

felt that there was no way out of his position.

A strange feeling enveloped his body, he felt weak, his senses began to swim. He thought he was dying but after a time his senses cleared. He was surrounded by four bare, white walls. He heard a voice, "Doctor, he's regained consciousness." He had been unconscious for an hour he learned.

A few minutes later his wife entered the room. She kissed him. "How is the baby?" he asked.

He thanked God for another chance. He knew he would make the most of it.

JACK REARDON '55.

### THE FULFILLMENT OF A DREAM A COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"In vain you will build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works all your efforts will be destroyed—if you are notable to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic Press." Pope Pius X.

Although we see the impossibility of a small college such as St. Dunstan's setting up a press on the campus, it is quite possible that the former faculty and students realized the importance of the Holy Father's words, when they began putting out a monthly magazine called **The Collegium** in 1886. This magazine contained discussions of current topics of that time and was generally well thought of by the public. We have not too many facts concerning this original magazine, but we do know that it was abandoned a few years later, possibly around 1888. Why it was dropped we do not know, but it is quite possible that the underlying factor was the small number of students available for contributions at the time.

For the next four years there was no magazine on the campus, but in September, 1892 **The Collegium** reappeared. It was felt by the students of that time that it was their duty to revive a journal which in its past career had shed some lustre on its founders, and had been well received by the public. The Editor of **The Collegium** in 1892 has ex-



pressed very well the sentiments of the students at the re-birth of the magazine when he writes in an Editorial: "It must moreover be borne in mind that the human intellect is naturally inclined to the acquiring of knowledge, and while we fully appreciate all that has hitherto been done in this respect by many periodicals of our day, yet we are fully convinced that **The Collegium** can also contribute not a little to the further enlightenment of the age in which we live." It is interesting to note that the students of those days had a strong desire to spread the spirit of education to the public through some organ such as a magazine. Although convinced that the purpose of an education was to fit a person intellectually and morally, to carry tomorrow's burdens, it was also reasoned, and rightly so, that this purpose could not be achieved unless there existed a sympathy between the individuals and the society at large. **The Collegium**, published in 1892, was truly a magazine which would fulfill this purpose, which would act as a link between the students and the public and as a result encourage public opinion on important topics. The magazine dealt at length with topics of world affairs pertinent to that time. It also contained short stories and poems and dealt extensively with the various student activities. The magazine was published monthly and sold on subscription. Although we know that the second appearance was successful in as much as the material was excellent and drew favourable comments from the public, we nevertheless find it once more abandoned in June, 1896.

In the ensuing years from 1896 to 1908 the college was once more without a magazine of its own. However in 1909 there originated a quarterly magazine called **Red and White**. From an Editorial in the 1909 issue we read: "For a long time students have felt the need for a college publication in which would be mirrored the thoughts, aims and ambitions of every member of this big household." Besides serving as a median of expression for the students, **Red and White** had two other important reasons for coming into being. It was felt that it would serve as a record of the different events which comprise college life and it was also believed that such a magazine would help to keep us informed about the different Alumni who have departed from St. Dunstan's.

The old proverb, "the third time never fails," is once more borne out when we consider that **Red and White** was the third attempt made by the students to publish a cam-



pus paper. That **Red and White** did not fail is clearly evidenced when we realize that this issue will close a forty-four year span of success. When we look back, after so many years, we see that our magazine has gained for itself a position by no means unenviable in the field of journalism. When we become downhearted from the task of trying to put out a good issue of **Red and White**, it would be well to remember that the toughest task, the pioneer work, has long since been done and the laurels gathered by hands much worthier than our own. We can look back with pride on the work of our predecessors; forty-four years of progress. It has always been the aim, in so far as possible, to continue this progress, to present matters of interest to our readers, to make **Red and White** a link between students of today and those of the past, and to mirror the ambitions of the students whose magazine this is. May God bless the future Editors in the fulfillment of this aim.

—EDITORIAL.

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### REAPPRAISAL

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Our house was literally a beehive of activity on this occasion. Much ado about nothing (so I thought at the time).

I was fourteen and June, my sister, was eighteen. She was a stenographer at Bond's Insurance Company. She had a triple personality—one with which she ministered to Mother and Dad, another which she tenderly retained for John, the boy-friend, and another lashed relentlessly at me. June was no glamour girl, but she had her points. Her whole demeanor indicated attractiveness.

My pet hobby in life at the time was teasing June, although I must admit I generally wound up receiving a good lacing at the hands of an infuriated young lady. Anything June liked, I naturally hated, and vice versa.

June had recently fallen overboard for some fellow named John. I learned quite a bit about John before I actually had the displeasure of meeting him. "Mother, he's simply divine!", or "He's a darling!", were only two of the numerous quotations taken directly from June's confidential chats with Mother. Of course, a "darling" to June was some sap, as far as I was concerned. He probably couldn't