

## THE PARTING

Farewell, thou cradle of my thought,  
 Farewell to all that I have known.  
 Within your walls for years I've wrought,  
 I now must face the world alone.  
 But you will never be forgot,  
 My boyhood College home.

Farewell to all the friends I leave,  
 Farewell to you before I stray.  
 The friendships I so fondly weave  
 Must bear their parting strain today.  
 Regretfully for you I'll grieve  
 When I am far away.

Farewell my classmates, we must part  
 And scatter ne'er to meet, maybe.  
 But, linked together, heart to heart  
 Our brotherhood guard jealously.  
 Then love will find its counterpart  
 In fondest memory.

J.H.F. '25.

## THE GRADUATES

WILLIAM D. BRENNAN

“Quantum lenta, solent inter viberna cupressi”

Although we do not propose to make this sketch as long as the subject about which it is written, we would be satisfied if we could feel that it contained as many good qualities. Bill has ever been an industrious worker, and the number of times he has led his class, coupled with the numerous honors and prizes he has won give an unmistakable evidence of his industry and ability.

He has besides this industry a true friendly disposition which attracts to him all those with whom he comes in

contact. It would be hard indeed to find anyone who could not be influenced by his bright good nature. This quality of friendliness that he possesses has placed him as high in general esteem as his industry has placed him in rank.

Five years ago Bill hauled his trunk off the Eastern train and strode proudly into this Institution,—a new field of endeavour for that budding ambition which had been carefully nurtured by his home life at Souris and subsequently developed at the High School of that Town. That he has acquitted himself most creditably here is clearly shown by the record he has made. His ambition is now ripe, and the best we can wish him is that his future success will be as great as that which attended him while at St. Dunstan's.

Bill is one of the boys we will miss most when the parting comes. He has ever been a model student and a pleasant companion. He is very fond of a good joke, and the echoes of his hearty laughter have often resounded down the long corridors of Dalton Hall. His voice has burst forth in the oratorical chambers, and when speaking on certain subjects he is almost inspired. This voice has also chanted the Divine Praises on Philosophers festal day.

Although Bill has not entered to any great extent in the field of Athletics, he is a great Fan for every line of sport, and is always on the scene of a conflict to cheer his team on to victory.

The record Bill leaves behind him is a splendid one, and reflects great credit not only on himself, but also on his home town and on his Alma Mater. We feel confident that this record will be enhanced by all the activities of his future life.

J. H. F. '25.

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### JOSEPH EDWARD CAMPBELL

Joe is the Valedictorian of our Class, and is well fitted to hold this responsible position, for his general popularity at once designates him as leader, while his literary abilities make him most prominent. It would be impossible in this short space to give an adequate description of Joe's characteristics. They are numerous and varied, and constitute a well balanced personality that embodies many virtues. Nevertheless the elements are so mixed in him

that his excellencies are screened behind his modesty. The better a person knows Joe, the better they appreciate his powers. To be his friend is a consummation devoutly to be sought.

His literary abilities give evidence of a bright future; his Alumni Essay of 1923 showed his talent and resourceful reasoning; his poetic productions have graced the pages of Red and White creditably; his oratorical ability is to be envied. 'Tis no exaggeration to say that some day Joe's pen will bring him fame.

Mitchell River has something to be proud of Joe, her first son to pass from St. Dunstan's, is worthy of all that can be said of him. His early opportunities were not great, but his firm determination to secure an education has led him to surmount all his difficulties. Now, after six years at St. Dunstan's, he has attained the highest that the Island affords. Moreover, we have reason to believe that his ambition is not satisfied. In some future day this bright star that now issues forth from S. D. U. will reflect back from the realms of fame the light of his genius upon his Alma Mater.

Joe has always taken a deep interest in College activities, and though he has not entered into all branches of sports, he has not lost his enthusiasm for them. The pronounciation of all is that Joe is a "Good head." That this head is red is probably the reason, for Joe is certainly proud of it. Some day, however this head will be a beacon light calling to many, for its exterior hue but characterizes the interior brightness which has directed the Class in the past, and no doubt will as capably be a source of inspiration for others in the future.

J. H. F., '25.

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### MICHAEL ALBAN FARMER

On September 27, 1901, the birth of this member of the Graduating class took place at the little village of Kinkora, P. E. I.

During the first few years of his life he attended the public school of that place, laying the foundation for the higher knowledge, which he afterwards acquired, and, in the autumn of '17, having passed the Matriculation Examinations the preceding July, he entered Prince of Wales College, where he was successful in obtaining a teacher's



license. On leaving there, the next place we see him is accepting a position in a public school where he took upon himself the onerous task of instructing the youth of that district, but, seeing that these things failed to fill his desire, in January 1922, we finally find him entering St. Dunstan's where he sought that treasure of treasures—Knowledge.

While here, "Aub," as he is familiarly known, by his upright and joyful disposition, coupled with his success in the classroom and the prominent part he played in College activities, won for himself the esteem and friendship of professors and students alike. To show the confidence and trust placed in him by all, we need only mention the fact that during the past year he was entrusted with two of the most responsible position in College activities, namely, of Secretary of S. D. U. A. A. A., and Business Manager of the Red and White; moreover, the choice of his classmates in electing him President of the class of '25 is a further proof of the esteem in which they hold him.

Nor is this all. It would be a grave injustice to him if we let this opportunity pass without making mention of his ability on the platform. In mock parliament and on the debating floor he has proved, by his well founded arguments, an insurmountable barrier to his opponents. Of his other qualities we have not space here to speak, but the reputation he has acquired while at St. Dunstan's undoubtedly shows that he is worthy of all that we can say in his favor.

As to his future sphere of life we cannot conjecture, but, in wishing him every success in whatever profession he may follow, we may rest assured that he will always reflect credit on his Alma Mater.

R. J., '25.

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### JAMES HENRY FITZGERALD

Farewell, if ever fondest prayer  
For others weal avail on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air  
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

As we go through life, and meet with many men, we often observe how certain persons attract us the first time we meet them, and we form a good opinion of them at once. Sometimes this impression does not last, sometimes it grows



as we become better acquainted with the person. This attracting quality is a great asset to the possessor, and it goes a long way in making life's journey pleasant.

James Fitzgerald, about whom it is my pleasure to write, possesses this excellent quality, and he is one of the few with whom continued acquaintance serves to increase the favourable impression formed; for Jim has an ideal blending of those qualities of mind and heart that are much sought for in a friend. We do not intend to claim that he has all the virtues, or that he is the acme of perfection, but we simply tell you that he is a gentleman, and we are glad to have him in our class.

Jim was born in Georgetown, and in the High School of his native town received his primary education; he passed the matriculation exams in 1920, and in the fall of the same year entered St. Dunstan's. He was only a little chap then possessing a prominent square chin. He has overcome the first fault, if we may call it such, but still has the second. In his studies he has shown that his intellectual ability is well above the average, and, not content with the range of the prescribed work he likes to delve for himself in bookish lore. In this way he has extended the field of his knowledge beyond that of the average college student.

In the position as editor of the "Jungle" of Red and White for the last two years, he has greatly helped the College magazine; besides the work in his department, he is the author of some of the best stories that have appeared on its pages. We must congratulate him on his management of the "Jungle," for, during his time as keeper of that place, he has not even suffered a scratch from his fierce charges.

We will not attempt to read Jim's horoscope, but we feel confident that he will be successful in whatever profession he chooses.

J. E. C., '25.

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### AUSTIN GAUDET

On the 28th day of May in the year 1904, there was born at St. Nicholas not far from the thriving town of Summerside, a child destined to take a prominent part in the life of St. Dunstan's from 1919-1925. That child was 'Gus' as he is familiarly known, who has proved himself invaluable in the musical circles of college life.

Of his youth we know very little except that he attended St. Nicholas school and there showed himself a promising student: and that at a very early age his musical propensities began to display themselves, and 'Gus' was often called in to dispense reels and their appropriate music proper to the downright pleasures of Lancer and Quadrille.

Then 'Gus' entered St. Dunstan's where his exemplary conduct and sterling qualities soon won him the friendship and respect of his confreres and superiors. Now he has arrived at the end of his race and stands ready to receive the prize.

We believe that 'Service of the Master' in His own Vineyard will be the sphere in which our Hero will employ his talents and in his vocation everyone will wish him grace and success.

His friends appreciate him—all respect him, and with regret, we bid him 'ADIEU'.

J. R. H. F.

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### EDWIN JAMES GILLIS

Grand River, P. E. I. claims this member of the graduating class. There, in the district school, he received his early education, and in September, 1919, entered St. Dunstan's.

During his six years here he has gained many friends, and will continue to do so wherever he goes, for he possesses the noble qualities which one likes to find in a man.

As a student "Ed" was not a class leader, but he always held a high average, and never neglected the practical side of his education.

In athletics he was one of St. Dunstan's all-around men. Always out to win, fast and clean, he played the game for the sake of the game, and the honour of his "Alma Mater." His sure plays and timely tackling made him a trusty half-back of the senior foot-ball team for four years. In basketball he played centre for the Crystal's intermural team. Although not aspiring to first team in hockey, his goal tending was most valuable to his corridor team. But baseball was "Ed's" favorite sport. On account of his ability and science in the game, he was chosen as catcher for the college team, but last year he played first-base. This year he has been re-elected to represent base-ball on the athletic executive.



We do not know "Ed's" plans for the future, but we feel sure that they will be carried out in his usual capable manner. And so, on his departure from St. Dunstan's, we wish him every success, and a fond farewell.

B. J. M. '26.

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### ARTHUR ROY GRANT

"You hear that boy laughing; you think he's all fun,  
But the angels laugh too for the good he has done."

A head to contrive, a hand to execute; a healthy body, and a heart of gold,—these trite phrases, the first two, quotations from an author unknown to me, sum up the characteristics of Arthur Roy Grant. If the muse that inspired Virgil in his undying epic would deign to present to my humble lips a draught of her soul-stirring nectar, I would undertake with fervor and, also, with more assuredness the delineation of these qualities. But, as I am of the mediocre concerning "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," I shall leave the imagination of the reader serve where I have failed.

The City of Charlottetown received a small but valuable grant on September 9th, 1904, when Roy honored that place with his birth. His earlier childhood was spent at different localities in the eastern end of the Island where he first came in contact with the three "R's." His early youth was spent in Montague and it was here that he obtained his education that prepared him for university studies.

Roy entered St. Dunstan's University in September, 1920, swelling second year by the amount of one effervescent, loquacious, and dynamic unit. He tells us that he was shy and quiet at this period, but, of course, we take that with the proverbial grain of salt. His ability to inspire friendship made him a favorite at once. He has always been cheerful, and his ready wit has been the joy of his friends and the fear of his enemies—if Roy had any.

A rather curious legend explains his bubbling wit and talkativeness. It seems that away back in the dim and distant past an ancestor of Roy's journeyed from his native land to Dublin to kiss the Blarney Stone and thereby partake of the fount of wit and humor. As the old fellow, in a rather undignified position, was osculating the igneous



conglomerate, one of his heels, by which his compatriots held him, slipped from their grasp and in his agitation, he bit off a generous portion from the stone. This specimen has been in the Grant family ever since and has been used in place of a teething ring by the members of the younger set.

In sports Roy has stood out prominent, not in honors won, but in true sportsmanship. Debating circles found him an interested listener or an ardent participant with weighty arguments and sly thrusts for the opponents' weak points. He also wielded a dexterous pen. In fact he is the college man "par excellence" of whom much will be expected of in the future. Medicine seems to claim Roy as a devotee and we feel sure that he will do credit to the noble profession and also to his Alma Mater.

F. C. J., '23.

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### THOMAS RUSSELL HAMMILL

"He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again."

Time and space do not permit us to do justice to the subject of this sketch, but, perhaps at some future date, a second Boswell will take it as his life work.

Tommy is a gentleman, in every sense of the word, and his sterling qualities win the esteem of all with whom he comes in contact. His friends, and they are many, know that they can rely upon him at all times.

Summerside was his birth-place and a few years after that noteworthy event, his family moved to Freetown, where his childhood days were spent, and his early education commenced. He passed the matriculation exams, and, in the fall of 1915, entered P.W.C., where his ability and application won him a teacher's license. He then followed the teaching profession, and we are told upon quite reliable authority that he had not donned his first long trousers when first he wielded the birch rod. The first years of his teaching career were spent in his native province, and were followed by two years in Alberta.

September, 1922, found him at St. Dunstan's, where his genius and ambition have found greater scope. Tommy is a good student and has always distinguished himself in his classes. His accomplishments are many, and it is difficult to say in which he excells most. His vocal abilities

especially have attracted, and, at times perhaps, distracted those whose good fortune it was to room near him, and his proficiency in the terpsichorean art is worthy of particular mention. Many of his friends deplore his tendency towards Goodwinian views, but, after all, this may not be a serious failing.

If we can judge from the past, Tommy's future should indeed be a bright one, and his many friends at St Dunstons' wish him success in his chosen profession.

J. K. McI.—'25.

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### THOMAS B. HENDERSON

Large as the graduating class of 1925 is, we feel that it would not be complete without the presence of this popular member, who, like many of St. Dunstan's graduates before him, hails from the land of the Stars and Stripes.

The year 1902 is memorable as the date of his birth, as is also the old, historic city of Boston, where he first began his life activities. His educational efforts commenced in the Primary School of Howland, Maine, whither his family had moved when Thomas was six years of age; later at the East Millinocket Grammar School, and then at the High School of the same place.

After three years in the latter institution, the far-extending fame of his future Alma Mater reached his home town, and luckily, if not providentially, he was urged, in his incessant thirst for knowledge, to betake himself to that famous seat of learning.

Of his five years at S.D.U., we can vouch that they have been ones of ever increasing progress. Together with abilities which did not fail to elicit the attention of his professors, "Tommy" also possessed a geniality and companionship of manner which led him far along the flowery paths of friendship. When Thomas decided that St. Dunstan's was the "spot" for him we who have known him during his sojourn there heartily agree that it was...

Speaking of his talents, an elucidation at length would perhaps be tedious. It will suffice to say, in regard to his literary ability, that he was an enthusiastic admirer of good literature and the fine arts, and that he was a writer of merit and excellence. His facile pen and ready brain formed a constant source of supply for the college maga-



zine, towards which he contributed, during his course, stories and articles too numerous to mention.

Combined with this, and to the great delight of his chums, he was an unfailing and pleasant entertainer. Considering, too, that Tommy was a moderate smoker, the fact that his room was always a rendezvous for loungers during periods of college relaxation bears still more striking witness to his elocutionary prowess.

He was also an orator—and an outstanding one. With ease of expression and subtlety of argument, he often vanquished his discomfited opponents in Mock Parliament and debate, quashing their arguments with the torrent of his eloquence.

It is only fitting to remark that “Tommy’s” voice lent a certain harmony to old St. Dunstan’s choir; and, having risen through long service to be one of its leaders, it is predicted that his departure will cause something akin to disaster.

He is reserved in regard to his next venture in life. However, we feel no anxiety for his future, since we are fully confident that success awaits him in whatever career he may embrace. Thomas carries from St. Dunstan’s the felicitations and best wishes of all.

F.C.C.,—’26.

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## RICHARD CARL JOHNSTON

In the initial month of 1905 this member of the graduating class of ’25, was born at Bedeque, P. E. I. His early education was received at the district school from which he matriculated in 1920, and entered St. Dunstan’s University in the Autumn of the same year.

Since that time Dick, as he is familiarly known has by diligent study, availed himself excellently of the treasures of knowledge offered by his “Alma Mater.” Nor did he confine himself solely to his mental developement to the neglect of the physical, on the contrary he has been foremost in athletics and, during the year just closed he was president of S. D. U. A. A. On the gridiron he has fought and won for two seasons with the Senior Football Champions; in baseball and hockey he also took an active part. In all these games he was looked upon as a “good sport” both by team mates and opponents.



As to his future John is reticent. Although as an able debater he has sometimes denounced the fair sex, he probably did so from force of circumstances rather than willingly. He leaves his Alma Mater this year, a Graduate at the early age of twenty, and in whatever profession he chooses, his fellow students, while sadly bidding him adieu, wish him all success and prosperity.

C. F. C. '26.

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### JAMES GERALD McCABE

In the prosperous farming community of Kinkora, famous for its successful men and excellent potatoes, James McCabe first saw the light of day. We know little of his early boyhood, except that he attended the village school where, by diligent and constant practice he learned to manipulate a pea-shooter with remarkable dexterity. We have nothing to do with Jim until we find him in the fall of 1920 entering St. Dunstan's, whither he has come to add the finishing touches to his education. Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, Jim has never coveted the plaudits of the public; he has rather been content to pursue the even tenor of his way, little affected by the praise or censure of the crowd. And yet, notwithstanding his indifference to fickle public opinion, there is one incident of his life here that leads us to believe he will one day become a power in the political world, if he is so minded. His scheme for settling Western Canada with immigrants from the Orient was worthy of an experienced statesman, and we leave no doubt that it would have succeeded but for the hostility of several students of narrower vision and inferior acumen.

His activities in athletics have been confined chiefly to the gridiron. Last fall, although injured in his first game, he was appointed Captain of the team that restored the Inter-collegiate football trophy to its natural resting place, whence it had been wrested the year before by our old-time rivals.

He has not told us his plans for the future, and we shall not attempt to prophesy. If he plays the game of life as he does football, his success is assured. As he enters the field of a bigger game, we know he will play his old position on the forward line.

R. E. '27.

## HENRY JAMES MACDONALD

It is no easy task to collect the information usually looked for about a graduate when the subject is such a man as Henry James MacDonald. But we have been able to discover by an intensive study of the Provincial records that the subject of our sketch was born at Little Pond about the close of the Victorian Era. The caustic wit of Henry's friends who purvey scurrilous stories of the youth of our hero is no foundation for biography. Still, on the other hand, it may be that so few people have ever been to Little Pond and still fewer come from that place that this grave member of the graduating class may be concealing a desperate but entirely unreported past. It must be understood, however, that the foregoing sentence cannot be construed so as to convey any imputation whatever, particularly as we are assured, by no less an authority than our hero himself, that months in cheese factories, alternated with months at little Pond Academy, filled all his time.

Knowing nothing of the technique of cheese manufacture, we are unable to say whether his experience in this field was of any assistance in qualifying for a philosophical career, but we can safely state, that, since his entrance to St. Dunstan's, he has done well enough, and graduates well up to the top of his class. Henry has been deservedly honoured in college life by his election to his Class Committee, and by his appointment as one of the Business Managers of Red and White.

Henry is an extremely modest man. His striking personal appearance, did he live in a larger centre, would undoubtedly attract the artist, and it is not impossible that, at some future date, readers may be confronted with his smiling countenance—in colours,—on some magazine cover. He has that certain faun-like quality which should endear him to artists; his smiling rugged face, his massive torso—but why pursue it farther—suffice to say his heart is in the right place. He does not wear it on his sleeve—and neither is it in his boots.

Possibly Henry may elect the Bar, but should *Dis aliter visum*—there is one consolation about his career—whatever he does he will make Grade one.

J. R. H. F.

## JAMES KENNETH McISAAC

“A prince can make a belted knight,  
A marquis duke and a’ that;  
But an honest man’s aboon his might,  
Guid faith he mauna fa’ that.”

When we first saw James McIsaac, he was on the Eastern train coming for the first time to St. Dunstan’s. We did not know him then, but the opinion we formed of the little dark browed lad was that he was full of mischief. We were not mistaken; Jim is never far away when there is mischief brewing, and he loves to pull off a good trick. But we have never known him to do anything mean.

He was born in Somerville, Massachussetts. He began school when only four years old; even then, we believe, he had a passion for reading which has not diminished with the years. In 1916 he came to Bear River, P. E. I. and attended the school of that place until 1919 when he entered St. Dunstan’s.

His rank in class during his six years here has always been high. He has used the time not claimed by study in reading some book of his own choice. He now possesses a mind well stored with facts upon many subjects, and a good taste in literature.

Jim is rather reserved, and desires to avoid anything that would bring him into prominence, but, when there is a necessity, he has shown more than once that he could accomplish whatever was required of him with much credit to himself. His great store of knowledge makes him a strong opponent in a debate; he can marshal his arguments with the skill of a general, and even practice sophistry on the unwary.

“And even though vanquished he could argue still.”

Of the twenty in the graduating class of this year, there is no one of whom we expect more than of James McIsaac. Possessing a keen intellect, a courteous disposition, a gentlemanly reserve, and an indomitable will,



he should accomplish much in whatever calling he chooses. What path he will follow time will tell.

J. E...C. '25

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### JAMES PHELAN McKENNA

Born in Newton Cross in 1906, Phelan McKenna prepared himself at the parish school by hard work and much diligence to start out upon his college career. The year 1920 saw Phelan first entering St. Dunstan's University, then only a lad of fourteen. Now, five years later, sees him the youngest graduate in his class, and one of the youngest graduates from St. Dunstan's.

Phelan is very popular among the students, especially those of the lower years, in whose welfare he takes a most kindly interest. Young students, who, having left their home and kin for the first time to enter upon the foreign atmosphere of college life, feel the pangs of loneliness and homesickness, find in Phelan a consoler and a true friend, who, as it were, takes them under his guidance until they become initiated into the ways and customs of their new surroundings.

Phelan has learned—or, better can we not say, the virtue of Patience, is a very part of him for he quietly accepts his crosses, and, smilingly, bears them with unruffled good-humour; when despair creeps into the hearts of his teammates, and the game lags, he is outstanding by his great optimism and stick-to-itiveness; even when, to use the common expression, his luck is all against him he keeps going—and never was there yet a case when man has cause to rue this quality. Both in his studies and in his games this powerful factor has played a comprehensive part—it has, indeed, been the cause of his success.

This success he attained not only in his studies, but also in that other branch of college life, which looks after the physical development of the man. In the sports of the University, Phelan has played his share. He distinguished himself on the Yale Football Team, the winner of our Intermural League, and has also tested himself in Hockey and on the Track.

The many friends of Phelan join with me in wishing him the "best of luck" in his B. A. examinations, and feel

sure that this same quality of Patience will bring him success in whatever Path of Life he may follow.

D. R. O'L., '28.

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### JOHN FRANCIS McMILLAN

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

—*Moore.*

If the land in which a man is born can give to her sons the treasures she possesses, then we can truly say that Abegweit delved deep in her storehouse of wealth on the day that Frank emitted his first feeble wail. Into his heart was introduced the warmth of her summer sunshine and the serenity of the vast waters surrounding her. The material fertility of her soil was metamorphosed to the mental productiveness of his brain. The speed and sinuous motion of her streams were implanted in his limbs, and the ripple of her lakes was added to his laughter. And over all fair Abegweit added the pleasing personality of her people so that she might say when finished,—“Behold the (Island) man.”

The fifteenth day of April, 1902, ushered “Sprague” into the world of human ken at Summerville, P. E. I. Not much is known of his early childhood days but we can imagine that they were spent in a happy family circle. We first hear of him as a school boy trudging sturdily over the hills to the Summerville school house, a number of books in one hand and, when it was raining, an umbrella in the other.

Frank passed the entrance examinations to Prince of Wales College in July, 1916, entered that institution in the autumn of 1917 and obtained a First Year Diploma in the spring of 1918. The three following years found him instructing the youth of his native village in the way of knowledge and truth.

But Frank's aim in life was higher. He entered third year at St. Dunstan's University in the autumn of 1921 and immediately set out to garner a harvest from that field of knowledge. So well did he succeed that he was granted a First Class License by the Department of Education of P. E. I. the following spring, and September 1922 saw him attached to the staff of S. D. U. as a student



professor, which position he has held for three years, much to the joy of the student body and the satisfaction of his superiors. In June 1923, he successfully passed the B. L. examinations of Laval University.

Nor was his attention and effort taken up solely with class matters. His idea of education was a course in the "Liberal Arts." Consequently he entered whole-heartedly into the life of the university. His success in the debating circles was evidenced by his appointment this year to the chair of the senior debating society and, as editor-in-chief of Red and White this year, has captained a periodical which does credit to his Alma Mater. He has also successfully instructed the College Cadet Corps during the last two years.

But it was in athletics that "Sprague" shone resplendent and it was in this sphere that he won the aforesaid sobriquet. He tackled football last fall and, as a captain of one of the intermural teams led his men to victory with courage and chivalry worthy of the Knights of old. Faculty hockey, basketball, and baseball found Frank always to the fore. So great was his weight in baseball that, at one time, he nearly revolutionized that game by advocating the removal of second base.

Not exhaustion of subject but rather of inability bids me pause in my discussion of one whom, through two years of intimate acquaintance I have come to look upon as a "man in a hundred." Let me finish by saying that John Francis McMillan is a man that it gives one pleasure to grasp by the hand and say: "Welcome Brother."

Frank's future is shrouded in the dimming clouds of obscurity, but we feel that, no matter what path he shall follow, the end shall be worthy indeed.

F. C. J.

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### HUGH JOHN McPHEE

"In him the grave and playful mixed,  
And wisdom held with folly truce,  
And nature compromised betwixt  
Good fellow and recluse."

If present genius may be a foreshadowing of future greatness, then we can truly say "Fair Abegweit has breathed a man." The prosperous settlement of Selkirk

was aroused one morning from its peaceful slumbers by the feeble cry of an infant and this is the first time that we hear of Hugh J. McPhee.

Many startling events accompanied the birth of Hugh; we are told that the Scottch Thistle bloomed red on that morning and that a band of banshees angered because of his nationality and wishing to claim him as their own planted in his head a sprig of Irish hair.

In the fall of 1919, Hugh entered St. Dunstan's and it is here that we both knew and admired him; ever diligent in his studies, he soon won his way into the hearts of his professors, and when we consider that he was unable to attend his classes during the whole of each year we are forced to exclaim—Behold, a genius.

In athletic activities Hugh ranked with the best and it was largely due to his skilful captainship that the senior football team of last year won the P. E. Island laurels. In the basketball court Hugh was ever the shining star, and the whispers after each game were "Hugh played a good game."

But alas, we could not claim such ingenuity entirely for our own; another voice was calling, and this time it was the iron monster wailing because of the crooked and narrow path it was forced to follow and we then see Hugh as foreman on the railroad bridges, a man whom the officials have justly called, "the best on the road!" But, yet, words fail to portray the sterling qualities of this man among men, and, unwillingly, I must leave the discussion to one better qualified for such a task, and in conclusion I have but to say that the class of '25 is proud to have Hugh as one of its members, one who will do justice to the traditions of that class and one who will in years to come uphold the standards set by old St. Dunstan's.

R. G., '25.

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### VINCENT MURPHY

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

The name of Vincent Murphy was first recorded in the annals of this University in the year 1919, when he entered St. Dunstan's to start as a freshman in the first year of his college life. For six long years he strove—years



not without their trials, discouragements, rewards and honors, till finally he now stands a graduate of the class of '25, ready to cope with whatever the unknown future may hold in store for him.

Vince, as he is more familiarly known, was born in the picturesque village of Middleton, over twenty years ago. He received his primary education at the hands of the village schoolmaster of his parish school, from which he graduated with honors. Since entering college he has lived up to his reputation. He is very reserved, and gets more pleasure from the search for knowledge, than in the pursuit of honor in the field of sport. He applies himself assiduously to his books and derives from them that fascinating delight, which the ordinary student, skimming hurriedly over a jumble of meaningless and difficult words, entirely misses—that delight which may be found only by the born student who delves deep, who works untiringly, and whose labour is finally rewarded by a glimpse of that inexhaustible supply of hidden treasures that abound in the Mine of knowledge, waiting only to be uncovered by the hand of the toiler. In a word, Vince belongs to the class who burn the midnight—electricity.

In the spring of 1923 he passed successfully his B. L. examinations and now is about to try for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. May every success attend him, is our sincere wish, and we feel that our confidence in him is not misplaced—that Vince will come out with "flying colours."

Vince's easy-going, goodnatured, jolly disposition, together with his everlasting good humour have formed for him many firm friends among both the students and the faculty of St. Dunstan's University. To these he has disclosed nothing concerning his intentions for the future although many are of the opinion, since his great oration delivered in one of the debates, that Vince will take part in one of the world's greatest industries—the Press. Be this as it may, in whatever path Vince chooses he will reflect nothing but credit on his Alma Mater.

D. O'L., '28.

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### JOSEPH CLARENCE SHEA

Not far from the thriving town of Tignish, P. E. I., the subject of this sketch was born, and there in the quiet environment of the beautiful pastoral scenes of his native

village, he spent his early boyhood. He acquired the first rudiments of his education in the Grammar School of the Western Metropolis, and for a few years after the completion of his course there, we find him taking lessons in the harsher school of experience. Realizing that a higher education would better fit him to cope with the stern necessities of life, he enrolled as a student of St. Dunstan's in the fall of 1919.

Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, Clarence is nevertheless a jolly companion, and a true friend. His standing in class, particularly in the sciences, bears ample testimony to his diligence as a student, and to the fact that he always kept in sight the object for which he came to St. Dunstan's.

A strong exponent of the old Roman maxim: "Mens sana in corpore sano" Clarence has always taken an active part in athletics. He is a creditable player of every college game, but football is perhaps his favourite, and the one in which he has shown to best advantage. For the past three years he has faithfully guarded the back field for the senior team, and not a few times has he saved the day for his college by his aggressive tackling and timely kicking.

As to his future course we can but conjecture. As he leaves the sheltering care of St. Dunstan's to take his place in the turmoil of the world we can only wish him well. Whatever career he chooses we feel assured that he will ever be a credit to his Alma Mater, and a worthy representative of the class of '25.

R. E. '27.

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### JOHN AMBROSE SULLIVAN

When his father was first introduced to John A. Sullivan on December 20th 1903, his expression of greeting was, "Bright boy." This was not undue familiarity but a prophecy, admittedly of the Delphian kind, of John's future career. Our hero grew up a lusty youth and at the customary age entered Greenfield school from which he matriculated to Prince of Wales College in 1918. He was successful in obtaining his first year certificate from that institution, and engaged in teaching for two years. In 1921 he entered third year at St. Dunstan's. Here his talents shone forth and John bore off the medal for leading his year as well as the Mathematics prize. In 1922 he was



given a place on the staff and he has given freely of his time and talent in the instruction of the younger pupils. In 1923 John successfully wrote his B. L. examinations and this year sees him complete his classical course.

Most Mathematicians are musicians hence no doubt the expression "Music of the Spheres." Here again our hero is exceptional. He knows no music and has no voice. He however has been heard exercising his lungs in his rooms on the third corridor but fortunately the noise of the passing classes usually succeed in drowning him. Should you speak to him on the question he will strenuously maintain, while admitting that queer noises are heard in the corridor, that he is entirely innocent of singing.

John's activities have been many and strange but his forte has been in hockey, where on the last line of defense on the famous Faculty team, he covered himself with glory. In fact his youth presaged his future greatness in this sport as tradition tells that when learning his Latin grammar he could not be broken off the habit of saying hic, haec, hockey. He also was an ornament to the tennis six and the third corridor basketball team.

We have no definite sentence as to the future career of our hero but wherever his path lies he will have the heartfelt good wishes of his friends and classmates for his success. And when St. Dunstan's loses him may he wax rich and richer in mind and heart as the years go on.

J. R. H. F.

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Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast  
 No backward glances toward the past,  
 And though somewhat be lost and gone,  
 Yet do thou act as one new-born;  
 What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,  
 Each day will set its proper task.

—Goethe.

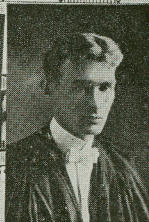
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Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life!  
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds away  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.

—Byron.



C. SHEA



E. GILLIS



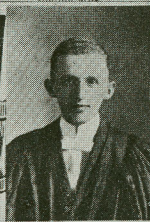
J.A. SULLIVAN



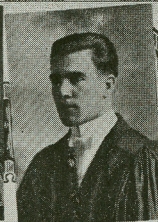
A. FARMER



P.J. McKENNA



W.D. BRENNAN



J.F. McMILLAN



H.J. McDONALD, COMM.



T.R. HAMMILL, COMM.



J.K.M. ISAAC, V. PRES.



J.E. CAMPBELL, V. SECRETARY



J.H. FITZGERALD, SSKY



H.J. McPHEE



A.R. GRANT



R.C. JOHNSTON



J.P. KEEFE



J.G. McCABE



T.B. HENDERSON, COMM.



A. GAUDET



V. MURPHY

ST. DUNSTON'S

UNIVERSITY

1925

GRADUATING CLASS