

The Red and White

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Editorial.

Vacation is at hand to round out the scholastic year. Our work is done,—the editorship must pass to other hands. The position is no sinecure but like every other, brings care and pleasure by turns.—Our aims, and presumably the aims of all college journalists, have been : first, to keep up the publication of our college magazine;—a college magazine is an essential thing ; its benefit is twofold. It gives the student a chance and incentive to express his views—scientific or literary—for the benefit of others as well as himself. It gives the outside world an idea of what is being done behind college walls so that those, who have never lived in the college world, may feel its influencing breath and realize, in some measure, the purpose of true educational institutions; again so that those who have departed may drink from the fountain draughts that, perhaps, may freshen a bitter life and stimulate them as

only Alma Mater can,—second, to raise the standard of journalism;—if duty is first to your benefactor then to others, the secondary duty of a college publication is to elevate the tone of the press. Sound criticism such as arises from disinterested convictions will awaken writers and tend to their improvement. The more finished the author the more finished his production. He can make old ideas shine in new phases; the reader's curiosity will be intensified and he must in turn scintillate his own abstraction in a new phase; thus causing unusual phenomena in the literary world,—third, to benefit our readers.—We have always earnestly endeavored to publish wholesome literature—not forgetting the fact that “a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.”

Yesterday's despatch announces “The Greatest Battle in the World's History,” today's “The Greatest Battle of All Time.” We cannot very well conclude from these statements whether there is any difference between today's and yesterday's battle or no. Editors have no doubt fairly well exhausted their vocabularies in their endeavours to print sensational headlines; but we can gather from facts, in smaller type, that the mighty engines of destruction are daily becoming more and more intensely heated. The newspaper man will indeed be taxed to find words to describe the mounting degrees of fury of the ever increasing storm. What headlines shall we find tomorrow? What the next day? They may still tell us that war is hell; but war was hell in the days of Grant and Lee and a Shiloh or a Gettysburg would make no more noise now than a good shooting practice at Lydd. We can get no adequate idea of what these terms mean. Could we understand for a single instant the horrors of hell, Sin, that “serpent armed with mortal sting” might “shut the infernal doors” tomorrow. Could man in his sober senses *realize* what war is, never again would an ultimatum be sent from one capital to another. But no! Our understanding is so clouded and our inclination to evil so great that wars will be fought and hell will



“Red and White” Staff 1916-17.

Standing—C. P. Trainor, As. Ed.; J. A. Fraser, As. Ed.; Stephen McQuaid, Bus. Mgr.; F. L. Mullally, As. Ed.; P. W. McQuaid, Ass. Bus. Mgr.; Ray V. McKenzie, Ass. Bus. Mgr.
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be open as long as men exist. It may be said that war is unnecessary;—agreed. But wars are fought by men; and history shews that after nineteen hundred and sixteen years of christianity and civilization we have the most refinedly horrible methods of warring that were ever known. As long as individuals have faults and are obstinate and unforgiving they will quarrel and fight; and nations are composed of individuals. There is not the least evidence to assure us that men are in a few years to become saints. Indeed signs seem to point the other way. The best we can do, then, is to take the advice of old Polonius: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in bear't that the opposed may beware of thee." Evidence is not lacking to show that at least the latter part of this advice is being carried out. The following clippings from our own boys at the front are straws showing which way the wind is blowing: "Artillery is coming in fast, everything from 18 pounders to 15 inch guns. Huge prison cages are being built. Signs are being put up all along the roads, 'This way to the dressing station' The war has assumed tremendous proportions. The country behind is full of men, ammunition, workshops, dumps, men in reserve etc. Britain is truly rising in force and the fruits of Kitchener's foresight are now being reaped. We firmly believe that this summer will avenge his untimely death." Let us hope that it will. Let us hope that the present summer will see and end "The Greatest Battle of all time."

VACATION—No doubt studying the vagaries of rest seekers during the summer months would afford some little pleasure. A very probable result of our observation would be that we would find the majority of vacationists work far too strenuously in enjoying themselves. Perhaps they will walk for miles, swim for hours, play violent games, lose much sleep—and *rest*. The shorter the vacation the more sport must be crammed into the fleeting minutes. Freedom from responsibility coupled with daily

vacation deprives many of common sense. "*In medio stat virtus*" is true of exercise as well as anything else; over exercise or under exercise diminishes both strength and energy. Fellow students and brother vacationists, let us get away from the city where the din vibrates the mind—and help on the farm. Here we shall be face to face with nature: rising with the crow of the cock, retiring with the "pied frogs orchestra," cultivating the garden or field, feasting on the freshest products, strolling through the woodland, "trouting" by the gurgling brook, treading on the softest carpet covered by the bluest canopy we will daily grow better—morally, physically and intellectually. However, if you seek recuperation, spend your vacation on a *shore* farm. The ideal recreation of the summer is to take a walk by the ever changing sea—either when each rolling swell of the incoming tide, frolicsome and scintillating, brings its comforting message from the depths of the ocean, or when the ebbing waves bear away yearnings and aspirations that are too deep for utterance.

"The fire-eyed maid of smoky war all hot and bleeding will we offer them." This the final decision of President Wilson to take up arms against Germany, came as no great surprise to the world. Indeed, it was inevitable that such action would be taken sooner or later. The insolence and audacity of those ruthless German pirates since the beginning of the war was a sore thorn in the side of the peace loving President. But as there is a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, there was no other step to be taken—no other that would be consistent with the lofty principles of the great republic, but a solemn declaration of war.

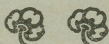
What influence the action of the United States will have on the outcome of the struggle is hard to estimate. With an almost unlimited supply of men and resources and with her munition factories ready to supply all demands in that line, we have every

reason to believe that she will prove of inestimable assistance to the cause of the Allies.

From the reckless manner in which she has persisted in violating America's rights, evidently Germany considers she has little to fear from her new enemy and that her entrance into the war will retard rather than favour the progress of the Entente Allies. For has she not trouble enough at home to engage all her attention? Will she not be harrassed by internal troubles arising from her cosmopolitan population, and lastly will she not be obliged to restrict the exportation of those munitions of war with which she has hitherto supplied Britain and her allies?

How for these conjectures may be true, time will tell; however, we cannot but admire the stand that President Wilson and the Nation at his back have taken, and we heartly welcome our new ally to the field to help us "reap the harvest of perpetual peace by this same bloody trial of sharp war."

Advertisers, contributors and subscribers, we sincerely thank you. May you prosper and long enjoy all the "goods the gods provide."



The first king was a successful soldier; he who serves well his country has no need of ancestors.

There are two ways of rising in the world; either by one's own industry or profiting by the foolishness of others.

Between good sense and good taste there is the difference between cause and effect.

The opportunity is often lost by deliberating.