

Dedication

TO THE VETERANS OF THE CLASS OF 1946

I saw the spires of Howard
As I was passing by,
The grey spires of Howard
Against a pearl-grey sky;
My heart was with the Howard men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast at Howard
The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded—War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful reservoir
The tennis court, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Howard
To seek a bloody sod.
They fought with vigor born of youth
For country and for God.

God bless you, men of '46
Who heard the bugles' sound,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
The spires of Howard point to show
You did not let them down.

(Based on W. M. Lett's poem, "The Spires of Oxford")



Founders, high atop the hill,
With lofty spire looks higher still.
Its spire, pointing to the sky,
Is based on walls within which lie
Countless volumes of many a kind,
A wondrous realm for the human mind.