

As the school year draws to a close, my duties as President of the Senior Class of '47 are nearly completed, my final one being to bid you farewell — "Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been — a sound which makes us linger; yet — farewell!"

To you, my fellow classmates, let me say that I am very proud to have been one of you and deeply appreciate all the occasions that we have spent together. During our four years at Woodward, we have not only acquired an education — a possession which can never be taken away from us — but we have also created many genial, faithful friendships, some of which will endure as long as life. After graduation, we won't be seeing each other as often as we like. Most of us will enter the business world, and a few of us will go on to college; but whatever we do, we'll never forget our wonderful experiences here at Woodward, our Alma Mater.

We'll never leave our school completely; parts of it will always remain. We shall frequently turn the pages of our Annual to renew our acquaintance with the Principal, the Assistant Principal, and the members of the faculty, all of whom tried so earnestly and so patiently to make good citizens of us. We'll turn the pages also to recall our old experiences and our classmates, whom we'll read about and meet. I am looking forward to the spring of 1948, when we shall hold a reunion for Auld Lang Syne.

Harold Pennington