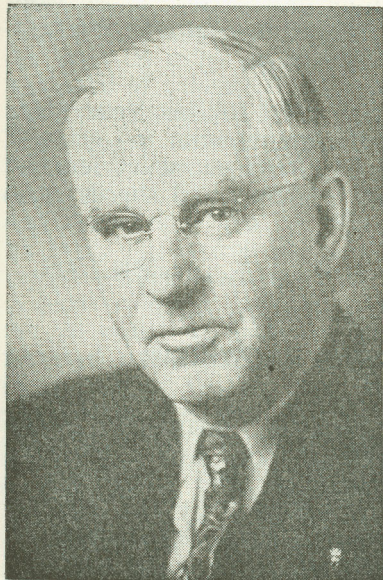


ONE HUNDRED YEARS

1954 was destined to be a famous and memorable year in the long and memorable history of St. Dunstan's University. One hundred years is a long period of time in any



Sir William MacMillan
(Dr. W. J. P.)

connection but especially in the life history of a great educational institution. I wonder how a proper valuation of the wonderful work done at St. Dunstan's in its first century of existence can be made. Who could have the temerity to appraise and evaluate adequately this century of Catholic Education?

The great Churchill's offer of blood, sweat and tears for the salvation of our Empire in the last World War might well describe the stupendous efforts of those wonderful Bishops and Priests who have given a hundred years of self-sacrifice, devotion and loyalty to St. Dunstan's against almost insurmountable odds. Its founder, the saintly and divinely inspired Bishop MacEachern, and the scores of Holy Priests who have carried on the Lord's work for a century are entitled to the greatest credit and to our deepest gratitude.

It will always be a marvel and a mystery how this wonderful institution was founded and existed through its years of poverty and struggle. It surely was the protecting Hand of Divine Providence that made St. Dunstan's persevere and prosper, aided and supported by loyal Catholic Laity. The greatest sacrifice was made by scores of loyal Priests who have devoted major portions of their lives to the successful teaching of students down through the years.

Since coming to Charlottetown forty-four years ago, I

have missed only one Commencement Exercise, so I have seen forty-three graduating classes of excellent students who in later years have shed lustre and fame on their Alma Mater. Heading the list is our own great Cardinal McGuigan; then there are Archbishops, Bishops, Priests and distinguished leaders in other professions. Those wonderful graduates have made St. Dunstan's famous throughout the world.

I hope and pray that during this Jubilee Year plans will be finalized to erect suitable monuments in grateful memory of the great Bishop MacEachern who founded the college and made all its achievement and success possible.

W. J. P. MacMILLAN.

BAD BUSINESS FOR A BACHELOR

Perfectly content in his bachelor apartment in the suburbs of Halifax, Bim O'Bleek, a dockyard electrician, was enjoying a few moments relaxation after a hard week's work when his thoughts were interrupted by the insistent ringing of the telephone. "Damn the luck", he thought, "I don't want to go out tonight. I want to do some reading." Another nerve shattering ring and he leaped at the black miscreant, picked it up and uttered a gruff "hello." "Oh, is that you Bim? This is Rosella your favourite sister. Don't you remember me?" What an odd question, of course he remembered her. He had seen her only last night. In the ensuing conversation he learned that his sister and her husband, Joe, were going to their cottage in the country for a quiet weekend and she could not imagine trusting her six darling girls with anyone else but him. Before he realized what he was doing he had accepted the invitation and hung up. Later, but not much later, he would regret his hasty acceptance.

Two hours later Bim arrived at his sister's house, a smile on his face and a suitcase in his hand. Both were destined for destruction. The evening passed without a calamity. The packing was finished and the girls, under the direction of their father, were storehouses of efficiency. Not a misdemeanour was committed throughout the entire evening and nine o'clock found them tucked snugly in bed.