

SENIORS

My duties as President of the Senior Class have been relatively few in number, the last, by no means the most pleasant, being to bid farewell to the class of 1948. The good times we have spent together during our years at Woodward are speedily drawing to an end. The hour will soon arrive when we, as a class, must say good-bye to dear old Woodward for the last time.

Truthfully can I say that I have enjoyed being with you on all occasions, some gay, some serious. Likewise shall I cherish the memories of classwork that helped us acquire an education; these memories will linger with us forever. For many of us, the days at Woodward are our last of formal schooling since we shall enter the business world or the household. Some of us shall go on to college; a few may enter the service of our country. Perhaps we shall not see each other as often as we wish; however, we shall live on in the memories of our classmates.

Although we graduate from Woodward, we shall never be completely gone, for that good book, the best of friends, namely, *The Annual*, will bring the light of other days around us. It will bring back scenes enacted in and around the school building. It will reveal the pictures of the administrators; who gave us our patterns of behavior by means of their well-intentioned methods of discipline; of the teachers, who guided us patiently and encouraged us gently; and of our fellow classmates, with whom we made fine contacts and lasting friendships.

We are invited to join the Woodward Alumnae Association and make return visits to our Alma Mater, Woodward High, each spring; so, until our reunion in 1949, I bid you farewell and Godspeed!

James Peppers.