

Most of you who read this it is presumed, are Catholic students. **You Can Change The World.** Does that strike home to you? It should, because you more than anyone have the truth; you are fortified with it. To you the life of the Christopher must have a dramatic appeal. The challenge is there in truth and simplicity. What greater vocation could one aspire to then renouncing selfishness in order to save the world from chaos!

The role the Christopher can and will play in bringing to the world a "Spiritual peace," rather than a "Devastating war," is greater than one mind can conceive. The real role of the Christopher is best summed up in the following prayer of St. Francis of Assisi which breaths the spirit of the Prince of Peace.

"Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.  
Where there is hatred, let me sow love,  
Where there is injury, pardon,  
Where there is doubt, faith,  
Where there is despair, hope,  
Where there is darkness, light,  
And where there is sadness, joy.  
O Divine Master, grant that I may not seek so much to be consoled,  
as to console.  
To be understood as to understand,  
To be loved as to love,  
For it is in giving that we receive,  
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,  
And it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

—D.S.M.

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### MEMORIES OF A COLLEGE YEAR

It was unusually bright and the air was warm at seven fifteen this morning when I crossed the wooden walk under the birch trees on my way to Mass. This afternoon the first softball game of the season was played, and as I came in from the game the sound of radios and student discussions could be heard from a distance, through the windows that were thrown wide open to let in the refreshing breath of spring.

Yes, indeed, spring is here, and with it comes the end of another year at college. We think of that day that seems only a short time

ago, when we returned from our vacation for the college year that is now fast drawing to a close. The Juniors of the previous year were that day feeling very important starting in on their Senior, final year. The boys from last year Senior High were now Freshmen and feeling very good about it. Everywhere could be heard the enthusiastic greetings of those who had spent previous years together, years that will never be forgotten.

Then came these first week get togethers when you felt that a bull session just couldn't last long enough to get all the talking done. Everyone told his experiences of the past summer, and when the prefect felt that everyone had his story told, he remembered the thrills of bygone conquests and began his task of opening doors and feigning an ill-humored look that brought a swarm of fellows out under his gaze.

The constant thumping of a football being kicked around was soon heard, and the shrill sound of the coach's whistle announced the season when the chosen ones sweat it out on the grid-iron, and when everyone else harbours that football season excitement that make these days hard to forget. And those were really exciting days when you shifted uneasily in your classroom seat at the sound of the bus carrying a rival team, rumbling onto the campus. Outside, red and white ribbons and pennants fluttered in the breeze and you waited for the sound of the bell so that you could join the cheering parade to the grandstand. I guess no one will ever forget the day when we all went crazy with pure joy because the little red headed fellow made that last desperate run and scored the winner, as the last second of the game ticked away. Hard to forget too, was the day when we sat hushed and tense on the grandstand watching our fullback trying to make grim determination make up for his injured shoulder, and although we knew that he would have to go off the field we prayed to ourselves that he could stay in there somehow. Those times of joy and celebration, those moments of tense anxiety and sometimes keen disappointment will make the football season a memory until our memories are no more.

When all began boasting about how little they knew, there was no doubt that exams were in the air. One evening in the late autumn you came over from supper and someone on the edge of the crowd in front of the bulletin board told you in doleful tones that the exams were posted. You copied them down on your cigarette pack and joined the mad scramble for desks, that for too long perhaps, had been left vacant. Lights burned far into the night and the prefect

stopped worrying about crowded rooms for a few days. Socials and permissions to town were forgotten, in your desperate preparation for the days when you would join the throng of bloodshot eyed students with nicotine stained fingers, at the door of the examination room, waiting for the opening bell. As precious minutes slipped away a few read hastily from textbooks and received good natured jokes from those who just a few minutes before had taken reluctant leave of their own. All joked loudly, nervously, and you probably held ink out to fill your neighbour's pen while hardly conscious of what you were doing. Exam time, with its tense atmosphere and long study sessions is an experience that will be remembered always.

After the professors had been duly criticized as to their character and good sense, using their exam questions as a criterion, the results came back. Many were glad, some were sorry, but all heaved a great sigh of relief, agreed that the professors were not so bad after all, resolved to study harder every minute of the next term and then turned faces homeward with that special "going-home-for-Christmas" feeling.

You came back and shouted "Hello" and "Had a grand vacation" to your room mate, and then ran to the rink to see how the ice was. There followed a wonderful time when the examination feeling was for all impractical purposes gone forever, when you felt free to steal an hour from an afternoon period now and then, to take a round about route to that winter paradise. The evening skates were forerunners of lively discussions in the rooms, because everyone had breathed deeply of the fresh air and was ready to talk on anything from philosophy to topics like the Senior Prom.

A very special night of the week when the air is calm is the ideal free night, and with free hearts you and your own special group of chums hastened over the crisp frosty snow that covered the pavement to town. The tramp of many feet, perhaps the chorus of a song or two, echoed down the road that leads from the college on the hill, and often, like the character of the song that the boys on the corridor sang all fall, "You didnt have a dime but you were going, and you would have a happy time." Many times you will remember when you could inform all about you that you were broke and immediately get assurance of enough to see you through.

You went to the forum to cheer the greatest team of them all, the team that you skipped five p.m. study to watch practicing, on

to victory. After you came out you spent an hour or so talking about the game and before you went to bed came to the conclusion that everyone of our boys played a wonderful game.

Late in the winter, during the long nights, you gave the books more attention than at certain other times of the year and the library was a good place in which to spend an afternoon. You waited for the winter edition of **Red and White**, but too many did nothing but wait so that the editor waved his hands in despair at one time because all wanted to see the magazine but few wanted to write for it.

Finally the **Red and White** did appear, and everywhere you could see groups discussing the merits and demerits of the magazine. Although it was marked the winter issue you knew that spring was near because one day, amid looks of wonderment from the first year boys, and withering looks from those who did not know St. Thomas, you wore the college colours and observed the tradition of Philosopher's Day. After the High Mass of St. Thomas you went to the rink for the philosophers' hockey game only to find the ice covered with water and then you knew that the last few weeks were ahead.

Yes spring is in the air today and already conversations are beginning to focus on exams and the Junior Prom and the question of what to do next summer. Soon our Senior Class will wear the caps and gowns of another Convocation Day. We will be sad to see them go but happy because they are taking with them an education from old St. Dunstan's, and happy memories, as have her graduates now for nearly a hundred years.

—DANNY DRISCOLL '50

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### JANE

We have been married twenty years now. Yes, its been twenty years, but I still remember the first time I met her. We were over at Jim Fowler's place. Bob Aitken sat opposite me and next to him sat Jane. I didn't notice her at first, no one ever does. I didn't notice her that is, until she and her partner left our table and two others took their places. It was just like that lost feeling you have when you are suddenly interrupted from a particularly enjoyable day dream. I watched her more closely after that, so closely in fact, that after six months we were married.