

THE FINAL CONCERT

Dr. Bloatwell was a master of his art. There were others more dexterous that's true and with larger repertoires, but he alone of all the masters of the organ, stood out as a philosopher—as Wagner had done with his dramatics and Beethoven with his abstractions. Bloatwell was one of these greats and tonight he was going to give a concert.

The large basilica was packed with a strangely quiet throng. There were whispers and shuffling of late comers as they moved into their back row seats. Bloatwell insisted that all his concerts be based on a first-come-first-served basis. He hated reservations and insisted on being called a true democrat. There was a deadly silence as the time drew near. Eyes scanned the programs. Only one selection! It must be a long one indeed! It was like him though.

A hush fell over the audience as he emerged from a dimly-lit alcove near the west door of the church. Good grief, he's a big man! Middle-aged, a long red beard, and hundreds of cascading abdomen and gut, tightly held in by a large expensive tuxedo; he confidently made his way to the choir loft. Expressions of awe followed his every move. Even the farmers didn't want to laugh (Visiting the big city, you know—). Absolutely everyone was overcome by this man. Some noticed he had no score on him. What was he going to do? try to play a new organ concerto from memory? Of course he would. Had he not done it many times before?

He sat himself down at the console. It was on. He looked over the key board, prepared his stops, and with a look of joy in his eyes pressed "full organ". Soon the Church would ring with music. Now, what next? There was a dead silence, absolutely still. No one moved. How was it going to sound? How would he play? More important: When would he play? All was silent.

He began with a fast and complicated run. It was beautiful—but! He was sweating and his fingers began to ache. The pain

was horrible. He should have seen the doctor. The pain—another pain—came into his arms. He lost his notes and forgetting passages. The coordination. He began missing pain in his fingers was becoming a torture. He lost control, blurted to a painful and sorrowful stop as a loud murmur rose throughout the audience. Cries of "What is it?", and "What's he doing?", and a hundred other things could be heard as the restless spectators moved in their pews.

Everyone had been locked out of the choir loft. Bloatwell insisted that he be absolutely alone when he encountered the great Muses. Worried attendants made their way up the ancient stairs; they were followed by curious and, in some cases, enraged patrons. Professor Grims was especially perturbed.

"I shouldn't pay anyone back," he shouted. "After all it was a benefit concert." The attendant looked at him with unbelieving eyes.

Bloatwell had gotten up and was leaning against a near-by pillar. He was in agony and gasping for breath. "What is it?" Grimms shouted. The attendants and nervous crowd pushed him further into the loft.

Suddenly Bloatwell stood up and pointed to his heart in an apologetic gesture and moved back to the console. The attack came quick. He fell, tumbled past the bench and landed on the pedals—all of them. The sound was like the trumpet of Judgement Day. The lights dimmed, the windows rattled, the darkish pillars swayed in contorted ecstasy. Moans and screams rose to hold back the caving roof. Frightened men and women raised their arms to hold back the pelting stones. The slaughter was merciless.

As the last rock bounced from an antique pew, a grim figure, broken and near death, rose from the ruins and made his way to the console. A wavering hand reached across and pressed the "Stop" button. The great organ ceased its lament.

LONG AGO

Dear readers of RED and WHITE,

A short time ago the Feature Editor came to me with an idea that was completely new in the history of our Campus Newspaper.

As we draw near the end of another year, it is natural to look back to the day when we registered at S.D.U. But why stop here — Let's go back ten years. At the time RED and WHITE published a magazine three times a year. Here are a few stories picked up while walking down "Nonsense Avenue." Winter 1952:

Charlie Sexton, approaching Fr. MacLellen in the study hall;

"Father, how does electricity go through wires?"

Fr. Tom — "I don't know Charlie; electricity's always a puzzle to me."

Charlie — "Then, father can you tell me what makes thunder and lighting?"

Fr. Tom — "To tell the truth, Charlie, I never did exactly understand the thing myself."

"Father, uh—"said Charlie, after a little thought,

"Oh well, never mind."

"Go ahead Charlie," cried Father Tom, "ask questions, ask lots of questions. How else are you going to learn?"

* * *

Winter 1953:

During the past summer a history professor visited Jasper, Alberta. As he checked the register of the hotel, he noticed this signature:

Baron Munchausen and valet. Immediately below the professor signed: Rev. — and valise.

* * *

A mathematics professor asked a Freshman Co-ed to define a line.

"A good line," said the Co-ed, "is the shortest distance between two dates."

* * *

A Latin professor once told his class this story to show them Cicero's delicate taste for humor:

Cicero called on his friend Marius and was told by the maid that Marius was not at home. Later, when Marius returned the visit, Cicero struck his head out

Anti-Americanism

While Canadian and American politicians quibble about anti-Americanism, in Canada the students of St. Dunstan's University show no such feeling. This is not only evident in student relations in general, but also in the attitude towards the elections of the various executives of university organizations.

John Flanigan who hails from Bangor, Maine was recently selected as Chairman of the St. Dunstan's unit of the National Federation of Canadian University Students. In addition to this, his brother Tom has been Feature Editor of Red and White since the Christmas holidays.

John R. MacDonald from Rumford, Maine has been a fine secretary of the Students' Union this year and has won the post for next year by acclamation. He is active in drama, year book, the Choir, Debating, Glee Club and Band.

Jim Garrity has been elected President of next year's Amateur Athletic Association. Jim has been a Varsity football star as well as an able inter-mural hockey player.

To show that this spirit of friendship is not restricted to S.D.U. an example may be cited at St. Mary's University where recently Tom Tsoumas received a trophy as "Man of the Year". Tom was born and raised in the United States.

All these facts indicate that any friction between Canadians and Americans in our universities is so small as to be negligible; this good spirit will lead to a greater understanding between our two countries.

Thanks

To those who supported me on election day I offer my gratitude. I wish to congratulate John Mullen for his success. Beyond any doubt, this man is not only suitable for the position, but deserving of praise.

Bill Phelan

of an upstairs window and said: "I am not at home."

"Go on," said Marius. "Don't I see you and hear your voice?"

"Why, look here," answered Cicero, "I believed your maid when she told me you weren't at home, and you won't believe me even when I tell you myself."

* * *

Autumn 1955:

G. Gillis: Is there going to be Benediction during the month of November?

Fr. Caeron: No.

G. Gillis: We . . . I guess I can take the scabs off my knees now!

Spring 1956:

Overhead on the Campus

"The faces that over cocktails seem so sweet

May be less alluring over Shredded Wheat."

* * *

Yes, this world is one tough place. We're lucky to get out of it alive.

* * *

I wouldn't want to be a day-student; it's no wonder they can't keep their studies up—their average income is around 3 a.m.

* * *

Spring 1960:

During religion class Father Roche asked George McMurray to quote a verse from Scripture.

George (pensively): "Ah. .a. .



dear bruno

Well kids, it's that time of the year when all things must come to an end. Don't get too upset, you'll probably read something about yourself halfway through this article and be out after my tail. My tongue is drooling over a pile of confidential information which I have collected for my last issue.

However, I have decided to keep it hidden. There is no need to mention about two of the day-hop belles who go "rolling and tumbling" over to Antigonish every chance they get to satisfy their social life.

Why once they were so desperate that they had to "row" over in a boat piloted by a "farmer" who was not the best of sea-faring men.

I'll bet that trip ended "head over heels." Nor would I remain in your good standing if I were to recall some of the happenings at Marian College this past year.

Why, do you know that there is a coed who imitates Tarzan—not in features, mind you, but by her jungle scream (This was the first time any of us knew that Tarzan was African for Michele.) Descartes wouldn't believe it until he listened for himself, and when he did, he looked towards the 3rd floor window and yelled "Metaphysic."

I still don't know what he meant, but then Descartes a philosopher and who knows what any of them mean. But it doesn't make much difference anyway, this is going to be an article of goodbyes and memories.

For those who will not return next year it is good-bye to the finer things of college life—good-

Judas went out into the garden and hanged himself."

Fr. Roche: "Yes, Yes. Now quote another."

George: "Go ye and do likewise."

* * *

B. Costain: "I love to dance, dancing is in my blood."

A. Hickey: "You must have poor circulation, it hasn't gotten down to your feet yet."

* * *

"Tingley: "It was nice of you to give me this dance."

Theresa MacInnis: "Not at all. This is a charity ball!"

* * *

Things Fr. A. MacDonald would like to see.

"Wes Gillis make a finesse!

Ken. MacKinnon make a foul shot!

Pattee take a drink!

Tingley date Grace Marie Au-Yeung!

bye Brace, good-bye beans, good-bye "clique-5", and good-bye Religion-4. Makes you sort of hurt all over. But for those who will return it's not so bad. A few months vacation then . . . hello Brace, hello beans . . . I can't go on. It'll kill me.

But there are happier things to talk about. Where are the seniors going next year and what will they be doing? Surely, they will give to the world its share of Opera fans, Math-1 majors, and kids. They will take with them the learning they have acquired in four years—good-bye Brace, good-bye beans . . .

Now this is much better than telling stories isn't it? If you only knew. There are signs in the air many of which neither Descartes nor myself are able to make out.

Why, for instance, should Pauline take such a sudden interest in red-breasted robins; and what's the attraction of summer employment in Summerside this year?

Certainly there must be opportunities in Peekskill! Mercy me, I've gone off the track again. One more thing, false rumors have leaked out concerning the identity of me. I wouldn't have minded if you thought I was the mayor, or the registrar, or the head of the philosophy department, or even Memorial's perfect—but Flanigan!

Bruno (pant, pant)

P. S. Many thanks to RED AND WHITE for my bread and bones this year. What other group on campus would have hired a dog.

Vic Scott run out of gas!

Hopper-Mahoney title match!

Gene Mooney sing!

Len Ellis shave!

Fr. Alyward take down election posters!

Linda LeBlanc talk!

Dick Ays smile! Gordie Duncan do a high jump!

Boys from Dalton buy football sweaters!

Sam give Links the ring!

Eric Doucette walk with a Kane!

Lorne McGuigan miss a "Brace"! B.I.S. fold for lack of student members!

McGuigan-MacKinnon, Byrne-Linegar rooms swept!

These are just a few of the many little incidents that we recall of days gone by. And now I wish you, one and all, good luck in the coming exams and may they too be a happy remembrance.

Pauline MacDonald '63

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