WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

In the quiet of repose we sometimes dream Of scenes long vanished down life's swift stream. We dream of those days at Washington and Lee That fashioned us slowly into what we would be; How in work and in play we advanced by degrees To the light that from ignorance forever frees, As we slowly imbibed the wisdom of the ages And attained to erudition by tentative stages. Yet, more than this was Washington and Lee, As lengthening perspective made plain to see. It was a place where gentlemen were made, Where honor and civility had refused to fade, Where ideals stood tall and overarched all. Infusing the campus from dormitory to hall, Inspired by the examples of two great men To whom probity and honor were next of kin, Whose influence cast souls in virtue's mold With the grace and dignity of the heroes of old; And to ensure that the salutary imprint hold, Ol' George gazed down from Washington Hall To nurture the noble in each and all; With Lee in repose as effectively tendering Purity of character from Valentine's rendering.

But seething in a rage of mindless zeal,

Blind to reason and deaf to appeal,

Darkened by ignorance and denying what's real,

The crowd of zealots now in command

In arrogance and contempt have presumed to demand

That cherished tradition no longer should stand;
Rendering Ol' George on his perch precarious,
With everything of Lee denounced as nefarious
By means as duplicitous as in destructiveness various.
In the comfort of two billions of endowment they sit,
By Fortune's capricious arrows not fearing to be hit.

But somewhere in Heaven, angels weep
At virtue dethroned by malevolence so deep,
And surely will marshal the forces of right
To assail the usurpers and put them to flight.
So in faith and in hope The Redoubt fights still,
Nor can it relent till it works its will
To reclaim the greatness of Washington and Lee
And to set once again its spirit free!

Kenneth G. Everett Class of 1964