The aim of the staff of our school paper, Commerce News, is to give light on the activities, social and incidentally to acquaint you with the students of our evening school. In order to do this it will be necessary to have the cooperation of the students with the staff. We want our paper to be interesting with a dash of humor, as well as information. We are going to do our best to make it so, and hope that you will cooperate. Any article that you might wish to submit will be welcomed by the staff, and may be handed to any member of the staff. Also any criticism or suggestions will be welcome. This is your paper! It will be as good as you make it. Shall we have a good paper?

Editor

NIGHT SCHOOLS OPENS

On September 14th Night School began. The usual large registration was finished. The students got down to hard work, and here they are now with their first report cards.

The school is very pleased to welcome three new members to the faculty. They are: J. Park Strother, C. H. Gardiner, and WM. C. Hoffman. They may have taught in larger schools, but let show them that they never had a more appreciative body of students.

So to the books everyone, and you are sure to come out the large end of the proverbial horn with bigger and better grades.

James S. Dalton

CLASS MEETINGS

There comes a time in every student's life when they must cast aside the pleasure of idle hours and wasted time and become serious. The graduating class of 1937 met in the faculty room to elect class officers.

Aylor President
Williams Vice President
Fletcher Treasurer and Secretary

It was decided that graduating rings would be accessible to each of the graduating students.

Miss Lucella Aylor President

BASKETBALL!

An Evening High basketball team has been organized. Your hearty support is earnestly solicited to help make it a success.

Congratulations to Mr. Wm. Meyers, custodian. He is the proud father of a baby boy.

AMATEUR NIGHT

On the night of December 10th the night school will present an amateur night. This feature will be under the able direction of Mr. Elmer Mueller as master of ceremonies. Messrs. House and Gardiner are taking applications for this performance. So if you have some potential talent and wish to demonstrate it to the public, give your names and qualifications to the above mentioned gentlemen.

The entire show will consist of night school talent. The program will be made up of musical numbers, comedy acts, and what have you.

The admission will be fifteen cents. This will be a very small price for the laughs, shakes and general entertainment you will get at this gathering. In addition you will get the privilege of cutting a few classes legitimately.

The entire benefits will go toward the annual that the senior class is endeavoring to get out. For this reason you are earnestly requested to make every effort to attend.

For those who have friends that they wish to bring, the admission price will be the same. Come one! Come all!

James S. Dalton

AUTUMN

By Lucretia Alphine Williams

The warm sun is failing,
The bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing,
The pale flowers are dying,
And the year on the earth,
Her death bed, in a shroud
Of leaves dead, is lying.

Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array,
Follow the bier,
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows,
Watch by her sepulchre.
The chill rain is falling,
The nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling,
The thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown,
And the lizards each gone to his dwelling

Come, Months, come away,
Put on white, black and gray,
Let your light sisters play,
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green
With tear on tear.
SKATING PARTY
A Skating Party will be sponsored by the Editor of the Commerce News, at the Chester Park Rinks. We hope that every student will give their loyal support. Tickets are now on sale. They may be obtained in all the Class rooms. Benefits go toward the Annual.

James E. Wainscott

CLASS REPORTS.
To the urge of drawing came the student for mechanical drawing. The first week 35 boys registered for drawing. There, of course, was a lot of enthusiasm because old friends met and also made new ones. As the week went on the class dropped to about half, and is nice for Mr. Vaughn to get to all.

The first period some watch Mr. Vaughn work problems on the blackboard. There, of course, is one girl in Math 5. There are a few who try to show Mr. Vaughn shorter methods in working the solution of the problems. Things go very nicely in the second and third periods. So I guess that is enough for this time. Hoping things go all right until the next edition.

B. K.

Due to the fact that we entered night school in September and are still located in practically the same spot, we of "Home room 214" consider it quite a feat.

It seems almost as bad as working all day, although in that respect we have some consolation in having a pay day. In school there is not even that. All we receive are "bad checks" in the form of a report card. In fact our first "bad check" has just been received.

Clarence Wright.

With two nights a week in the class room listening to the instructive lectures of Mr. Coker, and two nights a week in the laboratory experimenting with different materials, we have a most interesting chemistry class. From the lectures we learn facts, and in the laboratory we put these facts into practice.

We should like very much to work out a formula which would give the evening students (especially the seniors) lots of pep, enthusiasm and school spirit.

My first venture into the journalistic fields! A reporter! Vision—Me, poking my nose into other people's Cabbage patches.

While trying to prod my fellow-students memories, as to interesting incident that happened in 110; I remembered one:

We were preparing to read Zona Gale's, one act play, "Our Neighbors." Mr. Westerfield was trying to "set the stage." Scene-A kitchen, cheery and bright, curtains on the window, a lady is bending laboriously over an ironing board. Stove, chairs, table, etc. Suddenly one of our witty? young men made a movement, reaching with his hands as if falling. A surprised look from all, giggles from a few, a questioning look from Mr. Westerfield. Explained the lad in a disappointed voice, "I was looking for the ice-box."

Even if most of the members of the Public Speaking class of Holmes Night High are not of voting age, they surely can get "hot under the collar" about some very simply stated facts. Some of them certainly are surprised, if not a little hurt.

But you really would be surprised how intelligent we are. Now we can make a speech (now don't ask what kind) without getting red behind the ears. I'll bet there are a lot of you who wish you were in our class. We know how to remove paint from a can, some good household hints, and the kind of heating unit to install in our home.

But really, all in all, we are a swell class, even if some of the Democrats look down upon us as poor Republicans and Socialists with scorn. It really isn't so bad though because they don't "rub it in." Some very impressive speeches were made and, much as we dislike to admit it, had some of us guessing if we were for the right man.

Now, since the election is over, we wonder what we are going to debate about. How about this subject "Resolved the people of the United States were either ignorant or intelligent in re-electing President Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

Miss Evelyn Humphries
Public Speaking Class

We are sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Editor but their is virtually no class news to report. Their are no scandals, no love affairs, all the students are sober, hard working, and upright young men and women.

We timidly offer the following:

Try as hard as we might,
E'en with the aid of Miss Bell,
We Latin students find,
That our Latin sounds like—

Edward Behrens

The Commercial Law Class expresses their deepest sympathy for the recent loss of one of their faithful classmates, Mr. Jack Ehrman who died during the month of October.

Mildred Plagenburg

(Continued on Page 3)
PROVERBS
Porter on Pullman refused to make up berth for politicians.
Said Politicians make up their own bunk.
The man who goes around with a chip on his shoulder sooner or later develops a knot on his head.
You can’t keep ahead of your bills if you let them do all the running.
You will never reach seventy doing doing seventy.
It all depends upon how you use them...whether
they are stumbling blocks or stepping stones.
Conceit may puff a man up, but it will not prop him up.
Remember when you talk you only repeat what you already know, but if you listen you may learn something.
True greatness is not concerned about publicity.
If you are bound to say mean things, go down into the cellar and talk to yourself.
If you are in the right, you can afford to keep your temper; if you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose it.
Don’t wait for your ship to come in if you haven’t sent one out.
Either rose bushes have thorns, or thorn bushes have roses...its all in your viewpoint.
James S. Dalton.

MIRTH CONTROL
There’s a boy called John Fletcher working here. May I see him? I’m his grandfather.
You’ve just missed him, He’s gone to your funeral.
Mr. White: So your back in School. I thought
that I expelled you last week.
Kenneth S. You did, but don’t do it again, because
my dad was plenty sore.
Mr. House: “Say I hear you have a very significant part in our Amateur Show.”
Lucella: “Yes, I pull the curtain.”
Frank P.: “Do you know the difference between
a taxi and streetcar?”
Ruth W. “No”
Frank P.: “Fine, We will take the streetcar”
Julie: “There is a salesman outside with a mustache”
Mr. Cowdrey: “Tell him I’ve got a mustache”

CLASS REPORTS
(Continued from page 2)
225
The Night High Teachers, in my estimation, are the forgotten heroes of the classroom.
To them should go all the praise and appreciation for their untiring efforts in the nightly routine of various problems presented by students young and old.
So let’s give three cheers for our teachers, and may they be remembered by all for years to come.

223
The class of Typing IV at 7:30, consists of a studious group of pupils. Good typists are in need constantly, that is why one should be eager to learn typing well.
Virginia Bishop

213
Several young ladies in the class were disappointed when they first saw Bernard Tenfelde enter the class following by Robert Zembrodt. They thought Tenfelde had brought his youngest son with him while his wife went out.

MY DREAM
One night, after eating an unusually big dinner, I fell asleep in my arm chair. I dreamed I was in the heart of Africa, as a captive.
This was the first time these savages had ever seen a white person. I tried to talk to the chief, to make him understand that I came as a missionary, to teach them the ways of the white man and of God. He just waved his arms in the air and made funny noises, none of which I could understand.
After a while I became hungry and I wondered how I was going to make him know what I wanted. First I would point to a large iron kettle which was hanging from a crude fire place, then to my mouth. I thought maybe, he would know I wanted something to eat. He mistook my meaning, for heaven only knows what, and took me over to the fire so that I could see what was inside for myself.

I imagine my horror when I saw the remains of what once must have been a human being. I thought, “Is this the way I will end up. Oh Lord I’ve got to find some way to make these black devils understand. I stood there for quite awhile thinking, and finally looking around, I found my self alone. I returned to my tent and decided to play my violin.

As I played, I lost myself wholly in my music.
I didn’t see the tribe of black men who gathered in front of me and squatted on their heels.
After awhile I stopped and became conscious of the crowd in front of me. They made signs for me to play on. I played until I was exhausted, then they left me and disappeared. The only person I saw for a week was my keeper, who brought me food and water.

About a night later I was sitting in front of my tent, when they came back they were carrying some sort of contraption, which they placed on the ground before me. They made signs for me to enter. I did as I was told and thought this was the end.

You could never know the surprise I received when we arrived at a house built of bamboo.
On the porch was built an enormous chair, something like a throne. They again made signs for me

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to have my so-called carriage and sit on this seat. Then I was to play more music.

While I was playing they built a large fire and started dancing around this in a circle. It was very comical to watch them try and keep time to the music. They started dancing slow at first and keep going faster and faster till their painted bodies were almost a blur.

What happened after that, I don’t know for I woke up, and never again will I eat so much dinner. 

Racheal Ann Jones

THE INFORMER

This column will be devoted strictly to everyone’s business but my own. If you are mentioned herein, take it on the chin.

Our lady loving orchestralleader, Will Hauser, would be even more handsome if he shaved off that unsanitary soup strainer and looked more nearly human.

Are there a couple enticing blonds in the public speaking class? Did Roosevelt win the election?

Note the arm in arm nonchalance with which Carl Heist escorts his heart interest up the street.

Everyone likes the silver tongued Mr. Wolfson of Public Speaking fame, but does he have to blow his nose like a Vesuvius eruption? On his better attempts you can hear the echo in the halls.

School is just a bench in the park to that devoted couple who sit on the Castle steps every night at 8:15, smoking the same cigarette and whispering sweet something or other.

There is a girl in a typing class who uses so much mascara she casts blue reflections on the walls. Is that supposed to be appealing?

If I am not stabbed in the back before next issue, I will air the school’s most important romance. It involved Robert Teany who is tall dark, and, well he is tall and dark.

What certain blonde damsel in room 202 has a faithful escort every evening but Friday. Even then for all we know. Gee maybe this is getting serious.

Little Ruthie waits in front of 214 to return a book, she says, We wonder.

What young man in shorthand one, tells Mr. Huffman just how to pronounce words such as necessary?

What teacher explains football to one while the rest do bookkeeping

Dijano this one?

In an African jungle two natives were walking when suddenly a very stout native passed, hurriedly, being pursued by a leopard.

Said one native: Can you spot the winner?

Said the other: The winner is spotted.

The Class President has recently decided the young men from Cincinnati make much better friends.

There seems to be a romance in our midst, has anyone seen a certain tall young man escorting an attractive brunette around the halls during classes.

Bill, George Raft. McDannold gained wide recognition as the most kicked out student of the day school. He seems to have reformed since his CCC service however, and has been kicked out of only one class so far in Nite.

Incidently, our well loved Spanish instructor has developed a kicking out complex, nothing personal intended.

Would Wally Simpson have the same chances if our brunette president of ’31 were present at court?

Advice to the lovelorn: When a girl whom you have gone with for three months or more suggest you should save your money, steer clear. When you are out driving in Devou Park with your boy friend and something goes wrong with the motor steer clear.

Snoopingly yours,

The Voice of Expulsion.

On November 5, The Old Began To Step Aside For The New;

Although Evening School students have not had the opportunity to use the Castle often, they shall fell a great loss when it has been replaced by a new and modern building.

On the left of the main entrance leading to the first floor, a private office will be provided for the administration, and a room for the secretary to discharge her duties. On the right there will be quarters for the new book store.

When the new building is put in use we will no longer be disturbed by the varied order that the chemistry class affords. There will be large workshops for the development of science.

On the third floor will be two class rooms and the roof will be so constructed as to make for Holmes future expansion.

HELP!!

We reserve this space to ask each student to co-operate with this staff in making Vox Noctis a success.

Not quite so many riding in grumble seats right now and that helps some.