



FOREWORD

THE years have flown—shadowy, sandaled. And with their passing, new things have come to Howard: new ideals, new customs, and, tangibly, new buildings.

But Howard has not lost its honored traditions. They may be ivy-grown and blurred with age. Nevertheless, through the era of change and progress, the modern concepts are fixed deeply in the bedrock of Old Howard.

Out of the haze of yesterday, up from the dim recesses of the years, rise towers and cupolas, golden in the sunlight, reaching high into the clouds. And in their midst, remains the old Chapel, tranquil, with its memories of the days that were and its dreams of the days to be.

In this, the Bison of 1933, we have in some small measure attempted to record the changes of the new era and strengthen our links with the old.

