

There

will

always

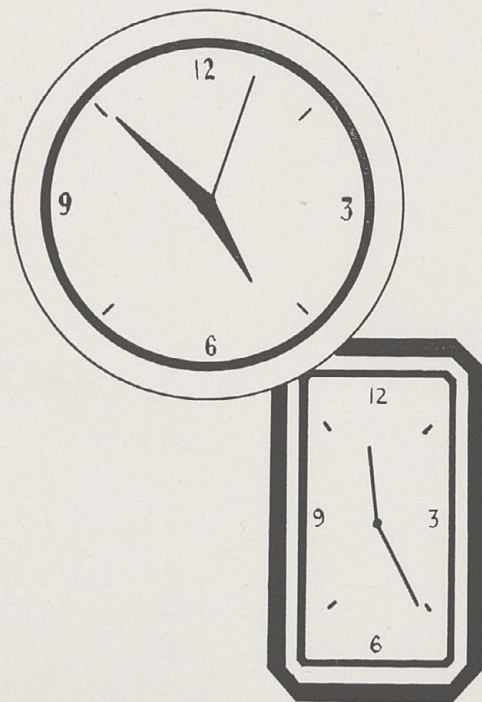
be

time

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Precision of the universe—stardust of eternity—
Though non-existent, it is never-ending,
For it lives on through all our memories,
Mixing moments of joy with sorrow and dreams.
Man's gauge of progress through the years, it is
Tangible, yet intangible—measurable, yet immeasurable.
Time waits for no man, and no wise man waits for it;
Nor can it be recovered, once it is lost.
It's a rhythm of living whose meter may be
The quick tempo of youth or the slow pace of age.
From morning star to sunset fire it turns,
Filled with beauty and fear, with hope and desire.
Wisely or foolishly, wastefully or thoughtfully,
Each man may use his portion as he wills. . . .
If wisely we have made the minutes count
Through all our days at school, then we may hope
To know success in the years that lie ahead.

Hence, Time is our theme for



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