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Those Elizabethans, who laid down their lives in the War, and whom we are gathered to honour in this Dedication Service, have left for us two messages - one of a general nature, and one more directly personal. Their general message is surely that of tolerance combined with firmness and an assuaging of bitterness. Tolerance with firmness and an assuaging of bitterness.

Doubtless most of us, in the troubled years of war, amidst the grief of our losses, the destruction of so much that we valued, made for ourselves a picture of ~~the~~ this moment. Doubtless, too, that picture in our minds was set in a nation at peace internally, among nations of the world who were at peace with each other. So may it come to be.

But it would be hypocrisy, or at least delusion, to pretend that this is yet the case. We see the nations dangerously near the verge

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of strife; we see ourselves divided in opinion with a division which, alas, often shows much of intolerance and no little of bitterness. It was not for this that these Elizabethans died. They would have no truck with what they believed to be false: most surely in their firmness, which carried them to the last earthly sacrifice, they would not have had us be weak-kneed in the face of any future false doctrine, of any future dangers. But they were serving in forces fighting for tolerance. Surely then, though they would have had us be firm for the Right, it should be with a firmness in which bitterness and petty contentiousness shall have no place.

And they have left a more personal message for us. Of the 65 who died, 52 were my own pupils, and there is not one of them who does not readily return to memory. This lieutenant of prefects, so sober in counsel above his years; that earnest student and book lover; this dashing captain of

XV and XI; that boy so frail that one could never have dreamed for him the gallantry he showed; this one with the lovely solo voice, that other with his devotion to Chess - one and all they come back to mind, in a hundred ways, and each way different. Had they lived some, no doubt, would have made a name for themselves, others would have given civic service; most, probably, would have been just good citizens. But now that "they sit no more at familiar tables of home" they leave a gap which - and this is surely their personal message - a gap which we must use all ~~our~~ our endeavours to fill. They have passed to us a torch which we must bear forward till our own race is run.

Their graves are world wide. In the Far East, in Burmese jungles, on the Western Desert, in the waters that wash round Crete, among the Guards on the Tunisian frontier, in Salerno's bay, beneath the flak of Berlin, in our own seas that "we have fed for a thousand years, and that call us, still unfed", in our own dear homeland, on

Normandy beaches, at the crossings of the Rhine -  
to all of these they have borne, and left to  
eternity, a part of our Elizabethan heritage.

They are gone from us.

"They will not grow old, as we that are left  
grow old,

Age shall not weary them, nor the years  
condemn",

but we will remember them: we will take up the  
charge they have left to us, the service of our  
country and the cause of tolerant freedom which  
they loved, and for which they died. God helping  
us, we can do no other. And to masters and boys  
of this school, as they pass it upon their daily  
vocations, this bronze, which is now to be dedicated  
and unveiled, shall be at once a reminder and an  
inspiration.