

THE DIXIE SPIRIT
By Katherine Miles Larson

The Dixie Spirit—

We speak of it.
Sing of it.
Cheer for it.
Boast of it.
Live for it.
Fight for it!

Where came this tradition—intangible—
This envy of all other schools?
Listen—the desert winds whisper it.
The Red Hills guard and encircle it.
The Black Hill to the west bears its emblem.
The eastern, low, lava flow marks the boundary
Of the first Pioneer camp ground that is now
Our heritage—The new campus for Dixie College.
Crimson fruit. The dream of those Immortals
Who shackled the Virgin River. Deceptive floodster.
Drove back into the earth the alkali demons—
Grew gardens—fields of cotton—flowers—MEN—
In spite of hell and high water.
Hell from the heat—heartache—drought—despair.
Men—Who answered a “Call.” Traded bitterness for laughter
Measured mind with soul in hunger for knowledge
Grasped the torch of their destiny.
Chiseled a pattern for posterity.
Gave birth to the Spirit
We sing of—live with—fight for.
Our own treasured talisman
The Spirit of Dixie.