Editorially
From the appearance of things, the outlook for the class of 1943 is bright. There is a variety of good jobs to choose from. There is the car to be bought (and with a “C” sticker on the windshield, too). There is the girl to marry. There is the prospect of walking down the street and having the neighbors call out “Good morning, Doc!” All in all, things look promising.

Of course there are the war duties which hang over everyone like a cloud. But even the probability of giving up the happy civilian prospects we are looking forward to does not tarnish the brightness of the future. Service in the army means a first lieutenant’s commission, a well-fitted uniform with silver bars on the shoulders, and, more likely than not, service far from the fighting front. Paradoxically, war which is cruel to most of those it touches seems to favor the veterinarian.

When we graduate on this March 19th, we should consider the reason why we are such favored children of the times. We should remember that it is owing to nothing in ourselves; we are no better than anyone else. The only reason we are so favored is that we happen to possess a certain amount of knowledge which is vitally important to a country at war, and which is possessed by too few others. And we should remember that we have this knowledge, not because we were farsighted and saw our country’s future need, but because we wanted to have it in order to better ourselves. We are just lucky that what we wanted coincided with the country’s need.

The fact that our country needs the knowledge and skill we now have places a great responsibility upon us. It is our duty to use them to the best advantage in the fight for a free world. This doesn’t mean using our knowledge to benefit ourselves first and to help fight for freedom second. It means we should channel every energy in the direction of winning the war and the peace after the war.

We might counter this argument by saying that if the work we do is vital to the successful prosecution of the war, then it is the work that matters, not our private reasons for doing our best at it. Perhaps in other times this would have been true, but it no longer holds in the eventful times of which we are a part. In such a war as this one, more than just performance of a job is necessary. If we are to prevent another of these terrible scourges of mankind from sweeping the world again, we must know why we are doing what we are doing. Superiority of armed might alone could conceivably win the war. But supremacy of arms cannot build a stable world order and develop a secure and peaceful family of nations out of the shattered social structures and ruined economies of the war-spent nations of the earth. If this momentous task is achieved, it will be the spirit of man that does it.

Of that “spirit of man” we must be a part. We are responsible members of an urgently needed profession. That profession, and through it we ourselves, will play an important part in winning the war for the United Nations and with them developing something nearer civilization when it is over. Our personal responsibility to the future we are fighting for is proportionate to the value of our work in the winning and holding of that future.

It is to that future that every member of the class of March, 1943, should dedicate himself. —J. Q.