

The Years in Which We Grow and Learn . . .

quickened into new dramatic life the first day we crossed the bridge and viewed the tower. Days of laughter, gaiety, and companionship—moments which will never be forgotten, lasting friendships brightened our four years at Withrow. Now, as we come to realize that our time at Withrow is growing short, we find ourselves hesitating on the bridge and turning back "to glimpse once more our school tower against the sky."