

ADDRESS TO MARJORIE, REGARDING THE RETURN OF A BUTTON

When coolly winds and chilly breezes
Cause everything around to freezes;
When birds sit huddled in the treeses
And all is drear;
This button then is what you needes
I truly fear.

Now Shakespeare wrote and so did Moses
And Burns, he versed of red red roses
And none did write, I don't suppose
(Nay, not a one,)
Of buttons from a maiden's clotheses
Except this one.

Oh, classy-matey, I despises
To see a tear in lassies' eyeses,
And if from buttons grief arises,
I'm sorry too
And with reminder I don't lieses
I bid adieu.

THE DAY THE CLOCK WENT WILD

What is a day—a measure of time? What is time—a token to eternity? These questions form but a portion of the great arc of questions that ran the vicious circle back to the starting question on that day when our research laboratory caused a revolution, not of the human spirit, but of something even more intangible—we revolted against time.

The day began innocently enough to suit any poetic soul with summer's warmth and splendor pervading our remote valley location, and yet fitfully enough to suit the melodramatic soul of our operations chief, Paul Nichols, who for the past month or so had been directing our little game of tag with some of the most elusive bits of matter that we had run across since our college days when the field of ferromagnetism was just passing from one school of thought to another and we poor students were more or less left hanging by the seats of our jeans on the sharp fence that divided the two. Technically we were a congressionally constituted sub-committee three-times removed from the hierarchy at the Pentagon specifically charged with the nebulous branch of research connected with the verification of the "Flying Saucer—Spaceship Theories." Of course, the taxpayers at the other end of the valley thought that our collection of buildings, equipment, and personnel,

was a part of a privately financed enterprise somehow connected with television transmission research; but we didn't mind—at least that gave us a little prestige.

Our operations chief had called a special meeting of all personnel on that eventful day in the communications building, and as we sat in pensive silence between the impressive rows of computers and radio apparatus listening to the somber voice delicately composing a humorously formal address, we were shocked into the realization that this wasn't just another of the boring briefing sessions on safety precautions and the like to which we had been subjected every so often when a new piece of apparatus would arrive. Paul was talking as though the end of the world was waiting behind that panel of switches, just waiting to be released.

As the stupified column filed out after that briefing session and took up familiar test positions behind banks of switchboards, TV monitors, antenna control consols, and the baffling variety of other cogs in our baffling research machine, you could see Paul's facial expression rubber-stamped on the faces of all the personnel, and I could feel in my stomach a replica of the knot that I knew Paul was trying to relax in his own. Contact had been made by radio with an unidentified craft somewhere above, on, or below the surface of the earth, and after weeks of grim toil on the part of the computing machines (and an unusual siege of tube failures) the baskets of gibberish belched by these electronic brains was finally passed from the state of a complexity of mathematical formulas to a close approximation of our own language. A request had been made by this craft that we construct a special type of structure built quite like an open air version of the familiar vacuum tube, but large enough to receive this visiting craft. This structure had now been completed, the detailed instructions had been compiled for its use, and sitting here at my TV monitoring consol, I was tensely waiting for the drama to unfold.

It was exactly four o'clock when the chief's voice came booming over the intercom: "O.K. Let's say 'hello,' and watch your manners you guys". I remember thinking even in that tense state that it was funny the way I hadn't become used to the army's way of reckoning time, I still called it four o'clock—it was funnier still that I should even be thinking about **Time** who was going to become the main character in our little drama in but a few short minutes.

All at once my consol literally buzzed with activity. A high potential had been applied to the two electrode-like structures we had built, and out of nowhere, a fiery red orb popped in between them. As the dials on the metering panels began a crazy dancing rhythm, the orb seemed to be cooling, and finally a distinct shape was discernable, a shape not too unlike those affective but ineffective hats worn by our contemporary women. To describe it

in detail would be impossible, to describe it in general would be maddening, so I won't describe it.

According to our detailed instructions, one of our group was to approach the craft after its color had turned to a deep purple, and to one side I could see Paul donning a light suit of coveralls and preparing himself for his self-appointed role of ambassador. He was obviously trying to achieve a delicate balance, he didn't want to arm himself, yet he didn't want to venture into the realm of the unforeseen without at least a little protection, so he settled for the coveralls. With a light clear face mask buckled in place, a last minute addition to his wardrobe which he commandeered from a passing mechanic, Paul strode with a martial stride into the test area.

We never did get to see the creatures who manned the strange craft, for no sooner did Paul draw to the side of it but some link in the long chain of our technical preparation gave way. The first indication of trouble came with the unexplainable change of the color of the grass in the test area. It began to change color rapidly from brown to green and within a short time it was changing so fast that it seemed to be flickering. Apparently this made Paul a little dizzy because he stumbled around a bit and seemed to be moving very slowly, while the precision watch on his wrist began to increase its tempo unnoticed until the faint heat of scorched metal stung his flesh. At this point, Paul hit the panic button, threw off his mask revealing a grizzled and distorted face and hollered as he fell to the ground in a heap: "Cut the power! Get them out of here!"

In the hospital, the attending surgeon was quite surprised at the conduct of an agitated group of visitors, and quite baffled at the babbling of one of his patients, an emergency patient for whom he could find no emergency, and little patience. "Certainly sir, you're an old man, I didn't know the army kept them that long." "Yes, its quite permanent, we have no cure for old age, you know." The poor surgeon just couldn't understand, neither could we for that matter; but we had seen it happen—we knew it was true. Paul had walked onto the test field a man in his prime, an accomplished engineer with a rewarding future ahead of him. He had been carried from that field a few minutes later an old man, with wrinkled face, not burned or lacerated by any of the hazards with which he had to live, but wrinkled as an old man's is wrinkled surrounding a faded pair of eyes. Somehow, we had violently upset nature's timetable; we had caused time to pass like the wind over one small plot of ground. It wasn't fancied, it was real; and Paul was a living testimonial to this erratic passage of time, this revolt staged on our proving grounds against time.

The doctor's diagnosis was, of course, true. Paul's condition is permanent, he is an old man. He assured us that now that it

was all over, everything seems perfectly natural and normal—and of course he is now drawing his pension. As for myself, well I never even went back to review with the others the movies that were made of the whole thing. I wired for a transfer as soon as my hands stopped shaking enough to be able to dial the operator, and I'm now giving lectures on what we call here at the base "Sling-shot Ballistics" wherein the only thing unusual is that the "Sling-shots" are nuclear powered. Here I don't have to worry about time, whether it is something geared to the rotations of the earth or something more absolute. The only questions that I can't answer here are those my students haven't thought of; and I'm extra careful not to mention to my classes anything about that day when the clock went wild.

—CHOYA—

INDIVIDUALS WE

Just like the leaves upon a tree,
We all are made so differently;
To neither think nor act the same—
Individual in more than name.

Though everyone began the same,
We can't be taught to be the same.
Each has ambitions all his own,
A part of him, his temporal loan.

For God in goodness did decree
Each man's will forever free;
To learn, to know, to be himself,
A volume rare for heaven's shelf.

—THE SCARRED BARD—

AFTER GRADUATION, WHAT ?

We are in the "stretch drive" of another scholastic year, and in a few short, busy months a number of us will be saying "Farewell," to Saint Dunstan's.

For some of the Seniors this graduation will be just another step, albeit a big step, along the road of academic training. Some members of the class of '57 plan to go to medical school, while others plan to study Law or Social Work. Perhaps there are some who intend to take courses in Teacher Training, study for another degree, or pursue a religious vocation. These are the fortunate ones who have their futures more or less definitely mapped out, and will proceed to some other institution of learning next Fall.