
IS WAR JUSTIFIED?

MARIGRACE FRANKLIN

Dictators praise it; fools glory in it; nations sacrifice for it; men die for it. What is it? War, and its colleague, power. In the past there were new places to conquer when one desired more land and new surroundings, but there are no longer new territorial frontiers, so war is used as an excuse for aggression and greed.

Youth is its prey. Young men are idealistic, and believe in fighting only for a cause. In order to remedy a lack of purpose, propaganda is manufactured to inspire patriotism. The youth are bored with a dull, drab existence, and the prospect of excitement appeals to them. It is great to have ideals, but tragic to have them shattered.

But what right has a nation to ask such sacrifice? It takes the youth, marches

them off either to die, return invalid, or be presented with medals to prove that they killed men. You would not go to someone else's home and destroy it and the people in it because you do not approve of their purpose; neither has a nation the right to encourage her sons to do that in another country which they are forbidden to do at home.

Machinery was invented as a facility, to serve a useful end, but when abused it becomes as Frankenstein's monster turning on its master, and acting as a knife to cut off a generation.

The answer to the question, "Is war justified", is inevitably "No". An old adage states, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread". Shall we be fools or angels?

LOST GLORY

C. MYRON WINEGARDNER

It was a dreary November afternoon somewhere in France; the year was 1918, and the greatest war the world had ever known was here a grim reality. The forces of the German Imperial Army had been steadily retreating, and many of the Allied troops had been out of touch with their superior officers for days, as they followed up the retreat. Talk of peace had been prevalent among the men for the last few weeks, but the running battle still continued.

Among these men, who were chasing the enemy across the battle-torn fields of France, was an uncle of mine, Captain

George Arnold. He longed for peace, so that he could return home to his family; however, Fate had a sad destiny to deal him today. As he stumbled onward, he met it, met a hail of machine gun bullets which cut him to ribbons. There was nothing unique in the manner of his death; thousands of men had already died in the same way. The strange thing was that he had been killed at about three o'clock on the afternoon of November 11, 1918, four hours after the war was over.

It is glorious to die while helping to win a cause; it is equally glorious to die for a lost cause. But where is the glory in dying for a cause already won?