

### 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.

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### 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,