



The calendar tells us that the season of graduation is at hand; that the time has come when the class of nineteen hundred and forty-two will close its books and slip away from the sheltering walls of Woodward to take its place in the outside world. So we, who have erstwhile played a part in the journey of these young folks along the road toward life's work, wish them God Speed. May they look back upon their high school experiences as profitable and happy. May they face the future with the ideals and courage to insure the success that we, their teachers, wish for them.

L. D. PEASLEE.