



As you, the Seniors of 1947, are bidding farewell to your Alma Mater, I cannot forbear reviewing briefly the troubled years that you have spent at Woodward.

You entered High School when the world was at war, and your country was deeply involved in the struggle. You saw many of your schoolmates leave these halls to join the Armed Forces, some never to return. You studied and worked under the strain and uncertainty of those terrible days and willingly assumed the obligation of doing your duty in the war effort upon the home front.

You saw the war come to an end, the victory won, only to realize that before you lies a bleeding, frightened, hungry world, needing more help, both physical and spiritual, if a lasting peace is to be won.

So upon you, about to take your place with all the young men and young women of the world, for surely now you are citizens of the world, rests the Herculean task of building this lasting peace — a peace based upon the brotherhood of man.

Class of 1947, I bid you God speed!

L. D. PEASLEE.