

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

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## Staff

*Editor-in-Chief*..... Daniel MacIntyre, '32

*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*..... William Reddin, '32

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Douglas MacDonald, '33..... *Exchanges*

Justin McLellan, '32..... *Alumni*

Reginald McKenna, '32..... *Chronicle*

James Coyle, '33..... *Athletics*

Arthur McGuigan, '33..... *Funny Man*

Joseph McCarthy, '32..... *Jungle*

## Business Manager

James Lynch, '32

## Assistant Business Managers

Donald Campbell, '32

Francis MacMillan, '33

## Editorial

### Farewell

The college year 1931-32 is at an end, and, with the editing of the May number of *Red and White*, we must 'hand on the torch,' or rather the editorial plume, to our successors, to whom we wish the best of luck. As we relinquish what has been, in paradoxical terms, a pleasant task, we are not disinclined to congratulate ourselves on the completion of a very successful year for *Red and White*. In reflecting upon the past year we are particularly impressed by one circumstance which has been very gratifying to us, indeed. This is the support which the advertising and reading public has given us. In a period of what one or two individuals we have met described to us as 'hard times' we were not unexpectant of a reduction in the amount of advertising we should receive. In spite, however, of these 'hard times,' or, perhaps, because of them, the number of advertisements was as large as, if





### Red and White Staff—1931-32

Seated—J. McCarthy, '32, Jungle; D. MacDonald, '35, Exchanges; W. Reddin, '32, Editor-in-Chief; J. Lynch, '32, Business Manager;  
A. McGuigan, '35, Funny Man.  
Standing—F. MacMillan, '35, Asst. Bus. Mgr.; J. MacLellan, '32, Alumni; R. McKenna, '32, Chronicle; D. Campbell, '32, Asst. Bus. Mgr.,  
J. Coyle, '35, Athletics.



not larger than, in former years. We are also pleased to report a considerable increase in our circulation. To these advertisers and to our regular subscribers as well as our single-copy purchasers, we extend our sincere thanks for their loyal support, and trust that they have received something of profit from our magazine.

We wish also to thank the faculty, whose kindly assistance and criticism has been invaluable in solving our editorial problems. We are, moreover, grateful to the various contributors without whose steadfast co-operation *Red and White* could not exist, and to the typists and printers but for whose patient efforts those contributions could not be attractively presented.

The reviews of *Red and White* which our Exchange Editor has received were, we fear, too generous. 'Constructive criticism never hurt anybody,' and that is the kind which we would like to receive from the other college magazines, for it is sometimes difficult for us to "see ourself's as ithers see us." There is one flaw in our magazine which has been before in the past, but which we should like to see removed in the immediate future. We refer to the lack of proportionate representativeness in the contributions of literary material which we receive. A few patient souls mercifully continue to heed our calls for help but the great majority maintain a stolid indifference or at best a stony silence. We are confident that in the past year a wealth of literary ability remained hidden for lack either of initiative or of incentive or of realization on the part of those who might have contributed that an editor must have a large amount of material to choose from in order to make a paper or magazine a success.

Perhaps another year will see a large improvement in this direction. We sincerely hope that this will be the case, and that the incoming editor and staff will receive almost entirely representative support from the student body. If they succeed in this they will have done something very real for *Red and White* and will have merited our sincere congratulations.

### Regeneration

A brief consideration of the welter of complicated diseases which is attacking the social order of today would seem of itself to justify grave anxiety concerning the issue. Further reflection upon the concomitant virus



which is apparently consuming the moral order would tempt us to fear the ultimate destruction of our very civilization. The cataclysm would not be without precedent. Ancient civilizations, as highly developed in their way as our own, flourished and are no more. And on their ruins was reared the superstructure which thousands of subsequent generations have consolidated and embellished, secure in the belief that it was indestructible. Perhaps this confidence savored of presumption; incorruptibility is not at all an attribute of things mundane. But we so far share their faith that we decline to believe the present upheaval in the social and moral orders to portend their disintegration. Rather do we regard it as an instrument by means of which the said orders will be regenerated, only containing in a fuller measure the requisite virtues to appease the cravings for a higher and nobler life naturally inherent in the hearts of men.

The manifold disorders with which organized society in its various phases has to contend today are admittedly serious. Peace and tranquility which are naturally associated with human progress have been rudely shattered during the last quarter of a century. Industry and finance which reached their zenith of development during the past century are tottering on the brink of demoralization. Communism and atheism are busily spreading their nauseating doctrines among a disaffected and bewildered people. And supreme authority which is the principle of all order is brazenly usurped by unscrupulous creatures to pervert their fellow-men. Thus, indeed, our horizon is clouded; but dark as the clouds appear, there are factors, too often overlooked, which encourage us to hope that the light of peace and prosperity will once again dissipate the gloom of strife and depression.

The people of this generation are too closely connected with current affairs to view them in true perspective. We are liable to gross error in judging of conditions which affect us intimately. The line of demarcation between the essential worth of our institutions and their loudly proclaimed evils is not clearly defined, if it exists at all in our minds, with the result that from a consideration of the latter only we condemn the whole. We are prone to forget that the present order has survived many similar convulsions in the past. Naturally, we claim the present disorders to be unprecedented in violence and extent;



and our contention is perhaps supported by fact. But we can safely assume that the victims of former depressions believed likewise. And the knowledge that they surmounted their difficulties should encourage us in our hour of trial. During the years 1914-18, when we fought the greatest war in history, we successfully opposed to the threat of stifling militarism the enlightened tenets of liberty and democracy. Shall we not be equally successful in our struggle against the forces which would destroy the fruits of that hard-won victory? If we but enter heart and soul into the conflict, once again we shall emerge victorious, purged of the parasitic growths which hinder our progress and imperil our moral and physical well-being. Then shall the present turmoil and strife be history, and chastened humanity pursue the even tenor of its way.

#### Literary Awards

This year, as in the past, awards of Literary "D's" have been made for meritorious service. The practice of giving a letter for outstanding proficiency in Literature, or Athletics, etc. is now almost universal among our colleges. Students should realize that these awards are really worth striving for. We believe that they have been an incentive to literary endeavours here at St. Dunstan's—if only to a few, then, a *real* incentive to those few. We congratulate the winners of the different sections which are as follows:

Short Stories—Rex S. Wadup.

Poetry—James MacAulay.

Articles and Essays—Daniel Fogarty.

Note:—Former holders of "D's" are ineligible.



Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

—Burns

In men this blunder still you find,—  
All think their little set mankind.

—Hannah Moore