

As the school year draws to a close, my classmates and I look toward our graduation day which will mark the end of four pleasure-filled years here at Woodward. It seems such a short while ago that we were freshmen beginning the task of getting acquainted with our school. Each day seemed to bring us a new and interesting experience, and we gradually began to realize the value of our faculty's constructive teachings. As we look back we cannot pick out any one thing which would symbolize the feeling we have for our high school days. We simply know that the knowledge and the ideals we have gathered during this time are very dear and valuable to us.

We are different individuals and, because of this fact, we each shall pursue that life's work to which we are best suited. We shall make our impressions in many fields. However, the things that we do may be traced to the influence of those ideals which were instilled in us at this grand old school.

Perhaps, this might be called a farewell to friends and the faculty at Woodward. And yet, I hesitate to speak that final word which expresses the end. To me, this is not the end but only the beginning of the time which will soon test the earnestness of our friendships and of our ideals.

RUTH MOORE