

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.