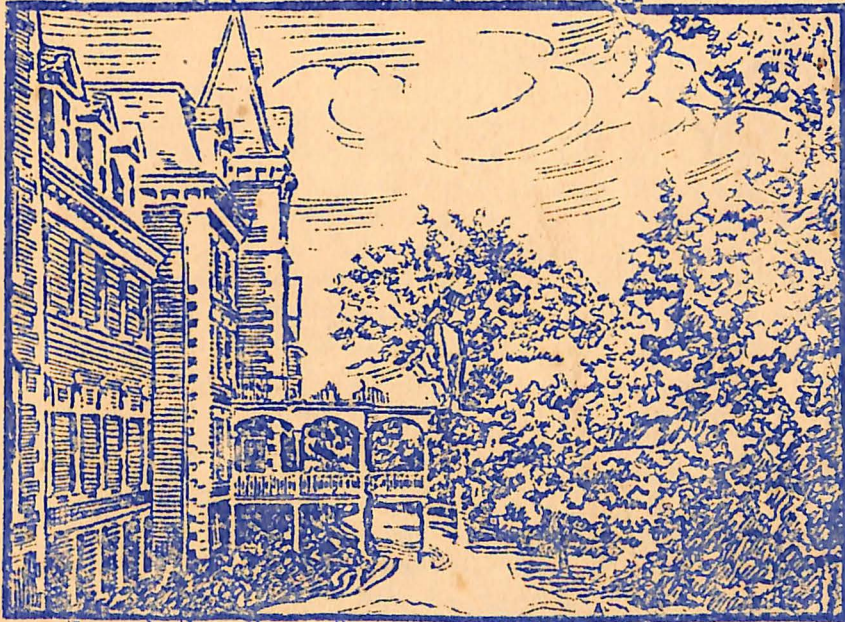




# KAPPA KRONICLE

*Easter 36*



MOUNT  
SAINT VINCENT  
COLLEGE

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA



RESURREXI ET ADHUC TECUM SUM, ALLELUIA

## EDITORIAL

"This day the very earth must cleave asunder  
And from the cleft Christ rise again for me."

Almost two thousand years ago on the hill of Calvary the Savior of men was crucified and died. They took Him down from the Cross and sealed the body in the sepulchre; and fearing lest His disciples should come and steal the body and say that He was risen, they rolled a great stone against the door of the tomb and set guards to watch before it. Friday passed, and Saturday, and then came Sunday morning - glorious, with a breath of joy and expectancy in the air. The guards slept; the great stone sealing the sepulchre rolled back; Christ rose triumphant, beautiful, - He had overcome death, and would die now no more. The faith of the Apostles was justified; the teaching of Christ and His Church confirmed. And there came a great joy into the world, and a great hope; Spring quickened life in the natural order; Christ risen quickened life in the spiritual order. The gloom of the Passion lifted and there burst forth from the hearts of His followers a triumphant cry of joy - - "This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us be glad and rejoice."

In the world of to-day the faith is suffering its passion; over the whole earth its precepts are being denied, its leader blasphemed, and in more than one country, people are seeking to seal it up as in a tomb. They are burying the faith of ages, and lest it break forth again, they are rolling up against its tomb a great stone - the stone of the lethargy and indifference of its own followers - and they are setting guards to watch about it - guards of Communism and militant atheism. And so time is passing. There must come again an Easter Sunday and for the world "Christ rise again." And on that Easter Sunday, the great stone of indifference will roll back, and the faith rise again victorious over the heads of the sleeping guards. But that great stone of indifference is heavy and it must be a strong, vibrant faith that would move it, a faith that is living in its followers. Thus it is a solemn obligation of every one of us who holds that faith to bear it as a light and set it as a torch in other hearts, and steadfastly to follow its flame. So growing in intensity and power, it may burst forth past the great stone of indifference and shed its light over all the world.

But faith has, too, to overcome the guards set against it, before it may rise again triumphant over the world. But the guards of Communism and atheism are wary and hard to tire. We, followers of faith, must constantly seek to wear down their resistance until at last they sleep. What is to be said of us if their enthusiasm is greater than ours, their efforts more untiring? For after all, the advantage is on our side. The guards of atheism go leaderless, and untaught to their charge. The guards of Communism obey the dictates of their dead leaders, Marx and Lenin. But we go to break down their resistance that faith may rise victorious; at our head we have a living leader, Christ,

who is always with us to guide and aid us. Then must we engage the enemy ceaselessly. This is our part in the preservation of the faith of Christ.

It is true that faith will never really be conquered, that though we may fail in our part, it will ultimately triumph. If, however, we are negligent, the victory of faith will be deferred - it will lie for a longer time than need be sealed in by the great stone of indifference, and guarded by the followers of Atheism and Communism. While it is thus sealed up against the attacks of the enemy, our effort must break through the mist of unbelief and bring back faith to the world, that all men may say with us,

"This day the very earth must cleave asunder  
And from the cleft Christ rise again for me."

Margaret Cummings '36

KING GEORGE V

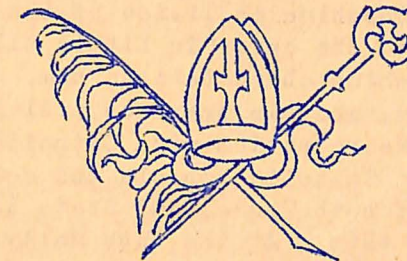
"It is not strange what power is in decency of character and cleanness of life." George V was a king whose whole life embodied these principles, and for that reason he was much loved, greatly respected, and is now greatly missed. Not only was he beloved among his own peoples, but the whole world admired him, and paid respect to him. He was a kind father, a faithful husband, a good friend to great and small, and a gentleman king. His friendship is attested especially by the poor, with whom he did not hesitate to mingle.

The king is the one man who cannot retire from his position because of age or sickness; the late king always took his work seriously, though power never became an obsession with him, and his sense of humour was remarkable. It was so characteristic of him, when he found he could not control his hand to sign the last document presented to him by his ministers, to apologize to them with a smile, for keeping them waiting - always a gentleman and always considerate of others. That seems to say more for his greatness than volumes of laudation.

On the day of his funeral the broadcast from London was received by the College students, and an impressive service was held in the Chapel in memory of "George the good, the gracious."

"He was most royal among royal things,  
Most thoughtful for the meanest in his State,  
The best, the gentlest, and the most beloved."

Verta Curry, '37



IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED ARCHBISHOP  
THE RIGHT REVEREND THOMAS O'DONNELL, D.D.

Shepherd he was and watchman on the height;  
Wise-man he was, with noble gifts and fair;  
What vision broke upon his mortal sight?  
What star hath lured him on with beauty rare?

Like unto those who, summoned in the night,  
Passed wondering to Messiah's manger-bed,  
He left his flock to follow angels bright,  
And fearless through the darkness swiftly sped.

Like unto those on whom the great star shone,  
Who could not rest beneath its beckoning,  
He left his home and friends to journey on  
And find contentment with his Lord and King.

The flock still waits upon the silent hill;  
The journey done, the Wise-man's feet are still.

S.M.A.

Octave Day of the Epiphany

1936

The tolling of the "De Profundis",---Community, College, and Academy were on their knees, interceding as one, for the Archbishop who was no more. To all who had been praying for his speedy recovery it was a great shock, and here at the Mount, all felt that a very dear friend had been taken from us.

The geniality of His Excellency's nature was well known to us whom he visited here from time to time. Even the tiniest girls in the school rejoiced in his good nature. One of the most charming stories told about the late Archbishop is that, after seeing the play St. Thomas More presented at the Mount, he was so enchanted with the thesbian abilities of the youngest actress that he sent her a box of candy with the card "To little Will Roper---". This was one of the graceful gestures which characterized him. No convocation at the Mount was complete without him, and his presence will be sadly missed this year.

Archbishop O'Donnell's preoccupation with Catholic youth is widely known. He wished to make the youth in Catholic schools and colleges the leaders in the world tomorrow. The future of both Church and State depends on them. On every possible occasion he stressed this. At the huge Rally of Catholic youth held in St. Patrick's Church during the Canadian Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention, which took place in Halifax in November, his speech to that effect was perhaps the most moving delivered during that time. It was his interest in Catholic youth that impelled him to lay down stringent rules concerning dancing and other forms of amusement. Catholic students as well as younger Catholics in every walk of life, should set the example for others, was his theory, and Catholic youth was guided and aided in this by him.

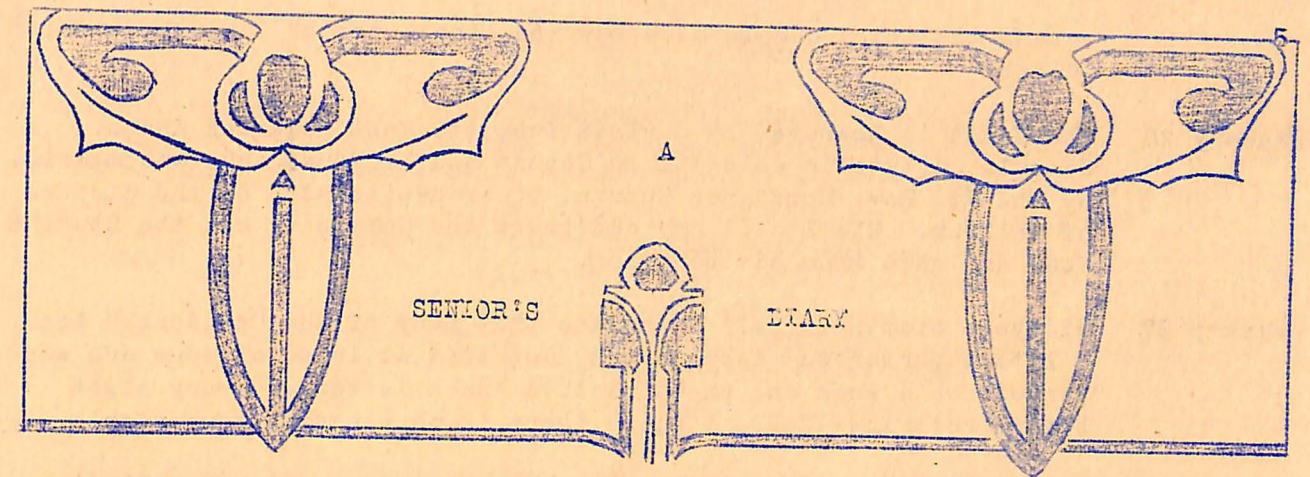
The late prelate was outstanding in charity, sincerity, and justice. It can be said of him that he was, above all, just with a justice that was tempered by charity. His charity was shown in the sums he expended for the poor, both to private cases which came to his notice, and to charitable institutions. It was such human qualities which endeared him to those who knew him. As his anxiety for Catholic youth was genuine so were all his other interests, whether charitable or ecclesiastical. His sincerity led him to discharge his duties fearlessly in the face of any opposition. The love of duty and the absence of human respect in the face of all opposition, which characterized his life, remain a lasting example to us.

During the six years Archbishop O'Donnell had been here, several new churches were built, as well as the imposing structure on the picturesque shores of the North West Arm, which is the episcopal Palace of the Archbishop of Halifax. In it is contained the valuable library which attests to the literary zeal of His Excellency.

It was the versatility and many-sidedness of our late Archbishop's personality, as well as his executive ability which led men in every walk of life, of all sects and denominations, as well as leaders of all kinds of organizations to pay him tribute at his death. Such a character as was his could not go unsung and unacknowledged. It was said of him by Sir Joseph Chisholm, a man who can appreciate his greatness, that as well as being an able administrator--- "In private life he was a man of great simplicity and charm, and he endeared himself to all who had personal relations with him." This, we Mount students have discovered for ourselves, and it gives us great pleasure to see it so aptly as well as publicly expressed.

To those of us who heard his Excellency's words on the shortness of time and the certainty of death, on Christmas Eve, it seems strange that Our Archbishop should have chosen this subject for his last public discourse. It can not but prove a lesson to the Catholic youth whom he loved so much, as well as an example and ideal for the youth in Catholic Colleges to follow.

Margaret M. Morrissey '36



- January 1 And Lo! The New Year dawns---the eagerly and anxiously awaited Leap Year. Last term we Seniors happened to remark that this ought to develop our powers of initiative, but some clever freshmen---with the typical freshmen wit---replied that it would be more likely to be our powers of endurance. Of course, we always let these "dear children" have their little joke.
- January 9 The solemn silence of the Marble Corridor was broken---The "gentle ladies" of Mount Saint Vincent returned, overflowing with enthusiasm and high spirits such as always mark the beginning of a new term---especially when these aforesaid individuals had forgotten in their holiday rush, that mid-year examinations were not far off.
- January 10 No body hungry today, in fact many were heard refusing a piece of Lettie's fruit cake. The College Corridor in state of hopeless chaos as bags piled up inside and outside of bedroom doors. "How long will this last?" is the query.
- January 12 Classes have begun in earnest. This morning Sister spoke to us of beginning our review for exams. All Lettie's cake and Dotty's nuts are gone, and those who complained of never wanting to see a cookie again, were heard conspiring to buy some French pastry---which just goes to prove that sometimes we say things that we don't exactly mean.
- January 13 Merry laughs and jocular moods are abruptly suspended by the sad tidings of the death of Most Reverend Archbishop O'Donnell, who had been a very dear friend of the Mount Community during his term of office in Halifax. We too join the train of mourners and recite the Rosary at his bier.
- January 15 Hills are gay with flashes of color---oh, yes; it is still January and the color is not contributed by nature but by the variegated ski-suits of our keen sportswomen, so keen, in fact that they don't even bother with such petty details as trees, in their mad career downhill on toboggans. 'Tis true that some of the less fortunate suffer somewhat from these chance encounters, but then---what's a bump or two among friends?
- January 23 Father Boudreau, a white father, who has laboured for some years in Africa gave us a most entertaining talk, illustrated with lantern slides, on the missionary activities in Africa, and on the life and customs of its people. A few of those who were lucky enough to

reach the inner circle also saw "The lion's tooth" and the bark cloth. 6

January 26 The Mount is honoured by a visit from the Most Reverend Andre Cassulo, apostolic delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Curran, vicar capitulaire of the diocese of Halifax. His Excellency addressed the Community and the Student Body and gave them his blessing.

January 27 Mid-year examinations!! We notice that many of our "students" look a little perturbed, despite the fact that at least classes are suspended for a week and an attractive lunch is served every night before retiring--Well, I guess there is no pleasing some people.

January 28 Our Student Body, together with the entire Community of religious assembled in Chapel this morning to offer prayers of thanksgiving and petition in respectful remembrance of our late Sovereign--before concluding our Memorial program, prayers were recited for our reigning Sovereign Edward VIII.

January 29 A very interesting and enlightening lecture on Communism was given by Sister Francis de Sales, who for some years has been in charge of the Department of Economics and Modern problems. For a long time a number of Alumnae, who are members of Catholic Study Clubs had been requesting this lecture, and at length they were gratified. The lecture was followed by a film illustrating the principles and ideas of Communism in contrast to those put forward by the Catholic Church in the Encyclical of Pope Pius XII. Afterwards some of us helped to serve a light lunch in the College Social Room.

February 3 Sighs of relief--gnashing of teeth--beaming and streaming faces--all the result of the posting of Mid-year examination reports. But time hurries on and so do we. The new semester begins at once without "prolonged breathing space" for self-appreciation or self pity. "The Music goes down and round" on the saxophone, but the school routine at M.S.V. "goes round and round."

February 4 A number of timid students gather outside of the Dean's office--many valiantly trying to appear nonchalant and unperturbed. Cheer up, girls! such interviews are an inevitable result of examinations, and there is consolation in the thought that our fellow collegians elsewhere are going through the same ordeal.

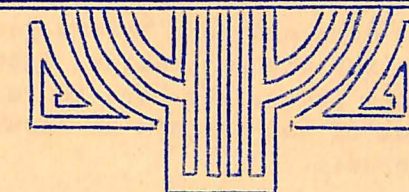
February 7 A memorable week-end at Mount St. Vincent, the College girls were conspicuous by their absence. By some strange coincidence, more than two thirds of the Student Body decided to accept invitations to spend the week-end in town. Probably the strain of examinations had been too much for most of them and a change of environment was prescribed.

February 12 A general Conge--and a Goons' Party in the evening. Everyone endeavoured with the use of odds and ends including make-up and masks, to look crazier than she does in every day life--I think Eleanor Coady was really the "gooniest" --and so Fate decreed that of the four "goons" selected she should draw the lucky number, receiving the "grand" prize of a cellophane package of candies.

February 25 Shrove Tuesday. Another party-Lent. Dolores Donnelly--'36.



## SOME SODALITY NOTES



Although the College reopened on January 8th, we did not hold our first official Sodality meeting until the following Monday, January 13th. By this time the holiday spirit of frivolity had sufficiently abated to enable us to turn our minds to our more serious duties, and it was gratifying to see a full attendance at our new session.

We were happy to learn from a note of thanks received from the General Alumnae Convenor, that our small part in helping towards the Orphanage Christmas Tree Fund had helped to meet a real need, and had been much appreciated.

Since the New Year too, we notice that the interest and enthusiasm shown in the Study Clubs of the Mass and the Mystical Body of Christ, have been steadily increasing. It has been gratifying to note that new members have even asked to join "on late entry", so the original enrollment has been considerably increased in each Club. Many enlightening discussions have already given evidence of the utility of these Study Groups.

On February 3rd, we had the pleasure of hearing a most interesting descriptive lecture on the Canadian Pioneer Foundresses of Religious Orders, delivered by Sister Maura of the English Department. Sister sketched in detail the life of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, recalling many familiar historical incidents connected with conditions existing in the Quebec of the period.

On February 11th, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes was commemorated by the following Coronation Ceremony, the first one of this school year. Though simple, it was nevertheless very effective.

### PROGRAMME

Coronation Hymn--"Mother of Christ" -----Sodality  
(Jane Thorup, crowning)  
Poem--Tribute to Our Lady Immaculate-----Rose Sullivan  
Reading--The Significance of Lourdes-----Margaret Cummings  
Poem--"Mary the Mother of Jesus"-----Aileen Wilson  
Hymn--"Hail Mary" -----Sodality  
Act of Consecration

On February 21st, the annual Retreat was opened. Each year one hears on all sides: "It was the best Retreat ever!" But never had Retreat exercises a truer title to this claim than those of 1936--May it be fruitful in good works for us all, and may the Retreat Master, untiring in his labors for us, receive many blessings in return.

A request for two Sodality members to organize Study Clubs among the young girls working at Mount Saint Vincent, was received during the Month of February. The request was gladly granted. Miss Margaret Cummings was selected as leader of a club for those speaking English, and Miss Catherine Gallant for those speaking the French tongue. The first meeting is to be held on March 6th and we hope to tell you about the progress in the Annual Year Book.

Vocation Week will have come and gone before you read this Easter Kappa: already plans are being made for its activities, details of which will surely find a place somewhere in this issue. We hope to be able to maintain the same high standard of presentation of the subject of Vocations which the past three Sodality groups have set for us.

Our ambition is now to finish our year in a continually increasing spirit of service to Our Lady, that we may develop in ourselves some little likeness to her.

M. Dolores Donnelly '36  
Secretary, Sodality

#### THE RETREAT OF 1936

On Friday evening, February 21 the last word was spoken and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament began the Retreat of 1936. Our Retreat Master, this year, was Reverend Father Myers of the Redemptorist order, who has given several missions and novenas in this district. The earnestness and sincerity of the students were evidenced by the numbers to be found in chapel during the free periods, the amount of spiritual reading that was done, and from the very expressions of their faces.

Father Myers promised us at the opening meditation that if we cooperated with him the Retreat would leave a mark on us for eternity. The subjects of his talks included "Sin", "Confessions", "Vocations", "Death", "Judgment", and "Eternity". To illustrate his topics, Father told us the stories of some of the early martyrs of the Church. All through the Retreat Father impressed us particularly with the meaning of Eternity and urged us to have a greater love of God and devotion to His Blessed Mother.

The third day was dedicated to Our Lady. At the evening meditation the statue of the Blessed Virgin was surrounded with candles and flowers. A hymn was sung to Our Lady at the opening; we renewed our Act of Consecration after the meditation and closed with "Mother of Christ". After Mass on Tuesday morning Father gave us the Papal blessing and said a few words of farewell.

Kathleen M. Deasy '37

#### CHRIST IN WOOLWORTH'S

I did not think to find You there---  
Crucifixes, large and small,  
Sixpence and threepence, on a tray.  
Among the artificial pearls,  
Paste rings, tin watches, beads of glass.  
It seemed so strange to find You there  
Fingered by people coarse and crass,  
Who had no reverence at all.

Yet--what is it that You would say?  
"For these I hang upon My cross,  
For these the agony and loss,  
Through heedlessly they pass Me by."  
Dear Lord, forgive such fools as I,  
Who thought it strange to find You  
there,  
When You are with us everywhere.

From "The Master of Men"

#### ANNE

David Conway stood looking at the calm face of his young wife as beautiful in death as it had been in life, and realization of his loss swept over him. Tears, he had none--none--only misery and dreadful sorrow filled his heart. He felt as though his entire world had crashed around him. Never to see her again--never to hear her sweet voice and lilting laughter. Impossible--yet it was true. His Anne had fled, leaving him her little namesake, tiny four-hour old Anne, his daughter.

For wee Anne, David had no love. She who would have been their greatest joy, his Anne-bride lived was for him now only the source of his grief. There was no persuading him. He would allow no show of paternal feeling. His thoughts were with his wife, not his daughter.. He actually despised the tiny bundle of humanity and avoided it assiduously.

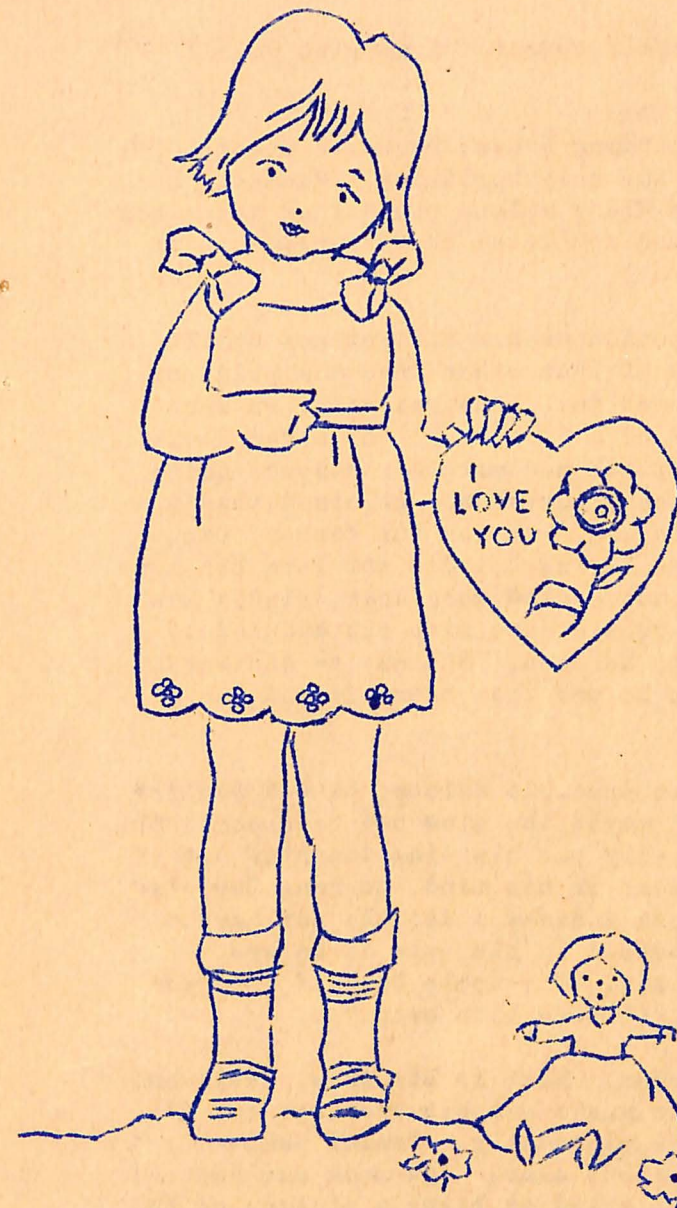
After Anne's funeral, when the baby's destiny was being broached, Daniel, twin brother of Anne, asked David what he intended doing. David did not answer at first but when the words came they were harsh and bitter. "I suppose there are asylums of some sort for infants. She'll have to go to one of them; I simply can't have her here. She'll be paid for, of course." Young Dan stared amazed at his brother-in-law. That the husband of his dearest sister could talk

so, seemed to him inconceivable. Talking did no good--David could not be persuaded to have any personal interest in Anne. Arguing was useless and appeals to his heart were of no avail. Daniel, never a patient man at best, finally exploded.

"If you think Anne is going to any Orphans' Home, you're crazy. I'll look after her myself." With that he ran upstairs to Anne's crib. There she lay--a wriggling, squirming infant. Infinite tenderness and pity filled his heart and he exclaimed "Well, Anne old girl, it seems as though we are to be inseparable once more." He had never quite forgiven David for stealing his dearest chum's heart and hand. Gingerly he picked up the tiny bundle and carried it downstairs. David paid no attention to it though Daniel laid it down quite close, until he could don his overcoat and gloves. When he had the child in his arms again, he turned to bid David goodbye. His only answer was, "What on earth will you do with an infant, you a bachelor and living in a boarding house?"

"That's so," said Daniel, "but I can at least love her for her mother's sake and I guess even a bachelor can bring up a child as well as an orphan asylum could."

David did not so much as glance at Anne as he said curtly, "Well, it's your own



affair. If you're determined to take her, I don't object. I imagine you'll have your hands full though."

How Dan managed to get wee Anne to his boarding house, he never understood. But get her there he did and then his problem was only beginning. Suddenly he had a brilliant idea. Maybe his old nurse the Widow Malone would look after her for him. With Dan, to think was to act. He had completed the arrangements in less than a half hour.

Between them, they managed to lavish affection on her and yet not spoil her. She grew to be a lovely child, the image of that other Anne and pride of the neighborhood. Her uncle Dan was her greatest joy. She was going on four when she began to get very wise. One day, out of a clear sky, she asked about her mother and daddy. Uncle Dan managed to explain her mother's absence quite satisfactorily. Anne already knew something about heaven and rejoiced that her own mother had such lovely companions as the angels. As for her father, Dan could not bring himself to tell her that he was living but did not love her nor want her. All the daddies with whom Anne was acquainted were dear, kindly men who loved their lads and lassies. I was her acquaintance with the daddies of her playmates that had led her to enquire about her own. She was so distressed because her uncle Dan could not tell her where he was that tears filled her baby eyes.

Dan managed to evade the question and when Anne was asleep, he set out for David's home. Perhaps David would relent, and maybe the blow had been somewhat softened by now. Surely a father could not really put his tiny daughter out of his heart forever. With these thoughts uppermost in his mind, he rang David's bell. It would be a bitter blow for him to lose Anne--yet did she not have a right to a really truly daddy? Anne's voice echoed in his ears as he was admitted to David's house. He could hear her say, "Oh--uncle Dan; if only you could get me a really truly Daddy, I'd love you more than ever."

Daniel found David playing his beloved organ. Next to his Anne, David had loved his organ; now that Anne was no more his music was his greatest consolation. He welcomed his brother-in-law quite pleasantly. Daniel went straight to the point. He waxed enthusiastic about Anne. How much she resembled the other Anne in looks and manner. He tried to bring a picture of the little laughing raven-haired child to this seemingly cold, impassive creature. David did not seem impressed and Dan departed with no hope or encouragement, yet determined to try again next day.

When he had departed, David fell to thinking of Anne. His usual pastime and his thoughts strayed to the home which might have been his, had things been ordained otherwise. In spite of himself, a picture of little Anne kept cropping up in his heart--the picture of the little girl Dan seemed so fond of and whom he so ardently described. He glanced up at the picture of his young wife, and her eyes seemed to beseech his love for their little one. Both the Annes filled his thoughts tonight and somehow the thought of little Anne did not pain him as it usually did. Sleep brought him more pictures of these two.

The next day was February the fourteenth. The mailman brought him a few letters and a strange looking missive. It was addressed to D. C. Conway and as his second name was Conal, David opened it. He and his wife had the same surname, though they were not related. As a consequence Daniel and David had the same initials. Daniel's second name was Patrick, however, and they used their second initials to identify themselves. The envelope contained a gay valentine.

The large red heart with the words "I love you" was signed in big wobbly letters "Your Anne!" His small daughter! Why should she be sending him a card! The signature caught and held his attention. "Your Anne." How ironical, he thought, and yet how true. She was his, he could not get away from that, and strangely enough, he no longer wished to evade her. What a fool he had been. Dan's description of her, again filled his thoughts. All his bitterness vanished and a smiling, roguish face took its place. The thought of what her love would mean in the long years ahead filled him with awe. He seemed to hear her say, oh, so proudly "I have a really truly Daddy, too." The two of them together would be closer to Anne than the two of them apart ever could hope to be. As the old relentlessness slipped away, he determined to seek Dan and tell him his determination.

Glancing at the headlines of the paper, he read "Daniel P. Conway. struck down with heart attack, condition serious." The "P" seemed to glare at him. He knew now why he had received the greeting. Childish hands had made the "P" look like "C" and her father had received the message meant for her dear Uncle Dan.

When David had reached the hospital, a bravely smiling Dan propped up with cushions, greeted him. In order to relieve his mind, David told Dan at once of his sudden determination. A look of complete surprise, mingled with happiness, shone from Dan's countenance and his lips uttered congratulations to the new found father. "Bravo, David, I didn't think you could hold out much longer. I'd have lost little Anne to you anyway and now I shall regain my dearest chum, your other Anne. She will be glad to know that I left her baby in good hands. Tell Uncle Dan's Anne that I have gone to join her mother but that I've sent her a really truly daddy, and now she can love me even more than ever." With these words Dan smilingly left earth for heaven. David, gazing upon the serene countenance of the young uncle, whispered:

"Bless you both, Dan and Anne. Help me to be her really, truly Daddy and thank you for showing me the folly of my bitterness. Watch over us and bring us both home to you so that we can all be happy together for ever and ever."

Lenore Pelham, '37.

## A LYRICAL MOOD

I'm in a lyrical mood  
That so funny something  
Inside of me, sings  
And all the poor sparrows  
Have bright peacock wings  
And the raindrops - slanting in lines  
                    of dull grey  
Are bright crystal gem beads.  
I'm happy today  
For I'm in a lyrical mood!

The pale dripping icicles  
Fringing the wall  
Are long bars of silver  
Not wet ice at all;  
And the snow banks  
Covered with dark city grime  
Are phantasy towers  
From story book time --  
For I'm in a lyrical mood!



Oh, I'm in a lyrical mood:  
That so funny something  
Inside of me, sings,  
For the world is o'erflowing  
With magical things  
- The chimney stacks, hidden in low misty smoke  
Are pipes of hobgoblins  
Flying high for a joke-  
I'm merry to-day  
For I'm in a lyrical mood!

Marie Ackermann

### ARE YOU SUPERIOR?

1936! A New Year. What are you going to do with it? You have already made your resolutions? Did you spend some time in introspection before making them or are you one of those who refuse to acknowledge personal weaknesses and who are unwilling to reckon with them?

Undoubtedly, some people are finer, higher, better bred, nobler than others. They are Superior.

What is the keynote to Superiority? It is not determined by your social status, your bank roll (Register relief), your genius or your talents. Emperors, Kings, Presidents have had coarse and bestial natures. A famous singer, painter, or writer may be a scoundrel. Neither does it depend solely on what you do. A vulgar person may perform a dazzling deed. Superiority depends on one thing: "WHAT DO YOU LIKE?" Likes and dislikes can be controlled. If you don't believe this, you are common and will remain so. Most of us, I think, are superior in streaks. Few are thoroughbreds. However, there is a chance to enter the straight gate if you have the necessary determination and intelligence.

The Superior One is Spiritual - meaning, his pleasures are more of the mind than of the body. Do you fret when you can't have luxuries, fine clothes, prominence? Well, all the world is like that - not necessarily wicked, but just common. Do you like Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, etc, so much that you would miss a meal for the sake of enjoying them? If so, rejoice! You are Superior.

The Superior rejoice in simplicity-in dress, in habits, in food, and in pleasure.

The common crowd love to be served. "The instinct of service to others is the core of politeness."

Are you swept away by the love of money, fine feathers, or by the fun of any sort of play? That is the way of the crowd. They all do it-and you are common. If you can give up pleasure, money, even life, for the sake of a high principle, you belong to the Nobility.

How many can say,  
In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced or cried aloud.  
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed?" If you can answer "Yes", you are not bitter and you have made one goal in the game for superiority.

C completed on page 14



The superior are clean in mind and body, gentle and humble. They are distinguished by their quietness and their poise. Familiarity with them does not breed contempt. Do you wear? Do you last? ARE YOU SUPERIOR?

Muriel Mossman, '34

(Muriel writes that this article was inspired by the reading of "The Fineness of Man" from the Crane Classics.)

Prayer for a Good "Kappa"  
(To Saint Francis de Sales, Patron of Editors)

When there's no one around to help us,  
And we want to get finished to-night;  
When copy is lost amid manuscripts tossed,  
And there's something still to write;  
When the editor sits bewildered,  
And all inspiration fails,  
Then share the balm of thy heavenly calm,  
Good Saint Francis de Sales.

When the readers resent what nobody meant,  
And when mailing lists decline;  
When we go to the "till" and find there's "nil"  
And of adds there isn't a sign;  
When we don't catch sight of the misprints  
Till the Kappa is in the mail,  
Then keep us whole in body and soul,  
Brave Saint Francis de Sales.

When the very last page is printed  
And the noisy Gestetner stilled  
And the readers' delight makes the work seem light  
To us who with dread were filled,  
May some word of ours that was fruitful  
Be found in the fateful scales;  
So aid again those who wield the pen,  
Great Saint Francis de Sales.

Grace After Reading

You complained in your rhyme, Mr. Nanky Poo,  
That others borrow ideas from you  
With never a credit line. True, Mr. Poo,  
But here's one who gives thanks where thanks are due.

Marie V. Carpenter, '37

Collegiates, Please Note!

Lord Nelson - "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour beforehand."

It is said that a river becomes crooked following the line of least resistance. So does man.

Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky.

Be kind: Every man is fighting a hard battle.

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.

The great man is great on account of certain positive qualities that he possesses, not through the absence of faults.

ESSAYISTS

OLD AND NEW

The essay has flourished during both the eighteenth and the twentieth century. Thus a detailed comparison of this literary form during the two periods is impossible in a short article, and I have attempted to limit my subject by comparing the essay of the two centuries as illustrated particularly in the works of three important and fairly representative authors from each. From the eighteenth century the rather obvious choice for particular study is of Addison and Steele--those two who perhaps did the most in bringing about the recognition of the periodical essay as an established literary form in English. As a third choice, I have taken Goldsmith--outstanding and beloved in both his own time and in ours. The choice of representative essayists for the twentieth century is more difficult. Since the essay, today, is one of the most widely used of literary forms, and the test of time which definitely singles out material of lasting worth from that of momentary popularity has not yet been applied, the choice depends to a great extent on personal preference, guided by the opinion of the majority of trustworthy critics. Judging by this standard, the works of Belloc, Agnes Repplier, and Arnold Lunn seem to exemplify fairly well the essay of today. Hilaire Belloc I have chosen as representative of the Modern didactic essays; Agnes Repplier as exemplifying the more personal, familiar type; and Arnold Lunn as typical of the latest of moderns--with the easy, fluent, yet forceful style characteristic of this class.

The first to be considered of the eighteenth century essayists is Richard Steele (1672-1729). To him in great measure may be attributed the creation of the periodical essay. His first periodical to be published was the Tatler which appeared three times a week. The idea of the paper was his own and the greater part of the material which went into it was his--indeed it was not until about the eightieth paper that Addison began to contribute to any great extent. With Steele and his contemporaries the essay underwent a profound change. At this time, clubs and coffee-houses were very popular in England, and to a great extent affected the theme and attitude of contemporary writing, and made for the development of a more natural, conversational style. This influence was reflected in a marked degree in the essays of Steele particularly in his "Sir Roger de Coverly" papers. The social and didactic discourses common to the coffee-houses of the day are also closely paralleled in his works e.g. in such papers as "The Coverly Household". Steele himself defines the purpose of his essays in a dedication to Mr. Maynwaring; he says, "The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false acts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourses, our behavior." The use of the non-de-plume, Isaac Bickerstaff, for the papers of the Tatler because he felt that moralizing would be simply ridiculous from such a man as he, is typical of Steele--it reveals the man in one stroke. It was characteristic of Steele to depreciate his worth as an author as he did his worth as a man. Perhaps it is for this reason that people who lived during and immediately following his own time were so ready to admit Addison as by far the greater of the two. Today, however, this is not so easily accepted. It must be admitted that Steele had the more originaive mind--the Tatler and the character of Sir Roger were both his ideas. His work, marked though it is by carelessness and defects, gains in tone what it lacks in style; and last but not least, there is to be found in much of his writing that fine humanness later so characteristic of Goldsmith and Lamb. His work

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was not by any means uniformly good, but he reached at times heights never attained by Addison.

Addison was closely associated with Steele during his life and his writing is very similar at least as far as choice of subject matter goes. Addison's impeccableness of life is, however, reflected in his style and his essays are free from defects of carelessness found in Steele. You can easily hear the self-righteous Addison speaking in the assured words of such passages as, "It would indeed be incredible to a man who has never been in France, should one relate the extravagant notion they entertain of themselves, and the mean opinion they have of their neighbors. But I believe everyone who is acquainted with them, will allow, that the people in general fall short of those who border on them, in strength and solidity of understanding". It is quite characteristic of Addison to consider a culture in which he had no part as necessarily inferior. In reading Addison's works it is almost impossible not to note the strong didactic strain which runs through them--even in the "De Coverly Papers," the essays take a form which almost amounts to a sermon. This characteristic tended to make his work less personal. For instance, his essay On Dreams entirely lacks the subjective treatment the pleasant irony, and tempering of humour with which almost any modern essayist would treat it. He says matter-of-factly, seriously, "I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimations of its dependency on matter." There is one subject, however, dear to many eighteenth century writers such as Johnson, and Goldsmith, which Addison dealt with in much greater detail than Steele--that is the field of literary criticism and review. In this class may be mentioned the papers on "Dramatic Improvements", "A Criticism", "Account of Sappho", and many others. Like Steele's, many of his works are an analysis and criticism of contemporary political and social life. The unimpeachable Addison airs his opinions on the follies and foibles, as well as the moral laxity of his time in such writings as "Vanity of Honours and Tilters", "Sir Roger and Will Wimble," "On Infidelity," "On Seducers of Innocence" and countless others.

Last to be considered of the 18th century essayists, Goldsmith (1728-1774). Much of his essay writing is contained in "The Citizens of the World," papers in which he wrote a series of one hundred and twenty three letters purporting to be from a philosophical Chinaman travelling in England. Goldsmith's works are marked by the kindly humour, and sympathetic understanding of human nature lacking in the earlier essayists. He excelled in social satire and was at his best when he was recording his own opinion on the lengths of ladies' trains, or on the quack doctors of London; or the opinion of his Chinese traveler on the intense enthusiasm of the English for politics, in letter IV, "National Characteristics" where he says, "In short, every man here pretends to be a politician....This universal passion for politics is gratified by Daily Gazettes, as with us at China....You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any actual knowledge of the politics, or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding." The sly dig at the coffee-house propaganda of the day contained in the above quotation is quite characteristic of Goldsmith. He did not, however, altogether neglect serious themes. Among his essays may be numbered works of literary criticism, moral discussions, and the Oriental allegory--the story of Asem.

Judging, then, from the works of these three authors the essay in the eighteenth century had already broken away from the earlier classical models and

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had greatly widened its range of subject-matter. For the most part it was didactic in tone and was very particularly a vehicle for the social, political, and moral discourses of the day. It was influenced a great deal by the coffee-house-clubs of the day, and as a result introduced a more natural conversational style of writing. Partly as a result of its subjects, it tended away from the personal; and in many cases the words of the author were put into the mouth of some particular character in the essay, for example, the Spectator in the writings of Addison and Steele, and the philosophical Chinaman in the Citizen of the World papers. Besides social, political, and moral topics, the Eighteenth Century essay went in a great deal for literary criticism. Johnson is perhaps more noted for this type of essay than the authors studied here, but it is to be found also in some numbers among the works of Addison and Goldsmith, and Steele has written a few. In the latter half of the century an element of kindly, subtle humour, as evidenced in the work of Goldsmith, was more to be noted than before.

More than a century has intervened since the time of these authors. As it is to be expected the essay has undergone considerable change, modification, and development. Since Hilaire Belloc was writing the earliest of the Twentieth Century authors I have chosen for study, it seems most logical to examine his works first. He is a natural-born essayist, of the scampering, ironic, sarcastic type. You can't help but be affected by what he says, even if it rouses in you the desire to contradict him. His essays appear very often in such publications as G. K.'s Weekly. They are very often didactic in tone, and written in defence of the Catholic religion. He does not by any means confine himself to this, however; for instance he has written many articles on economics, politics, history, biography, and sociology. There appeared in the June 13, 1935 issue of G. K.'s Weekly a very interesting essay of his on the currency situation in Europe. "The Four Men", on the other hand, might be described as a unique tribute in essay form to his own county of Sussex; I suppose, too, it might be called a series of essays on travel--or rather on a journey. In "The Contrast", is contained a series of contrasts between America and England--comparisons of the physical, social, political, religious, military, lingual, and literary institutions of the two countries, as well as their attitude toward the outstanding questions of the day, and their foreign relationships. It is typical of the man that he should treat the question from every possible angle. Wide as is the range of subjects of which he treats, Belloc is nevertheless intensely personal. It is his own opinions, undisguised, even at times prejudiced that he gives in his essays.

Next to be considered is Agnes Repplier. She is a much less prolific writer than Belloc and not given as he is to the argumentative and didactic type of essay. Nevertheless, in her own way, she covers a fairly extensive range of subjects, and is considered one of the foremost modern American essayists. The most personal and perhaps least erudite of her books of essays is "In My Convent Days". Here she writes in a very interesting and altogether charming manner of her early life in the Sacred Heart Convent in Torresdale. For the most part her other works, although very informal, might be called scholarly, and are marked by a wealth of classical allusion. Miss Repplier is, too, the possessor of a quick wit, and her keens thrusts are to be noted in almost all her later essays, such as "Thieves of Time" and "Sweet Are the Uses of Publicity". A certain pleasant irony and keen criticism of books and men are typical of Agnes Repplier; you can almost hear the slightly ironic tone in which she would say those knowing words of hers, "Conversation was not then a small coin to be paid out hastily like carfare, merely in order to get from one topic to another." Finally, although her work is informal, it is decidedly not formless--her points are well chosen and she sticks to them; there is nothing shapeless about the essays contained in such collections, for example as, "Fireside Sphinx" or "Banks and Men"; in part, what constitutes her especial appeal is her combination of her crystal-

line, well-outlined form, and a familiar readable style.

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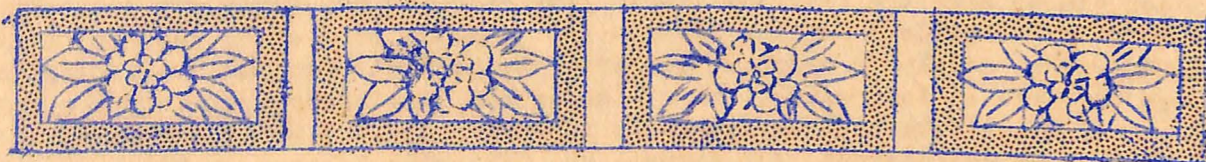
Arnold Lunn is one of the most modern of the 20th century essayists. He resembles the earlier writers in the breadth of his subject-matter but differs somewhat in his style. He, too, makes use of the familiar essay and his writing is personal in tone, but it lacks almost entirely that element of satire so noticeable in almost all the earlier authors. He is, rather, direct and forceful, and his works are clear and to the point. For instance in "We Must Begin By Destroying", his persuasion is perfectly straightforward; he says, "Our problem, then, is to establish contact with the disciples of Wells and the modern prophets. Our case is so strong that we have nothing to fear from open controversy and debates. The fisher of men who fishes in modern seas must bate his hook with the modern prophets." This love of controversy with the modern prophets is to be seen in one of his most recent essays, "The Good Gorilla", which appeared in the January Catholic World. Renan's unwilling recognition in later life of the possible failure of "the good gorilla", rational science, to regulate well the affairs of men provides this modern protagonist of religion with food for much discussion, much well-thought-out refutation of the theory of the Science-God of today. Furthermore, the most modern of the moderns also makes use of comparisons suited to the modern world,--"though the driver of sanctity carries farther than the niblick of controversy, the niblick is a useful club for extricating a ball which is trapped in the bunkers of modern bosh." The books "A Saint of the Slave Trade" and "Now I See", though the first is a biography and the second an autobiography, are really extended essays in that they are written more to arouse interest in the work in the slave trade, and to give a defence of the Catholic Church than for biographical purposes.

Summarizing from the work of these three authors, it appears that the range of subject-matter of the 20th century essay is almost unlimited. The style is for the most part easy, familiar, and personal, though the tone of the essay varies according to the author. In the earlier part of the century great use was made of pleasant irony, and sarcasm both pleasant and unpleasant, but this is gradually being replaced by a more straightforward, forceful style.

From the reviews of the work done during the two periods, it is easy to compare them. In general, it is apparent that though the range of the essay had been greatly widened with the introduction of the periodical essay, it has since then broadened tremendously, so that today it is almost unlimited. The familiar, natural style of the modern essay is but a development of that of the 18th century, but it differs from it in being for the most part personal rather than impersonal. Another point of difference lies in the fact that the essay today gives no outstanding prominence to any particular subjects as it did to social, political, and moral discourses in the 18th century; it is used to an almost equal degree for all fields of thought.

In conclusion we might observe that while there are differences in the essays of the two periods, the later is essentially a development of the earlier form. As we built on the foundation of the 18th century essay, so the future must build on that of today. With such representatives as Hilaire Belloc, Agnes Repplier, and Arnold Lunn, we do not doubt that the foundation will be, indeed, a solid and trustworthy one.

Margaret Cummings '36



A HOME ECONOMICS

MEDLEY



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Since Easter festivities are just around the corner, I think, probably you might enjoy a few suggestions that may be a help in preparing more attractive menus for that season. Easter Day, with bright April skies, spring-like and gay, certainly brings us a desire to do something "just a little different!"

Let's begin with Easter breakfasts! Maybe you do not know why the breakfast is considered the most important meal on this day, do you? Well, in case you don't, I'll tell you. This breakfast is a renewal of what used to be a traditional form of Easter festivity, the noon breakfast following the Easter church service and dress parade--both of which were likely to stimulate a splendid appetite in those who attended such functions only once a year. So now, of course, you will want to do something different. But it will not be an Easter Breakfast if it's all different, because there must be eggs and all color schemes must be carried out in yellow and green.

So, let's see what it shall be. Here is a menu which would be much appreciated by the little ones.

Orange Juice  
Cream of Wheat, Cooked with Dates  
Colored Eggs (soft cooked) in a Nest  
Banana Bran Muffins  
Milk Cocoa

Then, if you are looking for an attractive menu for older folks, maybe this one will please you.

Chilled Grape Juice  
Parsley Omelet Triangles of Boiled Ham  
Cheese Muffins  
Waffles Maple Syrup  
Coffee

Then again, how about a Daffodil or Jonquil Breakfast or Luncheon? Here's one we served at Mount Saint Vincent Foods Department with great success. Recipes for any item will be sent upon request. This breakfast may be served wholly with the use of paper appointments which will aid in carrying out the color scheme. Pots of jonquils should be used if available.

Pineapple, Grapefruit and Orange Sections  
Creamy Scrambled Eggs  
Toast, Points with Devilled Ham  
or  
Creamed Eggs au Gratin on Slices of Baked Ham  
Squares of Golden Corn Bread  
Chocolate Crullers Cottage Cheese (tinted yellow)  
Milk Coffee  
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Spring days, too, invite new menus and since we shall not meet again until June, I do not think it out of place to give for your approval the following suggestions.

We have been told by experts that this month of April is the peak month for the game of bridge, as other months are the peak for football, for racing and even for playing marbles. The milder weather in April, the longer days, the Easter hats and frocks, all predispose to bridge and Bridge Parties. The most common form of entertainment is variously called a High Tea, a Sit-Down Tea, or a Four O'Clock. It is a combination of luncheon, hearty tea, and early dinner, and it may be served at any time between four and five or six in the afternoon.

Jellied Chicken Bouillon  
Broiled Brook Trout  
Potato Balls Rolled in Parsley Butter  
Asparagus Tips with Mushrooms.  
Clover Leaf Rolls  
Fruit Granite  
Dressed Endive  
Pineapple Tarts  
Tea                      Coffee                      Chocolate

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With the advent of the month of May, our minds turn invariably to May Parties and Mothers' Day. Did you know that many of the old-world customs centre around May festivals and parties, through them running the spirit of thanksgiving that the winter is spent, the summer is at hand? From the Old English maying, we have borrowed the Maypole Dance, May Queen and May baskets. All through the month there are out-of-door parties and picnics, so if you are interested in May Parties, you may find the following a help. Perhaps the younger folks like to prepare everything at home before starting. If they do, here is a menu for a May Picnic.

Creamed Chicken with Peas  
Lettuce Sandwiches--Cheese and Guava Sandwiches  
Celery                      Stuffed Olives  
Bananas                      Apple Turnovers  
Coffee                      Milk

However, this picnic meal is not only for children to prepare, and it is such an appetizing menu that I do believe it will appeal to many of you older folks. Don't you think sandwiches are just about the nicest things to serve at a picnic? Many variations of sandwiches may be made to suit the picnic lunch or the more dainty refreshment dishes.

Now that Mothers' Day is so generally observed in May, it makes an excellent opportunity for you to entertain Mother--and the rest of the family--at Sunday dinner. Of course, you want a dinner that is spring-like and just a little different, but one that is not too difficult to prepare. I am suggesting a pattern for such a dinner with variations that may better adapt it to the preferences of your family. This four course dinner should suit any girl who is anxious to prepare a surprise for Mother.

1. Lime Juice Cocktail or  
Jellied Consomme in Cubes with  
Crisp Crackers

11. Roast Loin of Lamb--Brownies in Jackets  
New Green Peas or Glazed Carrots or  
Buttered Asparagus                      Buttered Carrots in Cream  
Brown Currant Sauce

111. Salad of Spring Greens with Mayonnaise Piquante or  
Melon Balls on Lettuce with California  
French Dressing  
Cheese Straws

1V. Amber Ice Cream--Small Snow Cakes with  
Yellow and White Icings or  
Fresh Strawberry Parfait--Golden Sponge Cake  
Coffee                      Mints

The above suggestions apply only to special days, so, let's see what we can find in the way of seasonable menus suitable for any Spring day. Here are two menus of which you may find one or both appealing to you.

#### Breakfast

Strawberries au Naturel  
Entire Wheat Waffles                      Honey  
Broiled Tiny Sausages  
Coffee

#### Dinner

Pineapple Juice Cocktail  
Baked Ham                      Mashed Sweet Potatoes  
Fresh Asparagus                      Spinach Salad  
Butterscotch Ice Cream--Small Angel Cakes  
Coffee

#### Supper

Salad Sandwich Loaf  
Nut Bran Cookies                      Tea

If, by chance, you prefer having dinner at night, this menu may be just what you have been looking for

#### Breakfast

Halves of Grapefruit  
Oatmeal  
Guinea Fowl Croquettes  
Sultana Gems                      Coffee

#### Luncheon

Braised Shortribs  
Browned Potatoes  
Steamed Date Pudding  
Tea or Fruit Punch

#### Dinner

Spanish Chicken in Casserole  
New Potatoes                      New Cabbage, Curried  
Mocha Layer Cake  
Coffee

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"The most delicious thing in the world is a banana." Disraeli.

Speaking of bananas, do you know how to prevent their discoloration? If you are interested, the following may help.

A study of methods to retard the rate of darkening of cut bananas has been undertaken by two women in conjunction with the United Fruit Company with the following results:

1. The riper bananas darken at a slower rate than the less ripe. 2. The sharper the knife used, the lighter the cut bananas will remain. 3. Transverse slicing is more satisfactory than longitudinal slicing, from the standpoint of darkening. 5. The materials of knives and containers appear

The next step was to find a solution that would be of the right density to keep the bananas firm and of the right acidity to affect the enzyme supposed to cause the discoloration. A combination of water, glucose and a cream of tartar solution was found to fill the need. Bananas may be kept in this solution for several hours and when removed they will remain light for about one hour more. Grapefruit juice and pineapple juice were also very effective and were recommended for all uses of the banana when a slight taste of the juice may be allowed. So, anytime you want to prepare your bananas for a desert beforehand, I hope you will remember this little bit of information and find it helpful.

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And last but not least, let me introduce you to the new Kitchenette and Dining Room recently acquired by the Mounts' Foods Department. Through the kindness of the Dean, we, the Household Economics students together with our Foods teacher have been the recipients of a new apartment, one that has made the Foods laboratory much more attractive and convenient. The color scheme of the kitchenette is carried out in cream and green with all the furnishings harmonizing. The dining room is suitably furnished also and each room has a dainty set of curtains to its windows as a final touch.

The convenience of having these two rooms for preparing and serving breakfasts and luncheons cannot be realized it is so great. The rooms are partitioned from one another by panelled walls, and one enters and leaves the rooms through attractive glass doors. Together, these two rooms look very charming and inviting and it is such a pleasure to prepare a meal in the Kitchenette and serve it in the Dining Room.

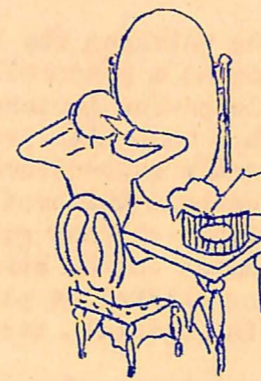
In all, the rooms are very attractive, and anyone desiring to see our little apartment would be very welcome if they called at the Foods Room any day. On behalf of our teacher and the students, I offer a vote of hearty thanks to the Dean for presenting us with such a useful and helpful gift.

And now our little medley is finished and as I say to you "Auf Wiedersehen," let me extend to all our readers the best wishes for a very happy Easter from the students of the Home Economics Department.

#### IN MEMORIAM

When Kathleen MacMillan left the Mount after the "provincials" of June 1933, little did we think that our dear Graduate had not three years more to spend upon earth. It was therefore with deep sorrow that her teachers and old friends in both College and Academy learned of her death at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Kentville, on Thursday, March 5. She was only twenty-one, and had looked forward with zest to a long and useful life in God's service. For, even under all her mischievousness, her love of fun, and her liveliness, those who knew her best realized that "Kay" was interested first and foremost in her soul, and in the souls of others. She was intensely interested in "Catholic Action" and in the Foreign Missions. While at school she was "Secretary" to Sister de Chantal in Mission matters, (a coveted honor) and took care of the remailing of Mission Literature every month. She was also Treasurer of the Sodality, with such a reputation that certain people used to complain that Kay could "wheedle money out of stone"! Her executive ability showed itself after she left school when she became a trustworthy assistant to her father in his business as a builder and lumber merchant. In company with Maud MacDonald (another Mount girl) she organized an active group of Girl Guides in her home town of North Sydney. She was keen on athletics and very popular in sport. Basket-ball, tennis, badminton, she played them all, and played well. Keener even than her love of sport was her sense of humour.

Concluded on page 23



The next red mark on the calendar is Easter, and with its advent what modern young girl does not think of a Spring wardrobe? The fashion magazines appear with the latest fads and fashions of the opening season, and everybody's attention is drawn towards them in studying, planning, and estimating values for Spring wardrobes.

But no matter how well chosen this new wardrobe may be, the appearance of the wearer will not be smart unless, first of all, the fundamentals of dressing are strictly adhered to. Such factors as cleanliness of person; well cared for hands and attractively dressed hair; shoes with level heels; stockings having straight seams, and without runs; hats well brushed and free from spots, these should all become habits as they are possible for everyone no matter how small the income. Another important factor to consider is the use of cosmetics, as they may add to or detract from the appearance of the individual. Their purpose is to enhance the looks of the wearer, and not to startle the beholder. Here the golden rule of the Greeks may be applied: moderation in all things.

In selecting and buying clothes we may refer to the numerous fashion magazine and newspaper advertisements. They offer us much advice in both picture and article, and help to guide us in making wise choices according to their ideas of what every well-dressed woman should wear and should know about clothes. In selecting and purchasing clothes, it is necessary to have a knowledge of ones good and bad points particularly in coloring, face, and figure. There are so many women who accept the dictates of fashion without stopping to determine whether or not these new creations are suitable to their own particular type. They do not realize that to be fashionable does not mean to follow conscientiously every new fad, but to adjust the prevailing style to conform with the lines of their individual faces and forms. To illustrate: it is ridiculous for the very slim young lady to wear a severe straight-line dress simply because it is the fashion; but, she can adopt the straight line effect to her own figure and add a bit of fluffiness by ruffles. Similarly, the stout person need not wear voluminous ruffles and frills just because fashion decrees that they should be worn, but she may gain the desired effect by using them in moderation. To select lines that harmonize with the lines of your body, colors that harmonize with your coloring, and styles that harmonize with your particular type, is to dress well and attractively. Therefore, seek harmony first-- and style afterward.

It is pleasant to feel that one is appropriately dressed for the occasion, and this cannot be accomplished without care and forethought. Suitability is the keynote of women's dress, and becomingness supplies the harmony. One may be becomingly dressed, yet the harmony may ring false. For instance, the drooping garden hat, however beguiling at a lawn fête, is not the thing for golf links; while a smart, severe sports hat is equally out of place at a formal affair. To effect either at the expense of the other is to dress unsuitably. Also, it is well for us to remember that some communities are more conservative than others. Therefore we must let clothing be individual, but not unconventional.

Suits according to the latest fashion magazines are the thing for Spring. Suits are everywhere, in some form or other--tailored or soft. But can all of us afford to buy a new suit? Most of them are so expensive and aren't worth

half the price. But with a knowledge of sewing, together with watching the bargains in clothing material, we can make a very attractive suit at a reasonable cost. The skirt and coat or jacket may be in contrasting colors--for instance, a plain jacket with plaid or checked skirt, or vice versa, when worn with proper accessories looks very smart. If we intend wearing last season's suit--touch it up with a blouse or scarf. Perhaps we can get our last season's tailored felt cleaned and reblocked, and add a new pair of leather brogues or flat gillye ties. The two-piece tailored dress has that "suit look" so smart on the street for Spring. A plain colored shirtwaist dress with contrasting checked or plain belted jacket is also good looking. The new loose box coat is youthful, casual, and long enough to wear with any frock.

With these suggestions, I conclude hoping that each and everyone of our Spring wardrobes, regardless of expense, may be fitting and in good taste, even though we may have to centre it around our last year's Spring topcoat.

Jeanne Boylan '36

### CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH

February is Catholic Press Month. Throughout this period it is the aim of all of our publications to increase their circulation in order to extend their influence for God and country. Hardly any agency of the Church has received as frequent or warm approbation of the Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ, as the Catholic Press. Recently Pope Pius XI said; "Anything that you will do for the Catholic Press I will consider as having been done personally for me."

Bearing this in mind we should take a deeper interest in our Press, for it occupies a useful and important place in Journalism today. We should be and are proud of it for the Catholic Magazines and Papers cover a vast field which has been neglected by many other publications. For many years it has worked endlessly to down Communism. On this topic the publishers have refused to be discouraged but have attacked it vigorously in all their papers. As a result, the public is gradually waking up to the horrible reality of this menace. The people need the spirit which Catholic editors possess and can get it by becoming enthusiastic readers of their papers and magazines, which are printed not for Catholics alone but for the non-catholic readers as well. All will find that on the whole, the Catholic Press is not dull, but rather invigorating, strong, appealing: it arouses and holds the reader's interest. It is modern, up to the minute in pictures and news. It has found its way into every branch of learning.

The Catholic editors serve a glorious purpose. Every movement for decency, every crusade against irreligion will find them fighting valiantly, doing everything in their power to make the world a better place to live in. Their writings furthering the cause of the Legion of Decency have had far-reaching results. It is the work of the readers to help these editors who, as we have said, make every just cause their own. They labor for church, home, and country. Their Press promotes the teaching of Catholic truth, builds up the faith in every parish, in every individual, and in every home. The Catholic Press supplies the moral angle on every question of the day. It exposes and opposes the enemies of the Church. It works for the temporal well being, social justice, and moral progress of the community. Consequently, there should be a Catholic paper in every home and Catholics should assist their press as an agency through which the Kingdom of God can be achieved and His Will be done among men.

In order to discover what support our students and their families were giving to the Catholic Press, the students of the Library Science class passed

out slips to be filled in. 82 were returned showing a total of subscriptions to 309 magazines and papers. Only 4 bore the word "none". Many subscribed to 2; a few went as high as 10. It was found that 39 subscribed to the Canadian Sacred Heart Messenger, 34 to the Catholic Record, 28 to the Queen's Work, 25 to the American Sacred Heart Messenger. The 53 remaining publications had from one to 13 subscribers. It seems a pity that such excellent weeklies as America and Commonweal and magazines like the Catholic World and the Sign go to only two homes each.

Early in the month the Library Science Class also prepared, under the direction of the Librarian, a very attractive exhibition of the Catholic publications. The display occupied a prominent place in the center of the Library. It consisted of the latest publications of the Catholic books, magazines, and periodicals, and the display was placed under the patronage of Saint Francis de Sales, the Patron of Catholic writers, and his picture held a central place. On each side of this were pictures of His Holiness, the Pope, under which was printed the words, "In vain will you found Missions and build schools if you are not to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a Catholic Press." Attractive posters were also displayed advantageously.

The recently acquired autographs of Reverend Monsignor MacGrath, author of "The Dragon At Close Range", Monsignor John A. Ryan, Daniel A. Lord, S.J., David Goldstein, Monsignor Fulton Sheen, Myles Connolly, Helen Walker Homan, Reverend Hugh Sharkey, author of "The Anvil of the Cross", Michael Earls, Reverend Seldon Peabody Selany, John Moody, and many others, were exhibited in a special section and aroused much interest.

After viewing this exhibit we agreed with the poster that

The Catholic Press is Thoroughly Modern

Up to Date in Appearance

Lavish in Pictures and News Items.

and the thought ran through our minds, "What are we going to do to further the Catholic Press?"

Mary O'Brien, B.A. '35

"Erat in loco ubi crucifixus est, hortus."

Sudden and sweet across the lawn  
Come the wounded feet, and in the dawn  
While the mists still wrap the garden pale,  
He is here, He is mine!  
Ah Love! I fail  
And fall at those feet pierced through with pain

Swift, when the noon-tide bathes the street  
I haste to the cool dark grot and meet  
Strong hands that ease the burden's strain:  
We rest in the shade  
Till I pass again  
To the tasking of heart and soul and brain.

And ever at dusk His voice sounds low  
Where the garden lies in the after-glow;  
We walk in the light of the darkening skies  
And I know He is near,  
And all Heaven lies  
In the glance of my Love's clear-shining eyes.

The outstanding event in the realm of sport since the beginning of the New Year was the basketball game played on February 14th between the College and Academy. The Academy hoopsters emerged victorious after a thrilling game with the close score of 13-12. The game was fast, showing excellent team work by the Academy and splendid guarding on the side of the College. Dorothy Murray and Agnes O'Donnell starred in their playing on the Academy team and Loretta Brady, Margaret McLean and Margaret Cummings were the highspots for the College. Another game is looked for in the near future.

Skating is a leading sport this winter, as weather conditions have been ideal for it. Many of the college girls were seen displaying their skill on the blades. The Canadian girls take to this sport much better than the Americans. Among the leading skaters noticed this year are Mary Pumple, Mary McLean, Jennie McMahon and Rose Chambers.

Tobogganing and skiing have also had many enthusiasts, and the hills were thronged many afternoons and several evenings. Perhaps the greatest amount of exercise is attained by the followers of "P.T." (Physical Training). Three hours a week is devoted to it and it is an opportunity to gain all the necessary exercise, including running, skipping, jumping, falling etc. At present the girls are specializing in the caterpillar walk, car races, etc. All interested are requested to be present on any of the designated days from four to five o'clock to see the followers of "P.T." perform.

The Guide movement affords excellent opportunity in hiking, stalking, tracking; and specializing in marshmallow and weenie roasts; newcomers are always welcome. This concludes a short summary of the sporting events of Mount Saint Vincent College. Till the next time--

Kathleen Thompson  
Sports' Editor

### ONE SAD DAY

This is a story which is hard to relate  
Of a sad experience played by fate  
On one of our friends, conscientious and kind,  
Who when the boat sailed, was left behind.

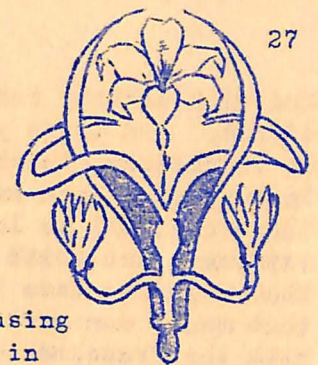
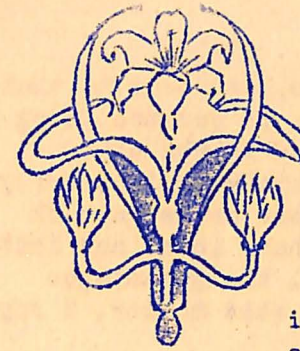
She stood on the silvery shore  
And gazed at the boat once more,  
Then turned her back with many a tear  
"How did this happen Oh dear, oh dear!"

She homeward trod her weary way--  
St. John must hold her another day.  
O could she rush to the Mount right away,  
But, no, the boat's gone for another day.

Tena MacInnis '38  
Mary Sawyer '39



### LOVE OR MONEY?



Something tells me that this article is supposed to be amusing, but what is amusing about either love or money? Maybe people in love are amusing but not love itself and a lack of money can be decidedly inconvenient. So if there is anything amusing in this article, it is your own fault. I have tried to get some first hand information from people in love but alas! I can't find anybody who is ensnared with the "grande passion". But anyway most of us have read enough to know something about love. First hand information about money is also very difficult to acquire. But love and money seem to be the two most important things in life. Of course, there are always those extremists who say that love alone is sufficient for a happy life and also those who stand on the side of money. But probably the truth lies in the happy medium, as usual.

To tack ourselves down to something definite, we might begin by asking ourselves the question: "What is love?" Almost everybody has a different answer. It is supposed to make the world go round. Personally (if you will allow me to be personal), I can't see it. Perhaps I need my glasses changed, but I hadn't noticed any difference, and anyway love is blind.

No need to ask what money is, although lately it has become just a little unfamiliar. But perhaps we are better off for it, because money, so they say, is a curse. In fact it's the root of all evil and so we can relax our overburdened brains in the knowledge that we are safe for many years to come.

Almost every subject is introduced by its history. Well, the history of this subject is not so painful as most histories, in fact it is quite a pleasant history, beginning with a discussion on the success or failure of the married life all mixed up with love and money. It began sometime in the prehistoric stage (no available records). After a latent existence of maybe several days, it continued through gout on a certain Monday afternoon (I know it was Monday because the argument lasted all through the subsequent gym class) and as far as I know is still in progress though remarkable to relate, not one member has yet been convinced by the other side. So if any of you have any invincible arguments for either side, they will be most welcome. Therefore the real purpose of this so-called article is, I presume, to review in general the main arguments.

The first question was whether love i.e. sexual love alone (or money alone) was sufficient for a happy marriage.

About half the debaters were for love. They felt that money alone, no matter how great the amount, could not bring happiness. I am of the opposite opinion. I think that people who have money and know how to use it, unless they have some special sorrow in their lives (not caused by the money), must be happy, because money, used in the proper way, can actualize practically all the desires of the human heart. So therefore I say that money without love can bring happiness. But can love without money bring happiness? No, because money is a necessity (in this country anyway)

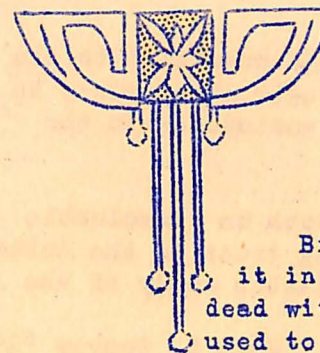
and when poverty comes in the door, love flies out the window, or words to that effect. And there you are without either love or money. So, if you are going to be unhappy, in the one case because of a lack of money and in the other because of a lack of love, you might as well be unhappy in luxury as in poverty. Therefore, all ye logicians, it is easily seen that unhappiness comes in each extreme. But which extreme is the better? Is it better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? Or is it better to take all the advantages that money can give and leave love to those who want it. In this matter, I say with the Frenchman,----Chacun a son goût.

At intervals the argument switched to a discussion of the value of money in a strictly uneconomic sense. Some said they could not be happy with a lot of money. By that I suppose they meant a fortune. We very often hear of people tiring of their money. Why is this? Is it because they have not used it properly? In the way from which they could have derived the most satisfaction or because its burdens are too heavy? Or is money indeed a curse? To begin with the last question first, I don't think it is a curse because like everything else in this world, the proper use is beneficial, and only the abuse brings misfortune and calamity. Just imagine some of the advantages of money! Money can give almost everything. But not everything, because some things, love for instance, are not purchasable. But money can count a great deal in the pursuit of happiness, and lack of it, which results in worry and poverty, can help a lot in the destruction of happiness.

The next question was: "Given the opportunity, would you marry for love or for money, the possibility of having both being excluded?" Of course you hear of cases galore of unhappy marriages where people have married for money, but from the number of divorce cases of today it would seem that the unhappy marriages are not only among the rich. But, as you say, a marriage can't be a happy one that has not love as its basis. But in some countries, is it not customary to arrange marriages sometimes before even the partners are born? And what about royalty? Surely all these people weren't unhappy all their lives? But to get back to the question, here stands one man offering you every thing that money can buy, and here stands another who can offer you only love, but you love in return; Which is your choice? Which do you consider the better bargain? Would your love be so great that all material things could not equal it? Or would you consider that love was not worth all the hardships entailed? Here again, the field was divided.

Lastly, can life be complete without love? Although love between the sexes for the great majority represents the climax of life's drama, sexual love is not absolutely necessary. But I believe that a life which has not had some great love has not been complete. This love may be the love of friendship, of a mother for her children, of a sister for her brother, or it might consist of some general form of social magnanimity. It may also be a love for music, books, art etc.; but a life, lived in seclusion from the rest of humanity, from which no benefit has been given to at least one human person, even if it be only in the matter of example, is in vain. Finally, there is the divine love which, if anything, "makes the world go round". This love of God, which eclipses every form of human love, has been, through the ages, and still is the inspiration of humanity. That love which makes life's trials easy, life's burdens light--- for "God is love and they who dwell in love, dwell in God and God in them."

Rose Sullivan '36.



## DO YOU READ THE BIBLE?

Where has the great influence of the Bible gone? Where are the people who quoted it in their daily lives? Its influence is now dead with at least sixty per-cent of us, and those who used to quote it in their daily lives have passed away, leaving a generation which uses its heritage as a convenient place in which to record the family births and deaths.

In past centuries the Bible was the most respected and best loved of all books. No man of those days felt himself capable of reading the great masters of English Literatures without at least a superficial knowledge of the Scriptures. Any admirer of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, and many other writers of equal fame will recall how frequently they referred to the Bible, and how much admiration and respect they showed for it. Rulers and parents, poets and workmen, quoted from the very same texts to their subordinates and fellow workers.

Today, however, the story of the Bible is a far different one--few read it, fewer still could quote from it; many disregard the beauty of its subject matter and many more simply ignore it. Catholics are, for the most part, familiar with the New Testament but even they have lost that fine old practice of reading it in their homes.

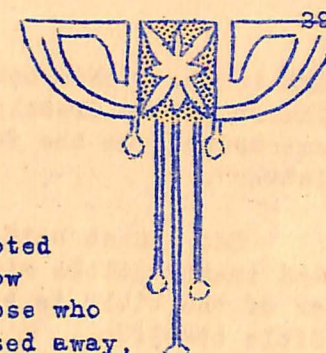
According to many modern writers the Bible is still a "best seller". Why? Because it is still read as frequently. I hardly think so. But it does look imposing upon the parlour table and, of course, Mother would not like to admit that she did not own a Bible. Then too, it is easier to buy a Bible and give it away as a present than to buy one and make use of it at home.

It does not seem possible that the world of today, which claims to seek the highest possible intellectual development, can afford to ignore a book which contains, as one great man has said, "more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever language they may have been written".

John Quincy Adams once said, "So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country and respectable members of society".

It is hardly necessary that every individual should have a thorough knowledge of the Bible. However, it seems only fitting that people who call themselves Christians should know enough about the Scriptures to be able to relate the simplest of the Bible stories and to identify the more common Biblical characters.

The only way to learn true appreciation of the Bible is by reading the Bible. The reader should be careful, however, not to interpret any passage in such a manner that it contradicts the teachings of the Church or makes the writers of the Scriptures disagree with one another. For as Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical letter on "The Study of Holy Scripture" says, "Seeing that the same



God is the Author both of the Sacred Books and of the doctrine committed to the Church, it is clearly impossible that any teaching can, by legitimate means, be extracted from the former, which shall in any respect be at variance with the latter".

One cannot help but gain benefits from the reading of such an "invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue" and "a loving trust in the Author of the Bible is the best preparation for a wise and profitable study of the Bible itself".

Mary L. Sawyer '39

#### A WHITE FATHER VISITS US

A lecture on Africa, illustrated! The very name interested some of us current-eventers-and we were not the only ones. We went to the Music Hall under the impression that Africa is a land of lions, tigers, elephants, a circus on a large scale. It is, but that is not the whole story.

When the Reverend James Boudreau, formerly of Saint John, New Brunswick, now of Africa, entered the hall we fully expected to see a big white horse dashing in after him. This would have completed our picture of an Arabian Knight. His habit was made like the clothes worn by an Arab, complete with a cape and hood, and is typical of the life he leads, that of a native among the natives of Africa, and he told us that he was actually homesick for it. He emphasized the fact that it is the central part of Africa that holds his interest, not the regions along the coast or southern part of the country.

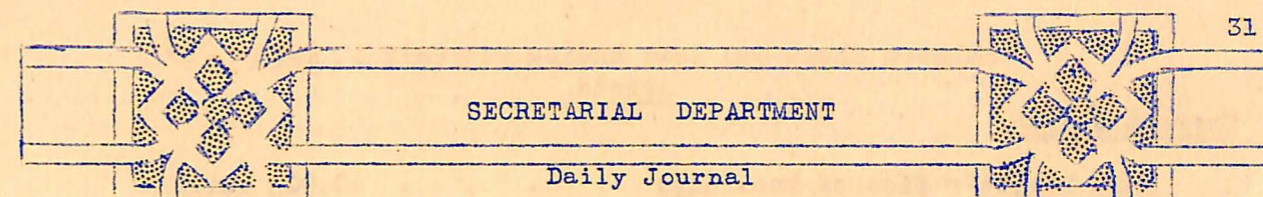
Father's lecture included everything from the methods of teaching religion to the latest styles of hair-dressing among the African women, all illustrated. He showed pictures of the modern and old fashioned African home--the modern has a little more straw of the roof than the old-fashioned, quite an improvement!

The children are given six years of training before they are baptised; after they have become Catholics they remain good Catholics, regardless of the sacrifice this may cost them. Father told us that there are many martyrs among African people. The Churches are very interesting; they have no seats, everyone must sit or kneel on the floor. (It isn't necessary to let the feet hang.)

Our pride received a cruel blow when we were informed that many of our styles come from Africa. The African woman has been wearing anklets for years! They are not exactly like ours but apparently the idea came from them. The Africans' anklets consist of rings of silver worn about their ankles. The number of rings worn depends upon how much her husband loves her. Their methods of hairdress are unique and should offer some suggestions for our ambitious beauticians (attention Muriel and Jerry!) I confess, with great sorrow, that I saw some resemblance between the African woman's "paint" processes and ours, henceforth we'll have to say, "It's the African in me." Given time we'll probably be wearing "shaving mugs" on our ears as were some of the belles we saw.

Father showed several pictures of animals that run wild in Africa. He said that as long as the Priests and Religious have been there they have never once been attacked or hurt by wild beasts, though a lion did promenade about his tent one night. The picture of the leopard aroused mixed feelings in the audience, but Loretta Brady still wants her coat.

Concluded on page 34



Mount Saint Vincent College Corporation

September 16, 1935--February 1, 1936

September 16

S. M. C., made the initial investment of 100,000 units in good disposition.

18

Assets increased 1000 units by a foreign draft as Mary Pumble blew in from Saint John.

25

The good will of the concern at stake--owing to liabilities contracted---- the Misses Dyer, Mancini, and MacInnis (poor investment on part of company)

October 10

The company floats a loan of 1000 units--Muriel Carey arrives late for class again---- Identity of debtor uncertain. This loan bears no interest.

31

The equipment of the company improved 100 units in order and neatness, due to Tena and Rita.

November 17

The company increases its assets 400 units as Jean MacCormack returns and runs a close second to the Prize-Package. (viz. M. E. P.)

30

Despite the dunning letters sent to Tena MacInnis this debtor has definitely refused to expedite matters.

December 5

The Assets of the company increased 800 units as Mary Mulcahey took stock from Moirs.

5

Julia Cahill has increased her assets 1000 units, by discovering that the energy which she poured out so freely on Rapid Calculation could be kept secure by placing it in one of the vaults of the Eastern Trust Company.

January 5

The Company accepts an option on a new speller, in the person of Doris Dyer, and thus increases its assets 1000 units.

27

The company acknowledges a second installment on the account of Patricia Jones, as she arrives back for a few more days.

29

Assets increased 500 units by the arrival of a new "Touch-Not" Interval Timer.

31

Slight increase in income from services rendered--- Clients very appreciative but not very opulent.

February 1

The company finds a marked increase in assets, as its typists, who so successfully obtained 40 words a minute in the early part of December, have now advanced to the stage of typing stencils for the Kappa.

Assets

Current Assets

Mary Pumple's flow of knowledge . . . . 50,000 units  
Jean MacCormack's assiduity to work . . . 16,700 "

Accounts Receivable

Muriel Carey - due any time within three quarters  
of an hour after the bell . . . 25,000 "  
Pat Jones - due any day at all . . . . 20,000 "

Total Assets 111,700 units

Liabilities

Current Liabilities

Doris Dyer . . 40 words a minute in typing 4,000 units  
Tena MacInnis . . Interval Timer 5,000 "  
Rita Mancini . . November's assignment in  
Bookkeeping 3,000 "  
Total Liabilities 12,000

Proprietorship

S. M. C. - Invested in good disposition,  
September 16, 1936 100,000 units  
Deduct Net Loss 300 " 99,700  
Total Liabilities and Proprietorship 111,700

Profit and Loss Statement

Income

Certificates

Shorthand 4,000 units  
Filing 3,000 "  
Typewriting 2,000 "  
Mary Pumple's increase in knowledge 3,000 "  
Total Income 12,000

-Expense

Doris Dyer's -Stupidity in reading the  
Proprietor's writing 3,000 units  
Rita Mancini's propensity to make use of  
several chairs at once 5,000 "  
Tena MacInnis' - Inability to keep goods off  
floor 5,000 "  
Total Expense 15,000  
Net Loss 300

S. M. C. a bundle of nerves  
Doris Dyer and Tena MacInnis, '38

Flash! ! ! September 16, 1936. Commercial room suffers a complete renovation and renders itself, what is generally thought - - peffection. Flash! ! ! January 8, 1936, "Renovator"-around again. Commercial room now --- perfection plus. On entering, the first thing that takes our attention, is a pot of beautiful shrubbery - which is located directly opposite the door-- in full view of our visitors -- a welcome to them. Then the desks which we left so steady and stationary are now easily movable and at times even portable! But at a second glance we find that they have in some way been raised -- or is it that the chairs have been lowered? O, it's the former all right.

A - is for Artist, which we're all born to be  
B - is for Bachelor in some degree  
C - is for Commercial, the course with hard work  
D - is for Diligence, no place there to shirk  
E - is for Energy poured out with much mirth  
F - is for Fitness, we got it at birth  
G - is for Geography, a pleasure for sure  
H - is for Happiness which in class we secure  
I - is for Increase in practical knowledge  
J - is for Jams we get into at College  
K - is for Keeping our assignments to date  
L - is for Ladies who never come late  
M - is for Mary "prize-package" by fate  
N - is for Neatness - a Commercial Room trait  
O - is for Office - that is our call  
P - is for Perfection, Commercial in all  
Q - is for Quickness- you might have guessed  
R - is for Ready , a ten minute test  
S - is for Success, our aim in the end  
T - is for Typists on whom you can depend  
U - is for Unity which binds us together  
V - is for Victuals which at Gouter we gather  
W - is for Wisdom a gift from above  
X - is for Xcellence- which teachers all love  
Y - is for Yearning, O June, please come  
Z - is for Zeal, our work is well done.

S. M. M. "In which zone is America?"  
Rita: "In the Turret, Sister."  
S. M. C. "How would you correct that sentence?"  
Tena: "O, Dear! O, Dear!"  
S. M. C. "Well, now that you have addressed me twice, please answer my question."  
Doris: "Sister, I can't make out what you have written on my exercise."  
S. M. C. "Why, that is 'writing abominable'."  
Mary: "I haven't noticed Tena and Rita wearing their plaid ties lately."  
Doris: "No wonder, haven't you noticed that our shrubbery has gone Scotch?"  
S. M. C. (in Shorthand Class), "What is that you have written there?"  
Tena: "That is 'trip', Sister."  
S. M. C. "Well, it looks as though you have taken a detour."  
S. M. M. (in spelling) "Where does the lesson begin?"  
Class: (No reply)  
S. M. M. "Did you have 'Mitigating'?"  
Class: "No Sister."  
S. M. M. "Did you have 'Neuralgia'?"  
Class: "Yes, Sister."  
S. M. M. "O, you poor dears."  
S. M. C. (in Shorthand Class)  
"How did you have 'Nevertheless' written?"  
Pat: "I had the 'less' part written correctly."  
S. M. C. "Well, naturally, you always do have the less written correctly."  
S. M. M. (in spelling)  
"Use 'sedentary' in a sentence."  
Mary P. "Sister, Hair-cutting is a sedentary job."

THE LAST STRAW!

The Commercials have come up in the world - Up three floors in three hours!

A White Father Visits us.

The crowning point of Father's lecture came when he informed us that ants were considered a delicacy among both priests and natives. They taste best, he told us when allowed to crawl down! He added that there were many other things to eat, such as, bananas, bananas, and more bananas. This somewhat reassured those who were seriously considering Africa.

34

Our ideas of Africa were considerably widened at the end of the lecture. The next big question is--"Is it Africa or China?" A big nickel will do the trick.

Donalda Kelley '37

#### GIRL GUIDING

What is Girl Guiding? Girl Guides are a sisterhood. This means that members of it, from top to bottom, are working together as sisters--elder and younger sisters--from joy of the work. Guiding is not a science to be solemnly studied--no, it is a jolly game largely played in the out-of-doors--where Guiders and Guides can go adventuring together as older and younger sisters picking up health and happiness, handcraft and helpfulness, through camping and hiking and the study of Nature. The aim of Girl Guiding is the education and development of character through individual enthusiasm from within and not by imposing collective, dogmatic instructions from without.

The Chief Guide is Lady Baden Powell while Lord Baden Powell is leader of the Boy Scouts.

The motto of the Guides is "Be Prepared" that is, they must be ready for any kind of duty that may be thrust upon them, and what is more, they must know what to do by having practised it beforehand, in the case of any kind of accident or any kind of work that they may be asked to take up.

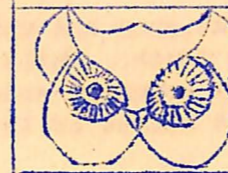
The Company, or Troop as it is sometimes called, usually has about thirty-two members, and is headed by a Captain. The Company is then divided into patrols, each with a patrol leader. The patrol may be made up of six or eight girls. To become a Guide a girl must pass a "Tenderfoot" test, and subscribe to the "Guide Promise" of duty to God and Country and the "Laws" of honor, loyalty, helpfulness, friendliness, courtesy, humanity, obedience, cheerfulness, thrift, and cleanliness. These laws are the rules of the Guide Game and all the activities of troop and patrol are subject to them. As Guides, girls learn cooking, sewing, home nursing, child care, self help and resourcefulness in many lines, as well as first aid and life saving and other forms of community service. Proficiency is rewarded by badges in over fifty subjects. The distinctive method of Guiding is the Patrol System, which places responsibility and authority upon the individual girls as heads of their patrols.

Troop business and discipline by patrols are carried on through the court of honor made up of leaders and the captain. This gives a practical experience in democratic and representative government on a comprehensible scale. The weekly troop meetings are taken up with games that involve specific knowledge of various sorts, acquired in the natural way of education and play. Business-like keeping of records and accounts is encouraged by inter-patrol competition. Hiking and camping and outdoor activities generally are preferred.

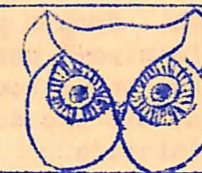
Here at Mount Saint Vincent we have a company of twenty-four Girl Guides. Our meetings are held every Wednesday afternoon from four till five o'clock. So far this year we have had a Marshmallow Roast and a Weenie Roast and plans are now being made for a Dutch Supper, which will take place in the near future.

Mary McLean '38

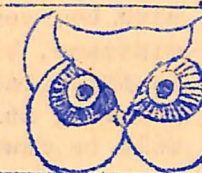
35



QUIET



PLEASE



One of the latest movements of this year of grace has been launched against noise. Such a step seems to contradict the statement that we live in an age of turmoil and are not satisfied unless we are making noises of some kind. But it is a fact, that people are beginning to realize the importance and necessity for quiet. Both American and European cities are working toward this end. Committees have been appointed for the eradication of honking horns, howling animals, thundering trucks, squeaking radios, and all persons or things guilty of producing noise, unnecessarily. Even ambulances have been called upon to lessen the cry of their sirens--except in very urgent cases; for the commissioners believe that if a man is not seriously ill, there is little need for rushing--if he is dead, there is still less need.

So far the results have been satisfactory. Noise is definitely on the decrease in the localities where noise campaigners have been diligently keeping watch.

The sudden interest in such a direction arouses our curiosity - and we find ourselves asking the question - what is the purpose of the movement? And the answer given is simply this - that noise is de-organized sound and no good will ever be derived from it. It is a characteristic of a barbaric civilization. Investigation has shown that noise is injurious to our sensitive ear-drums; and with certain intensity and nearness, can cause total deafness. Of special importance to the student is the next objection raised against noise - it lessens attention and greatly weakens powers of concentration. Neurotics should note particularly, if they have not already done so, that noise irritates the nerves and aggravates the condition of an already excited person.

Certainly we here at M. S. V. would benefit from a little less noise. What contributions can we make to this movement? Our first thought would probably be to rid the college of bells and order the railroad tracks removed. But since this is not an altogether practical suggestion, let us consider possibilities.

Perhaps the most common noise is the incessant "shushing" in which so many of our conscientious Seniors indulge. The solution for this is simple - just stop disturbing people and the "Shushing" will stop. Another practical idea for the maintenance of peace, would be a wholesale investment in rubber lifts for spike-heeled shoes. With a number of individuals the dropping of books and the slamming of doors seems to have become a favourite indoor sport. There appears to be even a certain malicious delight in their so doing. They forget the jarring effect they produce.

Again it has been truthfully stated, that nothing can be quite so annoying as a female shriek. Shrieking is far outdated, and it is particularly out of character since women have placed themselves on an equal footing with men. Screaming is closely related to shrieking. It would be well for those of us addicted to such a pastime, to remember that screaming is not only trying to our physical makeup, but also on all the unfortunates within range of our voices.

Experience has shown that the easiest way to eradicate noises, is to deal

with one specific noise at a time. Such a process requires patience and persistence, but the quiet gained is always worth the effort put forth. While it is true that noise of any kind has an unpleasant effect on all normally endowed persons, it is likewise true that all who do not acquire quiet habits of living will be unwanted factors in social life.

What are we going to do about it?

Irene Veniot, '37

### KIND OF AN ODE TO DUTY

O Duty,  
Why does thou take the form of a conscientious sister  
That the minute you meet her in the corridor you wish you'd missed her?  
Why does thou vent to discreet coughs and why do thine eyebrows climb so high  
on thee? (give)  
Why is thine expression always that of one crying "Fie upon thee?  
I so neglectful!  
And thou so detectful!  
Alas, Duty, over you I moan and groan.  
Cause you're always hissing either "Of course!"--or "I might have known!"  
Thou art about as comfortable as an overshoe full of slush  
Or a cheek with a blush.  
Thanks to you, Duty--music isn't the only thing that goes "round and round"  
Because when I get campussed  
The Mount grounds are well trampussed.  
Oh, Duty, Duty!  
I seem to be the only person in the world thou art always preaching to;  
Whatever looks like fun there art thou standing between me and it yelling  
yoo-hoo!  
If I could decorate your "shusher" with a gag  
Then would my halo be in the bag!  
And, Duty, unless you change your tactics and become either kindly and a little  
bit blind,  
Or else exchange your memory for a forgettery and acquire an absent mind  
I shall have to give you the same answer I always give my aunt,  
When she tries to fool me with some thing disguised as orange juice,  
Duty--"I just can't."

Marie V. Carpenter, '37

### A NEW RECIPE.

A wife asked a husband--an absent minded professor--to copy off a radio recipe she wanted. He did his best, poor man, but got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting the morning exercises, and the other the recipe. This is what he took down,--

"Hands on hips, place one cup on flour on shoulders, raise knees and depress toes and mix thoroughly in one half cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one half teaspoon baking powder, lower the legs and mash two boiled eggs in a seive. Exhale, breathe naturally and sift into a bowl. Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg backward and forward until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

\* \* \* \* \*

## "SAPPA KRONICLE"

### Sequence of Silly Sounds

(Allegro)  
Nuzzling, waddling, snarzy, scrunch,  
Blithering, blathering, blub;  
Squeamish, sappy, squelching, munch,  
Flip, flop, flub.

(Agitato)  
Phooey, doddle, squabble, oof!  
Phiz, chink, blurry;  
Fizzle, dago, trashy, woof!  
Scram, skunk, furry.

(Dolce)  
Gobble, hoodlum, jitney, goo,  
Mangle-wurzel, glutton;  
Lobby, phoebe, khaki, boo,  
Wiener-schnitzel, button.

(Agitato con fuoco)  
Slithery, slinky, slubbery, slush,  
Skoot! Scram! Skedaddle!  
Muzzling, muddy, muttery, mush;  
Fumble, fiddle-faddle!

(Staccato)  
Tittering, twittering, twiddling, twerp,  
Diddering, doddering, dud;  
Blazing, blabbing, blubbering, burp,  
Mucky, merky, mud.

(Adagio)  
Snoopy, snappy, swanky, swoop,  
Jumble, stumble, rumble;  
Giggling, garbling, gabbling, goop,  
Mumble, humble, tumble.

(P)  
Slimsy, slobbery, sloppy, slick,  
(P)(P)  
Lallapalooser, lazy,

(PPP)  
Flimsy, flabbergasted, flick;  
(PPPP)  
I am going crazy!



Marie Carpenter, '37



We had just been dismissed from P.T. when it happened. I had paused outside the Gym to perform a couple of rabbit hops, when Rita Fawson called out jealously, "Oh, I wish you'd turn into a rabbit!" (Little did I know that Rita's god mother was a witch named Tillie - who had given certain occult powers to said god-child instead of a mug with her name on it). By now I was alone in the Gym when I felt a shrinking sensation in my lower extremities - I started to hurry upstairs thinking that I was just suffering from P. Titis - Alas! I began to hop like a - like-yes - a rabbit! As the full realization of this horror burst on me I began to cry with my paws - but just then someone started downstairs and as no other place of refuge presented itself - I jumped into the waste - basket. Eek! The girls were coming downstairs for supper!

"Where's Carp?" called Kay Deasy as she came along with Mul. "I haven't seen her since dinner."

"Ah, if you only knew", I sighed from the depths of my misery and the waste basket.

After the girls had filed into the refectory - I sneaked out of my hiding place and ambled down the corridor and into the elevator. A Novice got on with two trays and I was whirled at a dizzy speed to the college flat. Being rather hungry I followed Sister down the corridor and around the

corner to Dotty Ringer's room. I skulked in behind - but Dot saw me and began to scream - "Sister! Look what's behind you!" Sister was so frightened at Dot's actions that she ran out of the room to report that one of the college girls was delirious - but she had left me in the room. I sat by the door and tried to tell Dorothy just who I was - (Oh, woe was me!) I could only squeak - and Dot's response was to fire a piece of toast at me. I squeaked in rabbit, "Throw the marmalade next", but she apparently misunderstood me for she just sat there and screamed.

At this juncture the door flew open and Loretta Brady, "Duchess" MacLean, Jean Boylan and a dozen others rushed in. Knowing quite a few of them to be in the Biology class, I skooted under the bed and escaped their scrutiny. Dotty, however, continued to scream, "The Rabbit - Get it out of here!" Loretta, with a puzzled expression on her face, smelt the tea pot - but when that yielded nothing she remarked that it must be too much Biology. The agony of these hours under the bed! I spent the night under the radiator in the corridor after feasting out of the tin box in Jennie Evelyn's locker and so dawning came.

After a light breakfast of some cookies I found in Mag's room, I decided to attend Math Class. I went across the courtyard and found that I was getting bolder and becoming less timid. I perched on the window sill and watched my classmate go in. Hee! They had swathed my desk in crepe and I heard the Math teacher add in a low voice after the prayer, "Come back, Marie--all is forgiven". I was so startled by this that I neglected to keep myself hidden and when Sister, who had started a problem called out, "Now, girls, keep the end..." the class screamed--"On the window sill". Sister called them to order and began again "A ship is sailing W 40° -- "Look, Sister" called Kay Thompson, "there's the cutest little bunny on the window sill". Forgetting myself again I ducked as the Math teacher turned and so she saw nothing. She then proceeded to give the girls a lesson on being so full of dreams about Easter that they were seeing Crummies and so on. I left.

How was I to resume my natural shape? I spent the rest of the morning just wandering around and finally I trekked into the Library to do a little reading. The

Librarian, thinking that I was her enemy, Moses the cat, gave me several whacks with a rolled up copy of America before I started to run. I stayed in the last book press until the next morning.

I was becoming rather thin from this rude exercise and I was almost starved, so I decided to lie in wait for Miss Fawson. While I was sitting musing, Kay Deasy and Dick came along, both busily engaged in conversation. "Carp has two letters in her mail box." Kay was saying, "would she be surprised!--there's usually only a crack there." "I wonder where she is," Dick answered, "I owe her two stamps, a bottle of Pop, and six Bobby pins." ("Fine," I muttered to myself for I had forgotten that) They went downstairs and I still sat on in the bottom press waiting for Rita to come along and lift the emchantment but she didn't.

That night, felling the need of some stuff that soothes savage beasts, I slid into the social room. Silence reigned except for the sighs coming from the College Mistress who was tacking a notice up on the Bulletin Board. Late that night I went back to the room and read Lost! Strayed! or Stolen! College Girl (Junior) Attired in Gym Kit-Finder please return to College Mistress.

"She'll probably campus me," I moaned as I crawled up on the rose velvet couch, "I'll miss another good picture at the Capitol."

I slept so late the next morning that I awoke to find myself held firmly in Dolores' arms. I wiggled in vain. A crowd of girls gathered around and I was passed from one to the other. Kay Deasy suggested that she keep me in her room for the day. Dolores agreed but said something about "FINDERS BEING Keepers" and so I had visions of being sent to Newfoundland as an Easter gift for the little Donnelly's.

That afternoon Kay attired me in a pink bow and then locked me in her commode. I discovered three pieces of fudge and an old box of crackers-- She had been holding out on me! In the night Kay took me from my prison, whacked me for eating the fudge, and then brought me down to see the girls in St. Agnes' Dorm. I saw Rita Fawson turn pale as Kay said, "You know this bunny has an awfully familiar look about it. It reminds me of someone."

This proved the undoing of Rita for she came toward me - looked me straight in the eyes and said "Goo" - This charm lifted the enchantment and Kay found me clasped in her arms, wearing gym bloomers, a pink ribbon, and a sheepish look on my face.

Brer Carpenter

Maria Veronica Lignaria ad Marcum Tullium Ciceronem salutem:

Dear Cicero,

I haven't got the faintest idea where you are - would it be safe to say "Somewhere in France?" - or should I say Gallia? - but then again I suppose it doesn't matter "you pays your money and you takes your choice."

You know, Cicero - with all due respect to your eminence as an orator - what was the sense of writing all those speeches, you couldn't have done just as well with notes. And as for that little "Gag" of yours to revive the people who were growing kind of tired "I'll pass over this," or "I need not mention this," Listen, Cicero, you didn't fool me one bit! I know that those pet phrases of yours were only the beginning of fifty more lines of translation for Thursday.

I get rather exhausted every second week or so trying to put back into "Ciceronian Latin" a portion of one of your works which has been given us in English.

Of course, you have got your good qualities - you don't stick the word "Pol" at the beginning of every sentence the way Plautus does. Plautus has (or should I say had?) a cute way of running words together to save time and space - that gives me night mares.

Another thing - I'd like to see a picture of you with something on your head 'cause when I see just that space, (I can't tell where your face ends and your forehead begins) I dash for my pen and begin a little exterior decorating - and, Cicero, you wouldn't know yourself when I finish with you!

I could write lots more but I have a little Juvenal to do for to-morrow. So as the motto for St. Stanislaus Dorm goes: "That will be all for to-night."

Vale Cicero  
Maria Nanpegus

Notes on the Above

1 - Reference to custom of placing coin in the mouths of the dead to pay Charon.

2 - The custom today is to applaud the orator when he pauses for a breath - too much applause and he will take it for encouragement - So clap sparingly.

3 - Ciceronian Latin - that Latin which you collected from Cassell's Dictionary, a couple of good grammars, your neighbor and experience. Said Latin will return from the hand of the Latin professor looking as if it had a bad case of the measles.

4 - Polite way of saying "Indeed" or "Sugar" or "Do tell!"

5 - Humorous touch.

6 - Latin equivalent of "So long" etc.

Ballad of a Belated Boat

I'm not an Ancient Mariner  
But a tale I'll tell to thee.  
It happened to a student  
Who belongs to M.S.V.  
As this fair maid set forth for school  
Her heart was light and gay  
From New York to Boston she set forth  
Where dire misfortune lay.  
Her boat had long since left the shore!  
No other sailed for days!  
With sorrow then she sat her down;  
Bemoaned her careless ways.  
But this is not the climax yet,  
More tragedy must come,  
When finally she did set sail  
This maid who was so dumb.  
The night was clear, the stars were out  
The ocean, smooth as glass.  
She slept through all the night at sea  
This unsuspecting lass.  
The morn was bright, but what was wrong?  
They'd stopped, but not at shore.  
So thought the sleepy maid  
When she had ceased to snore.  
"Ah, woe is me! The end has come!"  
And she fell upon her knees.  
She prayed to all the saints above  
Though a calm was on the seas.  
And then a knock came on the door  
She whispered low, "Come in,"  
Expecting to see an Angel fair,-  
'Twas a porter, black as sin.

He told her all her fears were vain      After a sleepless night in a sleeper,  
 "Twas just her usual luck.              At last she sees the Mount -  
 This time she just missed the train -      The days of school, math classes missed,  
 On the mud flats they were stuck.        Were more than she could count.

While the D.A.R. was speeding on      But now she always is on time  
 At its accustomed rate,              Who once was a maid forlorn  
 Poor little Marie was still at sea,      A sadder and a wiser girl  
 Bemoaning her sad fate.              She rises every morn.  
 Kathleen Deasy, '37

Editor's Note: We feel that we should share with you the beautiful letter which the President of the Mission Club received recently from our adopted missionary, Monsignor McGrath, Prefect Apostolic of Chuchow, China.

CATHOLIC MISSION  
 Lishui (Chuchow) Che.  
 China

February 13, 1936

Miss Rose E. Sullivan,  
 196 North Street  
 Halifax, Nova Scotia

Dear Miss Sullivan,

Your letter-one of the first I have received from the home-land since my return to China - was a very delightful surprise. I need hardly assure you that it brought back very pleasant memories of my visit to Halifax, of one visit in particular to the Mount when several young ladies entered the parlor and asked me to grant them a favor. I have on my desk right now the little Souvenir folder they gave me and it will always serve to remind me that the favor was most decidedly granted to me rather than to the girls of the College on that occasion. Really, I feel very happy and encouraged in the thought of my "adoption". My chief regret, if one could possibly have any in the light of that never-to-be-forgotten Crusade Convention, is that I did not have the opportunity of knowing each and every one of you personally. The memories of Halifax hospitality and Halifax missionary enthusiasm are so vividly impressed upon my mind that it hardly seems possible that sufficient time has elapsed since the Convention to permit of my being back amid the familiar scenes of China. However, it is helpful to have the feeling of not being alone out here. It seems I can never be alone again now that I am the ward of so many generous young friends and together, please God, we should be able to accomplish much for a cause as dear to the hearts of our young Crusaders as to our own.

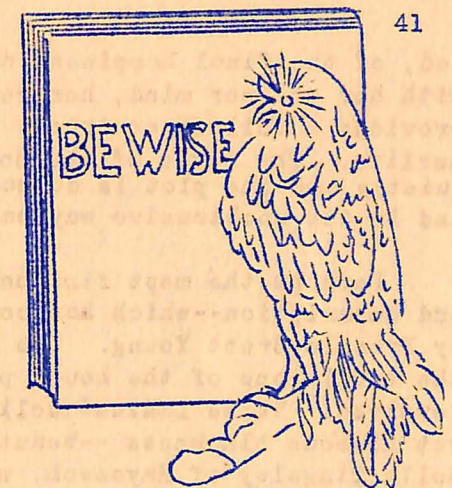
The copy of the Kappa was duly received and is most interesting.

It is by far the best souvenir I have of the Convention, covering, as it does every phase of the activities of the week. We feel very grateful to those who were kind enough to make such encouraging references to our activities at the Convention, especially to Miss Donnelly; Miss Cummings; Miss Thompson and Miss Coady. One sad note was the news of the death of Miss Burke, especially under circumstances so trying on her dear parents. But do you not feel that it adds something, completes something in regard to our Crusade Convention! After it was over enthusiastic young representatives went forth from Halifax to all parts of the Maritimes; some of the missionary visitors went as far as China; and now one of our very own young Crusaders has gone to represent us all and befriend us all, in Heaven. I feel about her as about my own dear friend, Fr. McGillivray, whose loss was so hard to bear but who has

Concluded on page 44

## IN MY TREASURE HOUSE

"There is no frigate like a book  
 To take us lands away,  
 Nor any coursers like a page  
 Of prancing poetry.  
 This traverse may the poorest take  
 Without oppress of toll;  
 How frugal is the chariot  
 That bears the human soul."



A book does more than take us to distant lands; book friends, though never able to take the place of human companions, can become very important to us, and provide comfort in lonely hours, and amusement in boredom. A family that cannot fail to attract you is that described by Clarence Day in "Life With Father"--a naturalness and humour from beginning to end are what give the book its special appeal. It is rapid in movement, overflowing with fun and the love of living. The quick-witted mother with her charming perversity and her aversion to keeping straight accounts, the diminutive yet indomitable and unreplaceable Maggie, the father with his explosive temper, his determination to have his own way, and his nevertheless fundamentally lovable human qualities, Clarence himself and his brothers make a family where disturbances were the order of the day, where they loved and fought, and lived a very happy if not a very calm life.

Ethel Cook Elliot's "Her Soul To Keep" is another book whose central interest is in character. Here the author deals with a moral question and her handling of it is skilful, while her understanding of human nature shows itself sympathetic and keen. As in "Green Doors" her descriptions are vivid, and clear in detail--for example, her picture of Lucia and Paul's autumn ride up Green Mountain, "a great wing of crystal bent sharply down from a high knoll above the road. More wonderful than the crimson of the maple! It was an old, big sycamore tree which, by some trick of light and sun, seemed crystal come to life in trunk, bough, branches and leaves."

Sigrid Undset's latest book, "Longest Years," though fictional in form, is in reality the story of the author's own youth. In the guise of the little Ingvild we follow the author in her early years at her mother's home in Sweden, and later in Norway during the time that her father lectured in one of the great Universities there. It is here that Sigrid Undset records the most vivid memories of her childhood, the impressions, great and small, which remained with her. There is a singular expressiveness about her word-pictures and studies of persons and of places--of the windows of her home in Norway, she says that they "reminded you of eyes with raised eyebrows, as though the house would say: 'No, I say, look here!'" Of Fru Wilster, she writes, "She was so lovely that no one on earth could look at her without being made happy. It was not merely that she was beautiful, but her beauty seemed to be simply a mould in which her mind and nature found expression." The style is as usual full of charm, and originality, clarity and strength, while her clear understanding of a child's thoughts and hopes is unusual.

Another of the recent fiction books is "Walk Humbly" by Barbara Stevens. It concerns itself chiefly with life in the town of New Waterford, a small place secluded in its Green Mountain Valley. It is the story of Drusilla, her love, her early rebellions against the quiet rather restricted life she

led, of the final happiness and peace she attained in walking humbly. Emily, with her sharper mind, her restless spirit, her grasping for the novelties provides a telling contrast: quietly the one, brilliantly the other--each lived her life. The style of the novel is simple and matter-of-fact; the story moves quietly and the plot is compactly woven together. The book is easy to read and in its unobtrusive way catches and holds your interest.

Perhaps the most finished novel--finished in plot, in characterization, and description--which has come into the library for some time is "White Ladies" by Francis Brett Young. The spirit of White Ladies, its high Gothic structure, the traditions of the house permeate the whole book; around it the whole story revolves. White Ladies! delicate whiteness contrasts with Haysech's splendid yet hideous blackness --beauty and the beast! The whole interest is centred in Bella Tingsley of Haysech, who became Bella Pomfret of White Ladies. For her, as her son said, White Ladies became an obsession, a motive force in life. There is about the telling of the story a certain crystalline clearness, a purity of form, an absence of unnecessary detail such as might have been found in the Gothic outline of White Ladies itself.

Among the historical novels which have recently come into the library is Lucille Borden's "White Hawthorn". Placed in the time of Petrarch and Boccaccio, the setting is colorful if not extremely accurate. As in many of Lucille Borden's books the characters are often a trifle unreal--the virtues and defects somehow exaggerated.

To me, at least, the only really appealing, natural person was Katherine, daughter of Birgetta of Sweden. The style, however, is entertaining and the description vivid and clear.

Of late travel books have become increasingly popular and among those which have appeared recently in the library is "North to the Orient" by Anne Lindbergh. It is a charmingly written account of the preparation and trip of the Lindberghs North to China and Japan, of the main impressions that Mrs. Lindbergh received during it. To judge by the style Anne Lindbergh must be a delightful person to meet.

Many other new books are on the shelves waiting to be read --I hope to tell you of them in the next issue.

Margaret Cummings.'36

VOCATION WEEK  
VOCATION WEEK IS FOR GOD AND YOU!  
PRAY! CONSIDER! DO!  
PROGRAMME

- Monday, March 16, - 6 P.M. Opening Exercises - Assembly Hall  
Chairman: Dolores Donnelly  
Speaker: J. B. O'Reilley, C.J.M.
- Tuesday, March 17, - 6 P.M. Vocations of Youth - Freshman-Sophomore Class  
Chairman: Geraldine Meagher  
Committee in Charge: Mary Sawyer, Margaret McDonough
- Wednesday, March 18, - 6 P.M. Christian Mothers - Junior Class  
Chairman: Marie Carpenter
- Thursday, March 19, - 6 P.M. Life's Gift Shop - Senior Class  
Chairman: Katherine DeVan

REVEREND FATHER, SISTERS, AND FELLOW STUDENTS:

In a recent book, the author writes: "The Night is coming, and we must take up spiritual weapons for the fight against evil. We must make our powers more and more sensitive for its discernment. We must build up a new Knighthood." Perhaps we cannot more fittingly explain the purpose of Vocation Week, than to say that it has, as its end, to bring forcibly to our minds our responsibilities in helping to build up this new Knighthood. Not to men, alone, but to women side by side with them, is issued Our Holy Father's call to Catholic Action.

The evils in public and private life are first among the problems which face us as we emerge from College Life into the modern world. A work awaits each one of us to do--a work to which God has called us from the very beginning of life--in which we can best serve Him, our fellow-beings, and at the same time, find our greatest happiness. To find our place in this great world of struggle then--this is what we are asked to meditate upon, to work for, to make sacrifices for, all during our school life, in fact; but especially to do so in an intensive way during this week, set apart each year for the purpose.

The activities which the College has prepared as a means towards this intensive consideration, include Posters which attempt to indicate the spiritual element in every Christian Vocation. For is it not the ultimate end of every Christian action to grow in the knowledge of God? We hope that you will let these Posters speak to you of Him.

This evening, it is our great pleasure to have with us as the chief Speaker, our Chaplain, Reverend Father O'Reilley. The participation by God's Priest, in the inauguration of our activities seems, in itself, destined to bless our efforts in a special manner.

On the following evenings, each College Class will endeavor to depict as vividly as possible some aspect of the Vocation assigned to it. On Tuesday, the Freshman-Sophomore group will propose for our consideration thoughts relative to the best way of trading with our talents in the single life in the world. From their part in Vocation Week Exercises, we hope that every student will realize that we are "Builders" day by day, and that what we call "Choice of a State of Life", may not be left to Fate. For:

"Thou Who hast made me, Thou hadst a design,  
Thou hast marked out a special life's labor as mine;  
A work to be finished ere setting of sun,  
A work which, I failing, will never be done."

On Wednesday, the Junior Class will present the Vocation of Marriage, as Catholics understand Marriage. This is the Vocation to which most girls look forward. The thought of it comes early to some, later to others. But a vital factor in its success is that it be viewed as a VOCATION, one which, in the present day, more than ever before, calls for every ounce of self-sacrifice that can be put into it. Today, the Christian home, as never before, is the focus of hostile attack. Christian Marriage brings the partners to it into a special relationship with God; they share in His Creative powers. Can any trust, any responsibility be greater? No wonder, then, that God is anxious for the Mothers and Fathers of the children whom He adopts as His own in Baptism, to love each other with the love which subsists between Himself and His Church. For "only holy love has holy fruits and blessings."

On Thursday, the Seniors have the privilege of representing that Vocation which, to all outside of it, must ever remain a great mystery, a strange mission. For the Religious Vocation is a call to young women like ourselves to embrace a life of complete imitation of Christ. These Chosen of Christ, He wishes to exemplify for us of the outer world, Christian life as it really ought to be--a life of perfect love. To Christ's call, His chosen answer:

"Just as I am, young strong and free,  
To be the best that I can be,  
For Truth and Righteousness and Thee,  
Lord of my life--I come."

May God, to Whose Cause, all our efforts during this week are to be directed, deign to bless us, and to grant us light and grace to follow where He leads!

M. Dolores Donnelly '36

A more detailed account of the week's proceedings will be given in the Year Book.

Letter of Monsignor McGrath (continued from page 40)

done more for me personally and for all of us over here than he could ever have accomplished on earth. I should appreciate it very much if you would be kind enough to extend to her sorrowing parents a note of sincere sympathy from all of us and the assurance that our dear young friend will be remembered in the Masses and prayers of every one of our priests and sisters in China.

And to my kind friends at Mt. St. Vincent my heartfelt thanks for the encouragement and consolation you have afforded me in making me one of your own. May I ever be worthy of the trust you have placed in me and may God bless you and yours--always.

Gratefully and sincerely yours in Christ,  
Wm. C. McGrath

In Memoriam (continued from page 22)

Last summer her failing health made it necessary to go to Kentville to the Sanatorium. Hope grew fainter and fainter with the passing months. At Christmas her case was despaired of and she was prepared for death. One of the hardest things she had to bear at the Sanatorium was the loss of daily Communion. In spite of all, however, she was always gay. Up to the last minute she was full of courage.

It seems a strange coincidence that her call should come just when we had started the Novena of Grace for her. St. Francis Xavier, the great patron of the Missions, was kind to his little disciple and lover, and obtained her admission into the Promised Land on the second day of the Novena. We shall continue it for the repose of her dear soul.

On Saturday and Sunday morning the Holy Sacrifice was offered for our dear Graduate of '33 and all the Sodalists received Holy Communion in suffrage for her soul.

May she pray for us, while we offer our deep sympathy to her bereaved parents and pray: "Eternal rest give unto her, O Lord and let perpetual light shine upon her: May she rest in peace!"

From Academy Sodality Bulletin.

WHAT WE HEAR OF OUR ALUMNAE

We hear that GRACE LEON has gone to train at the Halifax Infirmary and we wish her every success.

Despite her many activities as a busy school-teacher PATRICIA CLANCY finds time to write interesting letters to the Mount. COLINE CLANCY wrote from Montreal recently "The Kappa is certainly a credit to the girls. I enjoy it very much and would hate to miss a number." Coline continues much interested in her Social Service work and has just completed a six weeks Refresher course given by a prominent Social worker from New York. She is also taking a course in Criminal Law.

HELEN BOYLAN is teaching at the Convent-of the Sacred Heart, Halifax and attending some classes there.

CASSIE FERGUSON spent an afternoon at the Mount during the Christmas vacation and declared the sisters all looked ten years younger than they did in 1928 when she graduated. Cassie spent several weeks in the Halifax Infirmary and went home much improved in health.

BETTY KELLEY, after a visit to Buffalo, joined MARY K. MACDOUGALL in Montreal and, on February 23 they sailed from New York for South America, accompanied by Mrs. MacDougall and Don.

When EVELYN CAMPBELL was returning from the Christmas vacation in Boston and New York, she met our beloved junior MARIE CARPENTER. Stranded on the mud flats of Yarmouth harbour, they watched the D.A.R. leave without them. When finally they landed they got in touch with ALICE WARD SCOTT and spent a most pleasant day with her, during which Marie was almost overwhelmed with questions about the Mount. The visitors were delighted with Alice's young son and we can testify, from snapshots that came recently, that he is a very handsome child. Do you remember Sister's College Snap Book? Already there is a section for children of the alumnae--lots of empty space yet!

EVELYN CAMPBELL surprised us with a visit and the news that she is now Librarian at the Technical College in Halifax, taking the place of FLORENCE ARCHIBALD, another Mount student, recently married.

Our Cape Breton Alumnae report that there is no news from them in the winter. We were happy to hear that ANNIE MANCINI'S father is recovering his health after a long illness. NORMA BUCKLEY is engrossed with wedding preparations, and ASHLEY is a hard-working business woman. ISABEL CHISHOLM has a position in the Farnorth Steamship Company at Sydney and likes her work. We were sorry to hear of her father's illness. MARY MERCHANT spent Christmas at home and it is reported that she is doing well at Columbia.

MARY MORLEY is in charge of the Evening Adult Education Classes, being conducted in the Vocational School, at Saint Joseph's Reserve Mines. Many favorable comments have reached us of Mary's work. By the way, this Vocational School is said to be the best equipped in the Mar. times.

MARGARET MACNEIL is doing Post Graduate Work in the Dietary Department of Saint Luke's Hospital, New York. We heard from Margaret on the eve of her departure from Glace Bay, and an enthusiasm characteristic of her pervaded the letter. By the next issue we hope to be able to tell you of her accomplishments at Saint Luke's.

Dorothy Harrison writes that now that her Post Graduate work at the Ottawa Civic Hospital is more than three-fourths over, she is hoping to be located in Hospital Dietary work, at an early date. The training at O.C.H. she describes as strenuous in the extreme, interesting in many aspects, but, like life in

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general, demanding hard work for success. Judging from her letter, the Household Science Department feels it has reason to be proud of its first candidate for Post Graduate work at the Ottawa Civic Hospital.

ANNA BURNS has joined DOROTHY HARRISON, and is now a Junior on the Student Dietitian Staff at Ottawa Civic Hospital. Anna says that the institution has, as a watchword, "Efficiency," (spelled with capitals,) and that it is worth all it costs in hard work to secure the good training they offer. In spite of loneliness and fatigue, Anna says she really likes it.

ALBERTA VENIOT is in Ottawa acting as secretary for her Grand-father, and finding the work, the city, and the members of Parliament all vastly interesting. CORINNE is keeping the home fires burning and the drug store going in Bathurst.

EILEEN MULLINS has been working in her father's office.  
We offer our sincerest sympathy to RUBY ZWERLING JACOBSON who recently lost everything in the disastrous fire which destroyed the Malborough Apartments. FLORENCE HOULIHAN, who boarded in the same building, lost most of her clothes and her Christmas presents.

ZITA BARKER recently became the bride of Mr. Walter Dragdowski. We offer our felicitations and best wishes.

Speaking of weddings, IRENE MACQUILLAN was a bridesmaid at the marriage of MARJORIE LATTE, a former Academy pupil, to Mr. Charles Leigh. Beware, Irene, "three times a bridesmaid, never a bride."

Our congratulations to MONICA O'REILLY on her promotion to a higher position in Crompton and Knowles Loom Works, the largest of their kind in the world. GERALDINE O'REILLY is employed in a different department of the same firm. A little bird told us that both these girls were seen at Mass every morning during Lent. We were delighted to hear it.

AGNES MACLENNAN has accompanied her father to Ottawa and her place in the office of the Inverness Coal Company has been taken by JOSEPHINE.

RITA MAXWELL writes that she loves her work as head bookkeeper in one of the "largest, oldest, and most respected stores carrying women's apparel" in Lawrence. Rita gives much of the credit for her success in securing the coveted position to Saint Jude and the Blessed Virgin.

ANNE SHEA is now at King's County Hospital, Brooklyn where she is in charge of the regular and special diets of a two hundred-bed building. The hospital is the largest general hospital in the United States having over thirty-five thousand beds. There are twelve dietitians--so Anne has company, and plenty of work.

One evening recently MRS. SCANLON came to the Mount to give us a talk on the aims and works of our own Alumnae and of the Federation of Canadian Catholic Alumnae of which she is a vice-president. She was accompanied by HILDA DUNEY who sang two numbers at the opening of the meeting. HILDA'S beautiful voice had not been heard at the Mount for some time and she gave us a real treat.

MARIE CARROLL spent a Saturday with us recently, as the art work of the Kappa testifies. MARIE'S many talents are being put to good use at the Nova Scotia Training School in Truro.

RHODA PARSONS spent her Christmas vacation in New York and came home with another beautiful fur coat--but not the diamond ring that we were expecting. RHODA is very happy teaching seventy babies at Alexander MacKay School.

INFORMATION WANTED CONCERNING:-- CARMEN AND LILIANE DERY, MISS PYE, ALICE RUEL, FRANCOISE DEBILLY, BERNADETTE LANIGAN, MARY PARSONS, CECILIA MACDONALD, IRENE JORDAN, CLARE HENLEY, FRANCES ROMKEY, MARIE AMIRAULT, MURIEL MOSSMAN, DORIS OTTO, MARGARET LAUDER, MARGARET PRESTON.

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