



# The Tower

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Volume II. No. 4

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

November 12, 1941

## SEE-MYSTERY AT GREENFINGERS

### TIME TO VOTE

Government! Participation in government! This has been the cry down through the ages. It has caused dissatisfaction, uprisings and revolutions. Last year when John Adams' Student Body took up this age old cry, a representative from each home room attended numerous meetings and after over a semester's hard work they completed a constitution. This constitution was presented to the student body on Friday, October 31, and was accepted by a vote of 658 to 76.

According to the newly adopted constitution new council members will be elected on the first school Monday in April, but an exception was made this year and the home rooms elected their student council representatives on Monday, November 10.

Each and every student in John Adams will have the privilege to go to the polls and cast his or her vote for officers of the John Adams Student Council on November 24. With only one exception—the election will be held November 24 instead of the first Monday in May—the election will be held according to the constitution:

#### Article III—Organization

##### Section II—Officers.

A. There shall be the following officers of the student council:

1. President.
2. Vice-President.
3. Secretary.
4. Treasurer.

B. There shall be three nominations made by the council in office for each office on the second school Monday in April.

C. The nominated officers shall be voted for by the student body on the first Monday in May.

D. All members of the council shall be eligible for holding an office of the council.

E. A student shall not hold the office of president for more than one school year.

F. The officers shall compose the executive committee of the council.

Mr. Weddle has made arrangements for us to have regular voting machines for the election. This will be a treat because most of us, not being twenty-one have never used one of these machines.

We should all get behind the John Adams Student Council and support it because the council is composed of our representatives. Thus the council is a group of students representing us and following our desires.



Left to right: James Harris, Janet Bickel, Donnabelle Shindollar, Evelyn Sutlin, Milton Johnson, James Shuttleworth, Barbara Moore, Joyce Roberts, and James McLean.

### BUY YOUR TICKET!

The constant fury of athletics at Adams is always kicking up quite a tempest. The paramount question now is: "Are you going to buy one?" The purchase of a season basketball ticket will give you the privilege for the eleven home games, of pushing your way into a jammed John Adams hardwood emporium. With other hilarious ticket holders, you will be able to not too calmly scream yourself hoarse for the dear old scarlet and blue.

Word is out that another flashy new set of suits has been added to the basketball wardrobe, but it's still the same team that won themselves wide acclaim in experiencing a successful season last year against great odds of tough competition.

Everyone is expecting big things of the Eagles this year, so it is up to the 780 students to be represented 100% at each cage contest to help with the fireworks.

It has been said that while some of the other high schools in this locality have gone stale on school spirit, Adams should be blossoming out with a few hundred frenzied rooters. So "plunk" down your \$1.38 (tax included) and become the proud possessor of an Adams season basketball ticket, your emblem of enthusiasm for the alma mater's athletics. By the way adult season tickets are \$2.20.

### RECORDS PURCHASED

The music department of John Adams High School has recently purchased a group of records for music appreciation which are soon to be played for all those students who wish to listen. Mrs. Pate plans to play the first group, which consists of Christmas numbers, to the music classes in about a week. Liebestraum, Chopin's "Waltz in A Flat Major", Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony", Strauss' "Tales of the Vienna Woods", Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata", and "None But the Lonely Heart" are but a few of the many beautiful pieces that have been purchased.

ham, Wallace Gilman.

Publicity: Mr. Krider, Rosemary Erler, Lois Downham, Vivian Wrigley, Roma Grebe.

Makeup: Mrs. McClure, Carol Wilcox, Patricia Megan, Jean Humrichouser, Marilyn Sunderlin.

Scenery: Mr. Reasor, John Schultz, Lou Alice Jordan, Lois Huffman, Phyllis Van Houten, Betty Plummer.

Stage: Mr. Bumb, Dow Puckett, James Lowman, Eugene Pixley, Herbert Pletcher.

Lighting: Mr. Reber, Don Neher, Justin Schubert.

Sounds exciting, so hurry and get a ticket from one of the sophomores immediately if you haven't already done so. Reserved seats are 40c and general admission 25c including tax.

### THREE ACT THRILLER TO BE PRESENTED

Remember "The College Widow?" Pretty good wasn't it? Ever since it was presented we have looked forward to another production of its kind and at last it's coming. The "Mystery at Greenfingers" will be presented on November 14 at 8 o'clock.

Mystery and drama not lacking the spice of humor pervade the atmosphere of a fashionable resort in pre-war England where this play takes place. Three days before the opening of this hotel for the season the members of its staff have finally gathered together and situations are brought about which start the fast-moving pace of this drama. Self-assured Keith Henley is the male member in the triangle involving Helen Tennant, attractive social games hostess, and Edna Sanders, intelligent secretary to assistant manager Keith. Equally disconcerting is the vague relationship of French chef Arnold Jordan with aloof and mysterious Mrs. Heaton, housekeeper. Crowther—who as the typical house detective provokes many funny incidents—spends a great deal of time with the two maids—hardboiled, experienced Sally and naive, simple-hearted Clara. Fred Poole, suave, sleek barman, is almost a fourth corner of the previously mentioned triangle. Not to be forgotten is Miss Tracy, eccentric guest at Greenfingers.

The cast consists of:

Keith Henley ..... Jim Harris  
Miss Tracy ..... Pat Kasdorf  
Fred Poole ..... Jim Shuttleworth  
Helen Tennant ..... Janet Bickel  
Arnold Jordan ..... Milton Johnson  
Edna Sanders ..... Evelyn Sutlin  
Robert Crowther ..... Jim MacLean  
Mrs. Heaton ..... Donnabelle Shindollar  
Sally Philips ..... Barbara Moore  
Clara Packer ..... Joyce Roberts  
Lee Wilson, Jim Wedel, June McDaniel, Winnie Jaqua, Mary Monahan, and Beverly Gilman make up the alternate cast.

The capable director of this play is Mrs. McClure who is being assisted by June McDaniel. Mr. Casaday is in charge of production. Promptors are Carol Kline and Jack Boswell. However, those engaged in the glamorous side of this production are not the only ones who work!

Special committees, under the supervision of Jack Boswell, president of the Drama Club, include the following people:

Costume: Mrs. Schultz, Ruth Dishon, June Dodson, Jean Inglefield.

Property: Mrs. Schultz, Joyce Coon, Marjorie Aumick, Betty Dun-



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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ..... Lillian Toth  
 FEATURE EDITORS ..... Carol Kline, Bill Currise  
 BUSINESS MANAGER ..... Jack Yunker  
 ADVERTISING MANAGER ..... Robert Murphy  
 SPORTS EDITORS ..... Rodger Buck, Mary Monahan  
 CIRCULATION MANAGER ..... Marilyn Beal  
 PRINCIPAL ..... Mr. Galen B. Sargent  
 FACULTY ADVISER ..... Miss Florence Roell

## A FAD OR A HOBBY

Fads—we have always with us. Some are harmless and amusing. Some are vicious and rather serious in unexpected results. We have seen the "high-water" trouser legs. Boys who supported this fad always appeared to have been wading in a creek when surprised by the school bell, and were forced to rush madly to classes. Once girls dressed as if they were about to take off for a breath-taking ski jump. High white ski-boots sluffed-sluffed to classes, to church, and occasionally nonchalantly visited the dance floor. Other fads more current and popular are the "butch" hair cut, the long torso Sloppy-Susan sweaters, spoon bracelets, and tail-out shirts. Fads come and they go.

At present there is a fad probably less amusing and less harmless that seems to have taken a Gargantuan hold upon John Adamites—the Slam book. This little book supposedly recording the candid facts about a person often inflicts mental anguish upon its victim. The comments, kind and unkind, may not be seen by the concerned individual until half the student body has read, added to, and commented upon. Like gossip the reputation of the individual grows in strength and unsavory flavor with each recording. Why seek the insincere flattery of a fair-weather friend who hides behind an unsigned comment? Why risk the destructive effect on your reputation as a lady or a gentleman by an uncomplimentary statement of a spiteful-minded unknown?

If you really want to know about yourself, why not seek the services of a scientific device that measure personal traits in such a manner that you will better understand yourself and know whether you are a satisfactory or unsatisfactory personality in the eyes of your fellow-men? If you really want to know, why not approach the problem in an intelligent fashion?

If as you read this, you say to yourself—"It was just something to do in my spare time. I meant no harm"—may we suggest that a hobby can be much more beneficial and satisfactory. A hobby of which you can be proud—one to which you are willing to affix your name so that all my see—one that might eventually turn into lucrative employment—one that is truly worthy of your leisure time.

*In any new relationship, we feel an unconscious need to create, as it were, a new picture, a new edition of ourselves to present to the fresh person who claims our interest; for them, we in a strange sense wish to, and do, start life anew.*

—Ann Bridge, "Illyrian Spring"

## A TRAGEDY

I watched the grave as it was gradually filled with earth. "From dust ye came and to dust ye shall return." I glanced up to see the stricken parents staring helplessly into space. Such emptiness, such tragedy. If I could only comfort them.

Dear Beanie, you never learned that crime does not pay until you lost. Why, I remember, just a year ago you said, "I'm going to be a great guy some day and make the headlines."

We both laughed and I said, "Go to it. You have the 'stuff'."

We were always good pals weren't we, Beanie? We weren't sweet-hearts, but our friendship was deep. I remember one night so clearly. You seemed distant and strange, but I just let it pass off as a bad mood. You didn't talk much, and you left early.

I didn't see you again, Beanie, for two weeks. It was exam time at school, and you were probably as busy as I.

Then one night I heard you screech around the corner on two wheels and rush up to the house. "Sally, Pete and I are going to California. We're leaving tonight. I just wanted to let you know. Dad and I had another argument so I have plenty reason to clear out."

"Do you folks know you're going, Beanie?"

"No, but as soon as we get there I'll write to them."

"Please be careful," I pleaded, "and write to me, too."

You were already off the porch, and you tossed back a "yeah" as you slammed the car door and zoomed away. I didn't think you meant it, but I thought about it all the next day.

It was four o'clock, I remember, because my work was all done when I sat down and unfolded the newspaper.

YOUTH SHOT IN HOLDUP screamed across the front page. I read further. Oh, no, no! Beanie, not you! I couldn't understand. I read further. "Apparently this is not the first crime the boys have committed. A series of car thefts has also been traced to them." I don't believe it, Beanie. It was someone else, not you. You would never steal. You were always honest and respectful to other people.

Oh, Beanie, why aren't you here. Everyone is saying such unfair things. If I could only defend you, but I know nothing to tell.

If you could only realize what your mistakes have caused. Your parents' hearts are broken. Their faces are drawn and haggard. Their future looks black. Your sisters are puzzled and ashamed.

And it is too late now for another chance!

## TOWER TALK

Well chillun, I just rushed in from our last football game of the season and I decided I was pretty proud of our team and John Adams. The boys have done a wonderful job. Orchids to them. (But girls, just think, no more training rules, more dates, yippee!)

The super scoop this week concerns Mr. Shearer's erstwhile first hour biology class. These brilliant (?) children made a field trip to Logansport. (And stop jumping at conclusions, they were only visiting.) One morning they all boarded the bus and were off to Longcliffe to investigate cases of insanity, visit relatives so involved, etc., etc. Rosemary Erler had a marvelous time. So did Don Barnbrook. Some fun, huh, kids? As the little group progressed through the hospital, two people were seen running about wildly. Escaped patients? Oh, but it was only Bob Murphy and Jim Ball. Gordon King and Elaine H. had a nice visit studying the inmates and believed the trip to be most worthwhile. (Yeah, who for?) Ahem . . . not because of (censored) I suppose?? A little trouble developed when several of the students were lost and golly, it took just ages to get everything straightened out. You know, to realize who were patients and who were members of the visiting class, etc. Mr. Shearer was nearly frantic when he stepped into some Napoleon's cell by mistake, gosh, who wouldn't be?

Barb Munro refused to interview football players who had suffered from injuries in the head, thus resulting in dementia praecox. (Just plain old insanity, kids. I was being scientific). Then there was a mad rush to get home 'cause Jerry was waiting for Ruth Ann, and as for Dean Robertson and Lorraine Krogh . . . well, it all started on that little trip to Longcliffe. Crazy, huh?

Hersch Wamsley plus Mary Alice Hamblen . . . Janie Forrester likes Central—and Bill Little . . . Rosemary Rogers is shedding tears, but he'll be back in a year 'cause he's in the army, now . . . Peg McGann looking plenty victorious at the victory dance, wearing the pin Bill gave her for her birthday . . . One swell teacher—Miss Stephenson . . . Nancy Sibley and John Zeigler . . . So, Tom M. wants a date with Phyl VanHouten and Marilyn Beal . . . Elaine Moran is not going steady . . . When will "Red" McGirr give the girls a break . . . Janet Wondries has names of 48 men to write to (in army camps) and one isn't Lee Wilson, either. Dave James is free-lancing, so go ahead girls. P. S. He has a convertible . . . Dan Muessel has lost his heart to Mary Furnish, and "Red" Gregory for Pat Kasdorf.

Bill Peck: You asked for a blow—here it is.

Love,

Daisy.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sports Editor:

The other day after school as I was roving down the hall, I passed the gym door. I heard a whistle blow, followed by shouts and cheers.

I stopped, turned, walked slowly up the steps into the auditorium, and sat down. There on the floor I saw "Mouse", Emerick, Kalberer, Heitger, and little "Hursh" in there fighting all together for the stride they have to hit and keep this year.

Together with the "gang", was the coach, Mr. Primmer, a fine man with whom I had the pleasure of working last season. Last year I was in there too, just one of the gang.

I sat there taking in everything when all of a sudden I broke into tears. As big as I am, I couldn't help it. I cried like a baby. I wanted to be down there so badly I could hardly sit still.

I heard Eddie call out a play and the fellows started working. It was one of the plays we used when we whipped Mishawaka 29 to 28. I watched them work it. My body flinched from side to side. It seemed as though my body were of iron and the ball a magnet. It seemed to possess some sort of strange power that I couldn't control. Then my mind started going round and round, thru game after game. It paused at our first loss. In our dressing room was a scene that I never will forget. Every player was crying, and Mr. Primmer was trying to settle us. What a mess! Then back to the Mishawaka game. Mr. Primmer changed just that quick when we came out on top after eight losses. Few realized the many sleepless nights the coach had spent. Believe me, it isn't all roses for a coach.

Even though we did lose quite a few games, we learned a lot. It was wonderful! I learned more about sportsmanship from our coach than anyone can realize.

I've been going round and round again, haven't I? Still I hope you see what I'm driving at. I'm just a fellow who has lost one of the greatest things that can happen to him, and it's hard for anyone to understand what it is to have to give it up.

You fellows whom I played with last year, I want you to know that I miss you very much. Let's get in there and pitch!!! I'll be with you in spirit.

—Slats.

Mr. Reber: "Have you read your lesson?"

Pepper: "No."

Reber: "Have you read your text?"

Pepper: "No."

Reber: "Then what have you read?"

Pepper: "Hair."

ASSISTANT FEATURE WRITERS.....Barbara Munro, Ruth Ann Mock, Pat Barlow, Vicki Dix, Rosemarie Lubbers, Joyce Marx, Janet Wondries.

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## ADAMS ACTIVE IN JUNIOR RED CROSS

John Adams High School has enrolled in the Junior Red Cross 100%. During the enrollment period, the students contributed the sum of \$27.23, which we turned in to the St. Joseph County Chapter of the American Red Cross. We were proud of our contribution. Our project for this year is to do things for the children's wards of St. Joseph and Epworth Hospitals. At Hallowe'en time, ten of the boys carved jack-o'-lanterns out of pumpkins, to decorate the wards. Mr. Reasor's art classes have made twenty-five scrap books for the hospitalized men of V. F. W. They have also made forty-five menu covers for boys in the Asiatic Fleet, who can not be home for Christmas. Warren Gregory and Edwin Easley are working as volunteer helpers at the Red Cross Headquarters, on Saturday mornings. They help to pack cartons of clothing to go to England. Our school is credited with all of this work.

Jack Yunker represents us on the Executive Council and is secretary of that group. On the General Council, we have two representatives from each class: Jack Miles and Don Ford, sophomores; Ray Bowden and Kay Lewis, Juniors; Jack Yunker and Louis Blanton, Seniors. Mrs. Green is the sponsor of Junior Red Cross in John Adams. In the library, you will find copies of the Junior Red Cross Magazine and also a booklet on preventing accidents. Read them in your spare minutes.

Another Red Cross movement active in our school is found in the Home Economics departments. Under the able direction of Miss Puterbaugh and Mrs. Schultz, the Home Ec. I and II classes have been industriously working on Red Cross garments. All the material is furnished by Red Cross. Miss Puterbaugh's classes have been making little dresses and Mrs. Schultz's little woolen jumpers. We should be very proud of our school's grand work in joining in a city-wide movement to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY  
"BLONDIE GOES LATIN"  
"SLEEPERS WEST"  
SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY  
"LADY EVE"  
"HER FIRST BEAU"  
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## IN THE SPOTLIGHT

In the Spotlight this week is Jack Yunker, vice president of the Senior Class.

Born in Frankfort, Indiana, Jack moved to South Bend at the age of three. He attended Holy Cross grade school and Jefferson before coming to Adams.

Jack is engaged in many activities here at school; he is to represent John Adams at the Rotary Club meetings next semester. The "Tower" owes its financial backing largely to his efforts as business manager of the paper. He also holds the office of secretary in the Junior Red Cross organization.

His favorite subject in school is science. As yet he hasn't definitely decided where he is going to college, but he plans to take up business, and is seriously considering Colorado University.

Jack is an affable sort, well-known, and equally well-liked throughout the school. Other than South Bend's traffic system, Jack says he has no pet peeves, but you wouldn't miss them by far if you said, "Pepsi-Cola, Roosevelt, and ragweed."

The school golf team claims him as a valuable member, and he also belongs to the bowling group.

With as much experience, as he has had in directing various endeavors, and his record made in offices previously held, Jack should prove a capable and valuable aid in the direction of the activities of this year's senior class.

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## CLUB CORNER

### USHERS CLUB

Adams Ushers Club, having recently accepted 16 new members, boasts a membership of 45 responsible, willing-to-work boys. Under the guidance of Mr. Weir, these boys usher at almost all school and outside programs which take place in Adams auditorium.

Newly-elected officers who have just assumed their duties for the school year are Tom Moore, head usher and president; Bob Murphy, captain and business secretary; Ted Deafenbaugh, captain and attendance secretary; Don Martin, captain; and Roy Hoover, captain.

The club is now selecting a new monogram. When this is done the new members will buy club sweaters with their chosen monogram on them.

### DRAMA CLUB

Adam's budding 'Helen Hayes' and 'Raymond Massey's', who incidentally make up the school's Drama Club, are certainly planning a full program for their activities this year. At present they are working on the production, "Mystery at Greenfingers." Within the club this semester, the members will choose, cast, and make general plans for their plays which will be produced next semester. The Drama Club offers many excellent opportunities in all fields of stage work for those who are interested. Mrs. McClure is their very able and active sponsor.

If any of you would like a sample of the fine work being done by the Drama Club, drop in and see "Mystery at Greenfingers", which will display the club's efforts.

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## Thank Goodness

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Mary

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## THE BOYS

Our hats off to our game football squad who have commanded the respect of all their opponents.

We needn't feel ashamed of those five defeats. What other school has made a better showing in their first year of varsity football? Just remember that next year may paint an entirely different picture. We are only going to lose five linemen and four backfieldmen from the first two teams. The other three South Bend high schools will not be so fortunate in this respect.

While the shoulder pads, jerseys, etc., are being carefully packed away in mothballs, let's look in on basketball practice.

After watching several scrimmages, it looks as if Heitger, Muszer, Emerick, Alabaugh, and either Kalberer or Walmsley are good enough to be the starting lineup. This Bud Kalberer shows a lot of improvement over last year and the boys say he is the hottest one on the team when it comes to sinking baskets.

However, we can't forget the boys who are just getting out of football. Joe Fragomeni, the Baileys, Ball, Troeger, Nash, Granning, and Holmgren are all going to try to make the basketball squad.

## MEET "MURPH"



Robert Murphy was born in good old South Bend in 1924. His first school years were spent at St. Joe where he played basketball with the Bailey brothers. Bob spent his 9th and 10th grades at Central where he played football.

"Murph" used his 5 ft. 11 1-2 in. and 185 pounds very nicely at the center position. His biggest ambition of the year was to beat Central at football. But, although he played most of the game, the poor guy doesn't remember a thing because he was knocked out on the second play. Even with that head injury, Bob played a swell game. His is remarkable, considering the fact that the injury was severe enough to keep him out of school for several days.

His favorite sport is football; for entertainment, Bob prefers good band music; and as for food, he likes anything that doesn't bite him first. (He says he likes his chickens, but I don't know who he is referring to.)

Bob intends to study pre-med, at Notre Dame and medicine at the University of Indiana.

"And," said the instructor to the class as he finished his lecture, "if the parachute doesn't open, that is known as jumping to conclusions."

## THE PASSING PARADE

Bruised looking remnants of men, holding their heads high, trudge the noisy corridors of Adams. They are the forgotten men—the football team. It will be 1942 before some of them get rid of all their aches. Remember, they started working way last summer to sweat blood for the glory that might be the school's and their's for two or three short months. Football is no longer the rage. The gridiron grizzlies who wallered under the lights of school field each weekend don't rate the fellows' friendly pat on the back or the girls' coy smile any longer.

Now it's "that's Mouse Muszer, he's a slick basketballer" or "there's Bud Emerick, he's co-captain you know". It can be pretty safely said that the Eagles had a successful season considering it was their first year of play and the high caliber of competition they bucked up against.

Though the once much churned mud is stilled and cold with the passing of autumn and coming of the wintry wind, the material glory of a few individuals is yet to come. There will be the sweater awards, the choosing of the recipient of the Gilbert most valuable player trophy, the football banquet, and the election of the football captain for next year.

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