

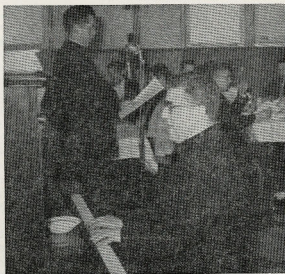
because he is able to see his mother again. This is the only time during the whole busy day that they can relax and be together happily, for they have done their daily duty. Although the food is not very good they eat it with happiness and give thanks to God for what they have.

—LAWRENCE WOO

A SOBER REFLECTION

In the words of an eminent student of former years I can truthfully say that "only bells of joy ring in the belfry of my heart" at the honor of being asked to join with you in your annual tribute to the Patron of our College. I understand that this is the first occasion in which you have had a guest speaker from outside the campus and I think it is no more than appropriate that you should begin the series with one who had a long career of initiating and terminating traditions, and even one unfortunate occasion of perpetuating one. I can recall quite vividly the occasion in my early childhood when the thought of attending St. Dunstan's first occurred to me, at a time when only two people from our village had ever attended the college in all her history. The realization of that impossible dream of the thirties when my father was supporting nine children on a salary of about \$70 per month, had a terrific impact on my emotions, for St. Dunstan's represented to us, in those days when a college education was more of a rarity, truly a treasure house of faith and knowledge, "fides et scientia", admitting entry to only a few predestined elite. I remember the reverence with which, I walked alone from the train and sought out the Rector, (a cousin of my own,) to present my credentials. I remember how that great man passed me along, green and unsuspecting, to the most feared disciplinarian of them all for assignment to my quarters. I remember how, with an economy of words, I was led down third corridor to Room 39, a number whose full significance can only be appreciated by those who were here in the days of Lou Monaghan before the central heating plant was installed. About 11:30 that first morning I again met Father Murphy and was asked why I was not yet in class, considering that I was already a week late. I did not tell him, nor have I ever told anyone else, but actually I thought one just didn't walk into a class at St. Dunstan's without some little enrollment ceremony by way of an initiation. I remember that the first students I met were Jack Dalziel and Howard Shea, now Father Shea of the Scarborough Missions, and how my first impression of them was that they were examples of the finest in college students. It is with considerable regret that I realize how fortunate it would have been for me had I patterned my student days after their example rather than that of the other kind of student I chose to emulate.

I remember my first sleepless night, after hearing the late Dave Gorman spin terrifying tales of the fate of misbehaving students, and being roused to full wakefulness by the morning bell, as with Ezraian insistence it hammered its way through the frigid atmosphere of third corridor to rooms which had not yet received the Lounine benediction from the furnace room in the basement. In instinctive fear of the weekly list on the Prefects door, we dressed, shivered, and shaved our way through the fifteen minutes permitted before we checked past a watchful figure at the head of the stairs on our pilgrimage to the chapel.



Later in the year, as I became absorbed into the life of the campus, I remember my awkwardness as, after a brief apprenticeship in Father Sullivan's religion class, I made the long walk up to the side altar to serve my first Mass, and the combination of self-consciousness and fear that made me think all eyes in the chapel had deserted the Sacrifice in progress on the main altar to watch the exhibition in progress on the right. There was a short ritual after Mass in those days; after Mass ended we said in common the indulgenced "Prayer Before a Crucifix", and then settled back to await a familiar sigh from behind the altar as the Rector enjoyed his first glass of water for the day. Then, after he led us in "O Sacrament most holy", we filed downstairs to the refectory, led by Seniors and Juniors from the Gospel side of the altar, Sophomores and Freshmen from the Epistle side, and finally the high school students from the centre.

That first year there were about 90 students in the dining hall, a place admirably suited for 90 students, but which in time came to hold almost twice that number. Like so many customs and habits of the campus which have changed in the last twenty years, the customs of the dining hall have changed. In those days a representative of each class was seated at each table. A Senior presided at the head of the table, flanked by Juniors and Sophomores, and so on down to the end of the table where sat the poor, under-nourished representative of Grade X, mentally conjuring up images of himself as a Senior presiding over his own table, and righting all the fancied wrongs suffered by Grade X students since the beginning of time. But as he progressed towards the head of the table he began to see the rectitude of the system, and as he finally took the exalted chair seven years later he had come to recognize the spiritual benefits of fasting and privation, and would have been the last to deny the younger students those excellent aids to character formation.

In those days the meal was social as well as utilitarian, and we ended the meal-together. Not in a dead heat, mind you, but we said Grace in common. Even an inexperienced eye could detect a sudden tenseness among the waiters as the meal ended and they waited for the faculty to follow the student body out to recreation, a compulsory feature of the time. Then, as the last souse cleared the portal, there was a sudden scraping of chairs and a scramble of white-froked waiters scurrying for the scraps remaining on the faculty table. I remember how the waiters studied the eating habits of the faculty, and how eagerly they welcomed each new case of ulcers. I re

member how each new waiter was instructed by his elders in the vagaries of the faculty, how one of their number, who has since risen to an exalted place in the administration of the college, had an admirable distaste for butter, and the grey-cropped scientist on his right ate neither sweets nor pastries, much to their approval. At the opposite end of the table was the rigid disciplinarian who denied himself desserts, but who had a failing for chicken surreptitiously slipped to him by an apparently brainwashed kitchen staff. Then there were others who had the unhappy fault of eating everything put before them.

Attendance at meals was a training in itself, especially those who were fortunate enough to be at "Big Frank" Aylward's table, and more especially in those last years when each mealtime presented proof of the theory that two bodies could indeed occupy the same space at the same time, or so it did appear; and when table manners had to give way to the sheer necessity of somehow or other eating our meals. But let us go on to other scenes, to the entire student body walking the campus in what was known as "compulsory rec.," to the happy mingling of manly cleric and boyful student in the athletic program; to the example of self-discipline and reliability represented by the succession of bell-ringers; to the example of faith and piety shown by the clergy rising before six to offer Mass at the various institutions in the area; to the strong-willed students resisting day by day the temptation to skip chapel and class, succumbed to by their weaker brothers; to the rigid schedule of seven nights in town each year for High School, and two each month for college years; to the great bulk of students proceeding to town on foot when permission was granted; the scarcity of ready cash; the numerous compulsions towards good conduct, ranging from expulsion to lost marks and lost permissions; the endless stream of forces and influences attempting to direct our rebellious dispositions and to form in us those good habits so necessary to sound character. Such was the aim of the rule and discipline of St. Dunstan's, as she attempted to form our will according to hers, to instill in us lasting habits of piety and virtue, and to lend her character to the formation of ours. Seen in this light, the ferment of recent years towards less discipline has not been entirely wise, for where there is no discipline there is no will-power and where there is no will-power there is no character. Character is made lasting by habit, good character by good habits, and habits of goodness are best fostered in the young by discipline of a stern sort.



But was the character of the St. Dunstan's student to be moulded only by the superficial forces I have outlined here? Can depth of character be formed by the purely housekeeping details of college life? Not at all! The most important quality in the character of St. Dunstan's, the foundation on which all character was built, was the tradition of scholarship and of dedication to truth, which had come to be the mark of the St. Dunstan's man. This was the heritage of St. Dunstan's which entranced me as I first crossed her door at 10:30 on that Wednesday morning almost sixteen years ago; the qualities which through the years have so characterized St. Dunstan's that merely to enter her doors was to assume the mantle of scholarship. And what is scholarship, as identified with the history of the college? Is it not simply a humble, obedient, reverent quest for knowledge, and a thirst for learning for its own sake? This was why men came to St. Dunstan's, and this was what they found here, and after drinking deeply at this fountain of knowledge, they left it richer than when they came.

But, gentlemen, the character of man-made institutions, like the character of man himself, undergoes gradual mutations throughout life. We have seen many changes in the home-making aspects of the character of the college; the rules regulating conduct and discipline are less rigorous; a greater variety and number of campus organizations exist; greater participation in extra-mural activities are permitted and encouraged; the very face of the campus has been changed, with greater facilities already provided and more being anticipated; enrollment has gone far beyond what we thought possible; all of these changes have affected the inter-play of forces of personality among the students. They are to be expected as a result of changing times, and are accepted without a great sense of loss, for some of the habits and routines which replace the older rule are perhaps equally as sound in the character formation of the students.

But what of this other quality in the character of St. Dunstan's, the character of scholarship? Has this too been the price of progress, and of changing times? This is a question only you can answer with finality, but one upon which I can speculate, as one who was here when the college was in transition from the old discipline to that which has developed today; and perhaps I helped preside over the funeral rites of the tradition of scholarship, which certainly meant less to me then than it does now, when I experience only deep and anguished sorrow at the docility of will and the superficiality of the education I was content to strive for during my years here.

We are not here today for self-praise, or to heap laurels on the accomplishments, fancied and real, of the student body. We are here to honor St. Dunstan. We would do less than honor him were we to refuse to acknowledge facts, to refuse to speak the truth. Within such limitations can we say aught but that the spirit of scholarship does not prevail among the students today? Can we go farther and risk the collective disapproval of this gathering by suggesting that the spirit of pragmatism has pervaded the campus in its place?

If we define scholarship as the climax of education we must proceed to a definition of education itself. In his book "And Madly Teach," Mortimer Smith makes the point that as late as fifty years ago the word "education" had a nearly universal meaning, whereas now one can never be sure that any two persons discussing it are talking about the same thing. Essentially, education is the culture of the intellect, and the formation of moral character; it is con-

cerned with the formation of the intellect and the will, of those things which make man, Man, a creature formed in the image and likeness of his Creator. As such, education is an essential yearning in the soul of man, as it strives for closer and closer union with its God.

These are the effects for which your learned faculty strive, as they have striven for over one hundred years; but they are effects that are not easily obtained. Just as there are people who think they can find happiness in marriage by applying instinctive judgement to difficulties which arise in married life, just as there are parents who think they can rear children by doing what comes naturally, so there are students who think they can get an education simply by being in college, and by being exposed to the penetrating rays of another man's scholarship. Education is not that easy. Students will rationalize that attendance at college, with its associations, its "bull-sessions," its campus activities, and lately its opportunities for travel, is an education in itself. These may be fun, but they are not education.

Let us take a closer look at education. Let us look first at "formation of moral character", that part of education which focuses on the will of man. Character consists in the habitual exercise of the will in a certain direction. Good character is found in those who have formed the habit of being directed in everything by high moral principles, in those who are habitually honest, truthful, kind and charitable, patient and persevering in trials. Weak character is found in those who are directed by their passions and weaknesses, rather than by a rigid dedication to what is right. What is our record of performance during our student days. Are we at all concerned with the "habitual exercise of the will" towards virtue?

And what of "cultivation of the intellect"? Can it possibly be had without reading? Is reading not basic to the educational process? Frank Sheed has said that "with the question of reading the whole of education is bound up, for the greatest thought of mankind is in books." Principles must be learned and absorbed, and synthesized into living rules for all the complexities of life, and principles must be learned from books. What is our record of performance? Is not most of our reading done in preparation for examinations, which should be anti-climax to the educational process? For how many of us are examinations the very "raison d'être" of college life?

Where have we lost the idea of an education? Is it the product of our own desires? What breeds the timid desire for security in the products of our colleges? Is it an honest realization that we are not prepared for the market place, and seize upon employment designed for the mediocre? Who has sown the seeds of mediocrity? What has stifled our initiative, our imagination, our sense of independence, our creativeness, our passion for things unseen? Who has deadened our conviction that aided by the Will of God we can move mountains? Does love of truth and of the right order of things permit us stand aside with unfeeling resignation, and watch truth desecrated? Such is not the character of the educated man!

Perhaps it is not fair to expect too much of the student who is not schooled in the processes of education. Do we not hear and read serious debate, in the name of education, over the advisability of discontinuing such studies as grammar in the public school system, and of otherwise diluting the course of studies so there will be a little for everyone? The study of grammar to take but one example, is fundamental to the educative process. Apart from the matter

learned, which is not at all incidental to the debate, grammar impresses on the child's mind the idea of science, method, order, principle and system; of rule and exception; and of harmony. It combines with Literature and Poetry to teach the mastery of words, those precise signs of precise ideas. Literature and Poetry, wherein all the visions of men are recorded, are both necessary to stimulate the powers of the student to action, to expression; yet we have the pathetic example of our school books artificially shoring up "Canadian Poetry" and Canadian culture, as exemplified in the verbatim report of a hockey game. Literature is literature, not Canadiana! Mathematics, because it is more obviously utilitarian, is not discarded, but it is made more utilitarian. But the value of Mathematics is not only in the matter learned, but as a necessary corollary to grammar, to give the student a conception of cosmos, an orderly development from and arrangement around a common centre. History, where "behind the confusion of unceasing movement, the right spirit can be discerned weaving, painfully and uncertainly, a coherent design," is taught as a story book feature of education, not in relation to geography which is necessary to give history meaning.



Such developments are not unexpected, in an age when novelty, even recklessness, of thought and strangeness of view are required to slake the insatiable appetite of progress. Crude theory and unsound philosophy, pegged upon novelty of thought and plausibility of argument, stand preferred to sound judgement and accuracy of reasoning, especially in issues concerning the nature, universe and destiny of man. Principle has been so long forsaken in public counsels that it sometimes seems not to have existed at all. And this is the emerging background for the preparation of students for college. Such a philosophical bias, combined with the pragmatic sanctions of home and community, and the instinctive desire for a share in the goods and pleasures of the world, has confused the young student to the point where he has willingly exchanged education for technology.

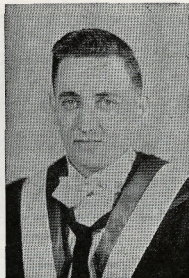
Into a world not of his making, and formed in many respects by an alien culture, emerges the educated Catholic man, the man formed in the Catholic college, the St. Dunstan's man. His assignment is to help return the world to principles conducive to the eternal good of man. The assignment is not impossible, but it is undeniably difficult.

Essentially, what is the need among Catholic students at this time. It is the need to learn and adhere to princi-

les which govern the souls and destiny of men; it is a need to become steeped in the Catholic Church, in her certainty of truth, in the stability of her principles, in the profundity of her appreciation of problems, and in her ability to reach decisions conducive to the good of all mankind; it is the need to develop the strength of character necessary to resist the immoral suasions of the world, the flesh, and the devil. These are the strengths which St. Dunstan's can give you if you are disposed to accept them. Those of you who approach, in humility and poverty of soul, the fountain of faith and knowledge treasured within these walls, need not fear the excesses and caprices of social and political extremists running rampant in the world to-day, for with the fervour born of a just righteousness, and inspired by an angry Christ driving money-changers from a temple, you will be among the crusading apostles of a new day, shielded by the breast-plate of virtue, and armed for the fight with weapons forged in truth and tempered in the certain and unfailing light of faith.

—JOHN ELDON GREEN

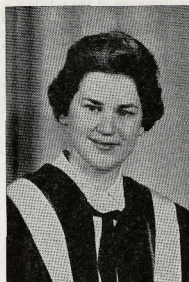
Graduates of '57



EDWARD BAIRD — ARTS

Eddie was born at Webster's Corner on January 16, 1933, received his primary education in the district school and entered St. Dunstan's High School in the Fall of '49. Having completed his high school course, he entered the teaching profession, and, after a period of one year, he returned to S.D.U. to resume his studies. Over these four years his record as a member of the Executive of the Dramatics Society for four consecutive years is somewhat of an achievement. In addition to this task of directing the affairs of the Society, Eddie has found time to participate in some of their productions, which have been noted for their excellence in the past few years. In 1956, Eddie was appointed manager of the University's first year book, and in this particular venture he exhibited the qualities of hard work, enthusiasm, and self-sacrifice, indicative of the kind of man that he is, which made the endeavor a marked success.

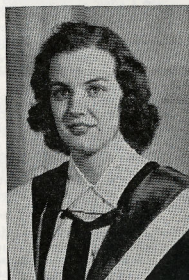
As for the future, it is apparent what God has in store for a man endowed with such qualities. To you, Eddie, St. Dunstan's wishes the very best, with the fervent admonition that you will ever remember her in your efforts and prayers, for you are so much a part of her.



ANNE MARIE BURGE — ARTS

Marie was born in the thriving community of Five Houses, near St. Peters Bay, on a beautiful summer night in July 1938. She received her primary education at Fortune Road School, and her secondary education at Notre Dame Academy. Being quite apt in studies in her early years, she was promoted several grades, and reached high school at a very early age. This, along with the fact that she took a combined course in Grade XI and Grade XII, is the reason why she is the youngest member of her class.

In 1953, she arrived at Saint Dunstan's to begin her course for an Arts degree. Here Marie was no stranger, for already her six brothers and sisters had attended or were attending college. During her four years, she has taken part in most student activities, and has been a valued member of her class, attested to by the fact that her classmates elected her their vice-president for life. Of a cheerful personality and ready wit, she has made many friends, and these now wish her success in the nursing career which she intends to pursue.



MARY GERTRUDE CAMERON — ARTS

Born January 3, 1935, Mary has lived in Saint John, N. B., in Tignish and in Summerside. At the age of six