

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

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## Editorials

### WORLD PROGRESS

In this generation we hear so much about world progress that it seems sensible to pause for a moment to find out just what is meant by the term; and whether there is a progress or a retrogression. Is our modern civilization any better than that of a century ago, of the Middle Ages, of the Roman Empire? If we have made progress, in what, then, does progress consist?



Red and White Staff—1942-1943



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M. Thibault, F. P. Aylward, F. O'Neil (Editor), R. Macdonald, A. Callaghan



Since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution startling changes are to be noted in the world. Materially we have advanced by leaps and bounds. We have now at our disposal every convenience that we could hope for to make our lives those of ease and comfort. We have cars, radios, cinema, improved food, palatial homes, and everything that money can buy, but are we any better off than the people of the eighteenth century, and, if so, in what way? Does the fact that we live in greater comfort prove that we have progressed? Assuredly not. The people of the eighteenth century were just as satisfied with their way of life as we are with ours. They may have been seeking something new, but so are we.

Let us consider the Middle Ages. Are we any more advanced than the people of that time? It is true, they never had a Bob Hope or a Charlie McCarthy, but they lived and died and were, perhaps, more happy and contented than we. They had their problems and their difficulties, but they also had their pleasures and did not have to stand the strain of our modern nerve-shattering world. They may not have been so highly educated, but, then, they did not need to be. They fought horrible, cruel wars, and so do our modern nations.

In comparing the people of the Roman Empire with those of our day we find that the former believed in polygamy, suicide, and infanticide; the latter believe in divorce, mercy killing, and birth-control. The Romans were superstitious and had strange philosophies; the modern peoples believe in rationalism, materialism, and the like. Cruel despots ruled the Romans with an iron hand; we see the same thing in modern Europe. Theirs was an ancient pagan world; ours is a modern pagan world. They fought wars to end all wars; we did the same a quarter of a century ago and are doing it again now. Julius and Augustus Ceasar policed the peoples which they had defeated; Anthony Eden, in his three point plan for a lasting peace, said that we shall have to do the same after this war.

The twentieth century dawned with promise of world peace for a long time to come. This, men said, was the beginning of an age of progress or a blossoming of progress achieved. Science had given people great comforts, freedom from pain, control over land, sea, and air, machinery to do their heavy work, and countless other blessings. Education



had spread. Illiterate masses had become educated and could now think for themselves; no longer would they be exploited. Industry had increased, and with it the national wealth, and above all, democracy had triumphed in nearly all the world. Then, out of this almost perfect civilization in which all men were brothers, came the World War I. This we fought and won, and, in so doing, put a stop to all wars; nevertheless, we are now fighting it over again for the same purpose. Is this progress ?

To say that we have progressed is to set a wrong value on the things that really matter. We have not made progress as regards peace in the world. This is the greatest and most cruel war in the history of the world, and there seems to be no chance of a lasting peace. We may have more material comforts, but we cannot pretend to be any happier. We also have a better system of education today, but is this education leading us along the right path ? We have better medicines, better physicians and surgeons, yet, there seems to be as much sickness in the world as ever before.

Progress is an advance, a movement towards a goal. Our ultimate goal is our eternal destiny, and until the world at large has made progress in this direction we cannot say it has progressed.

Man was not created to be showered with modern conveniences and comforts; these are only means to an end, which is to serve God. Our modern way of living, with its resultant wars and troubles, does not seem to be a movement in the right direction. World progress, then, at the present time seems very doubtful. We may have advanced in culture and may have a more comfortable way of living, but, if we are not leading lives which are better than those of our forefathers, there has been no real progress.

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#### LITERARY D'S

The 1942-43 season, one of the changes in many fields, found the Red and White laboring under mounting difficulties. The world conflict drove us to the wall in several respects, picking off some of our most valuable contributors and claiming the services of those remaining at St. Dunstan's for C. O. T. C. activities. Nonetheless, the familiar complaint of editors in the past, the cry for more and better con-



tributions, finds perhaps less emphatic utterance with us this year. Better co-operation of the students coupled with a heightened interest has served to lighten our task, and though the material may not have greatly improved in quality, at least it was plentiful.

This encouraging display, which shows at least a wakening interest among the students, may in large part be attributed to the new system of awarding Literary D's. This method, with a point basis, was adopted last fall by the Red and White Staff and affords an individual a much better opportunity of earning his "spurs" through contribution. And the move, made to offer incentive for literary efforts, has apparently done just that. Let us hope that this urge, at last beginning to permeate the college, may not die an ignoble death but will augment to give the institution an over-improving magazine.

This year, under the new plan of granting Literary D's, but two contributors have fulfilled the qualifications—Ronan MacDonald and Allan Callaghan. To these, both members of the Red and White Staff for the past two years and outstanding in the literary field, Red and White offers CONGRATULATIONS AND THANKS.

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#### AS THE SANDS RUN OUT.....

Thoughts of future plans and memories of a happy past flash before us as we take up our pen to write those last few words. Already in our minds eye the image of gowns and mortarboards forms an attractive yet fear inspiring picture, a picture which vies for recognition with one of pleasant labors of the past years. Associations, of fellows and of books, seem to grow more dear as the time of parting draws nigh, for with parting comes poignant thought of farewells and with farewells comes loss.

Even now, while winter is still making a last blustering effort to maintain its grip, we are preparing for that last mad scramble, the final examinations. A late spring and an early wartime closing have provided the combination which leaves us to bid a hurried farewell as best we may while spring has yet to reach her corner while this year of graduation is still so young. In but a month we will have but pleasant memories of the Red and White.



Memories. . . ever crowding. . . always to be cherished—of our work on the magazine which has indeed been a pleasant task and a valuable experience—of the distant, shining, literary star to which we hitched our wagon but which we never quite reached because we are but human—of our associates and critics who with their welcomed assistance, have ever eased our burdens.

But the sands are almost gone. . . . and we must take our hurried farewell, not however without an honest word of thanks—first to the staff, then to our contributors and advertisers, and finally to the men behind the scenes, our printer—And with that—*Farewell*.



Noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger.

—*Longfellow*.

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Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us,  
Footprints on the sands of time.

—*Longfellow*.

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Be kind and gentle to those who are old.  
For dearer is kindness and better than gold.

—*Cary*.