

DEDICATION
OF THE HUNTINGTON BEACH LIBRARY
INFORMATION AND CULTURAL RESOURCE CENTER

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*In Sixteen hundred and thirty-three
Which was long before you and long before me,
The Huntingtons came, and by Indians were met.
But not in Huntington Beach, not yet.
But the Huntingtons finally westward came,
These Huntingtons hunting a place for their name,
And they put it with pride where they liked the looks
Of people who looked like the readers of books.*

*Now one such place (there is still another)
Is Huntington Beach, where not every mother,
Not every father, or every child
Spends every hour by the waves so wild.
No, most are readers and smart. You see,
They like to read books they can get for free.
And that means a library stacked with stacks
And volumes of volumes on shelves and racks.*

*What a library this, Dion Neutra designed,
Its architecture of wondrous kind,
And set in a setting as soft as felt
Where Gabrielino Indians dwelt.
Yes, here is a library, part of a park
With a lake full of ducks and a lark on a lark,
With Indian artifacts, strange cogged stones,
And a few things known and far more unknowns.*

*In this wondrous library one may read
Or gaze on a setting of beauty indeed,
The outside as much a romance of the ages
As what can be found in the printed pages.
Yes, books and nature in venture joint,
Coordinated in counterpoint
And the mind leaps out in a mighty reach
From book to nook to Huntington Beach*

Richard Armour
Huntington Beach Bicentennial
Honorary Poet Laureate for 1975 & 76

