

The Red and White

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Editorial.

Looking Backward. The year draws to a close! Looking backward it seems but yesterday that we entered "Old S. D. U." but yet as we ponder a while, what a multitude of memories crowd into such a seemingly brief space of time. Last September standing on the threshold of the new year we looked forward to the present time—how far it seemed away!—and we tried to picture to ourselves what the future would bring. Today we look back upon a whole year—how the time has sped!—and we ask ourselves how we have measured up to our own expectations.

It may be that the standard we had set for ourselves has not been reached and now we feel like crying out: "Backward, turn backward, Oh Time in thy flight," that we might live the year over again and live it better. But if we have been true to the teachings of our Alma Mater we can rest assured that our

year has not been spent in vain, and that, if we but keep those same teachings ever to heart and be faithful to them, we can look confidently into the future.

As we glance back for a moment upon our editorial year we realize that here, at least, we have fallen short of what might have been expected of us, but, with the time at our disposal, we have done what we could. We now lay down the editorial pen confident that in the future "Red and White" will ever keep pace with the progressive strides of our dear old "Alma Mater."

Our What joy and gladness the home-coming of
Soldiers our soldiers brings! What a welcome these heroes should receive—they who trod the thorny path, and rose to unbelievable heights of heroism—they who have made the most amazingly marvelous self sacrifices—they with whom the fondest hopes of the dear friends at home have been entwined. Let us in a real intimate way show our affection to loyal comrades made one by common endeavor. Love, friendship, and admiration, should be bold enough to show themselves openly without any fashionable form, for fashion is really affectation. Let us be our own affectionate selves and show the gladness of our inmost love.

And oh! let us never forget the fallen brave whose bodies lie mouldering on the glorious fields where they lived their lives in one dreadful hour, but whose spirit will ever live on, as an antidote against material comfort and prosperity, and thrill our souls with enthusiasm, energy and sacrifice. In our sense of bereavement, both personal and general, let our sentiments be pure, deep and real. During this spirit-stirring war, we had learned to steel our

hearts and nerves against whatever might befall, although our inmost affections, perhaps, were never so tender. But let us not be too rigid in appearance and without any gush or unnecessary elaboration, let our appreciation of their stupendous sacrifice be known, and besides consoling their dearest friends, let our hearts, overflowing with sentiment, be raised to Him who rewards the faithful and consoles the sorrow-stricken. And let us pray that they who died fighting may receive an everlasting crown in heaven.

Peace. "Peace, Peace, but there shall be no peace!" All that human means can do for the contentment and welfare of the world would seem to be completed. In the name of justice and right the majority of the nations strove for four years against the latest—as well as the greatest—example of national villainy, Germany. At a cost in lives and wealth, the magnitude of which can hardly be conceived, they overthrew the monster who would make its way to world control over a bridge built of broken treaties and desecrated covenants. And having carried their banners of fairness and liberty to complete victory they then set themselves to the task of healing the bruises inflicted on mankind during the course of their cruel but necessary crusade; and of making provisions that such would not again take place. But even though the wail of war-stricken nations was still on the ears of the Peace Delegates their human nature asserted itself—differences and squabbles marked many of their deliberations, one of the chief "Peace-makers" withdrew its support because of a dispute. Whether it was wrong in its claim or the other three "upholders of justice" were

wrong in refusing that claim puts one or the other in a rather deplorable situation. A little nation which a short time ago was hailed as the saviour of Europe was given but a very moderate share in the drafting of the conditions of peace; and a little nation which, though oppressed, happened to be the victim of one of the conquering countries was left unassisted. Nevertheless all that erring human nature, unaided by divine assistance, could do, was done.

The Peace Treaty is completed—a police force of nations is about to take charge of the world and see that every country measures up to the standards of morality which it will set. Has the goal of contentment then been reached? Are national troubles and strifes at an end? By no means. Even while the cause of the old difficulty is being removed a new source of trouble appears. War, not between nations, but between classes, looms up more general and ominous than that just closed. Those who lately were conforming themselves to the strictest of army discipline now deny the authority of just laws. Anarchy results. Countries which pride themselves as apostles of enlightenment see propagated in their midst the tenets of one of the most illiterate of modern nations—the Bolshevism of darksome Russia. Yes, the futility of attempting to make a contented world out of a collection of imperfect individuals must be evident to all. Unless Christianity, Religion, Catholicism is made the guide of their every act people will find that the much desired brotherhood of man will ever remain in far away Utopia.

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