



## Charlotte Borders

On January 9, 1942, the senior class of Woodward High School learned of the sudden death of one of its members, Sharlotte Borders.

The news came as a great shock to Sharlotte's many friends at Woodward, both among the members of the faculty and the students. Sharlotte's teachers will remember her for her outstanding ability as a student, her dependability, and her cheerful and courteous manner. Her fellow students will remember her for her sweet and gentle smile, her charming personality, and her friendly spirit. Her absence from their midst at graduation will be keenly felt, and on this occasion each student will pay tribute to her in thought.

In affectionate memory of Sharlotte, we present the following poem which she wrote, and which symbolizes so well her philosophy of life.

Awaken! See! The day has come.  
And through the grey there gleams the sun,  
That feeble, frail, will still avail  
Us all our heat and light.  
And strange to know that when the snow  
Has gone, the sun — reborn —  
Will dower us with might.

Awaken! Stilled by gleaming snows,  
As though a giant planter sows,  
With lavish hand, on field across the land  
His seeds of plenty, far and wide.  
The sun is free! Can you not be?  
Or sleep you still, beneath the chill  
And crusted scale of winter-tide?

Lies one here, earth bound yet,—abed?  
When all who rise gaze straight ahead  
Across the hours, into the day,  
To speed each second on its way,  
As though it were a living thing,  
That stands between us and the Spring.  
Awaken! Night has brought the day!