a twenty minute walk from a little walled town whose gates close every night at sundown. Is n't that the acme of mediaeval atmosphere?

I would love to say much more to you, dear Sister, about my new adopted country, but time is limited. I'm counting on your prayers for tremendous graces that will make it possible for me to be an ideal missionary -- one who will lead countless souls to the Little New Born King.

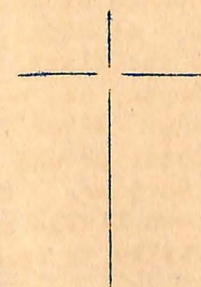
Do remember me to all the Mount Sisters whom I know and can never forget. I've sent a couple of mission papers to the Crusade. Write soon!

Lovingly in Christ,
Sister Francis de Sales
(Ida Marsland)

Editor' Note:

Another letter came recently from Ida to Sister Marie Agnes who had sent an offering from the Academy Crusade unit. In it she tells of her apostolic labors in the dispensary and the huts of the natives; of consoling conversions; and of some progress in mastering the language. The College Mission Club is sending its donation and spiritual offering for Easter. If another letter arrives in time we shall share it with our readers in the Year Book. We are proud of our missionary.

A shadow was cast over our Christmas holidays by the news that our College Mistress, Sister Francis de Sales, had been called to attend the funeral of her dear father who died on December the twentieth. Our alumnae will, we know, feel deep sympathy and will pray for the repose of his soul.



AUNTS AND SUCHLIKE

"I was an aunt before I was born," quoth Lenore one beautiful October evening.

"That's nothing, so was my father," said Marie, characteristically three jumps ahead of her thought. A lively argument ensued as to the veracity of the second statement and finally Marie withdrew gracefully leaving the palm to Lenore.

And so my auntship was again under discussion. Being an Aunt, to me, is just being. I've never been anything else. I don't know how to answer those who ask me, "How does it feel to be an aunt?" unless I say "Oh! very natural." This not unpleasant situation of mine, has always caused much mirth at home and abroad. Such titles as "Little Aunt" and "auntikins" were continually thrust upon me. So much so, that someone brightly presented me with a book entitled "A Little Aunt," one Christmas morning. (One of my big sisters, if I remember rightly) That was the last straw for after all, I might have developed an "Aunt Complex", and then the family would have had a "problem child" to deal with. Of course, there was this about it --none of my sisters had this distinction, nor had any of my playmates. Indeed, the latter were inclined to doubt my veracity, when I mentioned the fact, and so most of the time I kept silent and let the glory and distinction that might have been mine fade away. Still, I've lived to enjoy some of the exhilaration which such a relationship is said to create.

This auntship of mine has been of considerable value to me in my college career. Since the ages of my nieces and nephews range between twenty-one and less than one, I've had considerable scope for observation and my Education classes have been enriched. I can furnish numerous examples, (to the delight of some, and chagrin of others, of my classmates) concerning instincts and suchlike. It is strange that I had to grow up to excite the envy my "auntship" should have caused years ago. I can talk about instincts, group instincts, play instincts, and the imagination of children, giving first hand examples, indeed, my multiple examples are the bane of at least one of my classmates existence, since she has no relatives to discuss.

First of all there is Doris, who invariably introduces me as her "little aunt" even yet. She has the unique distinction of being older than I, and does she enjoy it! Tall and slim and dark is she, and never happier than when she's playing a piano, strumming a Hawaian guitar or merely driving us all frantic with a mouth organ--like the "fine lady on the white horse"--she shall have music wherever she goes. I forgot to mention her vocalizing talent; but perhaps, "the least said's soonest mended;" though I do remember when she used do sing us all awake. I also remember a certain seven-year-old saying to her Grandmother--"Mummy, your pies are tough." Having a good memory, I am able to check her teasing a bit by threatening to start reminiscing.

The next three are much the same age, Alan being a year younger than Vivien, and Grace a year or two younger than Alan. Vivien is a dark-eyed,

vivacious creature, the younger sister of Doris. She too shares the joke of my being her "Little Aunt"! The college girls, some of them, can testify to her ability as a culinary artist, since they've sampled her delicious chocolate cake. Alan and Grace are brother and sister. Alan is a very important young man. A tall seventeen year old youth, with sandy hair and a shy manner. He's learning all about automobiles and what makes them go. His sister Grace is in the sixteen year old class. She's tall and slim and fair with blue eyes and a pink and white complexion. There's a bit of tomboy about her even yet, though she is so important a high school student. She's typically modern and knows all the new songs under the sun. Of course she's a movie fan and doesn't care for school. Just now, she's sporting the pin of a certain St. Mary's lad who made two touchdowns recently. Maybe the tomboy will soon be a thing of the past. She is, of course, a sport enthusiast and a lover of amateur theatricals. She has lived with us since she was four, so she has very little respect for my auntship.

The next group are fairly well matched in age,--Mary, Annie, and Ralph, and Clare. Mary and Annie, though sisters with less than a year between them, are different as day is from night. Mary is the eldest of her family and possesses all the dignity which such a state requires. She's slim, fair lass, blue-eyed and the image of her Daddy. Just now she's enjoying the excitement of her first High School Examination. She's quiet and reserved and oh, so neat and serious. Already she's positive of her life's "vocation" and I'm not so sure that the years will sway her any. Her sister Annie is not quite so tall and is inclined to plumpness. Lately, she's been called Anna, because her teacher's prefer it and so persuaded her that simply must be her name. She is fair and blue-eyed also but resembles her mother and not her Daddy. She is carefree, happy-go-lucky, and not so quiet or neat as Mary, but blessed with a fine sense of humor and she is an omnivorous reader. They are rather close together since their ages are so much the same and, to tell the truth, I never think of one without the other. Ralph is the sturdy thirteen year old boy, and all boy too. He's full of boyish tricks and has a particularly innocent look, belied by the twinkle in his eye. He has a wonderful disposition and the kindest heart imaginable. He's his Father's boy, very sensitive, humorous, and lovable. Clare, the only one of them who is an only child, is a tall thirteen year oldster also. She is taller than I am already! She has big brown eyes, and wavy chestnut hair and for all her height she's not the least bit awkward. Her ambition is to become an air-hostess or an interior decorator. She must always be doing something and, contrary to tradition, she is not the least bit spoiled. (My apologies to only children.) She has a calm, unruffled disposition and is fond of humor. She has definitely decided never to get married but whether she'll be a nun or a spinster, I haven't as yet discovered. Clare is a great little organizer and business woman, very grown-up in manner, a bit of a boss, too, but in all a very sweet youngster.

The trio next under consideration are all ten-going-on-eleven years old. Harold, an exact replica of his father, all boy and always out-of-doors, is quiet, yet mischievous, and full of fun. Francis, another ten year oldster, is not quite so big as Harold but just as quiet, is inclined to be shy and has a rather sweet little manner. He is an avid Mickey Mouse fan but doesn't like Shirley Temple, of course. Florence comes next. She is the youngest of this trio and the one best known to me. You see she's the only baby sister I've ever had. Being left motherless when only four hours old, she has always made her home with us. She's a chubby child, very fair, with a pair of the twinklingest blue eyes you ever saw; shy and sweet, and known by a score of pet names. She has two

Daddies--Daddy Roy and "G.G." her granddaddy. She's a very serious child and so interested in the Brownie movement; she has just captured her second pin and is now working towards a further coveted honor. It entails knitting and art work--in which her Aunt Lenore failed to be of any assistance, much to her surprise. (I'll just have to make her doll that coat now, to reinstate myself.) She can sing and tap dance and elocute like anything. She conducts a school, each evening and Saturday (and quite capably too.) Her one ambition is to become as near like 'Nore as possible. She is even following my "Irish Way". Since she is my little sister as well as my niece, she thinks very little of my Auntship.

The rest are merely youngsters,--Howard, Jimmie, Arthur, Dareen, and Madeline. Howard is a chubby seven year old who resembles very much one of the little cherubs in the Mount Chapel, but who, needless to say, is anything but a cherub. He's a typical seven year old with all the boyish tricks of that age. He's the champion of his little sister, Dareen, who is six and has just started school. She's a dainty miss with the reddest cheeks, and is supremely happy all the time. Howard says she is the prettiest and smartest girl in her class! Far be it from me to argue with such an authority. Arthur is the little man of the Pelham household. He's the shyest little thing and is just five years old. Madeline, the baby, is a darling rosebud of a child not yet a year old. My Auntship was called into play here as I had to escort her to St. Joseph's Church to be baptized--(strange that she wasn't called Patrice.) This blessed infant hasn't as yet shown any decided characteristics, except that she has a beautiful smile.

Jimmy, the baby of the Smith family, is a sturdy chap of five. He is not only my nephew, but my godson, the only blond in his family, and determined to become a fireman as soon as possible. Ever since he's been so high he has clamoured for fire engines; maybe his ambition will alter, however, since lately his dearest wish is to own a dump-truck. We may even have a contractor in the family. Who knows?

There was another little niece till but lately, the most precious little child of them all. She paid us a visit for only fourteen months and then she flew back to Jesukin. During her short stay here, Anne Marie twined herself around all our hearts and left a very vacant spot behind her. Since she left us to join her little aunts and uncles in Heaven, 'tis under her patronage that I place the destinies of all my nieces and nephews. It is nice to have a "cherub Saint" to look after them.

Because we are all of the one generation and because I grew up with them, my auntship is the more delightful. True I have never received the title but I have received their whole-hearted friendship. They will never find me misunderstanding them, because I'm not advanced enough in years for that. My interest will always be with those would-be priests, nuns, teachers, nurses, air hostesses, mechanics, fireman, policeman, singers, and movie stars. They are not merely my nieces and nephews, they are my chums and allies. We shall have many fond memories of childhood and later years that older Aunts will have missed. My childhood and youth are theirs also. So I don't in the least miss my title of honor. All in all, it is fun being a "Little Aunt."

(Aunt) Lenore Pelham '37

COMPLAINT

(For stealing your style, Mr. Ogden Nashery,
I apologize for this piece of trashery.)

If Communists ranted about things that should be ranted at,
Instead of the things that they pick out to be panted and chanted at.
Then we could all start calling each other
'My fran', old pal and even brother.
If they would only start downing things that should be downed,
They might prove themselves rather nice to have around.
They could shriek "Down with people in subways who shove us!
Down with the people on the floor above us!"
(The ones who keep a herd of elephants and a frisky dinosaur for pets.)
"Down with the girl, who during a lecture, jangles her bracelets!"
"Down with Shirley Temple, who
Gives me what we French call a 'mal-au-cou!'"
"Down with people who grab the newspaper and scatter it bit-by-bit!"
(Because, when and if you get it to-gether again, it's fit for nothing
but everybody to gather 'round and make little boats or paper hats
out of it.)
"Down with people who lose your place in a book!"
"Down with those who barge across the streets without a look!"
(While you stand on the corner and worry over them and try to recall
those First Aid lessons that you took last summer.)
"Down with the couger-in-your-ear and the table-strummer!"
"Down with the meanies who tell the truth about Santa Claus!"
If any of the denizens of Union Square want to use these, they're free,
of caus.

I'll have to stop because somebody just came in and said that they
could add another "Down!" especially for me:
To the effect that if this is supposed to be poetry,
They will take vanilla, thank you.

Marie V. Carpenter.

— SNOW WEEK —

FINIS

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— EXAM WEEK —

MARIETTA IN SOCIAL ROOM
LOST IN PREPARATION FOR EXAMS

OVER HOPE'S
SHOULDER

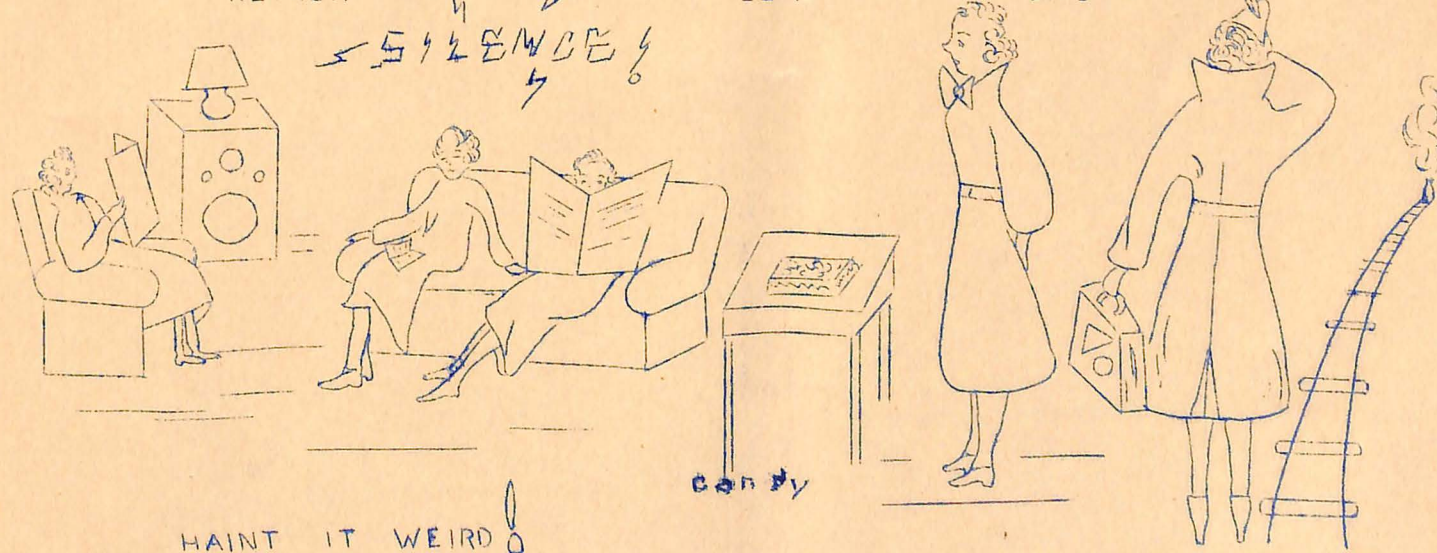
VERY POPULAR
DURING
EXAM
WEEK



RETREAT —

LENT —

EASTER —



GLANURES D'UN GRAND PASSÉ

Vers l'an 1852, quand Mgr. Taché revenait de France où les intérêts de ses missions naissantes du Canada l'avaient plus d'une fois conduit, il était accompagné d'un jeune prêtre, M. Albert Lacombe qui, l'histoire l'a prouvé, personnifiait l'avenir catholique et français de l'ouest canadien, encore parsemé de peuplades indiennes. Tout jeune encore, c'était un de ces "hommes bien nés, pour qui la valeur n'attend pas le nombre des années". Son dévouement pour les premières missions albertaines, dont Edmonton, Lac Sainte-Anne, l'Île-à-la-Crosse sont d'éloquents exemples; son zèle infatigable pour ses chers Indiens qu'il se chargea lui-même d'initier aux premiers mystères de notre civilisation; la merveilleuse ingéniosité dont il fit preuve en transformant ses métis--plus habiles à manier le mousquet que la char-rue--de guerriers farouches qu'ils étaient en paisibles fermiers; tout cela forme un sujet trop bien connu pour être traité plus longuement ici. Il existe toutefois des traits frappants, des légendes, des souvenirs qui, étant de date si récente, nous viennent directement de ceux qui ont connu le P. Lacombe, qui ont eu le privilège d'apprécier pour eux-mêmes le courage intrépide de cet homme de Dieu, au moins vers la fin de son apostolat.

La colonie naissante de Saint-Albert dont l'emplacement sur les bords de l'Esturgeon avait été choisi par Mgr. Grandin de concert avec le P. Lacombe, devint bientôt, grâce au zèle infatigable de ce dernier, un village florissant, dominé par la croix de la petite église. Je ne dis pas le clocher, car ce premier sanctuaire, élevé par les mains habiles du bon prêtre lui-même, n'était qu'une rude bâtisse de bois. L'intérieur était meublé de bancs, auxquels les bons sauvages préféraient cependant le plancher, afin de pouvoir s'asseoir à la façon du pays. Le petit autel improvisé, la minuscule lampe du sanctuaire, les ornements, sinon artistiques, du moins très pittoresques, tout décrit une ferveur, un courage chez ce jeune missionnaire, qui ont trouvé peu d'égaux parmi nos colonisateurs canadiens. Quelle ne fut pas ma surprise et ma joie, lors d'une visite récente à la jolie ville qu'est devenu Saint-Albert, de voir cette même petite église dans toute sa rusticité première protégée seulement par un mur de brique et un toit plus moderne. Tenir entre ses mains le pic dont se servit le P. Lacombe, son bréviaire, son couteau, c'est comme toucher du doigt ce passé tout imbu d'actes héroïques, de dévouements inconnus.

Mais Saint-Albert ne fut pas le seul témoin du zèle infatigable de notre héros. Grâce à sa connaissance supérieure des dialectes sauvages (car de vieux patriarches au visage bronze déclaraient eux-mêmes que "celui dont le cœur est bon" savait parler le cri aussi bien qu'eux-mêmes) il reçut la mission du supérieur-général des Oblats, vers 1865, de suivre les tribus nomades dans leurs interminables pérégrinations. C'est ainsi

qu'il s'attacha à la tribu des Pieds-Noirs, la plus nombreuse et la plus puissante parmi celles des prairies de l'ouest. Mais le bon père était également chéri des Cris, Assiniboines, Gens-du-Sang, et autres tribus.

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On raconte que lors de la rébellion Louis Riel, il fit beaucoup pour empêcher le soulèvement général des bandes sauvages et l'effet désastreux qu'une telle révolution aurait eu sur nos villes toutes jeunes encore. C'est aussi un fait généralement reconnu que lors de la construction du chemin de fer transcontinental, le Canadien-Pacifique il dut prendre le pic à la main et se joindre aux travailleurs, afin d'inspirer confiance à l'Indien, qui voyait arriver d'un oeil désapprobateur cette "grosse bête noire" dans son royaume. Telle était l'influence qu'il exerçait sur l'esprit sauvage d'ordinaire si farouche; telle était la justice dont il fit preuve dans toutes ses relations avec eux, qu'il s'acquitt bientôt l'amitié, non seulement des Indiens, et surtout de Pied-le-Corbeau, fameux chef des Pieds-Noirs, mais encore des autorités du gouvernement. Il reçut d'Ottawa la mission de nommer chaque poste entre Edmonton et Calgary selon la langue indienne. C'est ainsi que nous avons aujourd'hui Wetaskiwin, Hobbema, Ponoka. Cependant, Lacombe et Leduc demeurent à la mémoire des deux pères colonisateurs, ainsi que Saint-Albert et la province même d'Alberta, que le P. Lacombe confia à son saint patron.

Dans ses dernières volontés, le bon prêtre avait désiré que son corps demeurât à Saint-Albert, mais il confiait son coeur au cher orphelinat qu'il avait fondé depuis peu à Midnapore. Pour cela, il fallait bien que la précieuse relique fut enlevée, et c'est mon père, alors jeune médecin établi dans la ville florissante d'Edmonton qui fut chargé de la délicate opération par les Oblats de Saint Joachim.

Et maintenant, que dire du résultat de ce dévouement infatigable, nous qui en avons déjà moissonné les fruits? Sur les côtes de Saint-Albert, au bord de la source gracieuse qui reçut la première l'impression de ce noble coeur, il est une pierre commémorative, témoignage silencieux de tout un peuple reconnaissant. C'est le monument muet du P. Lacombe. Puis jetez les yeux sur les régions avoisinantes; voyez ces églises, ces écoles, ces institutions. C'est là un monument bien plus éloquent, bien plus grandiose, qui parle bien plus haut qu'une pierre inerte de son zèle entrepreneur, de son esprit indomptable, de sa foi ardente. C'est là son monument vivant, avons une autre relique du P. Lacombe, et celle-ci, c'en est une qui non seulement ne mourra pas, mais qui s'en va grandissant, embellissant les premières.

Tout au nord de l'Alberta, dans les Territoires du Nord-Ouest, et jusque dans le cercle arctique, il existe encore des épis mûrs pour la faux du moissonneur. Il y a des peuplades indiennes à instruire des missions à fonder, des pauvres sauvages à évangéliser. Qui continuera l'oeuvre si bien commencée?

Il y a quelque temps, au Lac La Biche, mission composée en grande partie de Metis, je serrais la main d'un vénérable missionnaire à longue barbe grise. On me dit que c'est le P. Lacombe.

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HOME ECONOMICS NEWS

Chatelaine Club Activities

Many of the former Household Science students will be glad to know that we have reorganized the "Chatelaine Club" and are now affiliated with both the American and Nova Scotia Home Economics Associations. This membership also includes us in the Halifax Club which is a branch of the Nova Scotia Association. At our reorganization meeting, the following officers were chosen:

President-----Viola Pride

Secretary.....Margaret Mc Donough

Treasurer-----Hope Willard

Plans were made for the coming year regarding some philanthropic work to be done, and we are all hoping that this will be the "banner year" of the "Chatelaine Club".

Our first activity, as a Club, was that of entertaining the members of the Halifax Branch of the Nova Scotia Home Economics Association on January 21, when a regular business meeting was held, followed by a delightful social hour, during which refreshments were served. Miss Todd, President of the Halifax Club was in the chair; Miss Stanford, Dietitian of Camp Hill Hospital, delivered an interesting paper on the subject of "Ketogenic Diet in the Treatment of Epilepsy and Urinary Infections". This was followed by a splendid talk by Miss Mc Knight, Chief Pharmacist at the Victoria General Hospital and lecturer at the College of Pharmacy. The subject of her talk was the Mandalic Acid Treatment which is replacing the former diet in modern hospitals today. Miss Welch, Dietitian of the Childrens' Hospital, gave her impressions, from a nutritionist's point of view, of a London hospital which she had visited during the past summer. Miss Ruth Binnie, of the Faculty of the Halifax Ladies' College, then described the splendid work being done in Halifax along the lines of Adult Education in Home Making.

At the close of the meeting, the Chatelaine Club served refreshments. Tea was poured by Margaret Mc Donough, who was assisted by Geraldine Moaghr and Viola Pride. Refreshments were served by Anita Faulkner, Eileen Finnegan and Hope Willard.

The Club was allowed the use of the Social Room, which was appropriately arranged for the occasion. Our "extra special" rugs and floral decorations were used and Sister Francis deSales most generously lent us her table (as one member described it) in helping us make this room very comfortable and inviting.

After a vote of thanks had been proposed by the President and given by all present, the guests were invited to view the Home Economics Department and other parts of the Mount. All present were delighted with the size and modern equipment of our laboratory. For many members, this was their first visit to the Mount, and they were charmed, not only with our Department, but also with our Library and Chapel, to which each one made a visit before leaving for town at 10.30

Miss Ruth Binnie, Head of the Household Science Department of the Halifax Ladies' College, is at present conducting classes in cooking, budget balancing and food values, at the Brunswick Street Mission, under the sponsorship of the Halifax Branch of the Nova Scotia Home Economics Association as part of the Halifax Womens' Study Club Adult Education Program.

This class is largely composed of women on relief who are being taught how to get the most for the money allowed them--about twenty cents a day. Miss Binnie prepares her menus, taking as a basis, a family of five. She demonstrates at these classes, the making of such dishes as stewed prunes with custard sauce, Spanish rice with tomatoes, Pig's head, bean roast and suet pudding served with molasses. At the completion of the cooking of the products, those present are allowed to sample them, and printed recipes are passed around.

Two of the Chatelaine Club members, Margaret Mc Donough and "yours truly" volunteered to assist Miss Binnie at these classes. Both of us enjoyed the experience immensely and were delighted that we were afforded the opportunity of the experience, that of working with a teacher other than our own, and under circumstances different from those to which we are daily accustomed. Such experiences tend to widen one's knowledge and increase one's confidence. We feel, as a result of these evening classes, that Miss Binnie is to be congratulated on the wonderful work she is doing for the poor of Halifax, and it would be well if other such classes might be begun in various parts of the city.

Now, I believe we have come to the end of our Home Economics news for this issue. On behalf of the Household Science, may I extend to all our friends and readers, best wishes for a very happy Easter.

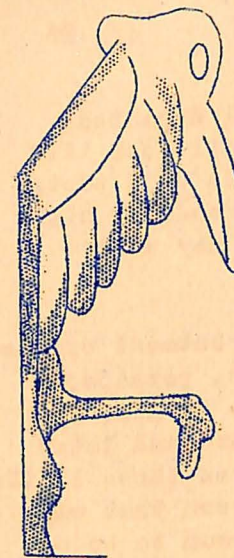
Viola Pride '38

HOME THOUGHTS

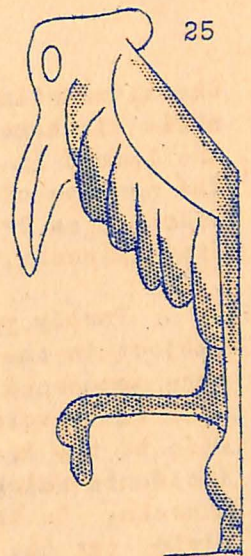
The winter boughs are golden in the sun,
The winds are whispering "Springtime" all around;
The swamps are bearing pussy-willows sweet,
The snow is fading swiftly from the ground.

I love it all, and yet--I know not how--
It does not seem the same as days before:
I wish I were at home to see the spring,
And hear the robins whistle round our door.

Mary Nolan, '39



BOOKS



"Unuttered"

"Waiting for words--as on the broad expanse
Of Heaven the formless vapours of the night,
Expectant, wait the oracle of light
Interpreting their dumb significance;
Or like a star that in the morning glance
Shrinks, as a folding blossom, from the sight,
Nor wakens till upon the western height
The shadows to their evening towers advance--
So, in my soul, a dream ineffable,
Expectant of the sunshine or the shade,
Hath oft, upon the brink of twilight chill,
On at the dawn's pale glimmering portal stayed
In tears, that all the quivering eyelids fill,
In smiles, that on the lip of silence fade."

Father Tabb

Have you ever attempted to describe something, to tell a story, to point an incident when you talked round and round the thing but could never quite strike the core of the matter? If you have you know that certain feeling of debt or obligation that you feel toward a person who, in a word or a few short sentences, strikes the very point you have been seeking to express, but which, with you has remained "unuttered." Sometimes three or four lines swiftly drawn by a cartoonist will give you that same essence of a picture. Only the telling details are drawn but the real thing is there, so truly and surprisingly that you are left gasping, perhaps laughing, but in any case wondering and amazed at the artist's power of expressing the spirit of a thing, the essence of a character. That feeling of surprised delight mixed with a sense of debt to one who has been able to utter a thought which has lurked, tantalizingly persistent yet "unexpressable", in your mind, is, I think, a big part of the pleasure of reading.

That is one reason, it seems, why Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln--The Prairie Years" is so enjoyable. The real Lincoln looks out at you so unexpectedly, so surprisingly through seemingly insignificant details. His abstractedness and keen thinking so oddly rolled into one, so apparently conflicting, are clearly shown in many incidents from Lincoln's behavior in court, and the incidents which Sandburg has picked to relate are perhaps among the most typical, and the most revealing of Lincoln's character. The sensitiveness,

the alternating melancholy and lively humour of the man are well depicted, while his home life, his life in the practice of law, and his political life are limned in by strokes, partly those of a painter, partly those of a poet. The portion of Lincoln's life which the book covers are those preceding his election as President---it is a background by means of which we may understand Lincoln, the President.

Partly parallel to, and partly a contrast to Sandburg's treatment of his subject in the life of Lincoln is that of Lord Charnwood. He is, perhaps, more concerned with chronological sequence of events in the life of Lincoln, with the development and growth of the man through his early years and later life to the Presidency. On the other hand, he by no means ignores those little incidents which bring out the character of the man, the real person that was Lincoln. On the whole, however, the picture he draws does not seem to be as vivid, nor the characterization as finely done as that of Sandburg. In contrast, also, with Sandburg, Charnwood gives the whole life of the man, his presidential work as well as its preparation. In a way he finishes the picture of which Sandburg has filled in the background.

Another rather different type of book which also seems to get at the essence of things, at the reasons behind developments is one, now old, but which I have been recently reading---"Ancient Art and Ritual" by Jane Ellen Harrison. It is not, as one might at first suppose, a contrast between art and ritual; in fact, it seeks to show how ritual has developed into art, how man has passed from active doing across the ritual bridge to art. As the transition is most clearly traceable on the case of drama, Miss Harrison has taken drama as the representative of the arts in the greater part of the book. She has pointed out the significance of the relationship of the Greek word for ritual "dromonon"---thing done, and the word drama---an art. When the book was first published Miss Harrison's theory was new, but it rang true; subsequent investigation and study has approved her claims. The examples which the author uses are extremely interesting, in fact they are a fascinating study while the style is easy and readable.

Among the outstanding fiction books of the past year is Walter Edmonds "Drums Along the Mohawk". It is, however, fiction with a clearly defined and accurate historical background. Many of the characters actually lived and took part in the events which are related, while all of them give at least a true picture of the people of the Mohawk Valley at the time of the Revolutionary War. The minor characters, as well as Lana and Gil, are drawn sympathetically and with a keen insight into misunderstandings and conflicts, as well as into the quiet courage and the faith in life which made Lana and Gil and the rest of those frontier people continue to pull together, continue the seemingly futile task of rebuilding homes continually laid waste by the Indians. The book shows, too, the quiet but strong growth among these people of a national consciousness, a pride in a country which they were helping to build, and a faith in its future, though they were by no means unaware of its shortcomings, and recognized that it had far to go to become perfect. More than anything else, however, the book shows the horror of Indian warfare, and the great extent to which white men, both English and American, were responsible for that horror. It presents a vivid picture of the disturbed, insecure turmoil that the Indian raids made of life in the Mohawk Valley during the Revolutionary War. At times that picture is rather stark, almost crude, but it is so by reason of the period which

it treats. An artist does not paint the rush and fury of a storm in pastel colours.

Since the last Kappa was published much new and interesting reading is to be found in the Library. Among the additions to the Music Department are now to be found such books as Ernest Newman's "Stories of the Great Operas and Their Composers". I have noticed, in the field of biography, Newman Flower's "Franz Schubert---the Man and His Circle", and "My Life" by Richard Wagner. I did not have time to read but just glanced over Agnes Repplier's "In Pursuit of Laughter"; it seems well worth further attention. Lately the shelves in design and home decorating have been rapidly becoming crowded. According to those who are particularly interested in those subjects you may find there, among others, "Great Works of Art and What Makes Them Great" by F.W. Ruckstull, R.L. Hobson and Laurence Binyon's "The Romance of Chinese Art", and Helen Koues "On Decorating the House in the Early Americas". A very lovely new set of Shakespeare's works has also been recently added to the library. One book which I almost forgot to mention but which I certainly intend to read the very first chance I get (why must one work?) is H.V. Morton's "In the Steps of St. Paul".

I think it's time now that I started to follow the road, the road "That might lead you anywhere-----To Mexico or Maine

But then, it just might fool you, and-----
Lead you back home again".

I seem to remember something about lesson plans to do "back home again".

Margaret Cummings, B.A.

JUST BROWSING, THANKS

I know lots of people who would be frightfully embarrassed if anyone asked them what a "hsien" was. A browser, on the other hand, would give the answer just like that---(snap!) The truth is that I did not know what a "hsien" was myself, until I discovered it on one of my browsing expeditions. Now that so many people are discussing hobbies, I can think of no better one than that of "browsing". By browsing I don't mean wandering around in a library. Ten chances to one the person who wanders in a library is not browsing but just looking for 822.2 or else he's waiting for someone. The browser hies himself to a remote corner of the reading room with a stack of books. He then browses through them, reading a bit here or looking at a picture there. The best browsing can be done in book stalls. I would stand for hours rummaging in the fond hope of finding a first edition of something or other. The only thing that I ever brought home was a copy of "Elsie Dinsmore" with the inscription "To Lucy from Mama." I never found out who Lucy and her "ama" were and so I threw the book in the waste basket. Poor "Elsie!" (Say, who started all this anyway?)

It is impossible to browse in stores and shops where a clerk who appears suspicious of you will keep interfering with, "May I help you, Madam?" As soon as you try standing a glass on the palm of your hand to ring it the same clerk will nervously remark "That glass is genuine rock crystal." This type of person is hard to do away with. Sometimes you can look over his shoulder in a puzzled way and tell him that someone wants him. When he hurries off, you may browse around ringing all the glasses that you please to before he

There are many people who are known to us regular browsers as "telephone book flippers". These are not a species of fish as the name might lead us into thinking but merely persons who start out to look up the Smith's telephone number and finish by screaming "Here's a good one, imagine being called Homer Schulgasser! Haw!" This type is usually found haunting the 'phone booth at the 42 street entrance of Grand Central station. They are very friendly and will start a conversation with anyone. For instance, they flap through the book for a few minutes and then without any warning collapse on the stand, overcome with laughter. They do this any number of times until the quiet little man who has been looking for his wife's cousin Florrie's number will sigh and say, "Well, 'What's so funny'" This is just what our friend, the t.b.f., has been looking for---an audience. He buttonholes the quiet little man and says, "How would you like to answer to the name Myron Blatherswort?" His question, of course, is accompanied with loud bursts of laughter, which passers-by think were occasioned by the q.l.m. "You can't tell anything from a person's face any more, that fellow must be a wit. He certainly has that big man in stitches," they'll say. They don't know t.b.f.'s.

Well, take that "hsien" business now, (I insist that you take it--I'm tired of it.) That is a word that will always be useful if you know any Chinese people. If you don't know any Chinese people just regard the whole thing as lost time. What's that? You wish I'd stop all this boring talk and tell what this annoying "hsien" is in the first place? Well, a "hsien" is.....it's a.....eh.....it resembles.....I know that a "fu" and a "chow" come in somewhere.....let me see..... Oh, wait until I do some more browsing.

Marie V. Carpenter.

THE RIME OF THE ANGUISHED COLLEGE GIRL

It is an anguished College-girl
She stoppeth one of three -
"By thy wasted frame and hollow eye
Now wherefore stoppest me?"

She holds me with her clutching hand
"There were Exams," quoth she;
"Now get thee hence, thou silly girl,
For what is that to me?"

She holds me with her glittering eye
My mind is in a whirl--
I listen as if mesmerized ---
To that wild-eyed College-girl.

"My pen was got--my foolscap bought,
Cheerfully I did go
Into the room in which we wrote;
But oh, the bitter woe!"

The paper danced before mine eyes
Not one word did I know!
For like a slam--that grim exam
At one glance laid me low!"

"I fear thee, Anguished College-girl!
(Her eyes with frenzy shone)
And thou art wild and fierce and strange--
I fear thy mind is gone!"

"Alone, alone, all all alone;
Alone in that awful room;
And never a friend took pity on
My soul so plunged in gloom."

God save thee, Anguished College-girl
From the fiends that thus plague thee!
Why look'st thou so?" -- "My marks do show
I flunked the Chemistry!!"

Mary Nolan.

AFTER GRADUATION--WHAT?

For some years now women have participated in the transactions of the business world and have placed themselves on an equal footing with men. The feminine cause, after a bitter struggle against the prejudice of long centuries and the incredulity of men, emerged victorious. True, the World War was a big factor in aiding woman to forge her way into the economic world. But whatever the influence of circumstances, and whatever woman's efforts, today she is universally associated with business. She has it within her power to become financially independent, and consequently, maritally so, if she choose. She is potentially, if not actually, capable of reaching the summit of business success.

The advantages that the feminine emancipation and equalization have wrought are many. Two questions here, however, are timely. Have they made woman's life easier? Have they made it happier? It would be foolish to doubt that her lot was improved. She is no longer an almost helpless creature for she has won the right to earn her own living, if she so desire. Her aspirations are no longer in vain. Before her stretches a vast field of opportunity from which she may select a career, and through which she can attain heights proportionate to her endeavours. But now the question of happiness enters. Once a woman's ambitions have been realized, is she thoroughly happy? Is she content to continue her work side by side with her new associates, or does she envy friends who have sacrificed a promising career, for a husband and children. Is the capable wife and mother happier than the efficient secretary or lawyer?

An article which appeared recently in a well known publication answers this last query in the affirmative. It was a plea from a successful, middle-aged business woman, who stated frankly that as a young girl she had thrown aside the possibility of marriage and a family, which seemed so trivial then, for a position which promised much. She pursued her ambitions, and finally reached the goal of her striving. She was satisfied until one day a new craving began to grow within her--a craving for something that would crush her feeling of "aloneness", something that would wipe out the fear of old age. The vigor of her youthful day had subsided, yet at all times must she appear alert and ready to undertake anything. She could not afford to slip gracefully into a mature figure, for she continually had to keep looking smarter and younger every day. The role of being independent of men and equal to them had lost its appeal. She acknowledged that her longing could be fulfilled and her problems solved by a home, a husband and children, but it was too late to think of these. Her plea then was that her experience might be profitable to others.

This confession of a business woman should be more important than interesting to those who are secure in a good position and to those who are preparing for a career. It is worthy of consideration because it tells of a living instance, when a woman's selfish desires for independence and freedom have been conquered finally, yet futilely by a naturally innate desire for home-life. To us who are about to leave college it should be a lesson that teaches us to take a long view of life rather than to be satisfied with an immediate prospect. Let it never be forgotten that marriage in itself is a career that requires the coordination of all woman's skill and energy.

Irene Veniot, '37

A Year in France - continued from page 10

BUT LET US GO OUTSIDE THIS BEAUTIFUL CITY. Its memory will never escape us for we shall hear of Paris no matter where in France we travel. "When in France, do as the Parisians do" might be well given as good advice, for all of France looks to Paris.

A visit to an open-air school proved most interesting. The very name of this school seemed to make it attractive, especially to us who daily trudged up four flights of winding, wooden stairs to a dim and dusty room at the Sorbonne. When we visited this school and found it was exactly as named, we were a bit surprised, then delighted. Situated at Suresnes, a short distance outside of Paris, this school is the only one of its kind in France. It is more or less of an experiment, and its success will probably cause the construction of others. The buildings are but one story and are made of special glass. Each section opens from floor to ceiling. This enables the classroom to be really in the open air all day as even the roof of glass can be opened in fair weather. The classrooms are well equipped. Maps, blackboards, etc. have to be placed on stands as the four walls are of glass. A very interesting piece of school equipment was a large globe about twenty feet in diameter. It is kept outside in the middle of the grounds. The continents are in relief, and one may easily go to the North Pole by simply mounting an ascending passageway which circles the globe!

The building in which the children sleep is brick on the side facing the street, but glass on all other sides. The whole group of buildings is in a very attractive setting of trees, grass flowers, etc., which makes it a

very charming and inviting-looking ensemble. The pupils are specially selected for this school from among the sickly or very poor children in the Parisian schools. They were all away at the time we visited the school, so I cannot say how bright and happy they looked, (the traditional remark to make), but I am sure a school environment could not be made more attractive, and there must be many cheerful faces usually to be found there.

S. M. B.

WHEN I PLAY IN THE TORONTO SYMPHONY—

I slumped down in my straight-backed chair, not made for slumping, and listened to a renowned Canadian concert pianist—"myself"---. The write-ups had been very good and so being interested in music, especially piano-forte, I paid 75 cents to listen to "myself".

"Myself" was terribly good--not bad-looking either, as artists go--I liked the dress--just what a temperamental, erratic musician should wear--definitely not a "Paris" model but distinctive, quite different from the audience whose clothes looked as though they had all read the same "Paris says--" column.

But "myself" as a musician was outstanding--such masterly technique, such strength, a beautiful touch--I liked the little dramatic touches--the arm raised its full length at the end of a number, the hands held over the keys with a slight turn of the wrist before playing. Masters, old and new, played with the same ease. At the end, to leave the audience in the right humor, "myself" played a very modern number done up in a classical style--Yes, definitely, "myself" was pretty good.

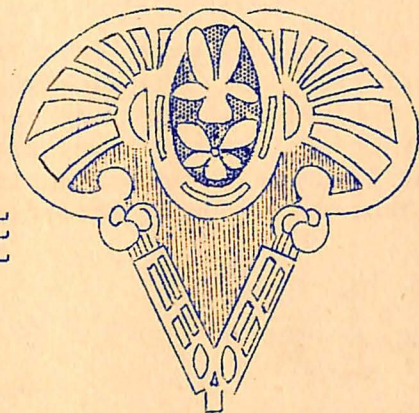
Now, to bigger and better fields. "Myself", like a big Broadway producer, tried herself before smaller audiences to see the reception before her big moment with the Toronto Symphony--That will be the day!

I can see "myself" now--the dress? Oh, that is going to be especially designed to give graceful lines while playing and also to give plenty of room for "action"--The number?--I'm not sure--one of Beethoven's Symphonies, I am told--At any rate it will be something to try out the technique and ability of the soloist. They tell me it is something unusual to have a woman soloist--I hope "myself" will be well-received. She deserves it after all these years of practice.

For a piano stool the back of this chair is awfully hard--but piano stools don't have backs. For goodness sakes! This isn't a piano stool. Everybody is leaving, Miss Nancy Reed's concert, not the symphony, is all over!

Donalda Kelley, '38

ALUMNAE



NOTES—

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Doris Beed, we hear, is to be married in the spring. The Kappa takes this opportunity to extend to Doris best wishes for her happiness in the future.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hoss (nee Lavalie Bixby) are being congratulated on the birth of a daughter. Lavalie also has a charming little son Billy, who is two years old.

Anna Burns, in conjunction with Eunice MacGillvray, held a very successful bridge recently the proceeds of which have been donated to the Alumnae Scholarship Fund. A letter tells us that Anna has taken up weaving in view of a government position.

Marie Carroll spent Christmas at her home in Halifax and paid several visits to the Mount during the holidays.

Rose Chambers, it is rumoured, expects to return home from the Kentville Sanatorium in June. We truly hope this rumour will materialize.

Eleanor Coady who is engaged in Adult Education in Newfoundland was before Christmas teaching at various outposts but now Eleanor expects a post at home with classes of Girl Guides and child welfare mothers.

Moirra Desmond was the guest of Marie Soper recently and spent several afternoons at the Mount.

Harriet Myers paid us a short visit not long ago and is looking remarkably well as a result of her enforced rest.

Ruth Elliot is to graduate from Regis this year and expects to major in clothing and costume design.

Catherine Gallant has been elected Prefect of the Amherst Children of Mary. We are not at all surprised to hear this since Catherine was such a zealous member of the College Sodality last year when she was the treasurer and a very active member of the Bulletin Board Committee. Catherine tells us that she has been substituting in grade one of the Amherst school for two weeks in addition to tutoring several private pupils.

Dorothy Harrison is still teaching at the Infirmary. Dorothy is a very active member of the Halifax Home Economics Club and was present at the meeting of that club which was held at the Mount under the auspices of the Chatelaine Club of the Mount recently.

Claire Henley expected to make the annual retreat at the Mount and was very much disappointed when she was unable to do so.

Betty Kelley has been in Halifax for the past few months. She is staying at the Haliburton Inn and is attending the Maritime Business College. Betty is also taking the course in French Conversation being given at the Mount by one of the Dalhousie professors. In addition Betty is also taking riding lessons.

Rita Maxwell is still engaged in secretarial work in Boston and tells us that she finds it very interesting.

Jean Montague paid one of her rare visits to the Mount recently.

Muriel Mossman has a teaching position at Hubbards and is so busy with her class work that she finds little time for corresponding.

Mary MacDougall visited Betty Kelley in Halifax last month and paid a flying visit to the Mount. Mary and Norma Buckley McIsaac made the "between trains" stay of two of our Sisters who were passing through Montreal during vacation very pleasant. Norma is very happily settled in her charming new home.

Marguerite Macneil has been quite ill but we are very glad to hear that she is now on the road to recovery.

Margaret MacNeill is teaching dietetics at St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay and to use her own words "just loves it."

Rita Nugent is wintering in Florida reports tell us.

Mary O'Brien has been getting some substituting and is also tutoring.

Mary and Rhoda Parsons are still faithful to the Mount and visit us frequently.

Mary Pumble has had various temporary positions since she left the Mount and is now doing secretarial work for the Canadian Electric Co. in St. John.

Alice Ruel is nursing in a private hospital belonging to Dr. Michaud, the brother of Paquerette Michaud whom many of the girls must remember.

Mary Romans who is assistant superintendent at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal spent Christmas at her home in Bear River.

Anne Shea has been most successful in her work and is in line for the first promotion open in the New York City Hospital System.

Alberta Veniot was presented at the drawing room of Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir at Ottawa recently.

Marie Amirault has been busy organizing study clubs among the young girls of Pubnico. Marie tells us that she got the idea from the Kappa.

While in Boston and New York recently Sister Evaristus had a delightful visit with Margaret Lauder and Anne Shea.

The members of the Alumnae will be grieved to learn of the death of Hilda Durney's mother after an illness of several months and also of the death of Bernadette Lanigan's uncle, Mr. John Murphy. We recommend the souls of these faithful departed to the prayers of all the old girls. The Kappa takes this opportunity of offering most sincere sympathy to the bereaved families.

Marie Forhan, '37

* * * * *

Dorothy Le Clair's classmates were very sorry when Dorothy had to go home after a rather long stay in the Halifax Infirmary. They hope that she will soon regain her health and be with them again in September.

* * * * *

Mil: "I don't think I deserve zero on this shorthand test, Sister. S.M.C. "Neither do I, but it's the lowest I give."

S.M.M. "Now, I hope you thoroughly understand the importance of punctuation."

Nancy: "Oh, yes, indeed. I always get to class on time."

LABORATORY LAMENTATIONS

It is the first day of the month, the first day of the week, the first day of the second term and--the first day of our course in organic chemistry. Four F's,--I wonder if I could add a fifth, Yes, I have it--formula. What long formulae this course requires! Let me see if I can remember the one I copied from Noyes' Organic Chemistry.--How frightened the girls were when I showed it to them. It was tetranethyldiaminodiphenol Methane. How am I ever going to remember names like that! Oh dear! I am surely not going to pass Chemistry this term.--Thus I soliloquized as I sat in the "Lab" awaiting the opening of class.

The lecture began. Quickly my pen sped along my paper as I jotted down the following notes.--"About the beginning of the 18th Century Scientists classified substances as mineral, vegetable, and animal. Later two classes of division were given, those substances that could be made artificially and those that could not, called organic and inorganic. However, in the 19th Century Wholer prepared an organic substance by artificial means, and the study of the divisions of Chemistry under went a great change. So that now organic chemistry is defined as a study of carbon compounds.

Now for the experiment. To find the m. p. (melting point) Directions were; first, to make a melting point tube, that is a tube four inches long with a diameter an eighth of an inch. This is made by heating a glass rod and pulling it out when soft, separate the new tube from the old and seal one end.----What useless worry I thought as I took the piece of tubing provided: Thus is very easy work--just like beginner's Chemistry. Let me see--when the tube is soft take it out of the flame. Pull--slowly----Dear me! I thought my hand was steady but this tube has many curves. It will never do. I must try again. Slowly and steadily I pulled when--Zing!--instead of a long thin tube I held two pointed pieces in my hands. I glanced around at my companions. They were all busily at work. A look of care was on each face. Then the tense silence which had pervaded the room was broken. Exclamations of pain, from burns; despair from defeated efforts, and satisfactions from a few successful workers, followed in quick succession. Once I heard the instructor remark "Remember, girls, you are making a melting tube, not chemical jewelry. Some of your results look more like necklaces and bracelets than capillary tubes. Pull with steadiness and firmness."

For half an hour I toiled only to be disappointed. My fingers were burned and bandaged. My place at the table was strewn with bits of broken and distorted tubing. Then the bell rang for dismissal. As I left the Lab my thoughts were in keeping with my soliloquy at my entrance although not in the same strain. I had anticipated difficult formulae. I had attempted what I thought a simple experiment and did not succeed. As I closed the door I thought ---Instead of F's I can now think of three P's which are very necessary in chemistry work: Patience and perseverance bring about perfection.

Agnes O'Donnell, '39



SAPPA KRONICLE



EDITORIAL

Well, here we are again--the good old Sappa, all complete with weighty articles, amazing stories, and maddening poetry, for the education and amusement of our devoted public. But as this is an Editorial, it should treat of some topic of the day, so we have chosen "World Conditions".

We think World Conditions are just awful.

When you have recovered from your awe at our keen penetration and knowledge of world affairs, you may roll up your sleeves, spit on your palms, and plunge into the rest of the Sappa.

A Modern Poem in Blank Verse (very blank)

Bedford Basin is very blue

So am I

From on high

The sky bends down

Why am I?

Why is life?

Why especially is Shorthand?

Who knows?

Who cares?

Come let us weep on the typewriter!

And speaking of typewriters, have you read this one:

Ode to My Venerable Typewriter

Tinny tintophony, cursed cacophony

Pandemoniacal clink

Onomatopical, kaleidoscopic

Clinkety, clang ka- tink!

(Selected)

Marian Goes to the Ball (A short short short story)

Marian took one last look at her awe-inspiring reflection in the full-length mirror. She was arrayed in a breath-taking confection of green cheese-cloth, which was fastened at her shoulders and fell in a cascade to the floor. Great tin hoops swung from her ears, and a coronet of braided twine coiled itself around her head. The purple of her eyes was exactly matched by the purple of her lipstick and nail-polish, and a hectic flush mantled her brow. She was going to her first ball--her very first ball!! Perhaps she would see him there!

Just then her mother called upstairs that it was raining heavily and she would not allow Marian to go to the ball. So she didn't go. Aren't you disappointed I'll bet I had you interested.

Shut Your Mouth and Save Your Life

That was the title of an old-fashioned book we came across lately--which goes to prove that even in great-grandpa's day Silence was Golden. It calls to mind our quaint modern saying about opening your mouth and putting your foot in it, and I'm sure we are all able to exclaim "now true 'tis" from bitter, bitter experience. How many times has opening our mouths after 8.10 p.m. in Top Flat got us a campus on Saturday, when a good show was on in town.

Opening our mouths too often at table or at the cupboard isn't so good either. In fact, the only place where open mouths are really desirable seems to be at Choral Practice.

Sometimes one can shut one's mouth and save other lives, as is the case with some of us who take singing.

I am sure we are all familiar with the experience of saying something--or almost saying something--mean, about someone else, and turning to find that person at our elbow. (Nasty shock, isn't it?)

So, dear reader, just take this piece of advice to heart, and you can live as long as Methuseleh. Won't that be nice?

M. Nolan

To the Ladies:

Easter is nearly upon us once more, and soon our Easter bonnets will be upon us also (I hope). I think the time is ripe to spring my own original pattern for a sweater to wear with your new hat. It's called the Easter-egg stitch and it's really very chick. First you get a dozen balls of yarn, cast on a few stitches on to your needle, and knit rapidly for half an hour. Then change to purling, and purl until you are tired. Start to cast off until there is a little heap of dropped stitches on the floor beside you, and then take a look at what you have done. If you have come this far without getting anything that looks like a sweater, just take the rest of the yarn, braid it into a rope, and go hang yourself. You're hopeless!

Now for some Style and Beauty Notes. "Peasant" styles are all coming in; this should fit in well with our folk-dancing -----The latest thing is to wear your hair in a cast-----Mount girls when getting new hats should buy ones with elastic crowns, so that everybody can wear everybody else's-----For those of you who "can't do a thing" with your faces, I advise vitriol. This will take your face completely off, so that you can start afresh-----On account of the coming Coronation, the Royal Family will have a great influence on styles. I prophesy that we will all be wearing short socks like little Princess Elizabeth.

Thus far writeth Sappa's Editor
Mary Nolan, '39

A Tale

"What ails Mulcahey?"

The students asked.

"She talked too loud

On leaving class!"

"Who heard her scream?"

"I", said the Sister,

"I was nigh - with my little eye--

I saw her then!"

"What did she say?"

"Naught," said the Sister,

"It was I--with my little tongue--

I said the 'say!'"

"Who'll dig the grave?"

"There is no need!--

Five days she'll be campused

Students----Take heed!

Irma Charman

"Utopia"

Sister: "Margaret, can you answer my question?"

Marg: "No, Sister--I didn't have time to prepare my lesson."

Sister: "That's all right, Margaret,-- sit down, dear. I will try to give the class shorter assignments after this."

"Tuesday"

"Sister, may I go to town for the night. There is a dance and---"

"That's all right, dear. I like to see the young folks enjoy themselves. If you are tired when you get back to-morrow just lie down and rest a while--don't worry about your classes."

Rita: "Could you give me your quarter for club dues. I'm collecting now."

Student: "I was on my way to give it to you."

"There is the 'gouter' bell now".

"Oh good! I imagine it's angel cake and ice-cream again. And I'm so hungry."

Irma Charman

LENTEN LECTURES

With its characteristic zeal in furthering Catholic Action, the Catholic Women's League has recently sponsored a series of four Lenten lectures held at the Lord Nelson Hotel on consecutive Wednesday evenings. Many of the college students attended the lectures which were of real value from a cultural as well as a religious standpoint.

Dr. Wilson of Dalhousie University, the first lecturer, chose as his subject "International Relations that Led to the World War." He introduced his theme by a recital of documents published by the leading powers of Europe since 1914, the purpose of each country being to vindicate itself of all blame. Then in a clear and logical manner he traced international events that led to the World War from 1870-71, in which year began the friction between France and Germany. He showed the enmity which continued between them and the mutual distrust which existed between the Balkan States and Russia and Austria which finally culminated in the tragedy of 1914-18. Dr. Wilson settled for many of us an argument of long standing and did it in a manner both interesting and educative.

The subject of the talk by the Reverend R. V. Bannon of St. Francis Xavier University, the self-styled "substitute of a substitute," was one which perhaps could only have been fully appreciated by a Nova Scotian audience. His subject was "The Early History of the Church in Eastern Nova Scotia" and Father traced the development of the Church particularly through the life of one man, a brave and zealous Frenchman, Antoine Goulin, who, despite innumerable hardships, yet succeeded in instilling into the savage Mohawks a love for Christ and His Church that was never to be extinguished. This talk was given in Father Bannon's individual manner well known to many of us as he related for us the romantic history of a man whose influence is still being felt and whose labor has led to Nova Scotia's freedom from religious tyranny.

In the third lecture on March 3, Reverend James Boyle dealt with the problem that is so much discussed today--Catholics and the Social Order. His lecture treated of the evils of the present economic system and the means necessary to insure its working success. He pointed out the virtues of Communism which should be imitated by our Christian society, such virtues as a spirit of co-operation, loyalty, and zeal. The co-operative democracy, of which the world has need, can only be found through live Christianity. This democracy, built on a firm foundation with individual units working together as a unified whole, demands educated Christians both to create it and to aid in its working. The speaker then stressed the value of study clubs in this educative process, study clubs organized for the purpose of adult education. Father Boyle was peculiarly qualified to speak on this subject. His knowledge is not merely theoretical, indeed he has an unlimited practical understanding of his theme. He spoke with earnestness and ease. His voice is particularly pleasing and his perfect poise and self confidence make him a lecturer well worth listening to.

The last lecture by Mr. David Goldstein of Boston Massachusetts, was a fitting climax to this most unusual series of lectures. His topic was "Communism" and he began his theme with a complete explanation of the meaning of the term "Communism" and briefly sketched its history from the age of Plato. From this

he led up to the term as it is understood today. He clearly showed the doctrines of this system that conflict not only with the doctrine of Christ and of his Church but conflict with the rights inherent in the very nature of man. Mr. Goldstein then contrasted these Socialistic beliefs with the ancient teaching of the Catholic Church. Communistic doctrine is based on atheism and hence it follows logically that since man has evolved from matter he, individually, has no rights and exists only for the state. Communists inculcate these doctrines into very young children and forbid all Christian teaching. Mr. Goldstein showed how Communists have degraded women by breaking up the family and bringing them into industry. He concluded by saying that the aim of Communism was a brotherhood of man but how can there be a brotherhood of man without a fatherhood of God?

Mr. Goldstein is not unknown in Halifax. He visited here many years ago but the impression made by his charming personality and earnest delivery, has not been forgotten and he was received with both pleasure and enthusiasm.

Gene Stevens, '36

Glanures d'un grand passé--continued from page 22.

Il y a quelque temps, au Lac La Biche, mission composée en grande partie de Métis, je serrais la main d'un vénérable missionnaire à longue barbe grise. On me dit que c'est le P. Lacombe. Non ce n'est pas un songe: C'est que le neveu du premier Oblat de ce nom a repris l'oeuvre que la mort de ce dernier avait interrompue. Le voilà son troisième monument, le plus noble de tous--c'est le dévouement, le zèle que son exemple a succités; c'est l'héroïsme qui ne cessera pas avec la mort d'un héros, mais qui se propagera tant que toutes les brebis ne seront pas rentrées dans le bercail de notre sainte Eglise.

S. M. F.

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