



*It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light,
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.*

Ben Jonson

In Memory Of
MICHAEL WILLIAM WAMER
December 11, 1964
August 11, 1975
From The Class of 1983