

# FROM THE ARCHIVES

A Poem written by a past student on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee  
(25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary)

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## Fifty Seasons Growth

Fair school of ours –  
Isled in silent linkage  
With the world:  
Fond halls, sweet acreage,  
Familiar green,  
Beacon and monument  
That spells the careful mien  
By your high measurement  
Of men.  
Alma Mater,  
Standard and measure  
Of the probing hours.

How like a tree of precious worth  
You stand  
With spreading boughs  
On every hand,  
And laden limbs and girth  
In virgin ground;  
And in the teeth of weather's rage  
Seen fifty<sup>1</sup> seasons' growth  
And come of age  
To silver jubilee

Long will your process  
And the pride we learned to know  
Reign in your time,  
Richly aglow.  
And far and wide  
High rear your head above the clouds  
To bless

*Harold M. Telemaque*

<sup>1</sup> This represents the number of wet and dry seasons in the twenty five year period—H.M.T.