

As will be attested to by members of the faculty, who have observed students enter and leave St. Dunstan's for years, a great deal of talent and ability is stifled and lost, simply for lack of use. The truly exceptional take care of themselves; they are few; we need not worry about them. But the student who could be moulded into a person capable of great things and is not, this is our worry.

Our under-graduate course in the arts is general, the average student has no trouble making his grades. His first year may give the bright student a very handsome average, but once he sees that he can slip into low gear and still stay above the fatal sixty, then comes the slip from excellence into mediocrity. Mediocrity is a terrible word, it even sounds bad, but the truth is, we are faced with it every day. The majority of our students fit into this category. Nobody gives a damn. Can mediocrity be removed by reading? is this the potent herb to break the lethargy in which we wallow? Yes it can. Once a student realizes all that he can learn, unless he be the embodiment of sloth and indolence, he will work; he will become industrious.

You can't teach an old dog new tricks! There is very little to be gained in trying to chastise the old offender with his years of wisdom and guile in avoiding work he will always find a way out. You may as well write him off, say good-bye, **Au revoir, Arriverderci, Hasta la vista**, I don't like you and be done with it. The young, the freshmen, the raw material, there is where the habits of reading and of study must be ingrained.

A well rounded programme of selected reading for freshmen students would, undoubtedly produce results. Given the perversity of human nature you can never be sure, but, at least something could be tried in this regard. If it doesn't work, fine, get the fellow who suggested it and scalp him, but let it be tried first.

—EDITORIAL

ON MAY THIRTEENTH

Here silence lies
As life
Now feels the first warm rays
Of glorious spring.
Deserted now
These time-worn halls
And scarred desks,
This home away from home,
Where scores of students
lived and worked
In years now past,
As this is past.

As life of earth renews,
She lonely stands,
But knows
When life of nature
Flushes, falls,
She will revive
And live again another year,
As students come
From far afield and near,
The tale of knowledge
Then to read
Within her welcoming light.
This is the cycle.

. . . . Retreating footsteps slowly die,
The "gowned graduates" depart,
Far from this Honored edifice
That gives of learning from the heart . . .

Into the world they now
Go forth
To taste of life,
Its sharpness and its sweet . . .
From sheltering arms they go
To destinies unknown.
Well and wisely
Have they learned
This four years' lesson—
May they cease not to
Remember it.
And now to us it falls
To lead the way,
To take the helm
When the ship sails forth once more
Upon another year,
Our task it is
To steer the course of those
Now gone before
God grant
Also to us
A passage calm,
And safe harbour.

—M. J. M. '61