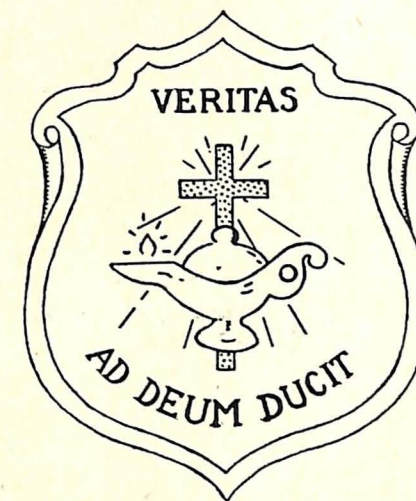


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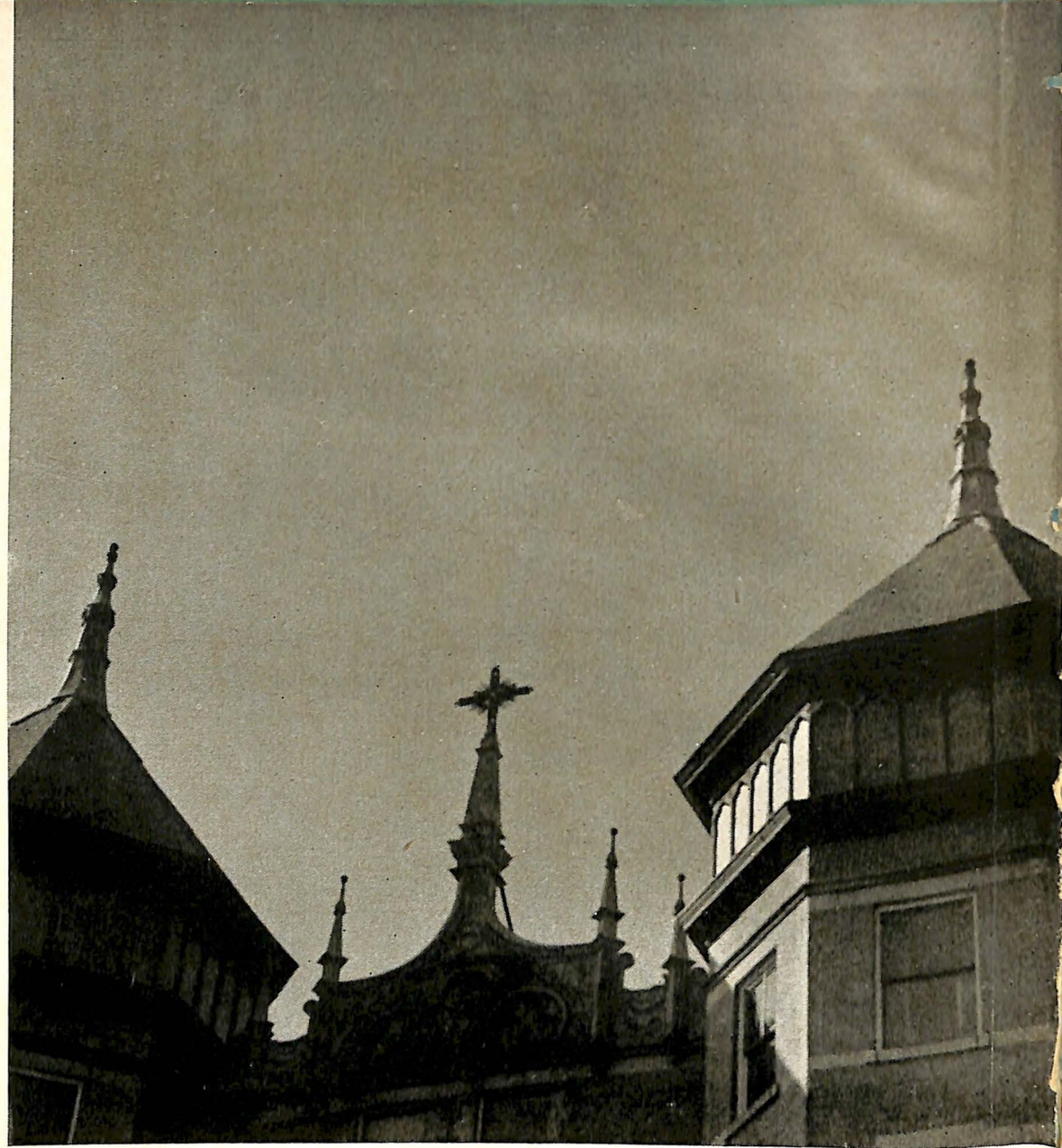


46

Cachuan McGowan



Ex Libris



The

1946

Kappa

Kronicle

presented by

- - the SENIOR CLASS of - -

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT COLLEGE

Halifax, Nova Scotia



Te Deum laudamus

- for four happy years
- for the friendships formed
- for the precious grace of a Catholic education
- for our parents and teachers—
- true friends and sage counsellors

Te ergo quaesumus

- to bless our parents and teachers
- to bless us ere we go forth to take our place as Catholic women
- to bless our endeavors to bring Christ into the modern world

Per singulos dies, benedicimus te

Et laudamus nomen tuum in saeculum,

Et in saeculum saeculi.

Dedication

TO SISTER M. COLUMBA, First Directress.

TO MRS. NAN EMERSON, First President

To their successors during a quarter of a century

and to all those Alumnae of Mount Saint Vincent
College and Academy who have carried beyond these
walls the torch enkindled here

We, the College Students of 1945—1946

dedicate

this issue of the Kappa Kronicle

as a tribute of admiration
a token of gratitude
an expression of congratulation

on the

SILVER ANNIVERSARY

of the organization of the

MOUNT SAINT VINCENT ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

1921———1946

Fortiter et Suaviter, Veritas Ad Deum Ducit.

To the Mount Graduates . . .



From an Alumna who is a Religious—

How happy I am to have this opportunity to wish you the happiness and the success in your new life that you deserve, and that your gifts and talents enure. Freely you have received and so you must give freely. Your happiness will be in proportion to your giving. And of all that you have to offer, the world will appreciate most your sincerity and your purity. Cherish these virtues and dare to uphold them. Then at the end of your life you will be able to look back, happy in the thought that all who have known you, have been better because of it; that your life has been a success; and that your Catholic College training at Mount Saint Vincent has borne fruit a hundred fold!

Sister Mary Magdalen '30

From an Alumna who is wife and Mother

Many of you are hoping to be mothers in the world of promised peace. Upon your shoulders rests a grave responsibility for you will play a major role in preserving that peace wished to the world by God at the birth of His only begotten Son.

It has been said that mothers are the greatest patriots the world has ever known—mothers who made their homes a place of love, peace, merriment, obedience, devotion to duty and knowledge of God, bearing in mind always that the family is the basis of Christian civilization.

Norma Buckley McIsaac. '31



[6]

From the Mount Alumnae . . .



*From an Alumna
in the professional world—*

In this challenging day, we need not only trained women, but educated women. Experts and technicians we must have, the nature of our world demands them. But what our world demands more, is the wide and deeper education which makes better citizens, possessing and exercising courage, faith and above all, an ardent love of God and their fellow men.

Anna Y. Burns. '35

[7]



"Courage then, Catholic women and girls! Work without ceasing, without allowing yourselves ever to be discouraged by difficulties or obstacles. May you be—under the standard of Christ the King, under the patronage of His wonderful Mother—restorers of home, family and society."

—Pope Pius XII

Foreword

•

"*Peace in our time*"—for seven years this phrase has been the almost universal prayer of mankind. For these long years our armies fought for peace, seeking to purchase it with blood and sacrifice. Still, Peace has eluded us. And why? Because Peace is not bought by strife and battle. This fact the world has yet to learn.

The world does not know the meaning of real peace with harmony, tolerance and good-will among the men and nations of the world. But we, Catholic College graduates of 1946 realize what peace is. We know, too, that it cannot exist with nations until there is peace in each individual soul. How can the individual soul attain Peace? By placing all trust and confidence in the Prince of Peace.

We have come to know in our quiet college life, this Prince of Peace, to realize something of the gift that only He can give, and now we must give that gift, Peace, to the world. We cannot keep it for ourselves; it must be shared—with the skeptics, the intolerant, the bigoted, the ignorant. As Catholic educated women we must accept our task in the winning of the world to Peace. We have been prepared by our teachers and associations, the Holy Father Himself has urged us—now remains only the work, to be done with courage and high purpose.



*"Long we'll remember to be true
To our dear colors of dual blue
Here's to the girls of future days
May they be happy in our ways."*

—College Song—

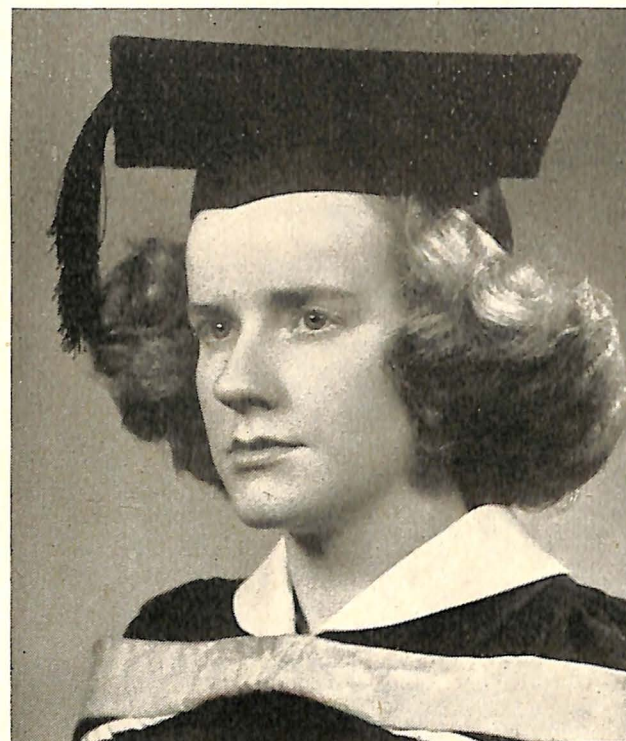
"Your day is here, Catholic women.....

Your destiny is at stake."

—Pope Pius XII

The Graduates

MARY CASEY



"E'en though vanquished, she could argue still"

Phi Delta Phi President 4

Writers Club 2, President 3

Student Council 3, 4

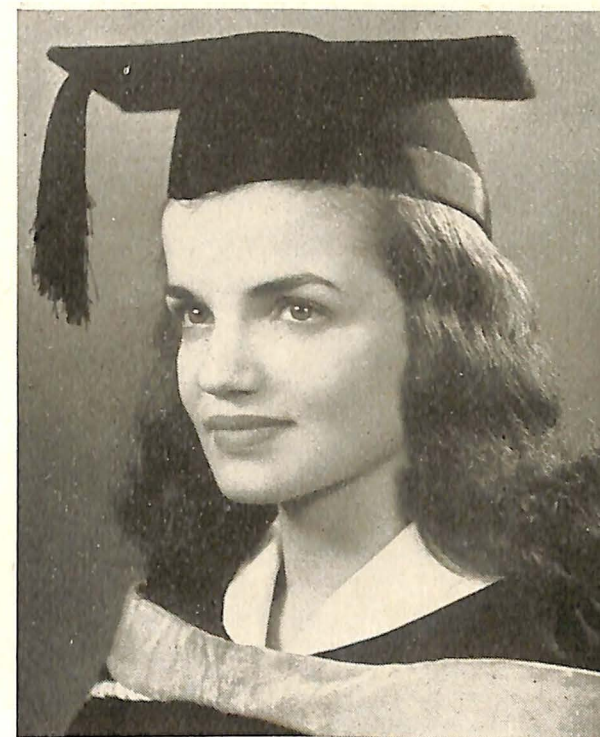
Debating 2, 3, 4

Mission Club 2, Vice President 3, 4

Mary is the most independent and the least seen of all the Seniors. She possesses that admirable quality of never worrying. Her inimitable flow of oratory has been the despair of many a worthy opponent. Mary has definite ideas on everything—especially politics, and will undoubtedly go far in her chosen field of Journalism.

[12]

MARIE CROOKS



"Lovely to look at, delightful to know"

Sodality 2, 3, 4

Mission Club 2, 3, 4

Glee Club 2, 3, 4

Dramatic Club Secretary 4

Class Secretary-Treasurer 3

Sociology Club 2, Secretary-Treasurer 3

Long dark hair, sparkling eyes, charming smile, fascinating voice--this is the first impression of Marie. Combining a magnetic personality with the happy faculty of being able to put others at their ease, Marie makes many friends. Engaged in many interests she moves easily from one to another, now singing--now studying--now romancing. "Is it the real thing this time, Marie?"

[13]



RUTH CUMMINGS

"Your presence will be as sun in winter."

Sodality 2, 3, 4

Legion of Mary 2, President 3, 4

Mission Club 2, 3, 4

Glee Club 2, 3, 4

Athletic Association 2, 3, 4

All the irresponsibility and irresistibility that go with real fun, witticism and comradeship belong to Ruth. Always impulsive, sunshine and clouds flick her nature by turn. All these characteristics go to make Ruth the most lovable and unpredictable of the Seniors.

[14]



MARIE HAYES

"Her's is the strength of dignity and the charm of guilelessness."

Sodality 2, 3, 4

Mission Club 2, 3, President 4

Athletic Association 2, President 3

Dramatic Club 3

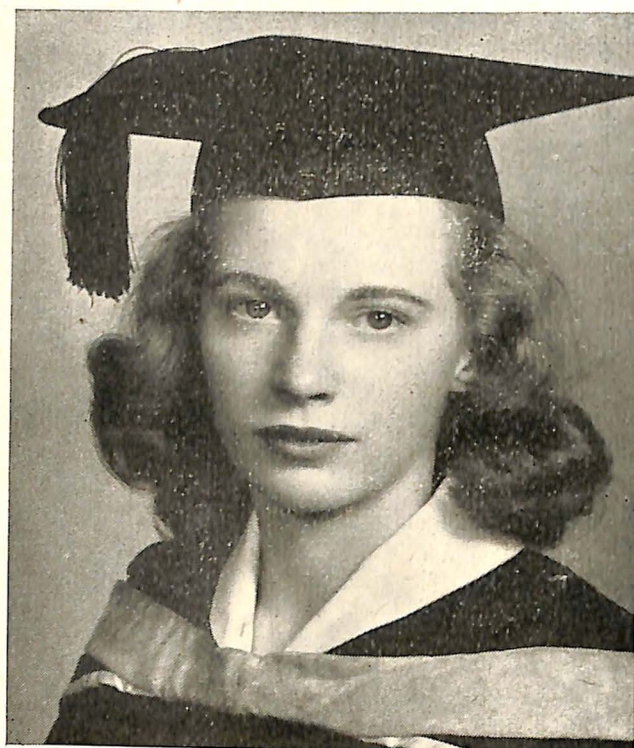
Class President 3

Student Council 3, Secretary-Treasurer 4

Legion of Mary 2, Vice-President 3, 4

Silence never palls when Marie is around. She laughs and talks her happy way into everybody's heart. An ability to play her part well whether it be as Marie, the punster or Marie, the conscientious, model college girl, has won for her the title, "The Freshman Ideal." Her poise and happy sense of *savoir faire* place her in an enviable position.

[15]



ANITA KEATS

*"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all thoughts are
faint."*

Sodality 2, Secretary 3, Vice-Prefect, 4

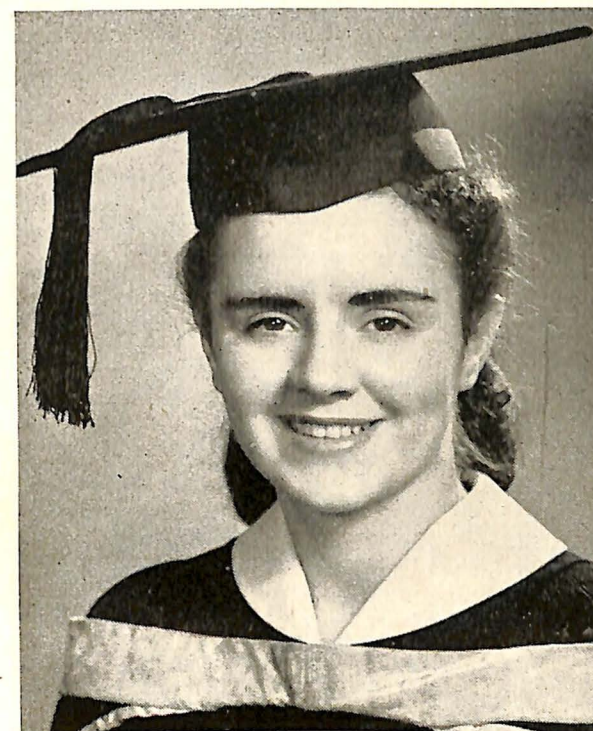
Mission Club 2, 3, 4

Dramatic Club President, 4

Class Vice-President 3

Student Activities Council 4

Smart, sophisticated, scintillating—that is Anita, not without the temper that matches her fiery hair. Causal and clothes-conscious, she has a touch of a creative artist. There lie latent in Anita certain qualities as yet undeveloped and when she realizes them Anita will have come into her own.



MARJORIE McDONALD

*"So well she acted all and every part
With that vivacious versatility."*

Sodality 2, 3, Prefect 4

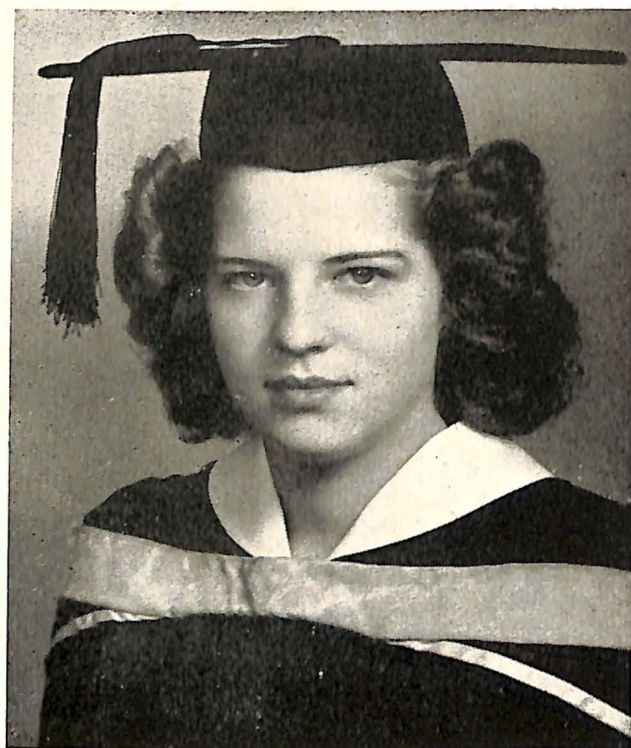
Mission Club 2, 3, 4

Student Council 4

Writers Club 2

Phi Delta Phi 3, 4

Brilliant, vivacious, efficient—that is Margie. Whether she is conducting a Sodality meeting on Monday night or putting up her hair on Thursday night Margie can always be depended upon to produce good results. Here is a gracious personality emphasized by amiability and a gift for true friendship.



JEAN McFARLAND

*"Unperturbed by storm or flurry,
Inclined to work but not to worry."*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, Treasurer 4

Class Treasurer 4

Gentle and reticent of nature, kindly of disposition, Jean is the possessor of a charming smile which intrigues one by its slow unfolding. Beneath her quiet and unassuming exterior however, there lies hid a love for fun and excitement, and above all, for snowfalls—at the end of vacation. A career in nutrition is Jean's ambition and she seems destined to succeed.



KATHLEEN O'DONNELL

*"A smooth and steadfast mind
Gentle thoughts and calm desires."*

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4

Mission Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Home Economics Club 1, 2, 3, President 4

Student Activities Council President 4

Class President 4

To the world at large Kay is quiet and reserved; to her friends she reveals a hidden streak of humor. Her generous and sympathetic nature, her friendly, unruffled exterior, have made her one of the most popular seniors. Kay is looking forward to a career as a Home Economist and she will pursue her path as calmly and graciously as she has passed her college years.



The Faculty and Students
offer sincere congratulations
to
Marie Ward, B. A.
who
receives her degree of Bachelor of Science
in the
School of Library Science

"With you our Leader, Lord, our Guide."

We cross the threshold of life
Gay
Confident
Looking out to a peaceful horizon
Free
Surehearted.
The sky is a beacon of hope
Clear
Unclouded
And we, Yesterday's children, Today's leaders,
Relinquish our little spot of heaven
Sad
Reluctant
Yet pulsating with the steadfastness of faith
Dauntless
Unquenchable
A concept of life orientating our hearts
Gained through our four years of high inspiration:
A concept rich and enriching
Not doubtful but lasting:
To the perfecting of our College ideals
To the enriching of the souls about us
To the better fulfilment of that master plan
Which the Divine Architect lays before us,
Whole-heartedly
Unflinchingly
We dedicate our lives.

Dedicated to the Class of '46



The Mount from the South Gate

*"Peace, whose olive seems
A tree of hope, and heaven
Of answered prayers and dreams."*

Binyon

Classes



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS
President: Virginia Glynn
Vice President: Jean Burns
Secretary-Treasurer: Eileen Culkin

It was September and the Mount warmly welcomed us her new Freshmen. What words can describe us during our first days at College? Bewilderment, curiosity, homesickness, excitement—each of these sensations were experienced in turn as we attempted to adjust ourselves to college life. We were bewildered at the bells and the maze of corridors; curious at the thought of the many things to come; homesick, when we looked at so many strange faces, and saw in many a reflection of our own expression; excitement, as Sisters and old girls made us welcome, hustled us to the Dorm or rooms, on the now so familiar College flat.

These feelings didn't last long, we are glad to say. We had too much to do to have time left for entertaining "feelings"—interviews with the Dean, unpacking, getting acquainted with our room-mates and disposing our effects so as to create that atmosphere which marks any college girl's room.

Freshman

These tasks absorbed us during our first week, which had for its crown the Corn Boil, where we, to our surprised delight, were the guests of honour! Remember the new friends and old friends grouped together in the light of the fire, up at Marydale, the tempting odors issuing from pots of boiling weiners and coffee and the corn! We sang as we watched the sun go down, all the songs we knew and filled the silence of the night with our voices. Yes, we even sang as we marched into the gym, little knowing what was in store for us. The party on the hill was only a preparation for horrors to come. Initiation! Even the word causes a shiver in any Freshman. We wore those very glamorous one-sided pigtails, odd socks and high heels for an entire week, and to add further ignominy, we carried placards to make us easily identifiable. That night in the gym was a red-letter one; it not only made us capable of enduring anything, it unearthed untold talents in the Freshman class—Jean Brown's hornpipe—the golden voices of Ann Bingham and Virginia Glynn.

After initiation week we felt we really belonged and proceeded to elect a President, Virginia Glynn, who had directed our efforts during the year; ably supported by Jean Burns as Vice-President and Eileen Culkin

Fortunes

as Secretary-Treasurer.

We treasure many happy memories: we have had our fortunes told by a pair of Hallowe'en witches, we have danced to our hearts' content at the delightful Junior Prom—to mention only a few. We too have done our bit, in the way of a Saint Patrick's Concert, in which we all took part. We also wrote

our first College exams, going to them in dread—and returning in triumph, more or less!

Spiritual things occupied us too. We received our academic cap from the hands of the President, Sister Rosaria—we made our Retreat, for many of us the first—we debated, in the persons of Marie Brennan, Jean Burns, Eileen McCluskey and Eileen Culkin, against Saint Mary's—we planned and carried out successfully a Freshman picnic for the school, our last outing together.

Then, Convocation came upon us. We elected our officers for next term, we said our goodbyes to the graduates, we sang with full hearts the closing choruses of our year. We will spend many more days at the Mount, but none could be so unforgettable, so happy as those just gone.



"Time out"

Sophomore Saga

Here we were back again! Sophomores now—not the timid Freshmen we were one year ago. our ranks were augmented by the addition of seven new Freshie-Sophs, but all of us, new and old soon formed a united front under our president, Jean Macaulay. At our first class meeting Jean let the new comers “know the score” and we managed to get through the terrors of initiation with a shred of superiority over the mere freshmen. Can we ever forget those placards and the one sided pigtailed! The only consolation was that the second year members did not inflict the limit of indignity on their less fortunate comrades.

Triple victory for us.



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS
President: Jean Macaulay
Vice President: Claire MacNeil
Secretary-Treasurer: Joan Casey

The collective bosoms of our class swelled with (we think) justifiable pride, when our president, with Mary Casey, won the annual debate at Mount Allison University. Later the Public Speaking Contest gave us another cause for pride, when both prizes went to Sophomores Connie Willett and Jean Macaulay while Lorraine Thibeault received honorable mention. On the less serious side of our class ledger was our Valentine's Day party when we entertained the rest of the college, and truly, we had more fun than anyone. We still chuckle inwardly at the memory of our millinery parade, which unearthed talent which we believe should not go ignored in the fashion world. Our versatile Home-Ecers Ann, Kate and Eileen, prepared the usual delicious climax to the hilarious evening. Of course, we almost forgot,—our “soap opera”

[26]

a melodrama to surpass all that have gone before, “The True-to-Life Story of Josie Clutterbuck”—A Girl just like you and you—not us—Thank Heavens!

These are the high spots of the year that come most quickly to memory, but in the background are the everyday things, like sales for the missions, our part in the Mission Rally skit and class meetings, the tenseness of exam week and the relief that followed.

Last of all, an aura of unreality surrounds our unforgettable part in Commencement Week—carrying the Daisy Chain, playing hostesses to the graduates and the election of our officers for next year. That means we'll be Juniors, more sedate and dignified—in a word, upper classmen.

“Happy are we met, happy have we been,

Happy may we part and happy meet again.”



*“Smile with
the rest,
Lorraine,”*





JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS:
President: Catherine Anderson
Secretary-Treasurer: Therese Mulrooney

Convocation, 1946, is over—and we are the Seniors. From the vantage point of our newly acquired dignity, we look back over the year just ended.

In that short glance, memories crowd back—our first day back, as upperclassmen—with a more debonair tilt to our caps—our shared reminiscences in the Social Room—our sales for the missions, and of course, what we would call our “big things.”

Juniors'

The first of these big things was the Halloween party, which we shared with the seniors. Remember the fearful witches, draped in black out curtain, (now serving, we are glad, a less sinister purpose.)—and the paper hats that all the bobby pins in the Mount wouldn't keep on. How eagerly we passed around the gruesome remains of poor “Jonathan”, amid shrieks and shudders.

The next scene is far more pleasant, (at least for the Freshmen) than the dark music Hall—it is the Lord Nelson ballroom, and our first Junior Prom. Even our president forgot her worries over arrangements and relaxed in the dim-lit atmosphere of swishing skirts and starched white shirts. We forget, all of us the cajoling and threatening, the hope and despair that had gone into our first venture into the dance-promotion world. It was all worth it—the result was so—well-sort of satisfying.

There were more serious things, too, like the capping ceremony, where we held lighted candles and adopted a little sister from among the Freshmen. It felt so grown up—to have a little sister.

Journal

Life was not all social “doings”. There were exams, with honours coming to our members. There was also the Retreat, with a return visit from Father McGinnis, which impressed us even more than his first. President's Day is another pleasing memory, when we joined with the rest of the College in paying tribute to Sister Rosaria, our president.

Now, last of all, come the clearest memories this last week, with the Class Day banquet, at which we presented the traditional prophecy and our thoughts as to the future of the graduates—well, at least, it could happen! There were no hard feelings, anyway, because we received our goodly share of bequests from the wills of the graduates.

Happiest hour of the day!



“They shall have music”

Then comes Convocation Day itself, in which Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen did not exist, except as background for the graduates—and we were glad for them, and for ourselves, who take their places. Today, it was all solemnity and dignity—tonight, at the Prom, our farewell project as Juniors, all will be laughter and music, formality of gowns and informality of friendships. Later, there will be goodbyes, for the summer, or for longer. But most of us will be back, for an even better year.



SENIOR CLASS:

President: Kathleen O'Donnell
Vice-President: Marjorie MacDonald
Secretary-Treasurer: Jean MacFarland

Memories

*"Alas! how swift the moments fly!
 How flash the years along!"*

thus does the poet express the feelings which fill the hearts of the Seniors on Commencement Eve. Feelings of surprise that the four years of college have passed and graduation day has arrived so quickly; feelings of regret that the happy relationships formed during these years must be severed. Yes, "the good old times are gone—gone forever except in each Seniors' memory—there to be stored with other treasures whose value only increases with the passage of time.

Of course, we would never admit to the Freshmen that the days when we were in their place seem just like yesterday, but they do. Our arrival at the Mount, the curiosity and interest mixed with a feeling of strangeness—"Gouter? what's that?" or "I wonder what is down that hall?" "What time do we get up? In that first week there were more letters written home than any time since. However, class meetings, the Senior Corn Boil (Did we ever think of a time, when we should be the hostesses?) our Capping and the "college" feel of the new gowns, helping us realize we really belonged; above all, the Victory Car-

nival, which really gave us a chance to help the War Fund to grow, all are etched in the memory of that first eventful year!

Our little part in Convocation week was accomplished without mishap and we went home—to return once more to find some of our class missing, but a whole quota of "Freshie Sophs" to swell our ranks. No one who has not experienced the feeling can know the vast superiority of an "old girl", in the presence of so many new ones. We like to think that we made their first days less strange, but sometimes we wonder.

What stands out in our Sophomore year more than anything else? Why, "The Love Story of Herman and Melancholia" of course! For the first and no doubt, the only time of our young lives, we were associated with an opera, though perhaps Deems Taylor would shudder at the sacrilege. We produced it, acted it, and collected the profits for the Missions. What an impression our lovers made—Ruth, as Herman, with her deep bass voice, and our coloratura heroine, Marie Crooks, and, in equally outstanding importance, the dramatic overture composed and played by Marie Hayes. The less lovable parts were played by Mary Casey, the villain, and Marjorie MacDonald the artful siren. In spite of the fact that we have a reputation for laughing best at our own humour, we still chuckle at that, especially at the costumes shared between Anita and Mary. The audience never knew we only had one. Or did it?

The school had hardly recuperated from our opera, when we inflicted on them the "Cativities", which they felt obliged to buy, because we were giving the money to the Missions. This new light of the journalistic world was produced in the privacy of "L'Hotel Michel" which housed the "Salon du Chat"—(we were at the stage, when French was a sign of sophistication.) Twice the Cativities came out, then disappeared forever from the public eye, not trusting that nine lives story. During this year, we had the honour of seeing two of



Seniors' smiles

our members win the Intercollegiate debate with Dalhousie University. Our class also carried off first prize and honorable mention in that year's Public Speaking Contest. That oratorical ability was the result of many arguments on many questions. That year, too, was held our Canadian Youth Commission Broadcast, when we voiced our opinions on matters of concern to youth, over the air. We may not have settled any matters, but we enjoyed it and we felt we were doing something worthwhile.

Next to these, we remember the Sophomore Breakfast, with our president's farewell to the graduates, our carrying the Daisy Chain, on a beautiful day, with apple blossoms adding to the joy of the occasion. Then the vacation again.



Posing, Mary?



Margie



Marie

Our return as "Upper classmen" was rather spoiled by the fact that Shelia Seale, our printing expert, had returned to her home in England, creating a noticeable break in the class.

Our first venture into non-Academic activities was our dance at Loyola Hall in Bedford. Remember the new version of "Take It Easy". Ruth drove a car for the first time that night, and were it not for the kindness of Providence terrible things might have happened. That was the first dance we had planned ourselves and we were well-pleased

at its success. Or should we undertake to call it that?

In our Junior year, too, we began to realize more clearly that College life is not all operas and dances and silly news-papers, but that there is a serious side too. We gave more thought to our Retreat and the other spiritual activities of our life here. That year we were trusted to take the lead in some of the plans for Campus Capers, and again we had a great deal of amusement and downright fun out of decorating booths, serving hot dogs and presid-



Pause that refreshes

ing over a wheel of fortune. Since the weather was perfect, the carnival was held out-of-doors on the grounds, making it so much more memorable.

And then, with a sigh we arrived at Ashburn, to realize that everything had gone off well, and our management of the Prom had not resulted in its utter collapse. It was then we could look at the events of Class Week and then relax to enjoy them—then the Class Prophecy, which is the province of the Juniors the expected wonderful banquet and our bequests from the wills of the graduates of 1945, the election, by us, imagine it!—of the president of the Senior Class of 1946.

At last it came, our graduation year. With Kathy in the seat of the president, we embarked upon it with the annual Corn Boil, and the pots presided over by our two Home Ecers, Kathy and Jean. We lost our other member of that department to the Postulate during the Summer.

How we enjoyed the Junior Prom, our first chance in months to swirl around in long gowns! To the Juniors we were grateful for one of the highlights of our Senior year.

And now, still so fresh in our minds is the whirl of commencement. "I can't realize that this is actually happening to me!" The hoods over our shoulders, the tassles turned,



Quite a student!

our wills read, attending finally, the solemn Benediction in the Chapel, our last as students. Kneeling there, we think of all the things that have happened during the past four years and we bow our heads in thanksgiving. We don't exactly wish they were just beginning, because another fascinating chapter is opening, but we wish they really weren't over. At least not so soon.

Energy food



Our charming President



Is Mary orating?

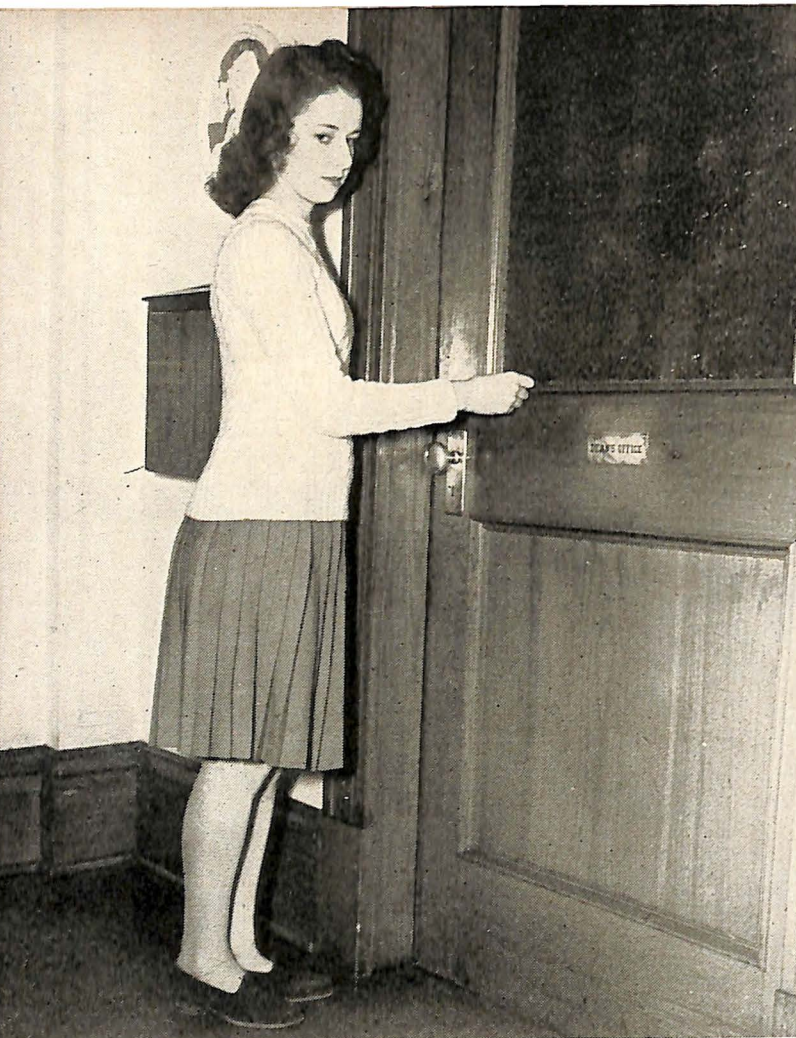




The Student Activities Council

*"True Peace is unattainable.... it's nearest
counterpart is found in the tolerance
and trust that is born of knowledge."*

—Anon—



INTERVIEWING THE DEAN

Her first—but not her last.

A Cross with the twin towers silhouetted against the autumn sky, the blue water sparkling in the sun, the air fragrant with the scent of ripe apples—yes, it was the Mount in September. Corridors re-echoed with cries of greetings, as old and new girls busied themselves with the unpacking of trunks, stopping now and then to discuss some particularly interesting adventure of the vacation. The days following were busy ones—interviews with the Dean, planning of program and making oneself familiar with the little "Blue Book" which seemed to say much in a few words. With the belated return of the Home "Eciers" the following week, there were more greetings, with everyone taking time out to admire the new improvements necessitated by the explosion of the summer. The interest of the new arrivals seemed to be

[36]

focussed on the north end of the campus and the new practice house for which they were going to help plan the furnishings. Now, we really seemed to have settled down and the year had begun. With the choir chanting the "Kyrie" and our responding wholeheartedly to the "Orate Fratres" we officially opened the school year, invoking the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. It was a particularly impressive ceremony—all of us kneeling, praying, offering sacrifice together. The true spirit of the liturgy was infused into us—a spirit of togetherness that was to remain throughout the year. The first social of the year was the Seniors' corn-boil. A pleasant memory it is now—of girls gathered round the fire, filling the silence of the night with their songs; refreshments, the aroma of which had been tantalizing already keen appetites. But, Oh! the Scourge of the Freshmen had begun, and sent temperatures skyrocketing! What a week. . . . pigtails, bobby socks and heels ensemble, shining shoes, running errands, making beds, dusting! The relentless initiation of the Freshmen was in full sway. The last Saturday of September was home day for the Alumnae. And how happy we were to extend welcome to those former Mount students who had helped to form the traditions which make the Mount so dear to all of us. . . . The following day, the Faculty extended their greetings to the students old and new alike, at a formal tea. Perhaps, some of the Freshmen were awe stricken at the length of the reception line. But the gracious hospitality of our professors soon put all at their ease. . . . October

INITIATION

"Are things what they seem—or are visions about?"



CAPPING

*"Courage
Assiduity
Perseverance"*

fourth found us paying our respects to one of St. Francis's clients, our beloved Dean. The student body in token of appreciation presented Sister with bouquets—one of prayers, the other of roses. . . . The Seniors offered their special tribute by presenting, that evening, an illustrated lecture on St. Francis. . . . Mission Sunday did not pass unobserved. In the evening the Mission unit of St. Marys College joined with ours to present a radio program on the spirit of the true missionary—the program being enlivened by tableaux representing the great missionaries of the Church down through the centuries—seen, shall we say, by television. . . . Then the Junior Prom with its conga lines, slow dreamy waltzes and syncopated fox trots—We wager that the walls of the Lord Nelson never envisioned such an array of comely damsels, bewitching gowns, and charming escorts. . . . Father Time hurried along bringing with him class marks tears, laughter, and dismay, and the soothing words, "Onward, ever onward". . . . Capping investiture was one occasion we shan't ever forget. . . . Candelight, the majestic solemn faces of the Freshmen as they took the pledge of the Mount girl. . . . Freshmen to Senior we welcomed in President's day with a one-act play combining modern jargon with the wit of Shakespeare, followed by a concert and

[37]

the formal presentation of our token of gratitude to Sister for her inspiring guidance. This was followed by high tea by candlelight, with weird shapes dancing over the tables. A toast to the President opening a pleasant evening of frolic and festivity. . . . A battle of wits. . . . affirmative and negative. . . . and debate we did, and won, too. Mount Allison yielded gracefully to a winning team. The last week in November brought to the Mount women members of the Army, Navy and Air Force. . . . women behind the battle-lines taking "Time-out" to make sure that all was at peace on the home-front of their souls. We tried to make their day of recollection full and successful, and not in vain. . . . We

JUNIOR PROM

*Formal clothes corsages
and momentous happenings*



sincerely admired such evidence of such of Catholic womanhood and whispered a prayer that we one day will be as fine. . . . Day followed day, each bringing its own share of activity. Doll sales with proceeds which matched our expert salesmanship, the three-day triduum to our own Saint Francis, a magnificent Jubilee Mass on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a pilgrimage to all our Lady's shrines in the late afternoon the Christmas party of the Glee Club, and the hilarity and merriment occasioned by the bulging Santa Clause in the person of Mary Casey the Christmas Pageant so solemn and majestic, our Christmas offering at the foot of the altar . . . the echoing of carols throughout the house, three glorious weeks made happier by the prospect that December 18 was approaching, and with it the beginning of vacation Home to Glace Bay . . . to Montreal . . . to Boston . . . New York . . . Sydney and lest we forget . . . home to Halifax! Seniors promised faithfully not to work dur-

ing the holidays and we know they kept their promise The return after vacation was none too cheerful, with Mid-years so near Juniors, Sophomores and puzzled Freshmen turned toward preparations for the dreaded ordeal while experienced Seniors sorted out and assimilated stacks of notes The first of February and a gay, free feeling brought the realization that it was all over. Hills and woods hidden with snow Saturday night, the hockey enthusiasts overran the Forum and with equal fervor discussed the merits of each player in groups on Sunday; skating was in vogue, and what intrepid skiing. . . . Horrors, a bevy of excited collegians gathering in a group means only one thing—marks for the examinations are posted! And here comes a dejected creature to confirm this. "I must bring that Ethics mark up next semester" Father Strang brought us visions of Chinese children in an impoverished China Father urged our spiritual and material help, and we pledged ourselves that we wouldn't let him down. For

SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY

"And now the play's the thing"



genuine Christ-like humility, charity and perseverance, we salute a truly great priest This was truly the outstanding Mission month, for Sister Gillis of the Sisters of Service gave us an enlightening lecture on the work and functioning of that recently-founded order And then the annual Mission Rally held in Saint Patrick's Hall with its army of militant mission-minded youth enough surely to rouse the slothful and urge all to greater endeavor. Counterbalancing the spiritual activities was the Sophomore Valentine party with Cupids shooting darts and Sophomores gnomes dropping happiness potions into unsuspecting Coca Colas Eileen Culkin's fortune tells ten children eight boys and two girls and all for Patchogue "Hear us, O Lord" and thirteen mellow voices chimed out in chorus while an enthusiastic audience crowded into the Main Ballroom of the Nova Scotian Our own Helen Balah starred as the "celestial spheres turned" "The radio is more important than the newspaper". Remember those rebuttals that kept the audience highly amused and won for us the debate against Saint Mary's Freshmen. Our four Freshmen

TOBOGANNING

Snow fun



SERVICEWOMEN'S RETREAT

"Comrades true—dare and do"

"Neath the Queen's white and blue"

who participated capably upheld the Mount reputation Shrove Tuesday already—and with it an invitation to the Mardi Gras, sponsored by the members of the Home Economics Club. The gymnasium tastefully decorated in the motif of a terrace garden club, illuminated by candlelight presented a very pleasing sight as the girls in their dainty gowns danced or sat at tables enjoying the tasty refreshments or, more still—the floor show. Enjoyed it that is, until they were asked to participate A pause, ashes on our foreheads, special Lenten practices It was Ash Wednesday fewer visits to the canteen, more visits to Chapel Then a chirping, a new bloom, a whispered sigh, and Spring appeared around the corner Mid-Lent found us on retreat under the direction of Very Reverend Father McGinnis, C.S.C. It was a period of thoughtful reflection, recollection, and above all, prayer. An important time for all but most important for the Seniors as they sought in prayer to know God's designs for them. Easter was here—the end of our Lenten sacrifices. It was a glorious feast, gold and white instead of somber purple and pastel hues where the dull browns and greens once were And then Easter was over. We returned to classes for the last lap April and the Archbishop's Jubilee Those splendid moments, that last act in the program will forever remain poignant in our memories "O Mother what am I to do?" chorused in the hearts of



MISSION RALLY

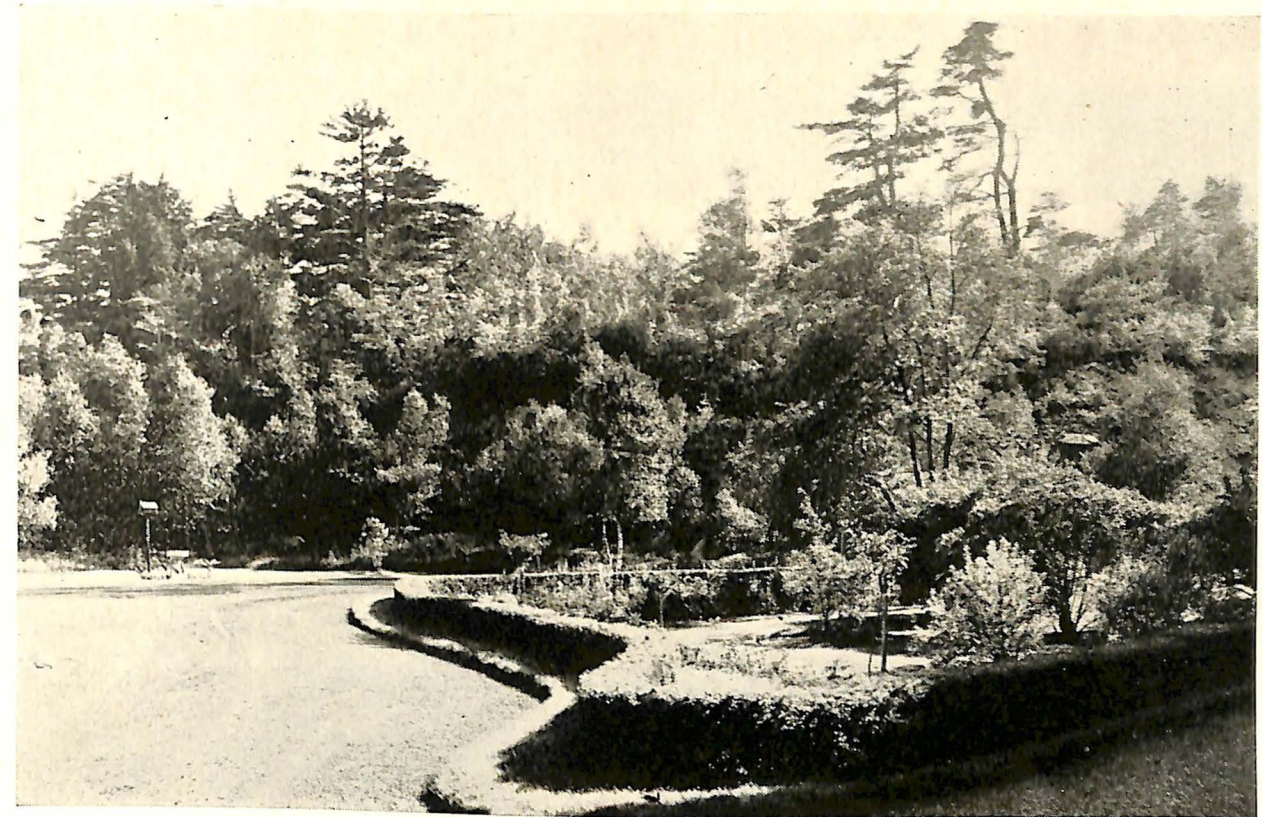
"God wills it"—

the Seniors. It was the beginning of the end and we approached it reluctantly, expectantly. But time has sped too quickly Mary's month danced in and garlands of blue with lily-of-the-valley sprinkled here and there. The sheer beauty and grandeur of the Campus impelled us to stay. Laughter again and the Freshmen Picnic was one continuous round of gaiety Final exams are here once again. "Will I ever adapt myself to the realization that exams are necessary evils?" But class elections were held and new officers are preparing for next year's activities as we look on . . . The apple blossoms are drifting over the campus . . the warm sun has thawed the earth. And it is ready for another newcomer — our contribution to the beauty of the Mount—our Class Tree Class Day, Daisy chain, farewell entertainments for the Seniors, private parties, and now its Commencement Eve: the mingled sadness and laughter recalling last days, the affixing of signatures to Yearbooks, a choking farewell to favorite haunts on the campus, and echoed cries of "Good-bye".

[40]

MUSICALE

*"Hear us, O Lord... hear us,
We worship Thy glorious Name."*



Campus Scenes



[41]



"Lord, make of my youth a holy thing"

[42]

*"The works of Peace—the
seemingly trivial things—
done with joy."*

Anon

The Mount Week

[43]

Sunday—And once again that air of tranquillity settles over the Mount. Mass as usual in our beautiful Chapel but there is something about Sunday Mass that is not “as usual”. The profound but friendly silence of the Chapel is filled with voices of young and old blended in the beautiful Missa Cantata.

Breakfast—the tidying of rooms—an early start in the library—tackling assignments. Others go for a walk—a few teach Sunday School in the village church to children of all ages. Many are regular visitors to the Lending Library at the Cottage, where there are books to suit everyone. The atmosphere alone of the library is conducive to reading—a glance at the packed shelves and we are reminded of the magic world awaiting us of which books are the key.

We tear ourselves away to be in time for dinner—after which, bridge is organized, letters are written, reading is taken up again; better still, weather permitting, the afternoon is spent more energetically—tobogganning or skiing. At any time the booths in Ken Carroll’s are liable to be

We will sing Thy praises, O Lord!



*“For earth’s little secret and innumerable ways,
For the carol and the colour, Lord, we bring
What things may be of thanks, and that Thou*



*hast lent our days
Eyes to see and ears to hear and lips to sing”*



occupied by girls who, defying calories, indulge in sodas, sundaes or sandwiches. Other groups are regular visitors to Camp Hill Hospital—or the Infirmary—to cheer up the boys for whom we staged a “Command Performance” Christmas show.

Later—symphony concerts over the radio—long lines of cars on the campus—admiring visitors—finishing assignments—vespers. Sunday evening—the calm of the Chapel—Angelus and Benediction—the girls arriving back—signing in—discarding coats, gloves, scarves—talk fests as we relive the past two days. In the cottage, exclamations of approval as the store of food is replenished and some one suggests fixing up a snack in the kitchenette.

But all good things must have an end. The bell warns that lights must be out early tonight for we have another busy week ahead of us. And so, with happy memories and a pleasant feeling of anticipation for the week ahead, we hasten to obey the bell and surrender ourselves to a very welcome sleep with sighs of perfect content.

SUNDAY



A letter a day keeps the blues away.

assignments receive last-minute touches which, we hope—but doubt—will escape the Professor's wary eye. Ten o'clock at length—the mass rush for the mail boxes, for though every day is mail day, Monday is particularly so. Down to Canteen everyone hurries, some perusing their letters thoughtfully, others with chuckles, and many bewailing their letterless condition in no uncertain terms.



"mm—do they smell good!"

Monday

Monday the bell startles us with the realization that we've only half an hour to prepare for Mass at 6:30. Long lines of girls in caps and gowns file into Chapel—to answer the Dialogue Mass and, receiving Holy Communion, to begin the day in a fitting spirit. Exposition over, we hurry down to breakfast and emerge ready to tackle any obstacles ahead of us.

Tripping over week-end bags, the late-comers arrive—cries of "Have a good time?" and yawns as everyone makes the seemingly fruitless effort to get out of that leisurely week-end spirit and back in the mood for work. Blue Monday again! A whole week to go till Friday! Once again flying forms disappear around corners in answer to the summons of the class bell, so horribly insistent. Neglected

[46]



And so to class.

Moments of melody.



Dinner-time—a breathing space to relate the adventures of the week-end—and the rush starts anew as our would-be journalists, headed for classes in town at King's College hasten down to the bus stop. At length the last class is out and we can relax for a moment before dressing for supper. After supper the Sodality meeting is a regular Monday evening feature and so we hurry over to the Sodality room, where already the officers are in their usual places before our Lady's shrine. We all look forward to this moment when we gather to do honor to Our Blessed Mother who, we pray, may ever preserve in us the high ideals, glowing faith and womanly virtues of a true Mount girl. The Executive meeting keeps us busy until Benediction time when we keep our nightly tryst with the Blessed Sacrament. But soon the last hymn is sung, the last prayer recited and we head for the library; work, it seems is just beginning!

MONDAY

[47]

They don't look nervous, do they..



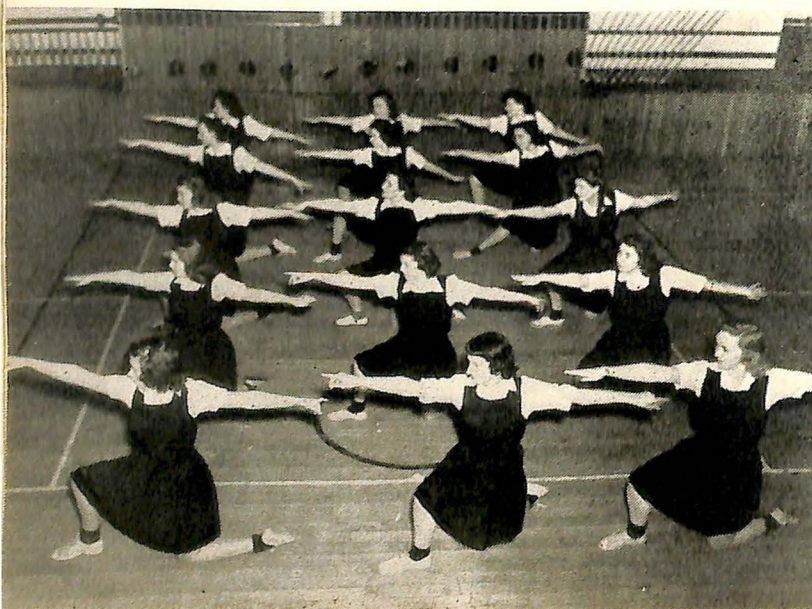
Kappa's generous secretarial staff



Tuesday—Always seems an empty sort of a day. If we stopped to figure out the “why’s” and “wherefore’s” probably we’d discover that we missed Exposition after Mass and mail at gouter time, and that in the evening we miss Benediction because of gymnasium classes. Tuesday is Mission Day, so we offer all our prayers and acts as spirit-

ual alms. Canteen is neglected in favor of Mission Sales—always a great hit. Hot dogs, sandwiches, steaming hot chocolate lose no time in disappearing, thanks to the mission-minded appetites of the girls. After dinner on Tuesdays a certain group are invariably to be found in the library—very studiously pouring over Encyclopedias and Books of Knowledge. They might be investigating anything from stained glass windows to jam-making—or the habits of a Hottentot—or a ground hog. There is a sort of despair about them for in these few minutes before class, each topic must be developed into a speech to be delivered with poise and confidence! Speech class—and memories of ridiculous verses to broaden a’s and correct

Future stars of the ballet



accent! It doesn’t seem long on Tuesdays before the last class is over and we are off to the village having collected our nickels for the

No jump needed here!



juke—that is the nickels left over after phone calls! Supper and then gym with every one looking smart and definitely unimpeded in tunics and sneakers and just “rarin to go!” After preliminary setting-up exercises—who knows what the evening may bring! We hope that interpretative dancing may not be the order of the day—but it almost invariably is, and so we set to work overtaking our ingenuity as Therese gives us a familiar rendition of “Claire de Lune”. There are always new games to learn and folk dances to leave us tired but not undaunted at 8 o’clock. The pause that refreshes at Canteen, and the more energetic are off to practice basket-ball—to work out plays and signals amid keen competition and great secrecy.

TUESDAY



Kappa staff confers.

Wednesday—And "a well-earned late sleep how we look forward to it! A rush down to breakfast—a scramble to get things in order and we're off to class. Just a peek around the Social room door to inquire hopefully whether there's any sign yet of the 'brownies' Mom promised to send, or of the home newspapers forwarded fairly regularly by Dad—a visit to the book-presses—a

[50]

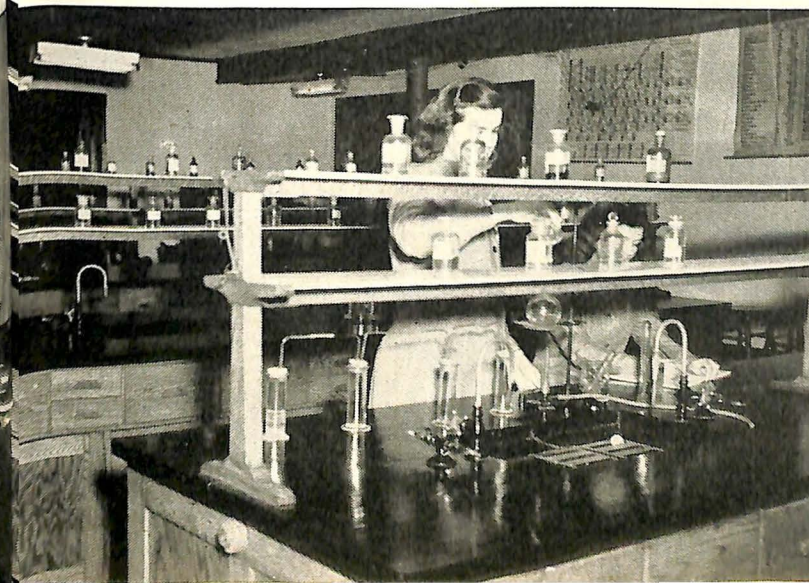


"They prefer comedy"

quick glance at the bulletin board, and we're off to work again. Wednesday—probably if a toll could be taken of favourite days—it would obtain a place of honour among the seniors anyway, as for them—Wednesday means afternoons of leisure—of shopping, visiting, or going to the show. True some are less fortunate, Chemistry students for instance, labour over test tubes and distilling flasks until five. Then if it happens to be the first Wednesday of the month, the Student Activities Council assembles formally for its regular meeting. These are the girls who represent the various groups. Class Presidents and Club Presidents—they discuss current events and future projects, unravel knotty student problems, present the students' viewpoints and, in general, regulate the activities of the whole student body.

Every second week supper is followed by a meeting of the Dramatic Club with President Anita Keats, and Secretary Marie Crooks supplying brilliant suggestions for, and stimulating interest in amateur theatricals. They provide much light entertainment and regulate the performances of each group. On Wednesday evenings the Writers Club also holds its meetings. It is renowned for its open com-

Could that be atomic energy?



"The fair maid, Ophelia."

petitions in the field of poetry and prose which enkindle the ambitions of the literary-minded and is under the enthusiastic direction of Virginia Glynn, President; Anne Bingham, Secretary; and Treasurer, Claire McNeil.

WEDNESDAY

[51]



"Phi Delta Phi"

*Seated—Catherine Anderson, (Sec.)
Mary Casey (Pres.), Louise Bender.
Standing—Marjorie MacDonald,
Claire McNeil*

Thursday—"Textiles" and "Nutrition"—a busy day for the Home-Ecers, the girls who plan to devote life's energies to helping maintain the health and style of others. Thursday and the Seniors practise teaching the culinary art. They certainly seem to believe in starting them young, for their not very apt but very willing pupils are the Academy Juniors. Great fun for all concerned but invaluable experience. Thursday—choral—associated in our mind with voice drill, the Orchestra Song, and of course the Mass "cum jubilo"—and Sister Mary Corona's unfailing patience with those altos who would insist on singing "octaves" when "thirds" are required. The choral group are all members of our Glee Club headed by President, Jean Macaulay; Vice President, Loraine Thibeault; and Secretary-treasurer, Anne Bingham.

[52]

Home Ecers of 1960;



Afternoon, and once again the journalism students attend classes in town. After supper the Phi Delta Phi conducts its meetings with befitting secrecy. This our Honor Society consists of a very select group of five and under the very capable guidance of their moderator, Sister Mary Berchmans, the amateur philosophers—with President Mary Casey and Secretary, Catherine Anderson—are particularly interested in training their minds along philosophical lines, and in the application of Saint Thomas Aquinas to modern life. And then the familiar queue outside the Canteen as 6.45 approaches—invitations have been retrieved from safe places—yellow slips signifying permissions sought, have been signed—our weekend fate hangs in the balance. But soon the worst is over; permissions have been granted. After Benediction everyone



Canada's Future Journalists

Fascinating art, isn't it?



settles down to assignments. Bed-time approaches—visits to the darkened chapel—and then the scurrying starts on the top flat—the universal putting up of hair but tonight even that doesn't seem any trouble for at the approach of the week-end, every one retires in a state of happy anticipation.

THURSDAY

[53]

Friday—And nothing can go wrong for we have always the cheering thought of the week-end to sustain us. First on the programme for the day is the meeting of the Mission Club—always eagerly anticipated, and yet always exceeding our expectations. Dinner time and another lucky girl is guest at the Practical Demonstration of the Home Ecers' luncheon course—we listen with envy to her account of



Solving the clothing problem.

A winning team



the well-planned and tastefully executed meal—and rejoice that our turn is coming up soon. Friday—the dead-line for those English II themes that have been dampening our spirits all week. It is a busy day—yet we find enough time to purchase a supply of stamps for the week-end at the school office—to cash a cheque—or acquire some other financial support for the next few days. Of course the mail-boxes are inspected eagerly—incoming parcels are claimed with no delay—and there is always a minute to throw “things” into a week-end bag.

By noon those departing find that time drags heavily—watches are continually consulted until classes end, and then, with a great waving of good-byes and with excited chatter, the travellers hasten down to the bus stop—or the station—marvelling that this moment actually did arrive!



“Halifax, HO!”

Friday evening is quiet on the campus. No longer do book-laden students hurry through corridors—the Friday evening stroll is a leisurely one—the atmosphere is peaceful. The Social room suddenly comes into its own as many sink into the comfortable chairs to read, chat, listen to the radio—or just relax. Some of the more energetic dance—and basket ball is generally popular. Over at the cottage the tranquil spirit pervades until Anita starts conducting personality quizzes—or giving “facials” and shampoos. And so early to bed though not at all necessarily early to rise.

Four aces



FRIDAY

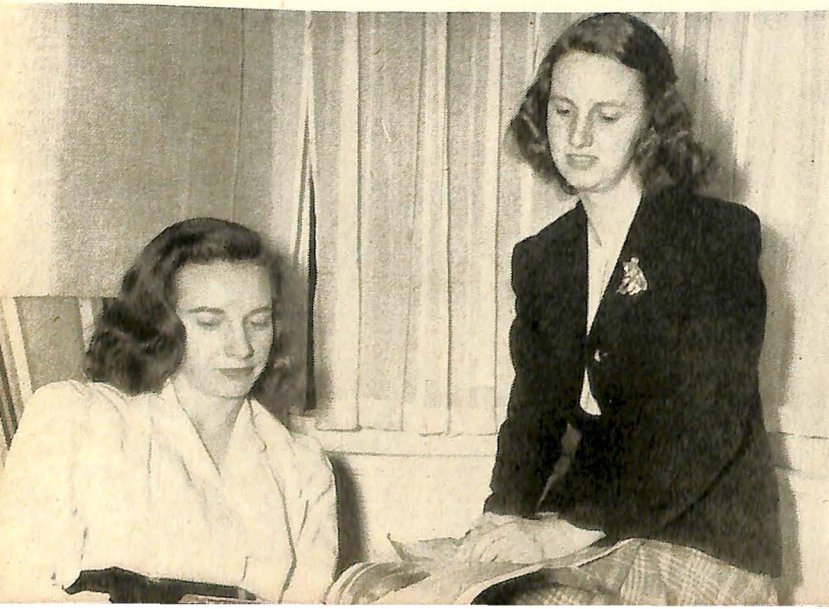
Saturday is usually a lazy day for the majority are "Saturday-morning-sleepers" who defy calls and bells. The industrious take advantage of the morning to do house-cleaning, to tidy drawers, to wash sweaters and gloves, and to do the inevitable darning and letter-writing. Some of the less fortunate have classes in Chemistry and we sympathize, for there is nothing—in our estimation—so opposed to the spirit of work as Saturday morning. And a sunny Saturday at the Mount has not its equal we wager. The basin gay and sparkling blue—the shining silver



Niagara in miniature

ships, the bright green, and white of trees and snow—or grass—and the corresponding colours of the opposite hills—colourful? Yet scarcely more so than the gay crowd who pour out to take advantage of the sunshine. For some a hike is indicated and armed with cameras they start out. Usually there is a general exodus into the city. Shopping may be the reason with regular visits to the "Camera Shop" or the "French Pastry Shop".

Light reading.



Afternoon tea in a charming setting at "Woods"—taking in an impromptu fashion show—a visit to our favourite book store and so off to supper and the show.

Saturday night usually sees some lucky girls with late permissions primping suitably for a hockey game, skating—or a supper dance. Others may be helping in the good work,



No anxiety about calories here

"Hold that ball"



finishing that all-important letter, or just relaxing until the "Hit Parade" comes over the air. The Saturday night spirit is impressive—mysterious expressions indicate things brewing—"who got a parcel from home today?"—yet sleep comes easily on Saturday nights—very easily—even during the best radio programs!

SATURDAY



The Most Reverend John T. McNally, D.D.

Archbishop of Halifax

1896

Holy Saturday

1946

The Morning Star that in the April dawn
Shone clear above the eternal hills of Rome
No setting knows at dusk, the long day gone,
But is the Evening Star o'er fields at home.

The new-Fire kindled in the levite's heart
Struck from the Corner-stone by sacrament
Burns brighter now that with a flame tripart
Its spark has lighted half a continent:

Still for the sheep the lamb is sacrificed,
The glory and the wonder have not ceased;
With Blood of God he feeds the flock of Christ,
Like to his Master, Shepherd, Victim, Priest.

Now is the faithful servant glorified:
Peace overflows this Golden Easter-tide.

Summum Ad Montem

Part 1

PROLOGUE

Time: HOLY SATURDAY April 4, 1896

Background: *Against the dark blue sky the shadow of the Three Crosses of Mount Calvary. The Levite kneels in prayer. He wears the alb and the diagonal stole. Very soft music as the curtains part. Night and the Stars in attitude of adoration before the Cross.*
Rhythmic Movement

Night: *rising* The heavens proclaim the glory of the Lord. Behold the Wood of the Cross!

Stars: Come, let us adore! *All kneel with arms extended toward the Cross. Soft music in the distance, and then the Chant, off stage, of the Crux Fidelis—*

Crux fidelis inter omnes
Arbor una nobilis
Nulla silva talem profert
Fronde, flore, germine.
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos
Dulce pondus sustinet.

Stage brightens as with light of dawn. Enter Angel of the Resurrection.

Angel: Behold the Light of Christ!

Enter procession of angels from either side. The Angel of the Resurrection now takes her place on the highest step facing the audience. The others range themselves on the steps on either side, looking toward the Cross.

Angelic Choir: The sign of the Cross shall be in Heaven when the Lord shall come to judge.
(alternate) Then all the servants of the Cross, who in their lifetime have conformed themselves to Him that was crucified shall come to Christ their Judge with great confidence.

Solo Voice Why art thou afraid to take up thy cross, which leadeth to a Kingdom?

First Choir: In the Cross is salvation; in the Cross is life.

Second Choir In the Cross is protection from enemies.

First Choir In the Cross is infusion of heavenly sweetness; in the Cross is strength of mind.

Second Choir In the Cross is joy of spirit; in the Cross is height of virtue; in the Cross is perfection of sanctity.

ALL WE ADORE THEE O CHRIST, AND WE BLESS THEE BECAUSE
BY THY HOLY CROSS THOU HAST REDEEMED THE WORLD.

Angel of Resurrection: O happy Night! O Night in which were made one the things of earth and the things of heaven, the things of God and the things of man!

Ecclesia: This is the Night which in our days likewise throughout all the earth, calling them that believe in Christ from out a wicked world and from out the murk of sin, restoreth them to the favor of God and endueth them with His holiness.

Night: (*rising and taking the Levite by the hand*) Wherefore, Ecclesia, receive at my hand this Levite who on the eve of his nuptials with thee hath kept watch beside the Cross, armed with the Sign of Salvation and awaiting the revelation of God in the humility of Faith.

Angel of Resurrection: The revelation is already begun. Christ is risen!

Angelic Choir: Christ is risen, Alleluia!

Ecclesia: O Levite, chosen by God, behold the measure of thy soul is now before thee. This day shall set its seal upon thy life.

The Levite rises and goes up stage, halting before the shadow of the Cross with his arms extended. He remains thus standing while the angelic choir recites:

Solo Voice: What is it to be a priest?

First Choir: It is to feel the Blood of God
Course through the veins;
To hold the Flesh of Christ
In human hands:
To make each day a sacred thing apart
By one more lifting up of Calvary's Cross.

Second Choir: It is to walk the crowded lanes and city streets
And hear the throbbing pulse of God
Against the heart:
To make exchange of Christ's dear Blood
For sinners' tears
And pour the balm of Mercy's love
O'er misery's wounds;
It is to slip the bolts of heaven's treasures
And cast abroad the wealth of God to souls.

Solo Voice: What more?

All: To be another Christ on earth.

Solo Voice: Ah, then 'twere sad to die!

All: But lo! a mystery that sets hearts athrill:
Behold, the mists of time shall roll away,
The centuries shall have ceased:
In heaven's high sanctuary sublime
Forever thou art a priest.

Music from a distance: How lovely are Thy dwellings, O Lord of Hosts!
My soul longeth, yea, fainteth, for the courts of the Lord.
The Levite remains standing with arms extended before the Cross.

CURTAIN

First Episode: THE FONT

Time: Holy Saturday.

Place: The Vestibule of the Church. *The Font of Baptism on the marble steps back centre.*

Enter Ecclesia, leading the Levite by the hand.

Angels enter from either side and group themselves on both sides of the Font.

Soft music as they take their places.

Ecclesia: Behold, O Son, how in a wondrous manner, unseen of man, God Almighty brings to pass the effect of His sacraments: nor does He, in spite of the unworthiness of men, cease to abide in His gracious gifts to mankind. Behold how in every place the Font of Baptism is opened for the new birth of the nations.

(kneeling) O Lord, look upon the face of Thy Church, and multiply the number of those who in her are born again to Thee, that at the bidding of Thy Majesty she may receive from the Holy Spirit that increase which is a grace of Thy only Begotten Son.

The Levite kneels (centre)

Angel Choir: O Holy Spirit, by virtue of Thy presence, quicken into fruitfulness these waters, in order that from the immaculate womb of this divine font, a heavenly offspring may come forth to newness of life.

Chant *(off stage)* "He bade water to flow out of Paradise and in four streams to water the whole earth."

Angel Choir: Happy he, who united by closest ties to Mother Church, is become a father to souls begotten by the Son of God in the bosom of His spotless Bride.

Children's voices are heard singing off-stage.

Ecclesia: But see, the children come! Happy is thy paternity. These are given into thy keeping. See that thou lead them, gather them and guard, and feed them with the Bread of Life.

The children run in and surround the Levite laughing. They sing a roundel moving in a circle around him. The Angels form an outer circle, laughing and singing with the little ones. Unseen by all, Our Lady enters at rear and stands before the Font with her arms extended towards them. A bell sounds in the distance as the song ends. The children break the circle and kneel on two sides facing our Lady, while the Angels stand one behind each child. Arcadell's AVE MARIA is sung very softly off stage as far as the "Sancta Maria," when the Curtains close.

Children's Song:

Waters from God's fountain
Cleansing souls from stain
Flow from out the mountain
Of His bitter pain.
Sing we then and carol
Dancing in a ring
Wearing white apparel
Of our Christening.

Second Episode: THE JUDGMENT SEAT

An open court. In the centre is the Judgment Seat, the Tribunal of Penance. At right is the Gate of Matrimony, at the left is the Gate of Extreme Unction.

Before each of these symbols an angel stands. They wear Purple, Yellow and Green respectively. The Levite kneels centre stage with hands joined in prayer.

Ecclesia *(at Judgment Seat;)* Behold, O Son, that secret place where even angles do not enter in. Behold the Judgment Seat of God upon earth! Thou, a man, must lend thine ear to be the ear of God; for the ear that listens to the secret sins of men and transmits them only to God is truly the ear of God. And the mouth that replies, guides, consoles, binds and looses, is truly the mouth of God: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."

Angle of Penance: Calvary is past, O Priest,—not so the weary hours
Christ lingers in the host, confined and cabined in;
And thou, O Son, who sharest the Saviour's powers
Must tabernacled be, like Him, men's souls to win.

Patient like Him, must wait the shuffling feet,
Silent, must hear the woeful tale of sin,
Tender, must pour the balm, consoling, sweet;
Yea, like thy Lord, thou must be cabined in.

Not pierced thy feet, but yet benumbed and still
They throb like Christ's when Magdalen bends low,
And once again the words of mercy thrill
Thy human tongue and softly fall as snow.

Who is there, save Christ, that knows the strain
Of waiting, listening, pleading from the Cross?
Who save Him, shall feel thy heart's sharp pain
At hard defeat and oft repeated loss?

Gird thee, O Son, to wield not Justice' sword
But Mercy's till thy life has ceased,
And thou in turn shalt hear thy Master's word:
"Ego te absolvo—thou art released!"

Ecclesia: (*moving to Gate on right*) Behold, this gate is shut to thee; but thou its Guardian art.
Thou art a priest according to the order of Melchisedech, knowing neither
father nor mother nor any generation.

Angel of Matrimony: This gate is open to all but thee
Thou enterest not but thou dost hold the key
"What God hath joined let no man put apart;"
Guard thou the kingdom of the Clean of Heart.

Ecclesia: (*moving to left Gate*) This postern gate leads to eternal life; Death, some men call it, yet
through its portals men pass to life unfading and joys without end.

Angel of Extreme Unction: Thou too, O Priest, shalt one day pass within
Yet in thy passing strengthened and consoled;
As thou a light to parting souls hast been
So will they in thy last anointing thee uphold.

Ecclesia: Unto the very Mount of God, O Son, thou must move,—to God, who giveth joy unto
thy youth, and Who will be thy refuge even unto gray hairs and old age.

Ecclesia leads the Levite out. Stage blacked out. Sound of thunder in the distance.

Suddenly, a clash of cymbals and Satan appears, picked out in light.

Satan: My brothers in evil, arise!

*Sound of confusion intermittently. In the death-like pauses between, the SEVEN DEADLY SINS
arise one by one, hailing the Prince of Darkness in violent gesture, until all together shout:—"Your
brothers in evil are here!" Slowly they pay homage to him as he stands defiantly against the Judg-
ment Seat of God.*

Satan: Dark phantoms, my brothers in evil
That pursue all men on earth
And hold Babylon, the world, in bondage!

The Seven: Hail, Satan! Babylon, Babylon, Babylon, is ours! (*They move in rhythm*)

Satan: Dark embassy of hate, and envy, and gluttony, and deceitfulness,
Brood of hell, sent to earth to war against God
For the destruction of souls!

Seven: Babylon, Babylon, Babylon is ours! (*circling about him*)

Satan: You have conquered the world!

Seven: Hail! Satan! Hail! (*kneeling and acclaiming him*)

Satan: You have diced for men's souls and won!
The lukewarm and the sluggish you have taken captive
With melting songs and dreamy melodies,
Charming their sloth.
The world is ours!

Seven: Ha! Ha! The world is ours! Hail, Satan! Hail!

Satan: (*pointing to the Judgment Seat*) This, only, this stands in our way!
Let us destroy the Judgment Seat of God upon earth!

Seven: Let us destroy it!

Satan: By lies, by propaganda, by ridicule and false shame,
Let us destroy the Judgment Seat of God upon earth!

Seven: Let us destroy it!

Satan: Let us, moreover, destroy these gates that lead to paradise, the one of earth, the
other of heaven! The marriage contract let us loose! Let us make of it a human
thing, the instrument of fickle passion. Let us invade the paradise of the family
and the home!

Seven: Let us bring destruction on the earth through the destruction of the home!
Babylon, Babylon, Babylon is ours. Who shall contest it?

Satan: Up, Sins of the World! Up!
The Lamb of God is slain
And Sin is lord of the world!

Seven: (*Bowing down*) Thou art Lord of the world!

Satan: The further gate that leads through death,
We shall make it a gate of horrors!
Darkness and destruction, nothingness,
These shall lead men on to plunge into despair.
Bound in the fetters of servitude
The souls of men fall into our hands . . .
Who shall save them?

*The Seven Deadly Sins whirling about Satan are brought to a sudden halt. A soft strain of music
and the stage becomes light. The rear curtains part and show beyond, the Levite standing at the Altar
of Sacrifice. The Choir of angels on either side.*

Satan and his minions fall heavily on the ground or flee desperately from either side.

*Off stage the Choir sings the Agnus Dei (Carnevali's Mass) with organ accompaniment. When the
last note is ended the Curtains close.*

Summum Ad Montem

Part II

As the curtains open The Golden Year stands on a dais holding a bouquet of fifty golden roses with streamers held by each of the Fifty Years who kneel in homage. GRAND CHORUS (with orchestral accompaniment) HEAR US, O LORD. (Mozart)

Solo Voice: The Sower went out to sow his seed

Invisible Choir (*chants*) Te rectore, Domine, Te duce

Solo Voice (*continues*);

And as he sowed some fell by the wayside
and was trampled underfoot by men
And other some fell among thorns, and the thorns
growing up with it, choked it;
But other some fell upon good ground, and being sprung up
brought forth fruit abundant.

Second Voice: Who is the Sower but the priest of God?

And the seed is the Word Divine:
Only thus does God come to men
Through the words and deeds of the priest.

Third Voice: Quietly through the days of the Springtime
The husbandman traverses the ploughed fields
Scattering the seed. Day after day the humble apostle
Sows in the hearts of men the Word of God.

Fourth Voice: Day after day, ascending the steps of the altar,
He lifts up the Host that is Christ and mingles the chalice
Of God's Blood given once and forever to redeem them.
The field of men's souls is ploughed for the planting
Of Christ Who will flower within them.
Flower and bring forth fruit—
Thirty, or sixty, or even a hundredfold.

First Group: We are the Years of the Sowing, witnesses of patient labour;
Hidden were we from the world, yet such were thirty years of the Master:
Not in dreaming but in toil,
Serving night and day,
Watching in prayer
In reading diligent,
Laying up stores for the mind's refreshment
Digging deep the springs of the spirit's resources,
The faithful steward kept his trust.

First Solo Voice: The mountains rise up and valleys go down
where the great plains meet the rivers:
There the watch tower was fixed where the Shepherd took up his abode,

Second Voice: From the Watch Tower of all the world
From the mountain of the Vatican
Word has gone forth. God's Vicar has spoken.

Third Voice: On the seventeenth Anniversary of the First Anointing
The chrism is wet once more on the head of the Levite
A ring is placed on his finger.

Fourth Voice: Go forth, Shepherd and Apostle,
From the hills of Rome to the foothills of the Rockies
What other bidding need you? Rome has spoken.

Part IV

Invisible Choir (*chants very softly*) Te rectore, Domine, Te duce
Ecce Sacerdos Magnus

Group 11: We are the Years of the silent Watching:
Men busied we saw in the service of Mammon,
Europe distorted in the convulsions of war,
The Red Giant born amid fierce revolution:
We witnessed the sowing of world disaster.

Invisible Choir (*chants*) "Unless the Lord build the House, they labour in vain that build it: unless the Lord keep the city he watcheth in vain that keepeth it."

Third Group: We are the Building Years. See! our foundations
Are on the holy mount of God and in Mount Sion.
High over the blue of Ontario's waters.
Behold the Cathedral of Christ the King.

First Solo Voice: Stainless and glorious
Majestic in loveliness
Without spot or wrinkle the Basilica gleams
Like a jewel placed on the bosom of Canada.

Second Voice: Stately and royal the great Cathedral
Compels men to worship Christ the King.
Cowed by its splendor they bend the knee
Acknowledging Beauty in stone and glass;
Beauty that houses Christ the King.

Third Voice: Every stone of the mighty basilica
Sings in a mute carillon the praise of the Father;
Every buttress and arch proclaims the Credo
Confessing to heaven and earth God's glory.

ALL: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts
Terrible is this place: This is no other than the House of God And Gate
of Heaven.

Fourth Group: The task is finished, the temple reared:
We are the Years of the soul's fulfilment.
The Years of the Sowing, the Years of the Watching,
The Years of Building, have laboured but for this:
AS A MAN SOWS, SO SHALL HE REAP.

Invisible Choir
Chants Te rectore, Domine, Te duce.
Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.

Solo Voice: He has traversed a continent at the word of the Master
Canada's lakes and mountains, her plains and her valleys.

Second Voice: Now in the sun et he fixes his seat
Under the aegis of Mary, Queen of Apostles,
In an ancient city, washed by the Atlantic;
His Shepherd's staff guards the gateway to Canada

ALL: Thanks to Thee, O Father of Heaven,
For the strength and the wisdom, the grace Thou hast given him:
Praise to Thee, O Redeemer, Who hast made him our Shepherd
Blessed be Thou, Holy Spirit, Who speakest to us through him.

Invisible Choir: Gloria Parti et Filio et Spiritui Sancto

The Golden Year steps down from her dais and approaching the front of the stage addresses His Excellency:

Under the aegis of Mary, we come to present our offering, the golden roses of Jubilee, symbolic of our gratitude, our love, and our appreciation. The longest day must wane, and in the Vesper Hour of your noble life what antiphon is more fitting than the Psalmist's cry of joy: "What shall I render to the Lord for all that He hath rendered unto me?"

Your Excellency knows the answer: "I will take the chalice of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." That chalice you hold in your own hands. It is the vintage of your priestly life, fragrant with the memories of fifty years, overflowing with the graces which are inseparable from pure sacrifice. It is that mingled cup wherein your griefs and joys, your fears and your responsibilities, your hopes and your triumphs have been lifted up each day to be transubstantiated along with those of your brethren into the very Body of Christ. The vintage of that chalice you alone can savor, but its substance is for us. Like the Divine Redeemer, the Good Shepherd, daily you lay down your life for your sheep. Dimly, dearly beloved Father, your children comprehend the greatness of the gift.

What a glorious mission has been that of your Excellency! To bear from the Mother Cathedral of Rome the New-Fire kindled in your priestly heart to three dioceses of Canada! So in ages gone by, Patrick and Boniface went as messengers of Rome into the newly opened fields of the West. Into a pioneer land you brought the culture, the learning, above all the ecclesiastical traditions of the Eternal City.

Now in the thirty-third year of your Episcopal Consecration we gather about you under the special patronage of Mary. Her gracious protection has been surely around us during the dang-

ers and anxieties of the past seven years. Today when amid new perils the hope of peace is clouded by doubts and suspicions, we look to her more than ever and beg her guidance for you, our Shepherd.

Of the ultimate issue we have no fear. Through our pastors we experience Christ's promise: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Following your lead we are full of confidence; for what harm can befall us when he who is our guide sums up his soul's ambition and his life's striving in five words of utter loyalty to Christ:

"TE RECTORE DOMINE, TE DUCE"

The Golden Year advances with her attendants and presents the floral offering. All join in the singing of the CHRISTUS VINCIT

CHRISTUS VINCIT

CHRISTUS REGNAT

CHRISTUS IMPERAT

Chant: Pio summo Pontifici, et universali Patri
Pax vita et salus perpetua.

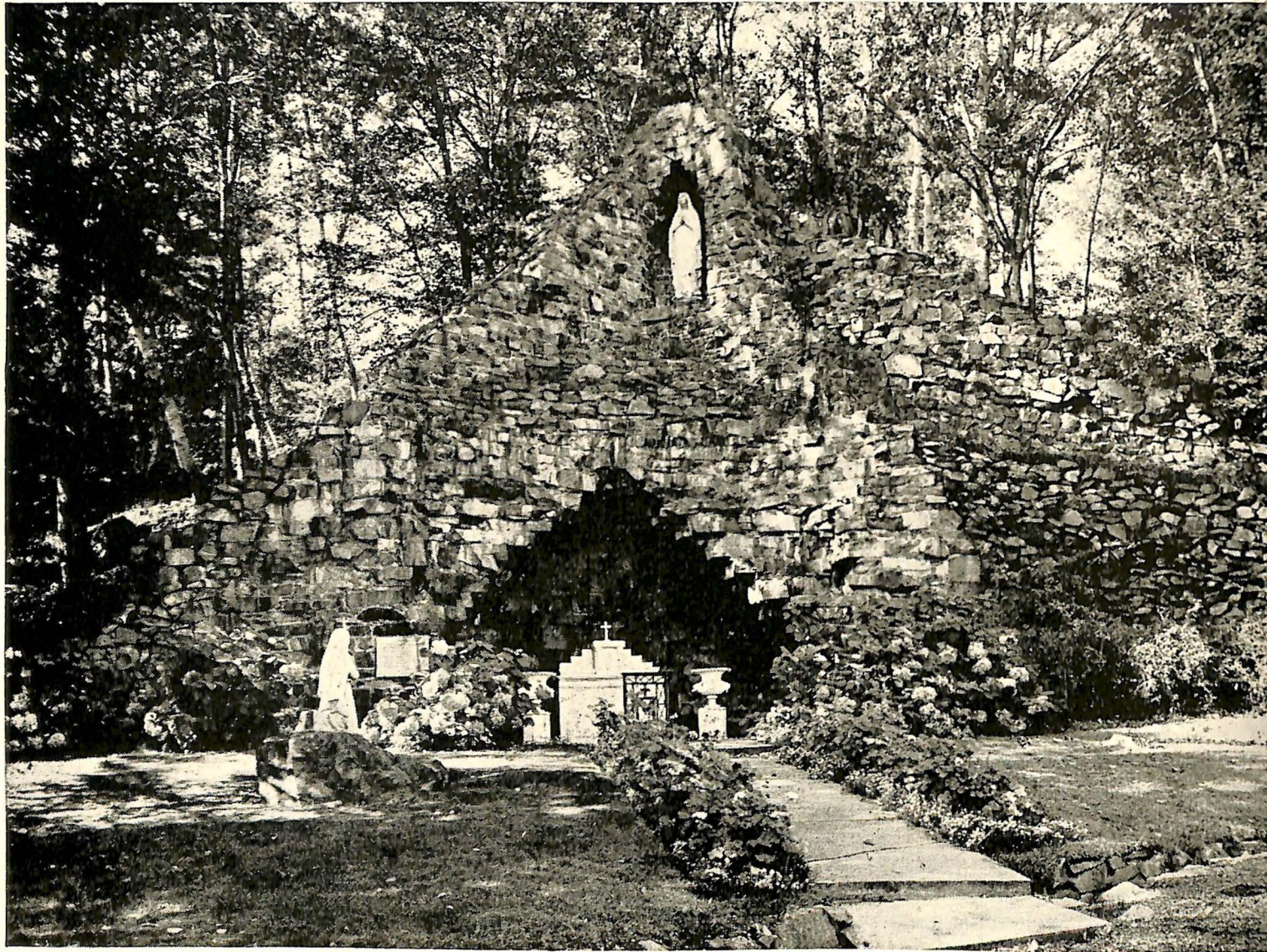
The acclamations are repeated.

Chant: Joanni, Reverendissimo Archiepiscopo
Pax vita et salus perpetua.

The acclamations are repeated a second time.

Chant: Tempora bona veniant, pax Christi veniar
Regnum Christi veniat!

CHRISTUS VINCIT! CHRITUS REGNAT! CHRISTUS IMPERAT!



*"Blest be thou above all others,
Mary, mistress of the spheres,
Star of hope, serenely beaming
Thro' this darksome vale of tears.
Then let men and Angels praise thee
For each blessing thou'st procured,
While in gladsome strains we're singing,
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de Lourdes!"*

[70]

*"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you; not as the
world gives do I give to you."*

—St. John XIV: 27

Ad Jesum per Mariam

[71]

Sodality

The first Sodality meeting for the year 1945—1946 was held on Wednesday October 15, when Sister Francis d'Assisi, moderatrix, presented the symbols of office to the Prefect, Vice Prefect, Secretary-Treasurer, and to the Chairmen of the various committees. Almost immediately the acquisition of a Liturgical Library, which would be a donation from the Sodality to the College, was discussed, and all the Sodalists exhibited great enthusiasm. The project was accordingly confided to the care of the Good Literature Committee which has made astounding progress.

The blessing of the Advent Wreath reminded us of the approach of Christmas and there was a drive to effect the purchase of religious Christmas cards. A triduum of spiritual offerings for our Holy Father was eagerly made so were novenas for the feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception. On December 8, the Sodalists proudly exhibiting their medals, joined the annual procession in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help who has always been our special benefactress. As Christmas drew yet closer, the Chairman of the Apostolic Committee suggested that each Sodalist donate a gift to the Orphanage. The response was gratifying and the gifts in their pretty red and white wrappings were offered at the offertory of the Mass.

Right after our return in January, the Church Unity Octave was celebrated. Through out the year, the first Monday of each month was eagerly anticipated by the Sodalists as then Father d'Entremont, our Spiritual Director, gave us one of his very interesting, inspiring talks.

The Eucharistic Committee has stressed the inestimable value of the Mass and the importance of the Missal in a series of interesting papers and skits.

The very capable Publicity Committee has, by means of suitable posters, kept us in the spirit of Advent, Lent, and the various feasts. Their efforts on the occasion of Vocation Week and the Retreat being particularly inspiring. Our Lady's Committee encouraged public recitation of the Rosary in the Chapel after supper and spread devotion to Our Blessed Lady by discussions on the Miraculous Medal and papers on Our Lady of Fatima. This Committee also saw that vigils were burned daily before Our Lady's shrine for the intentions of the Sodalists and members of the Faculty.

The reception of Candidates was late this year but there was no lack of eagerness or interest in the Sodality. Several of the meetings took the form of open discussions on various points of doctrine and on the Liturgy and Sacraments. These, besides being practical, were extremely informative and popular, and the Sodalists participated enthusiastically.

Mary's Day, our own special feast, was celebrated as befitting such a happy occasion. Indeed, it has been a fruitful year. Let us hope it will continue to bear fruit among those Sodalists who will be returning to us next year as well as among those who are leaving that they may do great things for Mary Immaculate and her Divine Son, with the great fervour and loyalty that has always characterized our Sodality.

Legion of Mary

Do you hear those rustling footsteps trudging through the Autumn leaves? or the high snowboots slushing their way tediously through ponds of water? or that quick vibrant step that comes with the glorious days of Spring? There we go . . . the thirteen of us . . . giving a few of our Sunday hours to the homes in the neighbouring village. We learned so much about people this year . . . played with their children, taught them so many Christian truths, watched their countenances light up with the wonderful knowledge. When we talked over current events and social problems with families of Railroad men, grocers, carpenters, and plasterers, too, we learned about life—a life outside our own sphere. It was good winning souls back to God, giving them a chance to hear Mass on Sundays. We found out that by helping others to know Christ we really were helping ourselves. Working with Christ we were real crusaders contending on the battlefield of life. We blended the spiritual with the social and found that they made a perfect mixture.

Propaganda? We started our own espionage bureau. A pamphlet or religious periodical left, non-committally of course, in the parlor

or kitchen of the numerous homes we visited was sure to be read by countless people. And do you remember the pernicious literature displayed in the village stores? It isn't there any more because we dared refuse patronage. There was no indifferent, half-hearted loyalty for us . . . we became apostles.

Our Praesidia meetings every Thursday night became hours to look forward to. Our president, Eileen Culkin, seemed to be filled to overflowing with the Apostolic spirit. Margaret Kelly, Ann Bingham and Virginia Glynn, the club officers, made a good foursome, lending their every endeavor to the success of the group.

The monthly Curiae Meeting with Dr. Curran officiating, was inspiring. To see people from all walks of life joined together in one purpose, for one ideal, under the only Woman ever to be born without the taint of Adam, is something that would make the slothful ambitious and the laggard leaders. You may have your veteran's legions, your armies, your navies . . . they fight with the bodies of men . . . We legionnaires of Mary fight with their souls, and will wherever we may be . . .

Mission Club 1945 -- 1946

President——MARIE HAYES, '46
Vice-President——MARY CASEY, '46
Secretary——CATHERINE MCGOWAN, '48
Treasurer——JEAN MACAULAY, '48
Corres. Secy.——CATHERINE ANDERSON, '47

October 3, the Feast of Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, saw the formal opening of the year for Our Lady of Fatima Unit of the C. C.-M.C. On this day the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the success of our year's

activities and the welfare of the missions. This was followed two days later by our first mission meeting. Our meetings were held on the first Friday of every month.

Among the first activities of the unit was

the renewal of Tuesday as our weekly day of prayer and the enrollment of many of the students in the Co-missionary Crusade. Crusaders showed great zeal in giving spiritual alms and in observing such special practices as the triduum in honor of Saint Francis Xavier, the Novena of Grace, and the Church Unity Octave and particularly, the first Saturdays' Communion in honor of Our Lady of Fatima for the conversion of Russia.

This year we stressed mission educational features at our meetings. We had several guest speakers, including Monsignor William C. McGrath and three other priests of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society; Father Fournier, a White Father; and Sister Gillis of the Sisters of Service. Besides these several student speakers; and skits and a debate were presented by some of the Crusaders for our instruction.

Crusaders were active in their field work by teaching Sunday School, and distributing Catholic literature to isolated Catholics and to hospitals and service huts. Catechetical material was supplied and stamps were sent to home and foreign missionaries.

Every Tuesday each class in turn raised funds by sales, auctions, and lotteries for the missions. These class projects, together with

our individual mite boxes, fees, and donations, netted \$400 which was distributed among home and foreign missions.

Perhaps the most interesting of our projects was a well-stocked box of religious articles, school supplies we prepared for Christmas for a mission on the Gold Coast of Africa. Also at Christmas we sent gifts, both personal and for their Chapels, to our adopted home missionaries. Other gifts we have given are: a statue of Our Lady to a R.C.A.F. Chapel, hymn books to an Indian school in British Columbia, and a chalice and ciborium, which we are sending to a mission on the Gold Coast for their first native priest who is to be ordained this year.

Our former Crusaders have written us and have sent reports that show they have kept up their mission spirit. They have sent stamps, and money, and have proved to us that their zeal is not only for the school years but is for them something permanent. Our Crusaders of this year who will not return next Fall, will too, keep up their good work; and help just as they have done here in carrying out our slogan, "The Sacred Heart for all the World, The World for the Sacred Heart" bearing in mind our motto, "God Wills It!"



SODALITY OFFICERS

Perfect—Marjorie McDonald
Vice-Perfect—Anita Keats
Secretary—Zean Macaulay

[74]



LEGION OF MARY

President—Eileen Culkin

From Mount to Missions



[75]



Graduates of 1945

*"An influence luminous and serene
A shining Peace"—*

William Ernest Henley

Alumnae

Alumnae News

Let the silver bells ring out!—It is 1946 and the silver jubilee of our Alumnae Association. In the quarter of a century that has elapsed since its organization, the Association can be proud of its achievements. During the past summer the various chapters were convened by Sister Frances Carmel, the Alumnae Directress. In July meetings were held at Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Saint John, Boston and New York. The Glace Bay and Sydney chapters met in September. The efforts of the various chapters are united in the attempt to surpass all former records and to make this the Jubilee year an outstanding one in the annals of the association.

The 1945 Reunion was planned suddenly. This was a disappointment as it gave time to contact only the Halifax residents. The sudden call for Sister Frances Carmel to leave for Toronto, at an unexpectedly early date, made all this necessary. About a hundred members were in attendance however, and the occasion was very happy except for our missing so many faces.

Before the Business meeting the members enjoyed a delightful program of dramatic readings given by Rita Cameron Murray, a Glace Bay Alumna who is recognized as a professional artist.

The President, Mary Thompson presided at the business meeting. Her report for the year was most stimulating. The slate for this year was made up as follows.

Honorary President
President
Past President
1st Vice President
2nd Vice President
3rd Vice President
Recording Secretary
Corresponding Secretary
Treasurer

Rev. Mother Evaristus.
Mary B. Thompson
Agnus O'Donnell B.Sc.
Mrs. C. C. Hanarhan
Mrs. Clary Reardon
Mrs. Charles Flemming
Dorothy Webb. B. A.
Margaret Cummings M. A.
Mary Stone B. Sc.

Councillors

Miss Mary Dence
Miss Mary O'Brien, B.A.
Mrs. W. A. Affleck

Committee Chairmen

Mary's Day and Day of Recollection
War Work, Christmas Cards
Rosary Committee

Remailing Catholic Literature to Service Personnel

Miss Mary Neville
Mrs. F. R. Duxbury
Mrs. A. J. MacCormack
Mrs. O. P. Cormier

(Owing to Dorothy Webb's marriage and departure to Toronto, we were later obliged to accept her resignation from Treasurership. We were very sorry to lose her here, but she plans to join the Toronto chapter. Beryl DeLouchry has very kindly accepted the charge for the remainder of the year.)

The following new members were received:
Mary Casey, Betty Doolan, Marie Hayes, Madeleine Calkin, Marie Crooks, Anita Keats, Kathleen O'Donnell, Marion Verge, Louise Whynacht, Rosemary Belliveau, Eleanor Lynch, Ann and Joan McCurdy, Doris Phelan, Rosalie Swin and Mary Webber.

At the close of the business meeting, Marietta Wall, on behalf of the Alumnae, presented Sister Frances Carmel, Directress, with a beautiful shower bouquet, which trailed new crisp bills. Marietta gave a pretty little address expressing the gratitude of the members and wishing her every joy and success on her furlough. (Sister is studying at the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto.)

The buffet supper was most enjoyable and everyone was in the happiest mood. Reverend Mother General was in Alberta, but she sent affectionate greetings. Telegrams were received, too, from the Ottawa, Toronto, and Glace Bay chapters. The menu was "wonderful" and the favors were made of pine cones grown at the Mount.

Our Association has carried on many types of war work as in other years. It made the highest record among Catholic organizations for its great generosity and charity. Mrs. Duxbury (Muriel Donohue) was awarded fifty-three Red Cross pins to be distributed to her staff of workers. She is deserving of great praise, as are those who have worked with her.

The spiritual welfare of the fighting forces have been well considered. Nearly fourteen hundred Catholic papers and magazines have been remailed to the various centres under the capable direction of Mrs. O. P. Cormier. Mrs. Duxbury, handling the Christian Christmas cards succeeded in distributing nearly a hundred boxes. The Association has for its great project the new Memorial Residence Hall for the college. Due to wonderful co-operation of all the Alumnae during the past year we can begin to see the shadowy form of its outlines in the distance.

Some of the events intended to increase the content of our treasury have included: a telephone bridge, and Evening of Song and an Evening Musicales at the Nova Scotian; a Pantry Sale and a Bingo in connection with the Campus Capers last June.

In May of last year the Executive members were hostesses to the graduates at a luncheon at the Lord Nelson Hotel. We were most happy in having for guest of honor, Mrs. Campbell MacLellan (Josie Nolan) who was decorated by the King for her war work.

Spiritual Events have been under the convenorship of Miss Mary Neville, who has done such fine work in this line through the years. A special Mary's Day Mass was celebrated, with hymns played by Blanche Stuart (Mrs. Inglis).

Two hundred Mary's Day Cards were distributed. Money from the Mary's Mite boxes was sent to a priest in the west, for Masses for the men of the services who died in the war.

In the afternoon, a reception was held at the Mount. The quarterly business meeting was followed by a tea and a general good time.

Mrs. A. J. MacCormack has been most faithful in her charitable work of having a delegation visit the houses of mourning, to recite the Rosary. The afflicted members of the Alumnae have been greatly comforted by this service. The hand of a friend in the dark!

Mary O'Brien, God bless her, again took charge of the Christmas parcels for the children at Saint Joseph's Orphanage. She collected a goodly sum and the parcels were charming. Great was the happiness that they brought to the children and deep was the gratitude of the Sisters.

The services rendered by Mrs. Charles Flemming (Mary Shannon) as convenor of the Evening Musicales and Mrs. Clary Reardon as convenor for ticket selling are beyond praise. We do not know how to express the appreciation we feel.

Irene McQuillan was most helpful in organizing affairs behind the scenes and we are so grateful to her.

The reports coming in from the outside chapters are wonderful. The Glace Bay chapter, under Mary Morley's direction is champion. The Los Angeles chapter has eight new active members and very interesting things are done there.

CHATTER

Have you heard that Mary Fabyan Windeatt and her mother have left New York and that they are now living in St. Meinrad, Indiana?

Oh, I must tell you! Joan Wallace has gone to England and is doing army work in London. We think the army is fortunate. Mary Romans, R.N. and W.R.E.N., has gone to Vancouver with the navy.

Anna Cameron (Sister Camillus of Lellis) is Superintendent of nurses at the Hamilton Hospital in North Sydney.

Jacqueline Dufresne and Oriel Bishop are in the office of a law firm in the Roy Building.

Marion Verge is now acting Principal of a business College in Kitchener, Ontario.

Catherine Kelly, honorably discharged from the Wrens, has remained overseas to work with the Department of External Affairs and is in Greece at present.

Margaret Halley '44 is to marry Mr. Bernard Long. He attended Tech while Margaret was here. Both are on the faculty of Memorial College, Newfoundland.

Jean Fraser is to graduate from Toronto General Hospital this spring.

Mary Marvin '42 is in Ottawa doing illustrations for publications.

E. Shortall, '40 is a librarian.

Catherine Tobin, '45 is working with Regional Library Association, Newfoundland.

Dolores Michaud, '45 has been doing a year of internship at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ontario and is planning to go to Simmons College and Harvard University for graduate work in nutrition.

Frances Leahy is studying at Julliard and sang in a recent recital.

Mary Kelly and Frances Hall graduated from St. Mary's Hospital last spring.

The class of 1935 is a remarkable class. Ever since it left the school it has reassembled once a year to renew old ties, recall old scenes and revel in the old time enjoyment of the days of youth. The members, for one day, live their college life over again, mingling with the students at their meals and sitting at their old time table in the refectory.

On Saturday, November 24, six of the class arrived for their tenth annual reunion and letters were received from those too far away to attend. Katherine Meagher (Sister Ellen Francis.) Marie Carroll (Mrs. Burns Adams), Muriel Carey (Mrs. Horner), Eileen Wilson (Mrs. Curry), Marjorie Thompson, Mary O'Brien and Isobel Creaser were present. This is an event to which the Sisters as well as the class look forward with the greatest of pleasure. Long live the class of 1935!

What's New

Muriel Bartholomay.....	Hewitt (Mrs. Wm.)
.....Annes—(Dec. 14, '45)	
Agnes MacLennan.....	Kennedy (Mrs. Allan)
.....Ronald Bruce (Sept. 18, '45)	
Jean Rossiter.....	O'Connell (Mrs. Brian)
.....Michael (Nov. 11, '45)	
Loretta Brady.....	Bond (Mrs. Arthur)
.....baby boy	
Eileen Joyce.....	Redmond (Mrs. Frederick)
.....Margaret Ann (Jan 7, '45)	
Betty Abraham.....	Perry (Mrs. Fred)
.....John (Feb. 7, '46)	
Jean MacCormack.....	Lovett (Mrs. James)
.....Jean (Mar. 25, '46)	
Mildred Fernandez.....	Joy (Mrs. Eric)
.....Frederick David (Mar. 28, '46)	
Betty Kelley.....	Fritz (Mrs. Jack)
.....Son (Sept. 21, '46)	
Martha Mishoe.....	Lavello (Mrs. Frank)
.....First Child (February)	
Kathleen Deasy.....	Welland (Mrs. John)
.....Jean Marie, (Mar. 1946)	

May God's Blessing Be Upon:

Donalda Kelley.....	and.....	Ken Campbell
Ida Shofer.....	and.....	Mr. Zofkine
Dorothy Webb.....	and.....	Armand Chas. Grevelle
Eileen Mullins.....	and.....	Frank Mersereau
Ann Meech.....	and.....	Dr. Kenneth McKinnon
Odette Ouelette.....	and.....	Emmett Maloney

Engagements

Doris Otto.....	to.....	Gerald Busby
Louise Whynacht.....	to.....	Keith Bishop
Margaret Halley.....	to.....	Bernard Long
Norma Smith.....	to.....	Donald Selby, D.F.C.

The High Road

Four students from the College have decided to remain within its portals, never to leave at all, unless to perform some mission with which they are entrusted. These are: Margaret Harvey, Sister Thomas Marie, and Gertrude Delaney, Sister Helen Thomas, both of Grand Falls, Newfoundland; Helen Hickey, Sister Miriam Therese, of Roselle Park, New Jersey, and Teresa Burbridge, Sister Mary Paula, of Bathurst. We trust they may be very happy with us always. Sister Clare Elizabeth (Nicole Clementz) had the happy privilege of pronouncing her first Vows on Easter Sunday. Mary Savage has become Sister Mary Eleanor of the Newfoundland Sisters of Mercy.

Non Ministrari sed Ministrare

The following girls have entered the Halifax Infirmary School of Nursing: Shirley Fletcher; Joan Harding; Margaret McDonald. Ann Kinley is at the Royal Victoria in Montreal and Marion Louise Madden at Antigonish.

News Flash

Beverly Mulherin is now on a brief visit to the Mount and seems to be enjoying her brief taste of student life.

Requiescat in Pace

We were greatly saddened, during the summer, by the untimely death of Loraine Davis, wife of Dr. Black. Loraine had been married for four years and, during most of that time, Dr. Black had been overseas.

Loraine has been a great sufferer since childhood but her happy smile had hidden the physical pain she was enduring and brought sunshine to all about her. She was twenty-five years of age. Our most sincere sympathy goes to the bereaved husband and parents.

Melba Callow, graduate of Halifax Infirmary School of Nursing and wife of a Saskatchewan physician has been living in Halifax. She returned to her nursing career and served as special nurse for Loraine Davis during her illness. This was a great comfort for the family as Melba was an old friend of Loraine's.

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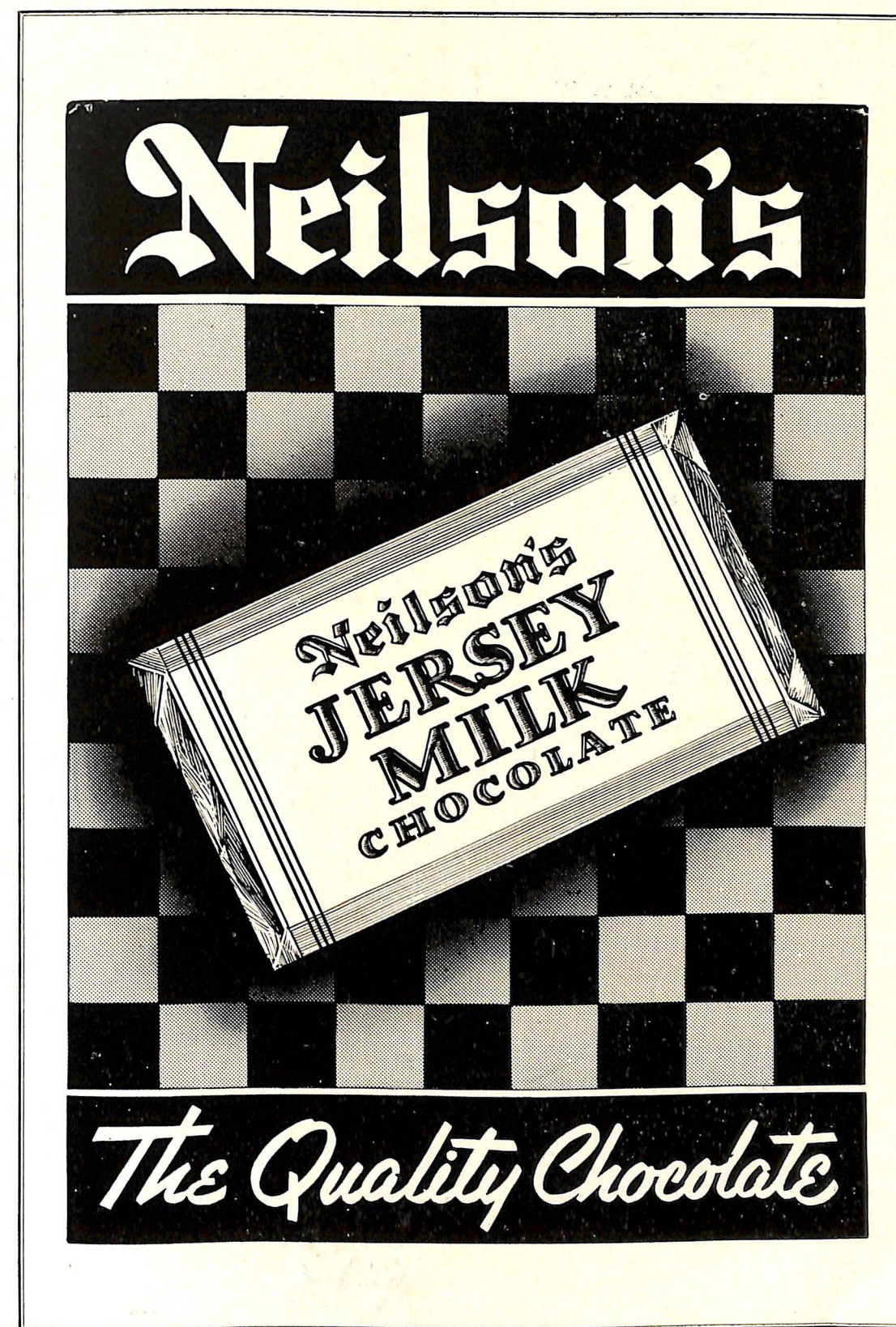
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