

In November we are all enthusiastic over our athletic possibilities.

We suggest to ourselves that the football team is "going places," that the basketball team is a "dream team," and that we might even win a tennis or track championship. Soon, when defeat falls our lot, we sit 'neath the Angle's spreading magnolia or in some "agitator's" room and wistfully sigh, "Where do they go; those smoke rings we love to blow?" Restlessness sets in. We become discontented. We criticize, and we try to place the responsibility for our failure. "It is the team's fault."

"It is the administration." "It is the coach." "It is the faculty." Yes, indeed, all of this may be true. But, what of ourselves? Little do we realize that the field of athletics, any field of endeavor—music, literature, or otherwise—is but a mirror, and the teams we send out into competition our reflection in that mirror. When our teams are defeated, it is because we are defeated. When there is dissension on the team, it is because there is no unity on the campus. When the Choral Club is poor, it is because our music talent is poor.

When the Pen is "rotten", it is because our literary ability is "rotten". Consequently, when our teams and clubs are poor, ragged performers, it is because there is a sparsity of talent among us. Admit the truth of this statement— "There is no talent at St. Augustine's College." or admit that we are not slackers. Most of us won't admit the latter statement, but it cannot be said that there is no talent at St. Augustine's. Facts prove otherwise. Therefore, it

must be true that we are not doing our utmost to take advantage of our opportunities.

The world around us is a troubled world. Even now it is bowing in submission to the heartless god called Mars. Alone in a world of dictatorships stands democratic America. But how long can we endure? How long will it be before we, too, shall tramp the "field of dishonor". We must look to ourselves for the answer. Only in so far as we train ourselves in the democratic way of life, can our democratic principle survive. It can happen here. We, too, can become lesser men while some powerful maniac strides about our land much after the fashion of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini. If we content ourselves with fault-finding without offering constructive suggestions, if we are content to be "yes-men," if we are satisfied with with eating "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table," our cherished ideal shall soon come to be defined in history as "an obsolete, impractical principle on which men once thought life could be based."

Those of us who are new at St. Augustine's and those of us who are old here, heed these words. With a common worthy objective before us, with unity, cooperation, and sincerity a part of us, with our aims high, let us carry on, not as pipe-dreamers, but as practical men and women to gain our goal. In a democracy, it is not what the other fellow does wrong, but what we do right that counts. Carry on!

—Charles G. Howell, Jr.