

Your ad is on page 51

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# OLLA PODRIDA



**HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE**  
**1952**

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Halifax, Nova Scotia

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# OLLA PODRIDA



HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE



HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE

# ❧ Olla Podrida ❧

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## STAFF

EDITOR	- - - - -	CAROL VINCENT
BUSINESS MANAGER	- - -	AMY PULLEN
VARIOUS EVENTS	- - - -	ADELINE CLARK BEATRICE MARRIOTT
HUMOR	- - - - -	DELORES SIMON
SPORTS	- - - - -	JUDY CLOUSTON
STAFF ADVISOR	- - - -	MISS SALTON

## Miss Dauphinee's Message

June, 1952

My dear girls,

As you come to the end of the first stage of your journey-through-life—and prepare to change horses for the next stage—let us look back over the journey and see just where this particular horse, H.L.C., has brought you. You have acquired a few facts and a few mechanical skills, we hope you have developed a sense of worthwhile values, and some degree of self-discipline. In short, you are no longer a child, but an adult individual.

Examine these two words carefully. Adult—what does it mean to be an adult? First and foremost, it means to accept responsibility for your own actions, to be able to fill your place in the world of people smoothly, without the cushion of parents or teachers. We all know the person who is “touchy”, whose feelings have to be catered to; the person who loses her temper when a situation becomes difficult; the person who cannot be relied upon to carry out orders as they are given; whose lack of punctuality drives you mad; who is always the sorry victim of unforeseen circumstances, bad luck, bad tools, anything but her own incompetence; the person who cannot acknowledge frankly that she has made a mistake, and who is not prepared to rectify it herself; who cannot accept a disappointment or a loss with a good grace. We say they are “childish” in their relation to life. The adult then is a person who has acquired some measure of self-discipline.

So much then for “adult”. What is an “individual”? This generation seems to be losing the sense of the individual. We tend to do things in herds, and to look on, rather than to do. “Let’s do something” today usually means “Let’s watch somebody else doing something.” During your school career we have encouraged you all to do things yourselves. Whether you did them to the best of your ability, and I think you have found a good deal of satisfaction in this. We hope that you will carry this on into your life, as that you will come, not only to play for yourselves and to act for yourselves, but to think for yourselves.

Thus it is to you as persons in your own right, not to the children we knew, that we say “God Speed”.

Yours very sincerely,

MARION DAUPHINEE

# GRADUATES



**ADELINE MELLOR CLARK**

*"Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"*

The small girl who first came to us in the kindergarten is now the veteran of the school, a young lady in the Fourth Collegiate, Adeline Clark. When she first came she had short hair, then long light brown braids which she cut off upon reaching the Collegiates.

She is Head Prefect and has been a valuable and, we might add, enjoyable member of both the basketball and ground hockey teams. Dee's extra curricular activities center mainly around Friday and Saturday nights.

Her plans for next year are not definite, but we are sure she will be successful in whatever she does. We know that she will bring as much happiness into the lives of her new friends as she did into ours.



**JUDITH MARIE CLOUSTON**

*"All the world's a stage."*

Judy came to H.L.C. in Prep. VII. Full of pep and vitality, she has been very active in all school sports and this year was our games captain and a very capable one, too. Her extra curricular activities consist mostly of acting with a Halifax dramatic group. She has taken part in three plays already and is looking forward to more in the future.

She is one of the most stalwart members of both hockey and basketball teams.

Judy is undecided about her future but whatever she chooses we know she will be successful. The Fourths of '52 extend their best wishes to Judy.



**BEATRICE MARIE MARRIOTT**

*She's always good-natured,  
Good humoured and free.*

"Bee" began her long jaunts by bus to H.L.C. last year when she entered Collegiate III. We are continually amazed to see her, rain or shine, coming cheerfully to school, earlier than anyone else. The long distances which she has to travel each day have not stopped her from taking a large and very dependable part in all our basketball and hockey games. "Bee", lucky girl, is also a good student and shines in geometry class.

After graduation, she intends to become a nurse. We feel sure that her talents will be put to good use in this profession.



### AMY CHRISTIAN McKEAN PULLEN

*A winning smile, a happy face,  
In all our hearts she found first place.*

In the fall of 1943, a small brown haired girl called "Tinker" walked quietly into Prep. II. She soon became well liked and known as the little girl who popped up with the answers. She is now one of the prominent members of the Fourth Collegiate. Though quiet and reserved, her bright smile and genuine friendliness have made her extremely popular. Still popping up with the right answers, with a twinkle in her eyes, she comes to the rescue of everyone during those unprepared lessons. She is one of the Prefects, and a dependable member of both basketball and hockey teams. She is also very interested in dramatics, and took part in much work in this field outside school. As our Advertising Manager, she is doing a capable job.

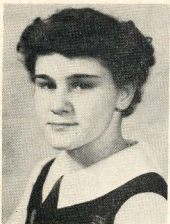
She is looking forward with glee in hopes of Dalhousie next year. We hope she makes it, and all the best of luck goes with her!

### DELORES JOAN SIMON

*Words — words — words*

On a bright fall day, Delores came panting into Collegiate II room, after climbing all the stairs to the third floor. She soon made a place for herself and became a central figure in the class. This year Delores has concentrated on her studies, with no sports. In other years she took part in both games and gym. She has brightened our classes with her enthusiasm and lively manner.

Delores hopes to go to college in Arizona, though she is undecided as to the classes she will take. Wherever you go, best of luck, Delores!



### CAROL ANNE VINCENT

*"She's little, but she's wise,  
She's a terror for her size!"*

One fine autumn day in 1943, Carol bounced happily into Prep. III. "Vince's" bright smile, and her unfailing interest in everything going on around her, earned her the liking and respect of all the members of her class. Needless to say, she has gone on "winning friends and influencing people" for nine years. During her time in the Collegiates, Carol took a very active part in all school sports, playing forward on both basketball and hockey teams. Now, in her final year, she is our very popular head-girl and the Olla Podrida's capable editor. Next fall, Carol plans to begin a course in nursing, combining it with a university degree. We know that she will have just as great a success in her chosen career as she has had at H.L.C.!







## Editorial

Our school days are ended, school days spent at a small private school. Frequently we have been aware of some doubt in the minds of friends and acquaintances as to whether such schools provide the same opportunities, academic and social, as the public schools. Sometimes we have found these questions rather hard to answer, even when we ourselves have been sure that we have at least equal advantages at our school.

We are, perhaps, most often asked whether small classes can provide the same companionship as large classes. It is true that in large schools we could meet more people and make friends with people of many different types. With so many to choose from however, it seems probable that we would choose only people of our own type and would make no effort to understand others. To be happy in a small class, one must be friendly with everyone. There are rarely two girls with exactly the same tastes; therefore, each girl must learn to accept and understand the ideas of others, all grow out of these close companionships. By being friends with, instead of just being with girls from many different backgrounds, one is better prepared to deal with the variety of people one may meet in later life. We feel, therefore, that the social advantages of a large school are more apparent than real and that the true advantage is with the small school.

When we turn to the question of academic standards one advantage of the small school is immediately apparent. Small classes certainly allow for more individual attention; they allow the teacher to teach students instead of subjects. The qualifications of our teachers compare well with those of the public schools and it is, after all, the teachers and not the equipment that make a good school. Although it is not generally known, our Collegiate IV diploma has more requirements than a Grade XI certificate, inasmuch as it requires as compulsory subjects not only English and History but also Mathematics, Science and one language. This in itself should be enough to convince the skeptic of the adequacy of our standards; in addition, the lack of compulsory subjects in High Schools allows the inexperienced student to specialize too early, whereas our school requires a general course.

Certainly all of us know the facts that have been stated above and we should have them ready to explain to those who question us about our school. We have every reason to be proud to say that we are graduates of the Halifax Ladies' College and loyalty demands that we be prepared to justify that pride.



## Class Prophecy

Boingng! Boingng! rang the gate-bell beside the Pearly Gates. "I'm coming", cried Miss Salton, and, her celestial robes flapping about her, she rushed to unbar the gates and let in the latest prospective member of Paradise. She had been appointed St. Peter's assistant gate-keeper shortly after the H.L.C. class of '52 graduated, in compensation for the years of suffering they had caused her.

To her surprise, she recognized the person who had rung the bell. It was Amy Pullen, of the class of '52.

"Amy, so soon?"

"Oh, Miss Salton", Amy wailed, just as she used to, "I've been under-secretary to the under-secretary to the secretary of Lower Slobbivia for so many years that I just can't bear it any longer!"

"Now, my dear, you go right down to earth and try again. Be patient."

"Very well", she sulked, turning to trudge slowly back down to earth.

Sighing, Miss Salton turned back to her gate-house to wait for the next arrival. While she waited, she looked at the Great Book in which were written all the acts and deeds of everyone on earth.

Suddenly, an entry caught her eye: "Beatrice Marriott—missionary to the Southern Australian kangaroos. Deserves great reward." Miss Salton sighed in satisfaction, "Just the type!"

Just as she was deciding to find out what had happened to Judy Clouston, the bell rang raucously. One of Adeline——'s little boys was leaning hard against it, an expression of pleasure on his small freckled face.

"Charles! Stop that at once!" cried Adeline crossly, nestling a young baby in her arms, and trying to control the noisy swarm of children around her.

"Miss Salton, don't you think it's time I had a rest? These children are driving me mad!"

"Yes, my dear, come right in. I'll unbar the gates at once.

In they all trooped, carrying their bundles and bags, but as they entered the gates, the creases disappeared from Adeline's forehead, the baby stopped howling, and the children immediately became angelic.

"Have you any news of the other girls of my class?" asked Miss Salton, hopefully.

"Yes, I have. I was talking to Judy only yesterday. She was just married for the third time in New York, you know, after the final performance of her new play Anastasia Wonders Why. I hear she's going to do a movie in Hollywood before long.

"Well, I hope she gets an Oscar for it. Have you heard from Delores?"

"Yes, she's on her third world tour. She married a Frenchman from Indo-China two years ago. Judy tells me that they live in a very posh mansion on the Riviera. It's very close to the villa that she owns."

Just as Miss Salton and Adeline were settling down to a good gossip, the gate-bell rang again and off Miss Salton dashed to open the gate for—Carol.

To her surprise, Carol looked very ill.

"I'll never go near a sick dog again", the former veterinarian groaned hoarsely. "They wouldn't let me nurse humans, dogs don't agree with me, so I suppose I'll have to start on insects!"

"Poor dear," comforted Miss Salton, "you go along with Adeline and her children. Just rest and relax, and you'll soon feel much better".

As she watched them go up the heavenly path, the bell rang again. It was Amy Pullen.

"Oh, Miss Salton," she wailed, "I've tried and I've tried——"

"Nonsense," said Miss Salton firmly, "you just go right down there and try again. You must earn your reward; the others have."

Miss Salton felt quite worn out. And as usual, the class of '52 had caused her weariness.

## THE ALUMNAE

It is indeed a privilege and honour to be asked to contribute to the OLLA PODRIDA and on behalf of the President, Mrs. A. E. Aines, and members of the Alumnae, I wish to take this opportunity to write a few notes on our activities for the school year 1951-52.

Our first meeting for the season was held in September, and as we had been previously asked by the Board of Governors to raise a certain sum to undertake a special project, arrangements were made for a Bridge Party to be held at the Lord Nelson Hotel, and on October 16th this proved to be a most successful and delightful evening. All prizes were generously donated and Mrs. Abbie Lane graciously presented them to the fortunate winners.

At Christmas time, Mrs. Robert Mussett and her assistants made up Christmas Stockings for all the little patients at the Children's Hospital. May we extend our special thanks to Mrs. Mussett and her co-helpers for their time and effort and the wonderful selection of toys.

We are holding our Annual Spring Tea and Sale at Armbrae on Saturday afternoon, April 26th. Spring flowers in the school colours of purple and gold will predominate throughout the College and we are all busily working to make this a very successful afternoon. Besides the many other attractions, there will be fortune-telling by Mrs. H. Christie Bauld, so do come and see what the cards hold for you. Mrs. Bauld is our representative to the Parent-Teachers Association and keeps us posted at all times on the current year's work.

The Graduation Dinner will be held in June when we look forward to meeting this year's Graduates and welcoming them into the Alumnae and at the same time renewing our friendship with all alumnae members.

What we have accomplished throughout the year is due to the wonderful co-operation of all members.

Let's make the sixty-fourth year of the life of the College a banner one!

H. R. MACMILLAN,

Secretary.

## Last Will and Testament

We, the girls of Collegiate Four, being of sound mind (?), do declare this to be our last will and testament.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Janet, Judy's many bandages, hoping they are used at more opportune times.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Rosy, Dee and Carol's day-dreams during Chemistry.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Linda, Bee's desk upstairs by the window during Latin.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Sarah, Tinker's path over the lawn, used at 8.59 a.m. each morning.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Shirley, Judy's ability to look bright in Geometry, while understanding nothing.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Hannah, Dee's ability to make explosives during Chem. lab.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Janet, Tinker's hate of themes.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Barb, Bee's sense of humour and love of jokes.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Rosy, Delores' cubbyhole in prayers.

We give, devise and bequeath unto anyone dashing for the phone, Carol's comment, "It's downstairs".

We give, devise and bequeath unto Hannah, Judy's task of avoiding day-boarding.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Shirley, Judy's holey smock.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Rosy, Carol's job of avoiding the "wrong" people.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Janet, Delores' chair outside the door.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Hannah, Delores' aimless talking during French.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Sarah, Tinker's love of fresh air.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Rosy, Dee's Friday night excursions.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Sarah, Carol's desk with those "precious" initials on it.

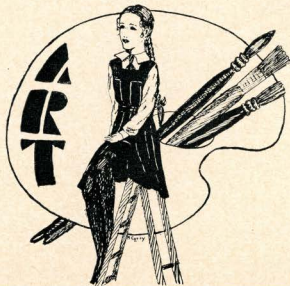
We give, devise and bequeath unto Coll. III, the now unequipped Chem. lab.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Coll. III Latin class, Coll. IV Latin class' business discussion on Olla Pod.

We give, devise and bequeath unto Coll. III, our ability to use these gifts, hoping they will be able to use them to better advantage than we have.

## PEN SKETCHES

Name	Identification	Alias	Weakness	Seen Most	Ambition	Pet Aversion
Adeline Clark	Slight figure	Dee	Dreaming	South end	Marriage	John Trainor
Judith Clouston	Long hair	Judy	Gary	Scotian gym	Acting	Studying
Beatrice Marriott	Hearty laugh	Bee	Busses	Rosedale Ave.	Nursing	Q.E.H.S.
Amy Pullen	Brown	Tinker	Fairies	Within the prison	To be an ambassador	Sentries
Delores Simon	Heavy walk	Del.	Clothes	Nova Scotian	To pass	Noise in the exam room
Carol Vincent	Height	Vince	South end	In a big black Buick	Get to college	Overly friendly types



## AN UNHAPPY TRIP TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

(A chapter from the diary of a mediæval student)

Dear Diary,

Goodness me, I don't know whether I shall be able to write this, or not, I'm so tired, but I'll try. I just got back from a trip into the twentieth century, and I'm still dazed from the shock of it. I landed in a small school in a city called Halifax, which was in Canada, wherever that might be!

The school was called the Halifax Ladies' College. This was stupid because there were absolutely no ladies attending, just saucy young girls. The school was entirely composed of girls; there were no men at all. I felt very much out of place. How queer this seemed! Girls would never think of going to a University here! Their clothes seemed to be quite like ours, except that they were all the same style, and all were black. Were they mourning for someone? I learned later that they were uniforms which all the students had to wear. Their dresses were like the tunics which the laborers wear here. They were not at all like the clothes our upper classes wear, though all these girls came from noble families. I joined a group of older students, feeling quite out of place even with them. I imagine I created a bit of excitement among them.

We started off the morning by singing a hymn and saying a prayer. It was simply terrible. The tune of the hymn went up and down and all over the place. I simply could not sing, even though I consider myself a good musician. There was no priest to lead them in prayer, so they just went ahead and said it themselves. It wasn't even in Latin, but in English so that everyone could understand, and they didn't kneel while saying it. I was quite shocked! Immediately after, we went upstairs to a nice clean room on the second floor. We went up stairs with a beautiful railing and carpet on the steps. Imagine that! In a school, too!

Instead of sitting on the floor, we had separate chairs with tables fastened to them to write on. The instructress sat behind a large table at the front, facing us. She seemed much too young to know enough to teach somebody something! Behind her was a piece of black wood on which she wrote with a white stick. Most peculiar! The floors were clean and shiny. I couldn't find straw anywhere. There were large pots of some clear substance hanging from the ceiling. Suddenly they all lit up, as if somebody had lit candles inside them. Yet no one had gone near them! My! it frightened me.

When we began to study, the books they used were very odd. They were all written in little black letters. All were the same size and none were joined together as in our books. The fact I judged to be extremely peculiar was the fact that Aristotle was not mentioned once during the day. Could it be that these ignorant people had never heard of him?

When we had finished studying for the morning, we went outside to the front of the school. There, waiting for the students, were all kinds of carts. They were very funny; they were closed in at the top, and were the queerest shape. What was most peculiar was the fact that all the drivers had let their horses go and feed on the grass somewhere out of sight. This seemed silly, as everyone was very anxious to get home. Oh well, these people were odd anyway. I got in a cart with one of the girls and was waiting for them to fetch the horse, when suddenly I heard a huge roar. It was almost indescribable! It sounded like a huge wind in giant tree tops, and then like a great lion purring and roaring. Just as I was getting used to the noise the driver began to move a little lever all around. Then, glory be to Aristotle, we started to move without the horse! I covered my face with my hands and sat there shaking all the way to the girl's home. She was kind enough to take me to her house for the noon-day meal. The food was wonderful. To quote my friend, "the dinner was simply scrumptious!"

The afternoon turned out to be even more startling than the morning had been. First, we went into a small building beside the school. Here the girls put on stockings that only reached their ankles, and shoes with rubber soles. When everyone was ready the teachers gave a command. No one will ever believe what happened, but the girls got down on the floor and began to roll around. It was simply ghastly! (This is one of the quaint sayings I picked up while there.) I was so shocked that I just stood there with my mouth open. When they had finished rolling around they began to run around, jumping as high as they could, every once in awhile. Goodness, it was so strange! Some one even made the suggestion that I join them. Did they think that I also wanted to be put in a dark corner of a prison for lunatics when we were caught behaving in this way? I know that much more would have driven me insane, but, thankfully the class ended in a few minutes. When the girls had put their decently long stockings on, we returned to the main building.

Here we went down to a room in the cellar. The girls took from a bottle of evil smelling liquid some dead toads of some type. They were still soft, as if they had just been killed, but had turned an unusual colour. Soon, to my horror, they began to cut them apart. They said they wanted to see the insides of the animals. Good heavens! Why would anyone wish to see the insides of a toad? I became quite sick, and had to leave. When the other girls came out, they said that they were going to take me to see a movie, whatever that might be.

We had to go quite far from the school and so rode on a huge horseless cart. There were many people on it when we got on, and we had to put money in a box at the front. Odd, eh? All the way to our destination I stared at the beautiful houses and the clean streets. It was so different, almost unimaginable! If I thought that everyone there dressed similar to our styles, I was mistaken. I saw all along the streets, men with long, loose, baggy, pants which reached their ankles, and women with dresses up to their knees. How indecent!



We went in a large playhouse after getting off the huge cart. I thought that their "movie" was another name for a play. But no, instead of actors on a stage, there were large pictures of people moving across a large white screen. At least, that was how the girls explained it, and I was too puzzled to doubt them. There were women in the pictures, too. How scandalous! The story seemed a bit silly to me. It was about a man who went back two hundred years into the eighteenth century. How silly! Any intelligent person knows you can't possibly do that. Dear me, what am I saying?

It was soon after coming out of the playhouse that the little scorpion in my pocket bit me and I returned to my own time. My, was I glad to get back to my dirty little room. The sight of filthy streets, straw-strewn floors and good old horses was quite a relief after the terrors of the twentieth century.

Well, goodnight for now, dear diary.



THE END

**THIS IS MY CANADA**

The Maritimes—where the ocean beats the coasts  
 In tremendous fury and shakes the ground  
 And inland round the little bays, the boats  
 Lie peacefully at rest—and in the distance a hound  
 Bays in the cool calm of evening—

This is my Canada!

Quebec—French Canada with all the joy  
 And happiness of its two extremes.

The quiet peacefulness of the peasant boy,  
 And the amusing sophistications of the city boy.

Then the tall, towering, majestic cities—

This is my Canada!

The prairies with their famed cowboys,

The rodeos, and the excitement of harvest.

The cities, Regina, Winnipeg and Calgary,

Rising out of the undulating plains of dust,

This is my Canada!

British Columbia with her cold

Hard, rocky, steeps of the Rocky Mountains.

Victoria, a city of placid, old

Beauty, and the flower-stands that line the streets—

This is my Canada!

JUDY CLOUSTON

**THE FIRST ADVENTURE**

One day two little mice went up to the barn for some corn. When they got there, one little mouse saw something that looked like two eyes. So into the barn they ran, and after them ran a cat named Sylvester. The little mice, Flip and Dip, ran into the hay. Sylvester was almost on them. The mice went way up in the hay. Flip said, "Let's go down the pipe". Sylvester saw Flip and Dip, and he ran after them. Flip and Dip were safe! After they got down the pipe, they ran for home.

CAROL NICOLL,

Prep. V

**THE LITTLE BEAR THAT TALKED**

I saw a little bear one day, and I asked him how he was. He said, "I am fine". I said, "Will you be mine?" "No, I won't", he said, "because my mother will be worried. Then he said goodbye and went trotting by, and I never saw the little bear again.

ANN MEUSER,

Prep. II

**MARGARET FIELD-MOUSE**

Little Margaret Field-Mouse lived with her friend, Crocus Frog, at the bottom of an elm tree.

The thing Margaret liked best in the world, after Crocus, was smelling cowslips, and the thing she hated most of all was spring-cleaning. So when one fine morning Crocus said, "It's time we did some spring-cleaning", Margaret said. "Oh bother!" But when Crocus stamped his foot and looked stern Margaret said, "Oh, very well".

So in went Margaret to help with the spring-cleaning, grumbling like anything. "Silly old spring-cleaning", she said.

All at once they heard a very strange noise overhead. Everything rattled. Margaret ran upstairs to see what it was. She saw the loveliest coloured wagons rolling by. Margaret stared at the enormous animal at the end. "Can you tell me what this animal is?" asked Margaret. "It's an elephant, of course," said the sparrow who went everywhere and knew everything. "What do elephants do?" asked Margaret. "They just stand at the fair and people give them nice things to eat." "Do they do spring-cleaning?" asked Margaret. "No", said the sparrow.

Later among the cowslips Margaret thought how nice it would be to be an elephant and not have any spring-cleaning to do. A moment later Margaret heard a voice say, "Hello, Margaret! Did I hear you wish for something?" It was the fairy Pimpernel.

"Oh, yes. Please turn me into an elephant so I won't have any spring-cleaning to do."

"An elephant!" said Fairy Pimpernel, "that would be very difficult magic. But I might make you as big as one."

"Yes, please do!"

"Then shut your eyes".

Fairy Pimpernel got out her wand. Margaret got bigger and bigger. When she got home, her friends ran away because they were so frightened to see her. So Margaret went away and wished that she were small again. Soon, in flew Fairy Pimpernel and granted her wish.

Wasn't Margaret surprised when she found herself small again. She rushed home. Her friends were delighted to see her, and they lived happily together.

BETH BOYLE

Prep. II

**MIRACLES DO HAPPEN**

The midnight train is just going past the last house in the sleepy town of Kent. As the thick smoke screen lifts from the city, we see the flickering lights in a small shabby home very near the edge of the town. In the house is a small seven year old boy, Johnnie. Johnnie's mother, Mrs. Harris, is kneeling sadly over her little son's bed.

Johnny is a very sick lad and his mother weeps as she waits for the doctor to come to see her little son. She is remembering the time when her husband was living, and they lived in the big white house on the corner of Maple Street; but when he died they lost everything they had and she and Johnnie moved into this little house on the edge of town. No trace could be found of the stocks and bonds which her husband had put away in case something happened to him. If only they could be found! But alas, for three years she had tried to find them, but all in vain.

There was a knock at the door. At last the doctor had come. But when the door opened she saw the doctor accompanied by two other men whom she recognized as lawyers at the town court. What were they doing here? She was soon to find out. The doctor went into the shabby bedroom to examine the boy, but the two men sat in the kitchen with Mrs. Harris.

The elder of the two stated their business to Mrs. Harris. They had found a strongbox containing some old and valuable stocks and bonds which were identified as belonging to her deceased husband. They wanted Mrs. Harris to come down to their office in the morning to prove her ownership of them. Just then, the doctor rejoined the group. Yes, the boy is going to live, and he would soon be able to run around like the other children of his age. The doctor left his instructions with Mrs. Harris, and the three departed.

When they had gone, Mrs. Harris could be seen crying by the bedside of her little son, who would soon be well again. The tears started rolling down her face again, but they were tears of joy. Miracles do happen!

Today as I went down Maple Street, I saw a little boy playing in the yard around the house at the corner. Yes, you've guessed it. It was little Johnnie Harris!

BEATRICE MARRIOTT

**KOREA**

Korea—land of the morning calm.  
A land that lay in peace and solitude  
'Til war and strife walked in  
And all other things ceased  
'Neath the blue of the sky  
And amid the calm of the air.

Korea—now a land of hunger;  
A land of trouble and misery;  
A land whose people can never regain  
The beauty and serenity of farms,  
Stretching, row on row,  
As far as one can see over the hills.

Korea—a land where men fight  
And kill men they have never before seen.  
Korea—a country torn apart  
Because of the cold ruthless ambition  
Of one man's heart!

JUDY CLOUSTON

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**THE WIND AND THE HATS**

The stiff brisk wind out of the north  
Ruffles my hair, and tints my cheek;  
Skirts are blowing, and hats are rolling,  
The wind is reaching its highest peak.

There goes a man in a sombre derby,  
Whoops! It's gone the way of the rest;  
Along comes a maiden who chases her bonnet,  
The man chases it with a new-found zest.

He's retrieved her hat but not his own,  
She thanks him sweetly for bringing it back.  
He replies with a bow and a few quiet words  
Then they both set off down the very same track.

The things that happen because of the wind  
Would never happen without its aid.  
The man with the derby has lost a hat,  
But never again will be stiff and staid.

CAROL VINCENT

## ART CLASS

Art class has been full of life this year, under the capable guidance of Miss Archibald. A great deal of time was spent on pen and ink designs. There was also sketching of the various statutes in the studio and trips to the Public Gardens for sketching of live subjects. An oil painting of one of the studio statues has been done by one of the pupils.

I do not know whether I should reveal the things which go on in Art Class, but nevertheless, I shall try to give you a picture of what happens. This I shall do by telling you the experiences of just one Monday afternoon.

I, since I take art myself, slowly dragged up the back stairs, which led to the studio. Here, Miss Archibald, was playing some of the school's classical records, while waiting for her torturers. I said "hello" and proceeded to a small cupboard in which supplies were kept. In here, I was drawing a picture of a small statue. Just as I had settled down, there was a loud crash and a buzzing of many voices. Instinct warned me to move to one side of the door to the cupboard, which was lucky, for a moment or so after I had done so, in came a small stampede of the other students seeking their various supplies. Then out they rushed to their seats and immediately a chorus for "Miss Archibald" rang through the studio. I shut the cupboard door, but this did not help much. Poor Miss Archibald! She tried for at least half an hour before she was able to quiet and settle her noisy pupils. Finally, everyone was silent and peace reigned. I still could not get myself to draw. What was wrong? Now it was too quiet. This did not last, however, as you can probably guess, for soon Carol Nicoll's pitiful cries for "Miss Archibald" began. Carol has had a bad habit of hurrying, and just when everyone thinks she has drawn a good picture, she hurries or adds a few mixed ideas of her own, which means, of course, that she must begin her picture again. As soon as Carol has been quieted, Loretta takes her turn in the noisemaking. I was mistaken in thinking that now everything would be peaceful, for I had forgotten the MacLaren twins, who got the bright idea of locking me in the supply cupboard, which idea they immediately put into force. This helped in one way though, for it prevented them from running in and out of the cupboard. Of course Miss Archibald let me out as soon as she discovered my plight. From this time until about a quarter to five, when we all packed up, with an inspection of each others work, everything went along smoothly. At last everything had been gathered up and we were off for another day. We say "good-bye" to Miss Archibald and, as we leave, peace returns to the studio once again.

We all have fun up there in the studio. Won't you join us sometime?

ADELINE CLARK

**THE ROYAL VISIT**

November 8, 1951. The day of Her Royal Highness' visit to the Halifax Ladies' College.

Everybody was terribly excited about the affair and there was little order anywhere.

At 9.00 o'clock everyone was to be at the school in full school uniform and ready to go outside to see Princess Elizabeth. It was very early considering the fact that she was not due to reach the school until 10.04, but as soon as people knew that she would stop here, they began to come very early and they lined the sides of the street.

About 9.15 we went outside and lined up in a section that had been blocked off for us. The children in the Preps. sat on chairs along the curb and the Collegiates stood behind them.

The weather during her complete visit was dreadful, although during the morning there were times when we half expected the sky to clear up, but it did not.

Our parents were there giving us umbrellas as the rain started, and taking them away when the rain stopped.

There were news photographers there taking pictures, and amateur photographers taking more pictures.

The head-girl, Carol Vincent, and the Pullen twins, Helen and Frances, who were to give the Princess a beautiful bouquet of yellow rosebuds with small purple flowers scattered among them, were very pretty and neat. They were also very nervous. The newspaper photographer took their picture and it was published in the following afternoon's paper.

About 10.15 people began coming through the Dalhousie woods from the Princess' last stop.

At 10.20 the first cars of the Royal Party came into view and the crowd all began to clap and cheer. Then the black limousine with the plexiglass top came into view and the great moment arrived. The car was well lit up and we could see the Princess and the Prince beautifully.

The car stopped momentarily in front of the school and the girls gave them the flowers which the Princess accepted charmingly.

She waved to the people and then the car started and drove away.

Before it got entirely out of sight though, the Duke turned and waved to us, and the Royal Visit to our school was over.

\* \* \* \*

Since then the King has died and Elizabeth has been proclaimed Elizabeth the Second of England.

We are deeply sorry that the King is dead, but we all rejoice that Elizabeth is now our Queen.

JUDY CLOUSTON,  
Coll. IV

## A GARDEN

One day I walked into a Garden. The first flowers I saw were a group of violets, nestled in soft moss, beside a quiet pool. There was one violet which seemed a little larger than the others, standing by itself in front of them and giving the appearance of a choir singing a lullaby as they stood erect under an oak.

A little farther down from the still pool, the stream started to babble. Here on the bank was a large group of Lily-of-the-valley, swaying in time with the brook like the members of a symphony orchestra following their conductor, in an exquisite symphony by one of the masters.

Around the lily-of-the-valley were forget-me-nots, quietly sitting in the short grass like an attentive audience of the symphony.

Out in the sunlight, red and yellow roses were bending, nodding and swaying like pleased people, laughing and talking while they danced to a Strauss waltz.

The deep purple, blue and wine, pansies with some bright streaks in them looked like brooding composers who composed heavy sounding symphonies, but the bright streak was the light fantastic dances they wrote when they were not moody.

The bright nodding zinnias, nodding with such enthusiasm, looked like concert artists on a beautiful grand piano, playing a Chopin polonaise, while the daises gave the same impression, a light minuet instead of a polonaise.

A vine climbing up a tree with many leaves, all trying to get to the top, looked like the members of an orchestra rehearsing a crescendo, striving to hit the top note perfectly, yet failing; but finally they will reach it to end their performance.

VIRGINIA DUNLOP,

Collegiate I

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## BIRDS

Birds are mostly beautiful things  
All flying about on the prettiest wings.  
They all build a nest of mud and sticks  
Gathered from the farmer's ricks.  
And in every bird's nest  
Their lovely eggs to rest.

HEATHER MACLAREN,

Prep. V



## THE LAST WEEK BEFORE EXAMS

The H.L.C. ship of state took the waves of knowledge steadily over her prow. We had begun our voyage in early October when our captain, Miss Dauphinee, and our executive officer, Miss Salton, had manned the good ship "Armbrae" with a sturdy crew and begun their yearly venture into the sea of knowledge. The officers, commanders Chipman, Archibald, Kaye, Trueman and Johnson took charge of their respective departments, while the petty officers, headed by chief petty officer Carol Vincent, took up their duties. Leading seamen were appointed to speak for each mess; everything began to run smoothly.

On the day my story begins, the captain was pacing the deck, keenly watching the crew, who were going about their duties in an orderly fashion. Despite the seeming cheerfulness of the crew, however, she noted a certain tension and strain in the air. Going aloft, she saw a sight which very nearly made her fall from the rigging to the deck below.

"Exam rocks ahead!" she cried in a desperate voice. The effect of this cry on the busy scene below was startling, to say the least. The officers turned pale, their shoulders sagging a good inch. The crew and petty officers became the colour of the sea, which at that moment was pea-green. Some of the petty officers dashed to the wheel, wrestling with it, and trying to put the ship on a different course. But it was no use, the "Armbrae" was caught in an exam current, which would carry the ship, slowly but surely, on the waiting exam rocks. The captain climbed slowly down the rigging, and, on reaching the deck, solemnly shook hands with the waiting officers, who were now armed with unusually bright smiles, and who now carried their shoulders unnaturally high. The crew, although not fooled by the changed looks of their officers, did as they were told, and set to their work with a will.

As the week continued, the Armbrae, caught in the exam current, drew steadily on towards the rocks. A dark cloud covered the gloomy ship, and it was only from the stern that, far away, sunny seas and blue skies could be seen.

The crew, who had a fascination for the subject, continually talked of the rocks and their impending doom. Occasionally members of the crew would come to stand in the bow to look at the rocks, littered with ends of pencils, bits of foolscap, and here and there a bone dry mind. And always in their ears, the tired crew and officers could hear the ceaseless pounding of the sea of knowledge on the craggy boulders.

The silence of the doomed ship was unbroken except for the odd, high laughter of some high unstrung seaman losing her mind.

The ship hit the rocks exactly one week after the captain had sighted them. There was a terrific noise as the ship struck, and some of the crew, losing their heads, jumped into the water, where they struggled desperately, calling for help and cursing the rocks. The captain and the officers worked hard, going about the crew and telling them to keep calm. They tried to rescue the people who were in the water but succeeded in getting only a few.

The ship was caught on the rocks for about a week, when the sun suddenly broke through the clouds, and an unknown force took the ship off the rocks and set her on a calmer course. She limped on in sunnier seas for two or three days while the crew patched her together again.

The captain announced two weeks rest and leave for all. The crew took this with greater joy than the officers who only smiled wanely, for they knew they had a great deal of patching and repairing still to be done.

However, everyone eagerly packed up their kit-bags and joyously set off to enjoy two weeks leave in the happy land of Holiday.

AMY PULLEN

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## GYM CLASS

The Pullens, late as usual, arrive in time to scream with the others as Hannah goes over the horse, nose first. Mrs. Knop dashes up to inspect the mat for damages. This being a common occurrence, nothing more is thought of it.

H.L.C. gym class,—ah! what fond memories that recalls! Weeks of sore legs and aching backs! But now that is all past. To see us swing our arms and bounce over the spring-board, who would think of the torture and misery that is all over—almost. The groans we hear when lying flat on our backs and waving our legs in the breeze, are mere figments of the imagination. The sighs as we dangle our arms to our toes, are but illusions. The glum looks, as bleary-eyed we cavort around the floor, are but faults in our vision. And then, when the clock says three, do we stagger from the floor? No! With a care-free swing we gambol to our coats. Do we rush to the door and freedom? No! With many a backward glance, we gently sidle out. Ah! gym class—will we ever forget it?

SARAH PULLEN,

Coll. III

## TRANQUILITY

As we walked up the road in the early afternoon, the tall stately trees seemed to form a guard, protecting us from the forest and the forest from us.

Before long we saw an opening in the trees and ducked through.

In front of me I saw the most beautiful sight I had yet seen.

There was a stream about twelve feet across with pine trees on either side, bubbling and tumbling into a quiet pool. As the stream splashed and laughed, the sun shone on it through the pines and was reflected on the water like hundreds of tiny diamonds.

The pool, which shone like crystals, was almost round, but about one hundred feet from where the stream first entered, it again began its happy laughing course through the woods. On either side of the pool, tall dignified oak trees stretched their branches into the sky.

There were, on the water, beautiful white and yellow water-lilies, and near the edge of the shore, there were beautiful lavender colored flowers growing.

Near the top of the pool was a large flat rock, which looked as if it had been baked by the sun.

Overhead in the treetops, a bird uttered its soft, sweet song at intervals, but this did not affect the tranquility of this scene.

We left at about five o'clock in the afternoon, but I was so impressed that I had to return that night.

By moonlight, the stream seemed to be made of sapphires of the purest blue. It did not laugh as much now, but went on its way with peace and serenity. It appeared to be a great path leading up to a cathedral.

The pool was like a sacred place, with the tall trees on each side, and the stars shining and the reflection of the moon and stars so clear on the deep blue of it, that when you looked at the water, you had the feeling that you were above the heavens, looking down on them.

The sound of the crickets seemed to be the music of this beautiful place. Even though the air was filled with their music, the tranquility and calm was divine.

As I walked up the road with the noise of the crickets still echoing in my ears, I was sure I had never seen or never would see a place so beautiful and completely alone, as nature intended, again.

JUDY CLOUSTON,

## THE LAST DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS VACATION

Ah! that wonderful last day before vacation starts! Everyone throughout the school is cool, calm, and collected. Of course that is the day examination marks are given out, but who cares about that? School begins at 9.30 so everyone arrives at 8.45, and waits until 9.30 very quietly. After the marks are given out, each class presents a play before the rest of the school. While waiting for the return of marks, there are last minute preparations. The Collegiates, on the whole, are concerned about their marks. The Preparatories have nothing on their minds except the plays and Christmas. Passing through the Upper School one can hear . . .

"Oh dear, I just know I didn't pass in Geometry! Whatever will I do? Please, somebody, tell me!" wails a Coll. Four.

"Who cares about exams? These marks don't count in the finals so what's the difference?" answers another Fourth.

"I didn't pass in anything, so why do you worry?" asks a typical Coll. Three. "Tell me, are you going to Twixteen tonight? I hear that it's going to be simply marvellous!"

"You know, I'm afraid I made a mistake in one question in Algebra! Wouldn't that be terrible?" questions an intelligent Fourth.

"Well, I think I passed everything, anyway!" remarks a Coll. Two.

"Well, naturally! What would happen if I didn't?" says a bright Coll. One.

"I've left my hair home! Oh! here it is!" exclaims a frenzied First, looking for some red wool for their play.

Eavesdropping on the excitement of the Preps . . .

"Do have a sunflower seed, Chaffinch," parrots a small Prep. Five.

"Quiet! I'm trying to learn my lines, too!" orders a Prep. Six.

"Oh, dear, I left my costume home!" giggles a Prep. Three.

"Has everyone got their Christmas card from me?" queries a Prep. Four.

"I can't wait to begin! Isn't it going to be fun?" exclaims a Prep. Two, jumping up and down.

"I'm so excited! What do I do?" asks a tiny Prep. One, running around in circles.

At last the bell rings and the marks are returned to the girls. Then everyone assembles downstairs to hear the Honour averages and Dux of Forms read out. Coll. Four look slightly green, but are smiling bravely, or trying to! Will they ever realize that Miss Dauphinee knows what she is talking about? Coll. Three still have that "who cares, I don't" look. Coll. One and Two appear very pleased. No one has anything to worry about. The Preps are just one mob of excited girls. They want to get over to the plays.

At last the trying ordeals are over. Everyone goes over to enjoy themselves at last. Small Prep. One shyly presents a play entitled "Mother Goose in Healthland." Then Prep. Two show us what toys might say if they could talk, in a play called "Santa's Toys".

The story of the Nativity is next depicted in tableau form by Preps. Three and Four.

Prep. Five and Six now surprise us with a discussion between the birds who go south for the winter and those that don't. This is called "Goodbye, Swallows". Then Coll. One and Two startle us with an extremely good comedy written by their teacher, Miss Archibald, entitled "A Melodrama". It is a parody on the handsome prince and beautiful princess who fall in love at first sight and live happily ever after.

Coll. Three and Four wind up the plays by singing a group of French carols instead of performing the usual French play.

There is one slight disturbance in the last performance. A small girl in the middle of the front row suddenly bounds off with a nose bleed. However, the girls finish singing and then dash off after her to see what had happened.

At last everything is over and it is time to go home. The Preps. are said because everything is over. However, they all have one consolation. The end of school means a quick arrival of Christmas and Santa Claus. The younger Collegiates hurry home to "do something for a change." The older ones reluctantly drag themselves home to tell their parents the bad news. The teachers usher the students out the door with broad smiles and loud Merry Christmas! Then, as the last girl departs, they drop into the nearest chair, put their feet up on another, and "pass out"!

CAROL VINCENT

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## GYM DISPLAY

As this year's Olla Pod goes to press we are busily preparing for our Gym Display. It will be held at the Dalhousie Gym in about the middle of May.

Our gym is under the supervision of Mrs. Knop. We are going to have a few new folk dances and are trying hard to make this display better than any other that we have had.

With much practice and patience on the part of both Mrs. Knop and the pupils, we will try to present to our friends and families the best gym display they have ever seen!

## TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF A PREFECT

Being chosen a prefect is considered a very high honour, but after the first day, you have no time for the glories of your position as you struggle to accustom yourself to the half pronounced words, an occasional yell for a "precept", and then a scream.

"Precept, she hit me and I don't like her."

"Please Suzie, try to be good," comes my pleading voice.

"I don't want to be good and I ain't doin' what you tell me."

"Suzie, if you don't be good, I will make you write lines—"

"Precept," comes a wail from the other room, "I can't get my boot off".

As I dash madly into the other room to hush the seething child, I leave Suzie pouting in a corner and I think of how I got into this mess. The boot is half off the child who had just called for "Precept", when the 9.00 a.m. bell rings.

Suzie came dashing out to meet me as I struggled to get the children in line. "Precept, I wanna be last."

"No, Suzie", I answered her, "June asked me first—but tomorrow morning you may be——"

"No!" screamed the child, whose boot was still half off, "I'm being last tomorrow, you said I could."

"Precept! Precept! PRECEPT!" screamed Suzie, "I ain't goin' in ther' unless I c'n be first".

"Very well Suzie", I answered her, "You may be first".

"That isn't fair, I should be last today——"

"No, I should be!" screamed June.

That was all I needed to restore me to my changing mind.

"Class—shut up! Suzie is last and June is first.

"But, pre——"

"Quiet", boomed my voice over the quibbling mob. "Those are my orders, and I want them carried out."

Carol, the child with the boot still half off, came tearing around the corner of the door. I stuck out my hand and grabbed her, and in all her life her boots had never come off so quickly.

As the second bell rang, my "class" filed slowly into prayers, safe, sound, and looking like angels. After prayers and four "shut-ups" later, I returned to my class room very late.

"Shirley," came the voice of my teacher, "Surely you aren't having any trouble with those children, are you?—Anyway, will you try to get to your classes on time.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," I said to myself, "here we go again!"

SHIRLEY WALKER,

Coll. III

## FROM A CLOUD

My name is William Shakespeare. These are my impressions of twentieth century life as I viewed it from a cloud. My first impression of twentieth century life as I peered over the edge of my cloud at the earth below, was one of noise. I could hear the screeching, clamouring, clanking noises of horseless covered carts which moved about at the greatest speed. I thanked Zodiac and all my lucky stars that I was upon my safe cloud, secure from all this irritating noise which arose from the earth beneath.

The second feeling which "hit" me—I picked up that vulgar expression just now—was the dangerous tallness of this strange large town's buildings. In the London where I used to live, three or four stories at the most was considered sufficient. Even great Queen Bess' palace wasn't as tall as these buildings.

As I had a curiosity to see what went on in one of these large buildings, I drifted down beside one of the many windows. Oh! my ears, they ache yet. More noise! And more bustle and confusion than at one of our actor's banquets in the old Globe Theatre!

However, I passed on a few windows until I saw a woman standing by one of them. She was so indecently dressed—not a skirt touching the rushes—that I covered my eyes and quickly passed on. I had gained another impression of twentieth century life. I decided that women were much more beautiful in the sixteenth century. Why, that woman couldn't compare with any of the beauties in the boxes of the Globe Theatre! And the paint she had on! Even we actors used less than that!

Taking up courage, I passed to the next window, where I saw a child standing, peering out. I was surprised, for he looked so healthy. What round sturdy legs! And what red cheeks! I had received one more impression, and this time it was favourable. Twentieth century children are much more healthy than any of our English could ever hope to be.

I passed on again, to the window on the corner of the building. I heard a noise which was different. My cloud came nearer, and suddenly I stiffened with horror. One of the most vulgar, raucous, voices was singing, "Brush your teeth with Colgate—". This frightful noise was coming from a small box inside the room. My poet's mind could not bear it any longer. That horrible song was not like any of the lovely madrigals that they sing in England! The words too—so, so, vulgar! Another impression of twentieth century life—music is awful, and they have lost the art of writing good lyrics.

I steered my cloud away up into the blue. Suddenly, I was being buffeted by an enormous wind. A great silver bird was flying over me. Help!

I, William Shakespeare, have decided that twentieth century life is "not for me", to use one of the most horrible of all twentieth century expressions!

AMY PULLEN

## THE BOY AND HIS BUNNY

Once upon a time there was a little boy. He had a big box of toys. He had a little woolen puppy dog, a rag doll, five little tin soldiers, and a little blue bunny. The little bunny was the prettiest of all the toys. He had a big pink bow tied around his neck. The little boy liked his bunny best of all. The other toys envied the little bunny. The rag doll said, "Let us teach him a lesson". "We must get rid of him", said the puppy, "The boy gives all of his time to the bunny". They talked of a plan. The next night they went to the box in which the bunny slept.

"We will grab him", whispered the soldiers.

Soon they had the bunny in a corner. The puppy growled and snapped, the rag doll took his pretty pink bow, the soldiers pecked at him with their swords. Soon the bunny was just a rag.

In the morning the little boy saw his bunny. He cried all the day. Late in the day his Nanny came to him and said, "Do not cry, give me your bunny and go to bed. Do not worry about him". She paused a moment to dry his tears and then continued, "When you awake in the morning he will be sitting on a stool by your bed". In the morning when he awoke, he blinked his eyes, he sat up in his bed, he looked all around and there, sure enough, was his little bunny. There was his big pink bow. He picked him up and hugged him. He was just as pretty as before.

Just then he looked up and saw Nanny standing in the doorway. She smiled, he smiled too.

What Nanny did with the little blue bunny was never known, but he lived happily with the little boy forever after.

CONNIE POOLE,

Prep. IV.

## THE SONGS AND SAYINGS OF COLLEGIATE FOUR

DEE—"Honeybun"—Holy Cats!

JUDY—"Come On Get Happy"—Let's go to DAL now.

BEE—" 'S Wonderful!"—Oh my gosh!

TINK—"All the Nice Girls Love a Sailor"—May I open the window?

DEL—"Undecided"—No fooling?

VINCE—"Only Make Believe"—Eeee—Gads!

CLASS—"I'm as Corny as Kansas in August"—TOO much homework!



**LIMERICK**

There was a young man from Dalhousie,  
 Who at Physics was simply lousie,  
 He got everything wrong,  
 And before very long,  
 He departed the halls of Dalhousie.

SARAH PULLEN,  
 Coll. III

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**THE SECOND CINDERELLA**

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived a sweet little girl and her name was Cinderella. She was very poor and she had no mother or father to look after her.

One day a fairy came and said, "I am your fairy-godmother". She gave her a magic slipper so that every year on that day her wish would come true. And at that she vanished.

Cinderella wished that Jim, the boy across the road, would come to see her. And at that minute there was a knock and who do you think it was? Jim, the boy across the road!

Then she asked Jim if he would like to go to fairyland and he said, "Yes, I would". So she wished them to fairyland, and then she wished they were the same size as the fairies and elves. Then she wished they could play with the fairies, and suddenly there were laughs and gurgles and crowds of elves and fairies came dancing and skipping, flying and singing, having a wonderful time. They played hide-and-peek with Jim and Cinderella, then, after tea, she wished to go home.

After they got home she asked Jim if he would marry her and he said "yes". So they were married and had a lovely wedding and the fairy godmother came to see the wedding, and then she took the slipper saying, "You are happy now, so I will make someone else happy". And as she said these words she vanished. And Jim and Cinderella lived happily ever after.

KAREN BURTON,  
 Prep. III

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**THE ELVES**

In a little clearing with a soft, mossy floor,  
 Dwell the dearest little elves behind a tiny door  
 That is hidden in the bottom of an old birch tree.  
 And I'm sure they're there now waiting  
 To romp and play with me.

VIRGINIA DUNLOP,  
 Coll. I

## COLLEGIATE FOUR

The life of a girl in Collegiate Four  
 Is not quite as calm as you thought before  
 The little ones like you, they really do  
 (You notice it nowhere except Prep. Two.)

The prefect's life holds no attraction,  
 It rather can lead one into distraction  
 From cleaning the fish bowls, mopping the floor  
 To teaching the tots that three ones make four.

The little girls ask with a piercing call  
 To give them the bell to ring in the hall,  
 The one that so wins is your friend forever  
 The rest start tomorrow in their endeavour.

Yes, the life of a girl in Collegiate Four,  
 Or that of a prefect is really more  
 Than any plain human can truly stand.  
 Oh, Cocoa is tasty with Prep. One sand!

CAROL VINCENT.

## IN THE FOREST

In the forest, at the break of day,  
 The wind blows the trees and their branches sway.

The birds of the forest fly down from their nests,  
 And look for food after a long night's rest.

There are many squirrels and many chipmunks,  
 Gathering nuts for the cold winter months.

Suddenly one hears a very loud clatter,  
 And here comes a rabbit in a flurry of chatter.

The news he tells is happy and clear,  
 For a hunter near by has killed the bad bear.

As the sun disappears from the darkening sky  
 Two full-grown deer prance swiftly by.

They stop by the stream to drink their fill—  
 And everything is quiet, peaceful and still.

BARBARA PIERCEY,

Coll. I

**THE TRAINS**

There once was a train,  
 That went out in the rain,  
 The wind was blowing a gale.  
 The train was not able  
 To reach the train stable,  
 So he drove right from the rail.

And when two more trains came,  
 They were so fearful of their frames,  
 That the drivers were so busy  
 To avoid a dreadful crash,  
 That the lightning sent a flash  
 And left them all quite dizzy.

It was an awful crash,  
 It was an awful smash,  
 That the poor old engine took.  
 Then some people came to see  
 What had happened to the three,  
 And they had a lovely look.

And this is the end of my tale,  
 Of the trains that left the rail,  
 And let it be a warning,  
 To drive only in the morning,  
 And when the sun does shine,  
 And when the weather is quite fine.

NANCY STUART,  
 Prep. IV

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Blue is for sky with a cloud sailing by.  
 White is for kite and maybe light.  
 Black is for sack and maybe a tack.  
 Silver is for money and maybe some honey.

GILL MACLAREN,  
 Prep. II

---

**MY DIXIE-LEE**

I have a dog named Dixie-Lee,  
 She is as cute as cute can be.  
 And when I come home from school,  
 I am sure she smiles at me.

LYNN GRANT,  
 Prep. III

**MAGIC**

There was a gypsy fairy,  
Singing on the lawn,  
A boy thought he heard her,  
Looked, she was gone!

WENDY MACLAREN,

Prep. V

---

**THE SQUIRREL**

There was a little squirrel,  
His name was Burl,  
He had a very red, red, coat.  
On the day before  
He went down to the shore,  
And got out his big, big, boat.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel,  
The pa and ma of Burl,  
That day had been asked out to tea.  
When a dog called Rover  
Pushed the boat over,  
And Burl cried out "Eee! Eeee!"

The dog called Rover,  
Who pushed the boat over,  
Chased little Burl up a tree  
But he cried "Help! Help!"  
And jumped to a shelf  
And laughed and laughed "He! Hee!"

MARGOT PULLEN,

Prep. VI

---

**MY LITTLE MOUSE**

I had a little mouse  
Who had a little house  
Right down the bottom of the well;  
Now don't you go too close  
Or you will scare my little mouse,  
And then he'll have no place to dwell.

CHRISTINE ANDREWS,

Prep. IV

**THE ELFMAN**

There once was an elf,  
Who lived by himself,  
In an oak tree that stood  
At the edge of a wood.

He wanted a boat  
That was able to float.  
"I'll get wood from my tree  
And make one", said he.

On a river called Nood,  
That flowed through the wood,  
He sailed all day long  
As he sang this wee song.

"The kind old oak tree  
Made a boat house for me,  
So I'll live here instead,  
With the stars o'er my head."

KAREN BURTON,

Prep. III

---

**THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL**

The first day of school  
I was happy as can be,  
Do I know my work?  
I think I'd better see.  
As soon as I got there,  
I sat down in my seat,  
The teacher read a story,  
And told me to repeat,  
Today it will snow  
The north wind will blow,  
But I won't mind  
Because fun I can find.  
So when I went home  
(and sat down to eat)  
I told my mother what I had to repeat.

LORETTA NAIRN,

Prep. VI

## MY DOLLS

Have you met my doll family?

One, two, three, four, five.

They are all so lovely

I wish they were alive.

Annabelle is my walking doll

With pretty blonde pig-tails

And Vicki is my bride doll

With her long white dress and veil.

My baby doll is Candy

Who is as sweet as she can be

And Sally has a Saran wig,

Which combs so easily.

My rubber doll is Belinda,

Just loves her bath every day.

Now you have met my family,

Would you like to come and play?

MARY JANE GILL,

Prep. III

## THE LITTLE RABBIT THAT TALKED

Once upon a time there was a baby bunny rabbit. He was born in the wood. His mummy swung him in a hammock. When he grew up, his mummy wanted to give him a party. He was having his first birthday. He invited all his friends. His name was John.

On his second birthday his mummy gave him a bicycle. Every day he played with the older rabbits. One day a little girl was going for a walk in the wood, and she saw him playing with his friends by the stream. She thought that he was the cutest of them all. One day a little boy was walking in the woods. He was the little girl's brother and she had told him about the baby bunny rabbit. That was why he went for a walk too. You see he wanted to catch the bunny.

ELIZABETH BURTON

Prep. II

## THE PREPS' HALLOWE'EN PARTY

One bright October afternoon the Halifax 'Ladies' College was ringing with the shouts and squeals made by the Preps. at their annual Hallowe'en Party.

The party was held downstairs in the Preps' rooms. The children arrived at four o'clock, dressed in an amazing variety of costumes.

Many games were played and the girls all had an enjoyable afternoon. The highlight of the party came when Miss Johnson entered the room, dressed as a little baby.

Prizes were won by Carol Ann Nicoll, dressed as Mortimer Snerd, for the most comical; and Frances Pullen, dressed as Tweedledee for the most original. All are looking forward to next year's party.

---

## THE LITTLE GREY MOUSE

The little grey mouse was a very, very funny mouse. One day he went to his grandmother's. When he got there, his grandmother gave him a cookie.

"Thank you very much. I am going home". "I am very hungry," he said to himself.

"Mummy, may I go see grandmother again?"

"Yes, you may," said mother. So he went. She gave him some milk which made his whiskers curl. After that he stayed home.

BELLE CLAYTON,  
Prep. II

---

## THE MONKEY

Once a little monkey  
Climbed up a tree,  
But when he got up there,  
He was stung by a bee.

For far up in the tree,  
Was a nest of bees.  
It was an awful sting,  
'Cause, "Ow! Yow!" was in the breeze.

WENDY MACLAREN,  
Prep. V

## SAILING

I like sailing when the boat keels over. It feels as if the boat would upset, but it doesn't. The reason why, is, because there is a piece of lead on the bottom of the keel. When you are sailing, you have the wind in your face—it feels lovely.

If the day is windy, the spray is always hitting you. When you go about, there is usually quite a noise, as the sails are loose and flapping. The boom swings over and the sails are hauled in and everything is settled. It is quite hard to catch the mooring when you get back, as the rope is under water.

When it is caught, the sails are lowered and taken off and we all go back to land.

BARBARA WOOD,  
Prep. V

## THE CHESTNUT FILLY

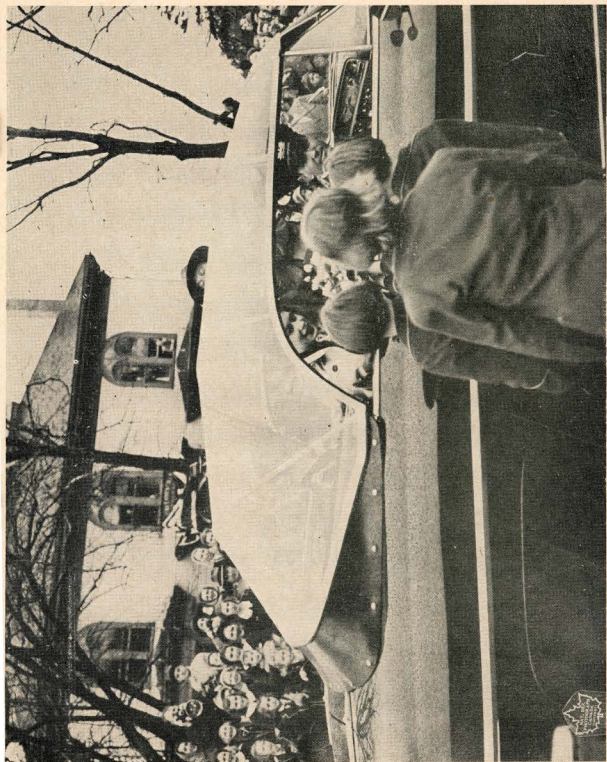
I had a chestnut filly  
Who wasn't trained at all,  
He always went to Billy  
He sometimes jumped the wall.

I told him he was very bad  
When he jumped o'er the wall  
I said one day I would be sad  
If he should have a fall.

BARBARA WOOD,  
Prep. V







THE ROYAL VISITORS



## HOCKEY

"Splash". As we look up to see what has happened we see that another girl has been hit by a wildly aimed ground hockey ball! Hockey this year was carried out in much the same manner as last year, (practices every Wednesday and Friday) except for a few minor accidents.

Instead of playing two hockey games with Edgehill this year, we played only one, which was just as well, because we lost this—by one point.

Mrs. O'Dell coached us and the members of the team were as follows: Adeline Clark, Judy Clouston (captain), Bee Marriott, Tinker Pullen, Carol Vincent, Hannah Hoffman, Rosie Murray, Janet MacLennan, Shirley Walker, Sarah Pullen, Barbara Kerridge, Mary MacIntosh, Anne Clowser and Barbara Piercey.

\* \* \* \*

## BASKETBALL

"Hurrah!" yells the opposing team.

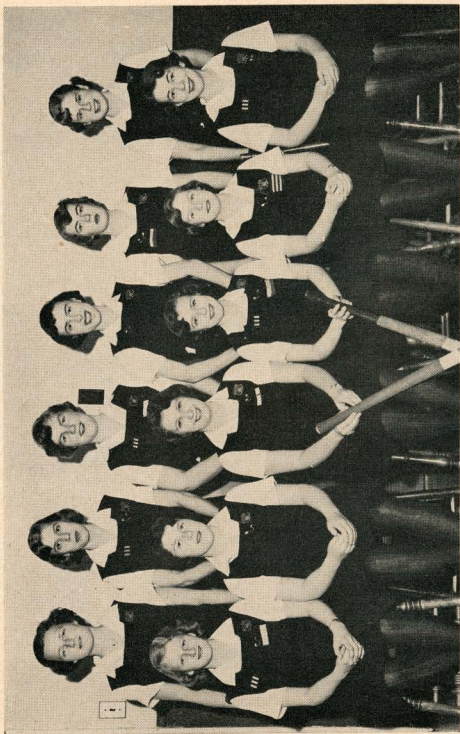
"Oh no, not another basket!" is heard in a chorus from the H.L.C. girls. From this, you can get the general idea that we did not have a very successful basketball season this year.

We played seven games, (lost six, won one), in the City High School Basketball League. The main thing is that everyone had lots of fun. The games were all played in good spirits, and no one was very disappointed when we lost.

Mrs. Roberts of the Y.W.C.A. coached us through the season, with basketball practices every Wednesday and Friday.

We played both games with Edgehill this time and, unfortunately, both teams lost. We went up by bus, and were not quite as cheerful coming home as we were going up. The Edgehill girls showed us wonderful hospitality and we had a lovely time.

Our basketball team included: Judy Clouston, forward (captain); Carol Vincent, forward; Tinker Pullen, forward; Adeline Clark; Mary MacIntosh, forward; Sarah Pullen, forward or guard; Rosie Murray, forward or guard; Hannah Hoffman, guard; Bee Marriott, guard; Janet MacLennan, guard; Barbara Piercey, guard.



GROUND HOCKEY TEAM

## SKATING

This year the skating sessions were on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at the new Dalhousie Memorial Rink. Miss Archibald supervised on Tuesdays, and Miss Johnston on Thursdays. They were well attended, especially by the Preps.

The fancy dress carnival was held at the end of the season, with a program of races and a display of fancy skating. The costume awards went to:

Rita Gardner—funniest—as a rag doll.

Lynda Johnston—most original—as a daffodil.

Sheila Mullins—prettiest—as Little Bo-Peep.

Honorable mention went to Miss Archibald as the Parson, Mrs. Chipman as "Granny", and Reggie Clayton as a snowman.

In the races—

Kindergarten—won by Pat Fairn.

Prep I—Marcia Colwell

Prep. II—Margie Cameron.

Prep. III and IV—Connie Poole.

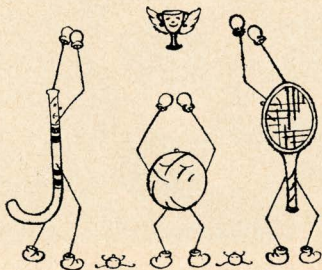
Prep. V and VI—Elizabeth Ritchie

Preps. V and VI had to race twice the length of the rink and then skate around coffee tins on the ice.

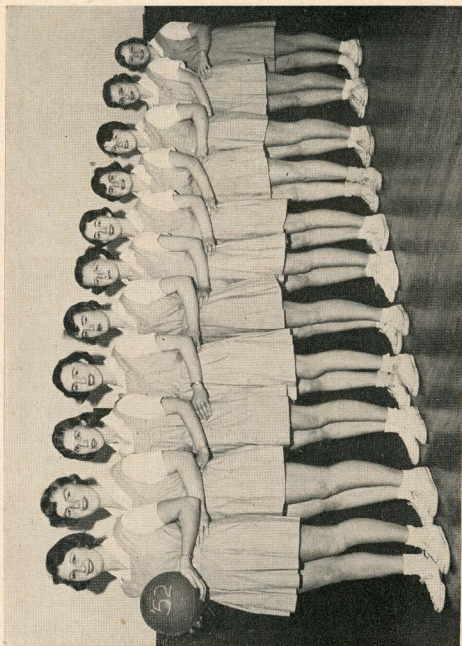
The judges were Mrs. H. Vincent, Mrs. D. Murray, and Mrs. S. E. Clowser.

JUDY CLOUSTON,

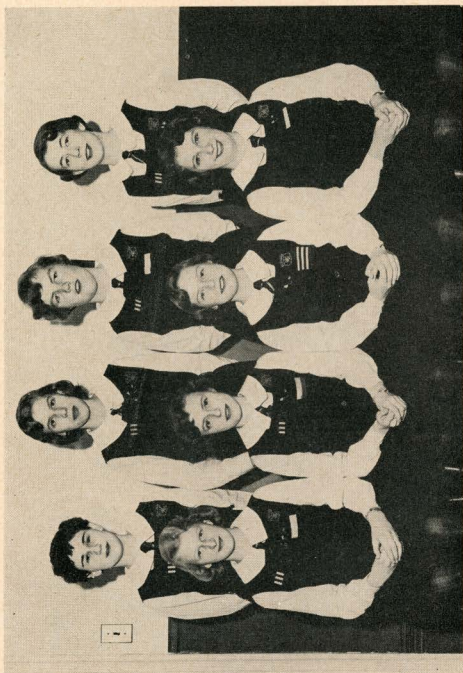
Games Captain



Flanned



1952 BASKETBALL TEAM



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Tinker: Class started before I got here.



Miss Beattie: What is nitrate of sodium?

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Carol: Joan of Arc, because I prefer a hot steak to a cold chop.



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Mina: Somebody else's blazer.



He: I've never seen such dreamy eyes.

Rosie: You've never stayed so late before.

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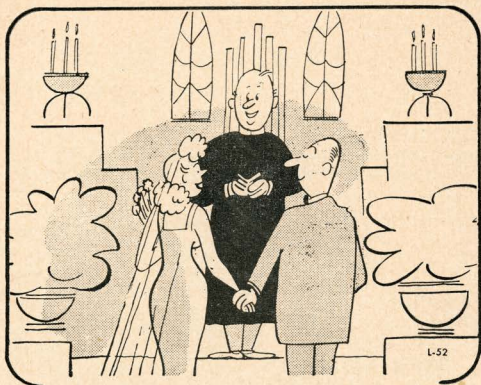
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