

THE CHRONICLE'S POLICY

The Chronicle is the official student newspaper of William Mason High School.

The Chronicle promises to report the truth and adhere to the journalistic code of ethics through online and print mediums.

The Chronicle is produced by students enrolled in Journalism I, II and III.

Editorials reflect the staff's opinion but do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the school administration or the Mason City School District.

The Chronicle is published monthly. Call 398-5025 ext. 33103 for information regarding advertising in *The Chronicle*. *The Chronicle* reserves the right to refuse advertising it deems inappropriate for a high school publication.

As an open forum for students, letters to the editor are welcome, but are subject to be edited for length, libel, obscenity, clarity and poor taste. Letters to the editor may be dropped off in room C103 and must be signed.

The Chronicle is a member of The Columbia Scholastic Press Association, The National Scholastic Press Association, Quill and Scroll International Honorary Society for High School Journalists and the Ohio Scholastic Media Association.

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TWEETS TO THE EDITOR



MHS Chronicle
 @mhschronicle

What would you do if you had a drone? #TweetToTheEditor



Susan Kociba @susan_ma3 10h
 @mhschronicle Definitely spy on the various cats and dogs of the tri state area.



Sam Hodge @_SamiHodge_ 9h
 @mhschronicle dress it like Hedwig and fly it to my house with a letter from Hogwarts, video tape it and convince the world I'm a wizard



Ethan Brewer @fetusbrewer 8h
 @mhschronicle Spy on the terrorizers



Hannah Geiger @hannahgeigs 9h
 @mhschronicle use it to spy on my enemies and find their weaknesses



MHS Chronicle
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What's the best part of After Prom? Why? #TweetToTheEditor



Elise Discher @EliseDischer 9h
 @mhschronicle the food!! After eating healthy for prom, it's great to pig out



Erin Kelley @kelleye96
 @mhschronicle Kareokee



isabel @idkisabel 9h
 @mhschronicle not being able to go because underclassman so sitting at home eating ice cream instead

STAFF EDITORIAL

Adherence to the outdated term "Lady Comets" disregards the nature of sports

Go Lady Comets.

Rewind the leaps women have made toward gender equality—as voters that balance children and independent occupations—and we'll find parents telling their daughters to "Act like a lady" and their sons to "Be a gentleman."

We know the phrases only call for politeness and courtesy: women arrange the petal-patterned china on the mahogany dining table while men open the door for their expected guests. Though conventional gender roles have morphed, our parents still express the same sentiments through the more modern "Be on your best behavior."

But our parents never echo either sentiment before a sporting event. Sure, they may have bribed us with a chocolate-dipped, rainbow-sprinkled Whippy Dip cone to run in the correct direction in our Little League days, but as we trained

harder, faster, longer—often with trainers paid for at their expense—the "Just do your best" aspect of the game has evaporated.

Now our coaches walk on to the softball field, track, or volleyball court with cheeks purpled from screams, brows cluttered with beads of sweat and feet bruised from endless pacing. They shriek for us to "hustle", "run" and "c'mon." We respond with mud-splattered slides on our knees as we stretch a cleat past home plate, a fight against nausea and incinerated muscles as we pray for the finish line or an upward lurch as we slam a volleyball past enemy lines.

This is not the time for "ladylike" behavior. This is sports.

And yet we don't blink when telling female athletes, "Go ladies," but we would never say, "Go gentlemen" to the football team. Because sports do not call for cour-

tesy and politeness. They're jam-packed with brutality, merciless battle and unfathomable physical endurance—something we teach our sons to prize from birth through inter-sibling wrestling tournaments, but that we shield our daughters from via a veil of fishtail braids. Even when we line up with our opponents to shake hands and parrot, "Good game," it is not for the sake of "ladylike" behavior so much as another of our coach's iron-fisted lessons: good sportsmanship.

The "lady" misnomer is not a necessary homage to history. We can preserve our legacy through GMC trophies, state champion portraits and record-shattering times—and recognize the accomplishments of boys and girls alike as one unified team. So when the green and white readies for battle, we can simply chant: "Go Comets."