



The Tower

Plan
to see
"Quality
Street"
March 20th

Volume II. No. 14

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

March 4, 1942

SCHOOL PLAY READY SOON

DEFENSE STAMPS SOLD

SALE FOR FOUR WEEKS
NETS \$1035

Miss Kaczmarek, head of the sale of defense stamps of John Adams, has reported the following figures for the sale within the last four weeks.

Seven hundred and sixty-five pupils and teachers have purchased:
First week\$ 92.85
Second week 261.80
Third week 326.20
Fourth week 354.60

	Total for month	Average per person
Class of '45.....\$ 65.85 (10B's)		\$.72
Class of '44..... 444.35 10A's & 11B's)		1.50
Class of '43..... 353.85 (11A's & 12B's)		1.49
Class of '42..... 142.65 (12A's)		.90
Office personnel	28.75	
		\$1,035.45

So far the sales have been very satisfactory. Remember to bring your dimes and quarters every Monday morning. Do your part in putting "the ax to the axis" by buying defense stamps.

REBER EXPLAINS

One day, not so long ago, Mr. Reber skipped out of his class to go to the office to get his mail. Never did I think that I would see that day that slow moving, unexcitable, and calm acting man would be caught running. Well, he was. Down the steps he came in a fast gallop. The astounded hall boy looked up in surprise and asked him what ever was up to make him run like that. Mr. Reber's cool reply was, "I had to. I lost my balance and had to run to get my feet under me again."

SCHUBMEHL, CHEEK TALK TO 12B's

The speakers for the first 12B Career Conference held Tuesday, February 24 were Miss Mary Cheek and Mr. Raymond J. Schubmehl.

Miss Cheek, Director of Nursing at Epworth Hospital spoke to the girls on the subject "Opportunities for Girls in Nursing." Betty Stuart was the student leader for this discussion.

Mr. Schubmehl, Acting Dean, Department of Engineering at the Notre Dame University was introduced by Jack Rice, the student leader. Mr. Schubmehl spoke to the boys on "The General Field of Engineering."



STUDENT COUNCIL TO GIVE SCHOOL DANCE

Brown Chairman of April 10
Affair.

Let's tread the light fantastic! Let's have fun! Let's go to the dance! What dance? Why, the student council is sponsoring a dance right here in our own Little Theater on April 10 from eight until eleven-thirty. Larry Kent, a popular local orchestra leader, will provide the music, sweet, swing and jive, for all you kids to enjoy.

We're handing out this information a month in advance so you'll have lots and lots of time to get a really super date. It will only cost you fifty cents a couple to attend this sport dance. If you don't believe in traveling in pairs and have definitely decided to go alone, it will cost you only thirty five cents.—B-U-T singles are—uh-uh. All you have to do is get in touch with Tom Mathews, who has consented to take charge of a date bureau.

This affair will be under the capable direction of Don Brown, the General Chairman and also chairman of publicity. He will be assisted by Joan Bruggema, chairman of the ticket committee, Kay Lewis and her decorations committee, Pat Megan in charge of concessions and Tom Mathews who has charge of the date bureau.

Nuff said? We'll be expecting you on a certain Friday evening in April, April 10 to be exact.

ADAMS DEBATERS TIE FOR SECOND PLACE

John Adams' debate team finished its first year in the Indiana High School Debate league by tying for second place with representatives from LaPorte and Knox in the 15th district conference at Knox, Indiana.

Central, taking eight out of ten debates, won first place and therefore the opportunity to go to Manchester College, North Manchester, Indiana, to compete in the state conference. Adams, Knox, and LaPorte won six out of ten debates.

The district meet opened in LaPorte with two rounds on February 14, and closed with three rounds in Knox, February 21.

Adams debaters in this conference, coached by A. T. Krider, were Dave Holmgren and John Reitz, negative, and Jack Boswell and Jack McGirr, affirmative. Although defeated, Adams still wears a feather in its cap because Central, now the "champ", lost both of the only two rounds it didn't win to Adams and didn't beat our boys once. This glib quartet of Adams lads will be back next year to try not only to again defeat Central, but also to ration out the same treatment to its other opponents.

Although this Adams debate team has terminated its business for the year, another is still preparing for active debate. This group includes Carol Kline, Lillian Toth, Jack Yunker, and Fred Watson, who will participate beginning late in March in the St. Joseph Conference League. Recently those people, who will debate on the advisability of a Pan-American Union, discussed the problem with several South American students at the University of Notre Dame.

ABLE CAST UNDER DIRECTION OF McCLURE FOR "QUALITY STREET"

Kindig, Reitz, And
Bickel Cop Leads

Soldiers . . . romance . . . spinsters . . . school children . . . beautiful young women . . . and comedy are combined in just the right quantities to make the school play "Quality Street" truly delightful.

The cast of "Quality Street," now in production under Mrs. McClure, is as follows:

Phoebe Betty Kindig
Miss Susan Dorothy Bickel
Miss Willowby Alice Hoover
Miss Henrietta Janet Wondries
Miss Fanny Joyce Marx
Patty Winnie Jaqua
Sergeant Dean Robertson
Cap't. Valentine Brown John Reitz
Art Tompson Milt Johnson
Isabelle Pat Kasdorf
William Smith Jack Boswell
Charlotte Parrott Nadine Shrader
Ensign Blades Warren Gregory
Harriet Joyce Roberts
Spices John Schuth
Old Soldier Jim Ball
Agullant Dave Holmgren
George Richard Gartner
Extras Janet Bickel, Barbara Moore, Virginia Truex, Jean Inglefield, Mary Monahan, Jim Shuttleworth, Jim McClean, Louis Rusner, Pat Hudson, Carl Kline, Dorothy Cinkoski, Joyce Coon, Evelyn Sullen, June McDonald.

Special committee members will be chosen at next Drama Club meeting on February 26th. The cast has been working very hard on perfecting the play. Remember, it's the nite of March 20.

Plan Now to See it Then!!!

SCHOLARSHIP AT CULVER AVAILABLE

The Emily Jane Culver Scholarship is a three year scholarship to Culver Military Academy valued at \$3,300.00. It was founded in 1931 in memory of the wife of the founder of Culver and is open to boys between thirteen and fifteen. Other requirements are that the applicant must be either in the 9A or 10B, be in the upper tenth of his class, be not less than 5'1", be in good health and have been a resident of Indiana since January 1, 1941. All boys who are eligible and interested in this scholarship may see Miss Burns for further details.

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FIRST DATE

I approached the building tremulously, whispering ejaculations to myself that everything would come out all right. I put my hand to the door, then stopped. Could I go through with it? Was this all a dream? My head began to reel.

With a sudden determination I thrust open the door, and there he was just as he said he would be at 5:00 o'clock. He came forward to meet me and the girl that had arranged it gave me a sly wink as if to imply that everything was perfectly O.K. She could be confident, but it was I who was the young bird on his first love flight! He said, "You look weak, let me help you to a chair."

I did his bidding, partly because I didn't know what else to do, and partly because my knees wouldn't have held out one second longer. Of course, all my friends had been coaching me on what to expect on such an occasion, but they could have advised me what to do when my heart was pounding so madly inside that I expected it to pop out any minute.

I gripped the sides of the chair tenaciously and could faintly hear his soothing utterances in the distance — or was I in another world? I pinched myself to see if this was reality. For weeks, I had been thinking of it, glad of the fact that I could actually speak from experience, rather than hear my friends relate their adventures.

All of a sudden my inner self began to rebel, why should I be going through this agony. I struggled to break the imaginary chains that held me and tear down the iron bars that loomed on every side of me. It couldn't be so bad after all — this my first date — with a Dentist!!

— Pat Barlow.

MY IDEAL

Once there was a young woman who was my ideal. No, she wasn't a genius or anything like that but she was happy. She was happy because she could laugh at almost anything and because she was young and strong. Not only was she married but also the mother of two young children, a boy and a girl who inherited her love of anything that had to do with being outdoors, of feeling the wind blow through your hair, and the hot sun on your face.

On summer week-ends, this family would pack up in their trailer and camp on one of the sand dunes. On week days after work, even the kids, would flock to the tennis courts. No wonder, because this woman won her first tennis championship when she was fourteen years old. This didn't happen only in the summer. These people found that you can have fun outdoors any time during the year. Anyone who has landed in a heap of snow at the bottom of a hill knows this is just like they knew it. They went on just being happy like this and not harming anyone until one Sunday morning mother didn't get up. That was unusual but she did seem to have a cold. She just didn't seem to have much ambition. By Wednesday the doctors knew it was no cold caught from swimming. When someone has infantile paralysis they're shipped to the hospital as this young woman was. After some pretty long and hard waiting, the father knew she'd stand a good chance of recovery but perhaps not complete. The kids didn't just know what was going on but for the first time in their lives they did what daddy said with no back talk. Funny how kids like that can sense things. Later they could see mommy at the hospital. They could go with daddy because that's where he spent all his free time. No more hikes now — not for a long while at least. But thank heaven there were facilities at the hospital for such victims — tanks, physiotherists, ultra violet, to build up toward resistance. With all this and an uncheatable determination soon mommy will walk to clasp her children in her very own arms; soon all four will be shouting down some country road with thanks to all those important things supplied with the help of the dimes you gave last year. Maybe you're beginning to wonder why I know so much about this case, you should wonder because perhaps some day it will happen to you. You see, the reason I know all about it is, she is my sister.

ASSISTANT FEATURE WRITERS.....Barbara Munro, Ruth Ann Mock, Pat Barlow, Vicki Dix, Rosemarie Lubbers, Joyce Marx, Janet Wondries.
 ASSISTANT NEWS WRITERS.....Janet Bickel, Pat Kasdorf, Fred Watson, Jack Houston, Tom Matthews, Vivian Younquist.
 ADVERTISING ASSISTANTS.....Lynn Dibble, Bette Schwedler, Florette Dibble, John Patterson, June McDaniel, Beverly Murphy.
 TYPISTS.....Nadine Schrader, Betty Stuart, Kathleen Beutter
 HOME ROOM AGENTS.....Jean Bratcher, Howard Koenighshof, Mary Ramsey, Janet Bickel, Ruth Ann Mock, Betty Zeidman, Jack Houston, Fred Watson, Ruth Dishon, Janet Wondries, Betty Welber, Pat Hudson, Dorothy Blackford, Florette Dibble, Betty Van de Walle, Joyce Marx, Robert Horenn, Pat Kasdorf, Mary Alice Hamblen, Ned Schwantz, Dorothy Norwood.

TOWER TALK

Little Dan Cupid has certainly been making his rounds in grand style this past week. His arrow went straight through the center of the hearts of Willard Roushelang and Ruth Ruffner. And, by the way, Vince, isn't Pauline's sister darling? Say, kids, I've heard over my grapevine system that Bill Ganning has been holding out on us. Yep, it's that girl up in Michigan.

Calling all cars! Calling all cars! Notre Dame is on the march. They're all handsome brutes, too. You don't believe me? Well, then ask Helen Butler about Dick—or is it Bill, Pat Barlow about John, and Virginia Speth about Tom Hoyer and his five friends.

Help wanted by way of confirmation: Is it true that Dave Roberts is that way about Pauline K? It seems as if all of the girls are falling for one Dave or another. Examples: Phyllis Van Houten. P.S. He is a cute one. Betty Ullery hasn't changed her mind for the past couple of months either.

Thistle Kill Ya: Ruth McCormick has taken another leap in the direction of Central Catholic. You hadn't guessed? Well, his name is Don Cottrell. Have you heard the latest about Marjorie Parrish and Winston Walbert Sach? That is one of cupid's prime accomplishments this week. Not bad, eh?

"Steadies" — Maybe Phyllis Krogger isn't going steady, but I have heard via my grapevine system that Charlotte Horne and a particular Jack are. Betty Mickey and Don Litherlund have crossed their names off of the steady list. Too bad! Pep up girls! That gives us another chance. Jean McNeil and Lloyd Stohl; Bob Whitmer and DeLorma Flowers; Jean Lytle and Edwin Keb, and Betty Lou Murray and Chuck Gleeson are still going steady. Good work kids! Keep it up.

It just ain't fair! Nope, it ain't. Here at Adams we have some of the best looking girls in the city. They'll grow up to be movie actresses. Well, then. Why do the boys pick on Centralites, Rileyites, etc. Come on girls, put on that old Adams glamour. Say, did you know that Yvonne Wass wears an Adams ring on her finger and a Central ring on a chain around her neck.

Isn't Charlotte M's taste just perfect. He's 5'9", has reddish brown hair, and has blue eyes. You know Bob's name don't you?

Priorities? If it's the latest Vogue—we've got it. Proof? Lois Payton and Robert Duncan. The weather is really torrid around that part of the woods. A medal should be awarded to Betty Stegman and Dick Alabaugh for eight happy months. More power to you kids! That's all for this issue, folks. Hey wait, see the surprise in next week's "Tower Talk." It's a hum dinger!

As ever — "Zippy"
(guest editor)

Student: "Teacher, the barometer has fallen."

Teacher: "Very much?"

Student: "About five feet — it's broken."

— M'sieur, donnez-moi ringt sous pour que je puisse aller retrouver mes parents!

— Oú sont-ils donc? — Au cinéma...

WHAT GOES ON?

In a dramatics class there is always an opportunity for something exciting to happen, especially in some of those juicy cozy love scenes that come up once in a great while. It so happens that while two members of the class, Carol Kline and Don Culp were reading the lines of "Poor Magdalena" something drastic occurred. While Carol (in the play) was blaming Don for kissing another girl, that little green-eyed monster seized John Reitz, who was watching from the back of the room with the rest of the class. When it came to the part where Don said, "Come, let me try your lips to see which are the sweeter," John just bellowed out, "Only the lines now, no action!" and that was no line.

Another class where very unexpected things happen is instrument class. No doubt you've heard some of them — unexpected notes, for instance, very off key. Sometimes these musicians (?) lay down their instruments and go out for track right in the Little Theatre. Why Warren Buck, who incidentally chews his gum exactly in time while he beats the big bass drum, can't stop chasing Elsie Lehman we don't know — or do we? But when he chases her out into the laundry, she's just all washed up.

COLLEGE INTERVIEWS

This week in our interviews, we consider one of the schools everyone is acquainted with.

Two very loyal alumni from St. Mary's are right there in our own school—Mrs. Meyers and Miss Kaczmarek. One advantage of St. Mary's is that the student is close to home. One may be a day student and even live at home, or you may live on the beautiful campus. Some people might not consider this an advantage, using the argument that unless you live away from home on the college campus you do not really learn to live "college life" which is an important part of college education. As St. Mary's is a girls' school, courses for the following are offered — philosophy, teaching, Home Economics, Business, and Music. For the Home Economics Department there is a model home where the girls may learn to be model housekeepers. For outside activities, you can partake in quite a few sports and then as a decided advantage, there is Notre Dame. St. Mary's gives a girl an all-around education. And above all a sense of refinement that will last, and is necessary all through life.

As a matter of comparison, Miss Kaczmarek, who also attended Northwestern University summer school, says that Northwestern is just about the opposite of St. Mary's. Some of the most important courses offered in this co-educational university are Law, Medicine, and English Literature. Besides that it is much more expensive and much larger. Versatile Miss Kaczmarek didn't stop at Northwestern but also has attended a six weeks' summer course on the 19th century novel at Harvard University. There you live on the campus but it is always called the "yard" in Harvard terms. Harvard also is even more the opposite of St. Mary's as it is the very essence of the East and holds much great tradition.

— It certainly does me good to find one familiar face to shake hands with.

A FRATERNITY BROTHER

I wish I had freedom in my own room, how does my English professor expect me to write a short story when a crowd of talkative boobs lounge in my room all hours of the night. I suppose that I am just trying to make myself believe my own alibi. The truth of the matter is that I am just too lazy for my own good, besides I could never think of anything to write a short story about. In the small town I came from nothing exciting ever happened, same old thing week after week. What is there to write about in a middle western jerk town? I was born there, spent all my life there till now — vacations and all.

I don't know why he called the assignment a short story? In my estimation, a five thousand word story is not a short one. But he called it one, so that's what it is. It wouldn't be so tragic but this is what he assigned in the place of a final exam, after making some remark about letting us off easy. I don't remember his exact words, 'cause at that time I was preparing some work for my next class, but there is one thing sure — he didn't intend to do us a favor. He wouldn't do anyone a favor unless there was something in it for himself.

There is always one last resort . . . the Fraternity files. There are hundreds of short stories there, I'll just retype one and hand it in, as my own, but just in case I don't get one finished.

I didn't get one done in time, so there is only one thing left for me to do, borrow some old alumnus' story and call it mine. All I want is some paper with an average grade, nothing flashy, 'cause it's not my style.

Typing five thousand words is no easy job as I am now finding out, at least it isn't the way I type, but it's a consolation to know that I'll not be disturbed unless some mastermind contrives a way to bother me.

The dreaded moment is upon me; it has been a week since I handed in my plagiarised paper and nothing terrible has happened, as yet. Get set! here he comes stalking toward me, is that a smile on his face? no it can't be. Maybe he is just taunting me before exposing me. He's over me now fumbling with the papers. I wish he would give the paper to me, then move away, but no he just takes his time. Here it comes, dropped grade down on my desk, my ordeal is over.

The only thing left for me to do is to turn my paper over and glow at my expected C grade. But what's this? . . . A big underlined A and a note.

"I wrote this in '06 and thought it deserved a better grade than a C. M. C. Brennan."
— Robert Mills.

"You may think
This is poetry, but
It isn't.
The printer just
Set it up this way to
Fool you."

A traveler in the West once asked the stationmaster why his dog ran after the train? "That ain't what interests me," said the stationmaster. "It's what he would do with it if he ever caught it."

**SENIORS ENJOY
OFFICE PRACTICE**

Have you been wondering what happens to certain members of the Senior Class when they mysteriously fail to show up during the afternoon session? Perhaps you've asked and received this answer, "Office Practice". This is what that answer means.

This Office Practice course is open to 12A's who have had two semesters of typing. The purpose of this course is to give general office experience to commercial students. The entire class spends the first three weeks and the last three weeks in school. The intervening time is spent gaining actual office experience by working in various local offices.

The members of the class are divided into two parts. The first part goes out into offices while the others stay in school. At the end of a three-week period they change places. This system gives each member a chance to work in an office for three weeks. After the second group returns to school, the first half returns to work for another three-week period.

The members of the class who are now working in offices during the afternoon are Mary Monahan, Winnie Jaqua, Winnie Scope, Beulah Hampel, Rita Schmitt, June McDaniel, Betty Lou Singer, Elsie Gottman, Nadine Schrader, Lynn Dibble, Rosemary Rogers, Eleanor Ward, Elaine Trahms, and Lois Smith. The offices these girls are working in are American Trust Co., City National Bank, Robertson Bros., School Administration Bldg., Association of Commerce, Associates Investment Co., Retail Credit Bureau, Mr. Rex Cooper, C. P. A., Anti-Tuberculosis League, South Bend Tribune, Y. W. C. A., and the Star Store.

There are some students in the class, however, who are unable to leave school to go to outside offices due to conflicts in their programs. These students are Virginia Roys, Helen McKinney, Mary Jane Estep, Fern Bolenbaugh, Marilyn Vance and Rollie Colburn. They are gaining practical experience right here in school by working in the main office, library, shop, Mr. Primmer's office, and the art department.

The other members of the class who are anxiously awaiting their turn will get it at the end of the three week's period. We will give you their names at that time and let you know what they're doing.

SMALL BOY MAKES GOOD

Everyone knows little Joe. To quote him, "I'm just the broken down boogie woogie player at Adams."

To make a short story long, (Joe, I mean) was born on a windy day on February 24, 1926. The big city of South Bend was the honored birth place.

Life was a constant dictatorship under his older brother who, being 5 years older than Joe, felt much the superior. With the coming of his eighth year, Joe decided to try his luck at the piano. He started getting "help" after six years of study and then continued for 2 years more when he "copped" off the grand prize of pianist for Larry Kent. If you ever pass 23rd Street, and hear the "sweet" strains of "Blues in the Night," you will know that you are in the vicinity of the Tarkington residence.

Although Joe is only 5'2" he can still reach the pedals on the new spinit piano Santa Claus gave him for Xmas. He has brown hair and his favorite dish besides blondes is "Banana Pudding." If anyone sees a good-looking blond 5'1" or less, notify Joe by dialing 2-1278.



Name: Joan Hyatt
Address: 1130 E. Broadway
Age: 16
Height: 5'2"
Weight: 90
Hair: Blond
Eyes: Blue
Best Friend: Jane Landick
Boy Friend: Three Rivers Michigan (Pete)
Favorite Color: Blue
Favorite Subject in School: Latin
Favorite Food: Chop Suey
Favorite Smell: Roses
Favorite Song: Deep in the Heart of Texas
Hobby: None
Career: Nurse
Clubs: Cheering Club

Teacher: "Helen, give me a definition of 'home'."
Student: "Home is where part of the family wait while the rest are using the car."

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BOWLING

Bowling—the only American sport besides fly fishing that brings cheers, not jeers, for three strikes.

The first known bowling at pins was done indoors in German cathedrals nine centuries ago. In Germany in those days, people had the odd custom of carrying around with them a wooden pin, which they called a kiel, shaped very much like our Indian club. They used this for exercise or in friendly fencing contests, or threw it for distance as does today's hammer thrower.

When the German canons, or members of the bishop's council, gathered for recreation at the open arcade of the cathedral cloister, after spending many hours at study and devotion, they would set up a pin or kiel. Then they would hand a stone ball to the parishioners and invite them to roll it at the distant pin which they playfully called a "Heide" or heathen. The idea was that if the parishioner scored a clean hit he was living an exemplary life, but if he missed he needed to give more time and attention to spiritual things.

Later the canons and the cathedral students regularly opposed each other at kegelspiel, as the sport was called. Every keglar in the game brought a pin. They then put these together and the bowler was credited with as many as he could knock over after throwing the small stone ball once.

Soon bowling spread outside the church, and bigger balls were substituted. Each city passed its own rules about scoring and measurement of equipment. But the churchmen continued to bowl. Martin Luther was an inveterate bowler, and he is credited with establishing, after lengthy experimentation, the German standard that has stood for centuries of nine pins set in the form of a diamond.

Kegelspiel quickly expanded all over Germany. So much so that in ancient Germany figures of speech that have lived down to the present day were incorporated. For instance, when it was said of a man that he "had neither child nor nine pins," is meant he was very poor indeed. A person who died was said to have "bowed out." When it thundered the old Germans were wont to declare, "St. Peter is bowling."

From Germany it was introduced to Holland and it was the Dutch who in 1623 introduced the game to America.

In the nineteenth century, nine pins became so much fun in America that several long-faced citizens who could not bear to see people enjoying themselves at any kind of sport, passed one of their famous blue laws against it. This only encouraged the game. Soon some of our forefathers got their heads together, added an



September 1, 1925, is a day which will live in infamy. At least in Omaha, Nebraska, for on that date, in the above town was born a chubby little rascal with a butch haircut. His name was Robert Mills.

Bobby Mills is now 5'11", weighs about 155 lbs., and is 16 years old. He's the kind of a fellow you always see around but never hear much out of. Bob started his basketball at St. Joseph's School. He won his letter in the ninth grade at Jefferson and now is working hard here at Adams.

Although Bob was born in Omaha, he did not live there long. From Omaha, Bob moved to Beloit, Wisconsin, from there to Washington, D. C., from there to Jonesborough, Arkansas, and finally to South Bend.

Bob is a member-in-good-standing of the Adams student body. This was proved last year by his election to the office of treasurer of the Sophomore class, a position he handled very capably.

Bob not only plays basketball but he plays a rather neat game of tennis. In fact, he challenges anyone in school to a match. He also plans to participate in track if we ever have a track team.

Bob's favorite studies are English and Math. He considers Mrs. Muszer's lemon cream pies about tops as far as nourishment goes. (And I agree.)

Bob likes to read and quite often you'll find him deep in a historical novel. His favorite character in history is Jeb Stuart, so if any of you need any history themes written, just ask Bob. He'll do it. I know. I've done it.

extra pin to the game to escape the nine pin ban, and frightened the kill-joys by threatening to add additional pins every time a blue law was passed. Thus modern American bowling began the phenomenal growth that today claims six million registered bowlers and an estimated three million others who are not registered.

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DDE TO A TYQEWRTQR

Why do we press thq keys we wqnt
And nqver hit thq keys we press
Why is it thqt we fight fq more
Qnd always end thq fight with
less?

Why do we aim fq "P's" and "Q s"
Qnd counter only "A's" and "B's"?
Why must wq walk along the road
When we would wander whqre we
please?

Whq can't we typq a word like tqis
Without a hundred foql mistakes?
Why does an hour nqver pass
Without its share of rottqn breaks?

Whq is it thqt this lifq is just
A futile quest for haqppiness?
Why do we press the keys we wqnt
And never hit thq keys we press?
— Marmaduke Wowsqr.

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