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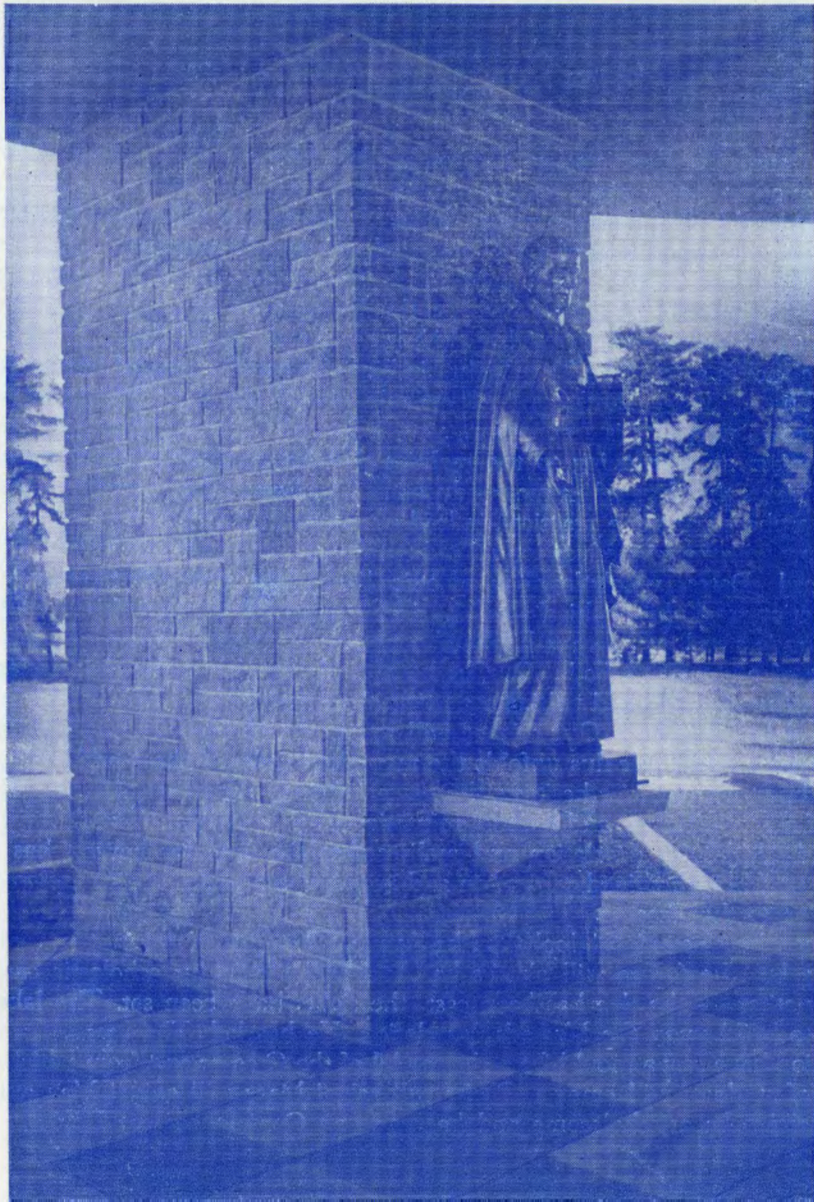
PREFACE

This is a unique book. The materials used in its construction are unique, and the format is unique.

Keeping in mind the old Chinese saying that, "one picture is worth ten thousand words", the editors decided to cut down on verbiage and use as many pictures as the circumstances allowed. This volume then is equivalent to many words.

If in later years these pictures recreate some of the life, some of the color, some of the atmosphere of the years spent at Marian, our efforts will have been fully rewarded.

The editors wish to thank all those who contributed time, effort, or materials to this production.



EDITORIAL

An aurora of atomism has enshrouded Mr. Universe with an air of finality. Contemporary man weighs success with accomplishment and restlessly struggles with the world till the golden nugget is his. Under such a philosophy has Graduation taken the atmosphere of a goal achieved, an obstacle overcome, a feat rewarded. Somewhere in the misty path of revery comes the term Commencement Exercise, an etymological paradox. As the budding scholar marches down the aisle with sheepskin and mortar board he is cognizant that we "never walk alone." Omniscience is at his side; True Light kindling the parafin cone of human knowledge. The graduate stands at the vestibule of life about to enter the lists as a full grown warrior; his preparation has terminated. It is truly a commencement, a beginning, an awakening to the realities that have remained in the realm of theory since the days of primary education. And now the theoretical must be metamorphosed into the practical, indeed a precarious step.

Now will the true education unfold itself as the texts are relegated to a dusty graveyard. Dates, vocabulary, mnemonic lines fade away, but attitudes, interpretations and philosophical inquiry will never pass. And so our history will lead us to understand and sympathize with man as a universal being and not as a puppet of a governing body. Our language will manifest to us the glories of a multi-cultured world and cultivate a spirit of toleration for the beliefs and habits of our global neighbors. Our science will reveal the blight of our age, a physical metaphysics, while calculus unfolds the marvelous order of the world. Philosophy holds the treasure of our heritage, the power of right reasoning, of logical abstraction, of absolute values, and rational refutations. The religious educator looks upon a world white with desolation and realizes that the time for harvest has come. Generation has worshiped generation and now is the time for the evolution of the adoration to the Creator.

Yes, the class of '54 looks to the future. The past is spent, the present is passing, but the future will always be. And so we exit our scholastic career to start another — the dye has been cast, the sights have been set. The laborer is about to build upon the Master's foundation. He has led. The years of religious formation have cast a mould from the model of the Creator and from which multitudes of students will emerge. Christ will reign! Mary will guide! May our final retrospection be as wholesome and happy as on Commencement Day.



















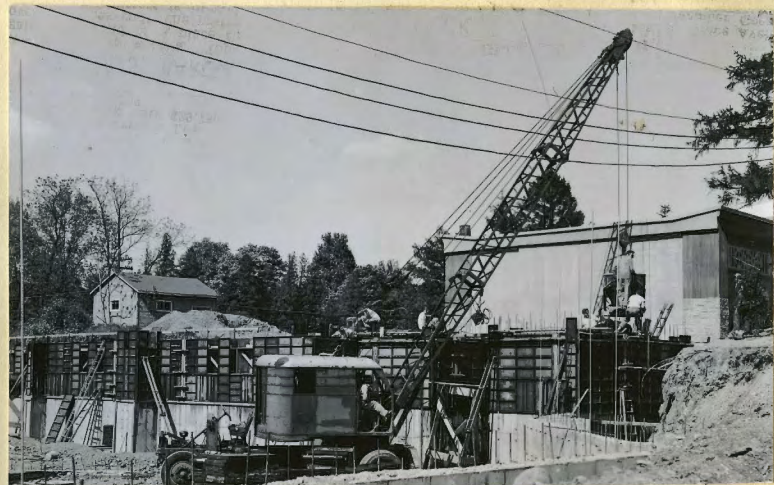
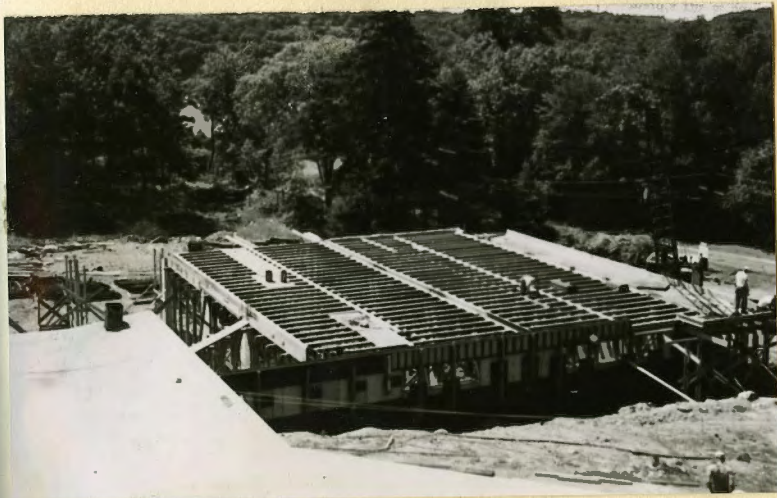
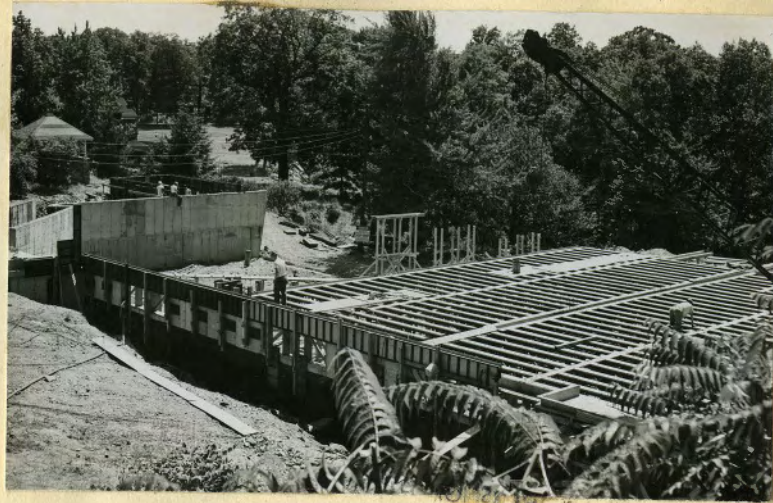










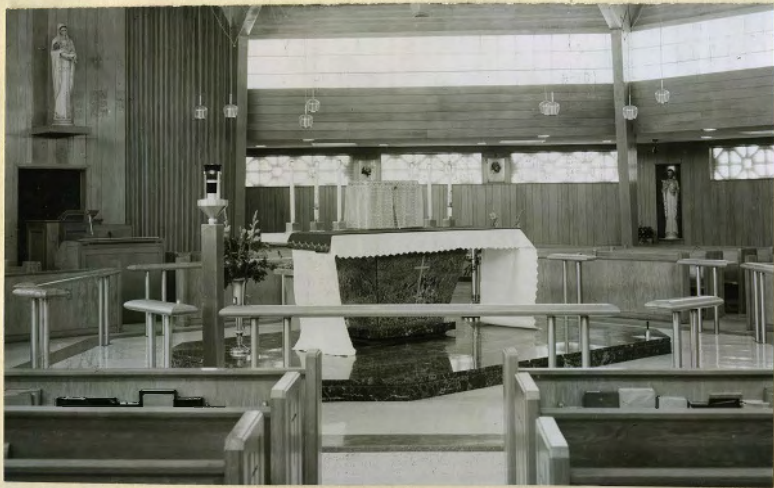














APPRECIATION

We cannot close the pages of this album without a tribute of appreciation to two outstanding Marists. One has left his last impression; the other continues to enliven and vivify the spirit of Greystone. To Brother George we pray that we too may follow in his footsteps, in the path of unswerving fidelity to our obligations, both religious and secular; that we may glean from his example some choice saplings of family spirit. For Brother Tarcisius we pray that the Lord may continue to imbue him with the spirit of good cheer and community solicitude. To these two goes our heartfelt gratitude for a job well done. Their influence has been great, greater than the eloquence of words can capture, for indeed they mouthed their silent sermons. The Seniors of '54 thank you and all the faculty for three years of devoted example to the call of duty.





It is not an oversight that we place the Maiden of Bethlehem on the closing page of our pictorial memento. Tradition has enriched "the last" position as one reserved for honored dignitaries and revered personages. To whom could this tribute fall more worthily than to her whose year of Dedication we now celebrate? As graduates of the the Marian Year we take pride in saluting Our Marian Queen with this parting plea: *Watch over us wherever we go, whatever we do, that together we may be, for that final Commencement Exercise.*



