



GOODBYE SENIORS—GOOD LUCK

WHO'S WHO AT JOHN ADAMS

The thrill of hearing your name read before an assembly in John Adams auditorium can best be described by the honor students of our 1944 graduating class. At the assembly this afternoon we were told the person with the highest scholastic standing for four years was Gloria Gundek. Next in honors to the valedictorian was Marilyn Sunderlin, the salutatorian.

The first Student Council inaugurated a merit system whereby a student is honored because of distinction in scholarship. We found Gloria Gundek had earned the jeweled pin, while Nancy Anderson, Janet Bickel, Barbara Kreimer, and Beverly Murphy won the gold awards provided by the Council. Silver awards went to Eleanor Akre, Pat Brehmer, Robert Poyser, Cecil Smith and Marilyn Sunderlin.

To date the only scholarships that have been announced are Nancy Anderson to Indiana University, and Paul Keb to Valparaiso University.

The D. A. R. history award for excellence in American History went to Nancy Anderson. The D. A. R. award for the good citizen of John Adams was presented to Gloria Gundek. The John Adams Citizenship Awards which are the Gift of the Class of 1942 were earned by Pat Brehmer and Jack Houston.

Besides the pins which the Glee Club, Band and Orchestra award to students for services rendered, it is the annual custom for Mr. Harry Berg to present an award to the outstanding student from each organization. This year pendants, which can be worn on a chain around the neck or on a watch chain were awarded to Joan Smith, Glee Club; Lawrence Reister, Orchestra; and Russell Mills, Band.

This year, for the first time, the Tower presented awards to staff members. The senior who contributed most to the paper this year was Pat Kasdorf, who was awarded the jeweled pin. For six semesters of service with the Tower, gold pins were awarded Jack Houston and Janet Bickel. For four semesters of service, Florine Lyle and Betty Wel-

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Left to right: Mr. Weir, Miss Rohrer, Miss Law and Miss Kaczmarek.

TO THE CLASS OF '44:

It has been a genuine pleasure to have you at John Adams for the last four years. During the time your class has been at Adams the secondary schools of America have made a tremendous change in the subjects offered. You are to be congratulated on the way you accepted these changes and made adjustments in your educational program.

You are now joining the ranks of more than four hundred alumni of John Adams High School and will be our Ambassadors of Good Will as you interpret our school in years to come.

The faculty joins me in wishing you the best and bidding you God's Blessing as you assume new responsibilities.

GALEN B. SARGENT.

Record Attendance At Spring Musical

This spring the largest number ever to attend a Spring Musical at Adams were on hand the night of May 3. We estimate that between 1300 and 1500 people attended.

The P. T. A. sponsored a ticket-selling contest among the members of the Band and Glee Club. Prizes were given to the two students of either organization who sold the most tickets for the concert.

Paul Green of the Glee Club won first prize for selling 120 tickets. He had his choice of a season Symphony Ticket or a Season Basketball Ticket. Paul chose the Symphony ticket.

Beverly Horden also of the Glee Club was the second prize winner. She received a Tower subscription for next year. Beverly sold 59 tickets.

Next year we expect to have an even better program, and hope for an even larger crowd.

The wisest men the world e'er knew
Have never deemed it treason
To rest a bit—and jest a bit
And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit—and chaff a bit
And joke a bit in season.

Baccalaureate And Commencement

Baccalaureate services will be held on Sunday, May 21, at four o'clock in the John Adams High School. This will be a service for the combined seniors of the four high schools. The invocation and benediction will be delivered by Rev. Glen Weimer, Pastor of the First Church of the Brethren. The main speaker of the afternoon will be Rev. Frank E. Davison, pastor of the First Christian Church. His topic is to be "An Exhortation To Think." As there will be a large number of seniors attending the service, only a small number of tickets will be available to the graduates.

The third Senior Class of John Adams will officially graduate on Monday evening, May 29, at eight o'clock in the auditorium. Following the processional, Dr. Henry Hitt Crane, from the Central Methodist Church in Detroit, will give the Commencement Address. He will speak on "The Four Unfailing Fundamentals." Gloria Gundek will give the valedictory. Approximately 10 tickets will be issued to each senior.

The man who makes a mistake and hides it makes a greater one.

Tonight's The Night

Tonight the senior prom of the first freshman class of John Adams will be held at the Progress Club. Chuck Eaton will be on the bandstand from nine until twelve o'clock. The tickets are \$1.50 and may be purchased by seniors from their home room representatives. Alumni are invited and may purchase tickets from Miss Law in room 101. Parents of all seniors are invited to attend the prom as guests.

The class of May 1944 is the first class to complete the entire eight semesters of high school here at Adams. To only one other class can this distinction be awarded, the class of January 1945. At the time, we, the class of 44, came to Adams there wasn't much to shout about. We came here not merely as a class but as founders also. Now that we have completed our high school years and have helped to establish what we believe is the best school in the city, we are ready to leave. We aren't going to leave as quietly as we entered though, we will all be at our prom tonight to make one last effort to show that we are proud of the school we helped to build.

SUMMER SCHOOL PLANS ARE CHANGED

With a report card in one hand and a summer school program card in the other, the seekers of extra credits will whip right into work on June 1.

There will be a summer school assembly on Wednesday afternoon, May 31, at 1:00 o'clock in the Little Theatre. Classes will start Thursday, June 1. The charge for summer school will be only a book and supply fee of \$2. If a student is absent, however, there will be a fee to make up the lost time, and the time must be made up in the afternoon. The makeup fee will be no less than \$1.00 per day of absence.

Music will be offered if there are sufficient elections.

This announcement is to correct the information given in the Tower of May 10. At a recent meeting of the school administrators this policy was worked out in preference to the one announced earlier.

THE TOWER THE STAFF THE TOWER

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

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FAREWELL TO JOHN ADAMS

We, the seniors of the class of '44, are saying goodbye to you, John Adams. We are saying goodbye to the students and faculty, but only verbally since these fine people will long after live in our hearts, and in our memories. We will remember all the little things associated with each one's personality. Things like Mr. Reber's sense of humor, Mr. McNamara's devotion to Stephen Crane, Harpers, and the New Yorker; Mr. Goldsberry's current event tests and his violent dislike of "Eleanor," and Mr. Rothermel's accusing look. But, these little things are so many and each and every teacher at Adams will be remembered for his little idiosyncrasy and it would take a book of an infinite number of pages to note them all.

However, we are taking along with these memories something else, something which will play a great role in our own little dramas. We are taking out into the world the attitude, the character, and the personality fostered in us by the faculty, the student body, and ourselves. Those qualities might be and are by some called school spirit.

Long years ago, four to be exact, when we mighty seniors came to this thoroughly modern building as lowly freshmen, we were quite disappointed and bewildered to find that the school lacked something, something intrinsic, but we just did not know what it was. The school seemed just a modern machine with no soul, an intellectual house with no one living there. It was our duty to bring life and warmth into the emptiness; it was our challenge to create that intangible something which it lacked. That intangible thing was school spirit and school spirit as we have found is only what the student body and faculty make it.

If, in your years' time, we have learned anything, we have learned one outstanding axiom to be carried with us, all through life, and that is — life is only what you make it — and to go with that we have endeared a very fitting expression from Mr. Krider, "There are no uninteresting things, only disinterested people." We leave this axiom to you who are not yet finished with John Adams; and in your hands, faculty, we intrust these individuals. We know and believe you will instill in them, as you have in us, traditions and school spirit that the classes before us have established.

We would like you to remember us and above all we want to leave you with three wishes we hold; that in the years to come students of John Adams will carve its name even deeper in the tree of notability; that they will do greater things when they leave school; and our sincerest wish is that they may always keep a great personal friendship among them. There are other things we feel in leaving which we cannot express and many more we can which would take a great deal of time to list. However, we seniors simply want to say that we feel we have spent the four best years of our lives with the finest faculty, in the finest surroundings with the best intellectual seeking accomplices to be had.

BEVERLY MURPHY.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions.

A WORD OF APPRECIATION

It has been both a privilege and an honor to have been the editor of the Tower for the past year. Now, in this, the last issue of the school year, I want to take the opportunity of thanking all those who so generously contributed their time and their untiring efforts to help make the paper a success.

Publishing a paper is more involved than it appears on the surface. I would have been overwhelmed when confronted with such phrases as, "18 pt. memphis bold" and "36 pt. stymie caps" had it not been for the patient tutelage of Mr. Rupel, the linotypist.

Mr. Sargent and Miss Burns will never know how appreciated their news releases were — especially when it seemed impossible for a paper to go to press if some news were not printed. I'm grateful also, to the teachers of all departments for their many contributions.

My writers were faithful and competent. Even when they were given assignments week after week, the news was always reported cheerfully and before the "deadline."

The unsung heroes of the staff are the typists. Dorothy Haller, Philonese Chayie, Dorothy Shafer, Mary Straka, and Phyllis Harter gave freely of their time to type the articles preparatory to their being sent to the linotypist.

The job of being editor could have been a burden had it not been for the splendid co-operation I received from the staff. Marilyn Sunderlin and her assistants did a beautiful job on advertising, as did Linda Meyers with the circulation department. Not to be overlooked are Jack Houston, Dagny Lenon, and Dick Stevens.

If Mr. Secrist hadn't been here, there would have been no paper at all. Mr. Secrist, you know, is our printer!

Last, but not least, I shall always be indebted to Miss Roell for all she has taught me. She's worked hard . . . and that's putting it very mildly! . . . and she's given me a boost when I needed it most. She's even put up with my very laxadazical ways, which is really something!

To the countless others who aided me . . . I want you to know that I couldn't have gotten along without you!

PAT KASDORF.

Kathleen Franklin



One of our many distinguished seniors at Adams is Kathleen Franklin. Kathleen has maintained an enviable attendance record which cannot be rivaled by many. During her thirteen years of school, which includes one year of kindergarten, she has not been absent or tardy once. Kathleen, who is a member of home room 102, can certainly be proud of her amazing record.

One guy who always hands out an awful lot of back talk is the installment collector.

SENIOR CLASS GIFT

In keeping with the custom set up by the preceeding graduating groups, Don Barnbrook, president of the class of 1944, spoke in behalf of the class members and presented to the school a plaque which will be a permanent memorium to the John Adams' Gold Star Boys.

Second-story Worker: "Hullo, Bill, I see you got a new overcoat. What did it cost you?"

Burglar: "Six months. I never wear cheap clothes!"

WHO'S WHO

(Continued from page 1, column 1)

ber received silver pins.

Eight seniors were given Drama Club Awards in recognition of their service to the club. Those who received the pins were Pat Kasdorf, Jean Humrichouser, Phyllis Van Houten, Janet Bickel, Betty Welber, Marilyn Sunderlin, Joan Breskin, and Lila Slutsky. It was also announced that Warren Gregory, and John Schulte of the August graduating class, and Don Hutmacher of the January class, were presented awards for their contributions to the club.

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TOWER TALK

Hi, Chums!! Have you heard the latest? Our dear rivals and bosom enemies, the two fresh men, have been a -feudin' with us. They are the ones who write that seldom read seedy column 'the Adams Apples' which is censored by everyone here at Adams from the Great White Father to the lowly mail man. Confidentially, the only reason they ever thought up this feud idea was to get some cheap publicity in a column you students read now and then. Therefore, in order to comply with their wishes, we hereby challenge them to a duel to be fought at high noon on Senior day with bean shooters at 105 paces. (Not that we don't trust them!)

Now for some gossip. What do you think of our latest triangle? — Cecil, Barney, and Marge! Cecil seems to be out in the cold, but Barney seems to be in the pink of condition. Speaking about such matters, how about Sarber, Payton, etc., etc.? G. G. certainly is being true to her *Flying Marine*! Gosh—she hasn't looked at another guy since his last furlough. Nice going, G. G.!! Wilma Davis has a variety of service men to her credit. She collects pins and rings and hearts. What do s'pose she has that Matti doesn't have only moreso??

We can always depend upon Patty 'n Darwin to be together at everything—even homework. Helen Morgeson looks lost without her Paul. He'll be back for the Prom, tho. What do you think of Bill Sheehan?? He's only here for one period per day. (Ding bust it, any!!)

Here-to-fore, we have been very careful as to what we say about Editor Kasdorf—she's our boss and censors this column. But—(Here's taking the bull by the horns) she and Mort Ziker are seen here 'n there together some of the time—including the Prom.

Using the above paragraph as a starter, we shall now deal with an exceedingly interesting subject: WHO'S TAKING WHO TO THE PROM. Wayne Holmgren and Pat Ouelette look cute running around together—oh, well—there's a method in her madness. Jack Wilhelm is speeding up here to take Hum to the Prom. Phil will undoubtedly take Andy (foregone conclusion.) Johnny Ray and Janet are doubling with Jack Houston and Fran Bickle. The best parts of the track team will be in Indianapolis—worst luck!!! Joe 'n Corrine will be there. Hmmm. We wonder about Al Morgan and Betty Martin. Ed Chartier will be tripping the light fantastic with Jerry Decker, and Jack Miles prefers to be fantastic and silent by refusing to



It's all over for the class of '44. This last semester wasn't an ordinary nine weeks either. A lot of crazy things happened. The humorous events are the ones we're going to recall years from now, so let's see what we can dig out of the last nine weeks.

— The Last Mile —

The new year was ushered in by a visit to Michigan City of the basketball team and accompanying wolves. The usual mode of traveling is the convenient South Shore but the Jeeps, (driven by Daganey Lemon) barred from the orange orgy, decided to wear short skirts and hope for the best. According to Frank Wolf, the bowling alley Bal-doni, "We came, we saw, we got addresses." . . . A little later came the North Side game. Also came two nieces of Mr. Rothermel. Al Smith and Bob Thoner promptly went to work on the girls. After showing the facetious females their bus cards, they soon had them believing they were Adams' representatives of the N. I. T. One thing led to another and another happened to Mr. Rothermel. These boys should graduate by '50 at the latest . . . Soon the man from the Air Corps came to see us and dazzled us with tales of silver wings and Air Wacs. Twenty boys and Mr. Weir took the exam and the twenty boys passed. These men flew all right, right smack into the infantry . . . And it wasn't long before the Connecticut Yankee was in King Arthur's Court. About this time a few of our own lads were in court, too—Judge Kowalski's Court. The play was a huge success though, and Mr. Cassady and Mrs. Pate were able to walk out the front door unguarded . . . Two weeks later the Drama Club began posting clever signs around the school such as: "Use your tires and come hear Myers!" This turned out to be the "Manhunt," sponsored by Local Draft Board No. 3. As the boys filed past the door, questionnaires and round trip tickets to Indianapolis were issued. Everything was going along nicely until a row was started at the door. Upon closer examination it was discovered Coach Powell, having worn his new spring sport suit, had been mistaken for a

divulge the name of his date. If you all strain your eyes toward the darker corners, you'll see Jim Smith 'n Millie and Ned Schwanz, Jr. with Georgianna.

And as for Harri—expect her if and when you see her!

Expectingly yours,

Matti 'n Harri.

school boy and refused to fill out his form. Replying that he did not teach gym three times a day for nothing, Powell pulled out his draft card from the Civil War as proof of his age. Reber verified the fact stating that he knew the coach back in the days when they both had hair. And with this, they walked away arm in arm, softly crooning that old time ballad, "Wait For Me Hairy." . . . After the rains had come and gone, Mrs. Pate gave us the Spring Musical and we threw it right back at her. Joan Smith rendered a never to be forgotten solo, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water Into the Murky Old Saint Joe." And the band, directed by Russell ("If you play your ace, I can trumpet") Mills, played the well known "March of Youth," or "Pardon me Bud, Where is the Bowlmor?" The finale was "Uncle Tom's Cabin" narrated by Creepy Schall. Several people were heard to comment: "If I didn't know Uncle Tom was dead, etc." Strangely coincidental with this affair was the Senior initiation, during which was discovered one of the Seniors was a direct descendant of the Barber of Seville. That evening they featured "cut rates." . . . This brings us almost up to date. Tonight is the Senior Prom! As per usual, the Seniors had their say about the affair. They were strongly in favor of having it a Blue Jean dance with the music of Harry Basil and his Classy Cute Cuties. And then they decided on the Harlan Hogan Quartet. Harlan was unavailable, however, as he had a previous engagement with Harry Nicodemus for his Sour Sewer-screwers' Stomp at Harry's new dredge dock down by the dam. The Senior Committee therefore took over and engaged Chuck Eaton and his fine outfit. And so, readers, this is the "30" mark for the Two Fresh Men. It's been fun writing this column and we sincerely hope you have had fun reading it. Mr. Sargent, Mr. Rothermel, and the entire faculty have been swell sports about the kidding we have handed them. And you students have always made the top notch material to write about and we sincerely trust none of you have been offended by our remarks. Many thanks to all the students who had patience enough to read "The Apples," and our congratulations to those who didn't. Thanks, fellows, for the laughs. And, before we sign off, Mr. Sargent has requested we make an announcement. "There will be no Senior jackets admitted on the floor tonight!"

Good bye. (Ed. note: Sob! Sob!)
Joe & Jack.

Let the little piggy go to market—
you stay home and buy War Bonds.

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WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO AFTER GRADUATION?

PAT HANSEN—I'm looking forward to DePauw next fall.

BOB CARR—TOM EGENDOERFER—Hitch hike to Florida, from there to Cuba.

MARIAN BOWLES—I'll stay at Sears for a while, otherwise it's very indefinite.

DOROTHY HALLER—I hope to get into nurse's training in August.

GILDA BOWMAN, MARJORIE SHURR, LEE ETTA BOWMAN—Triple Telephone Tornado.

PAT CLAUCH—I'll be supporting a husband on a Ball-Band paycheck.

PAT MEGAN—Vacation first (sigh)—Nursing later.

PAT BREHMER—The First Bank is going to trust me this summer.

CECIL SMITH—ASTRP—Location at whim of Commanding General of 5th Service Command.

PAT FRANK, HELEN MORGESON—Just call us two Cadet Nurses.

PAUL KEB—By the time you read this I'll be at Valparaiso, Indiana, studying like mad.

SHIRLEY WAGNER—Studebaker's Siren.

NEIL WALTER—I'm leaving for the Navy.

BEVERLY MURPHY—First I'm going on the swing shift, and then I'll "shift" to a school of Journalism.

DONN RANSBERGER—I am now in the U. S. N. R. and I am subject to call about June 1. Destination unknown.

GLORIA GUNDECK—Comes September 1, I'll be heading for Arizona University where I can bask in the sun while you northerners are freezing.

PHYLLIS VANHOUTEN—I'm going to Business College for a year and when I finish there, I'm planning to go on to college.

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A DAY UNDER THE BIG TOP

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Miles on radio station WSBT broadcasting the gala opening of the Egendoerfer, Kirkendorfer, and Bott Olympia Circus. This broadcast is brought to you through the courtesy of Harry Nicodemus. Remember, "Joles and Bowles dig holes for moles for Harry Nicodemus."

This day, Friday, May nineteenth, 1954, will go down in South Bend history as one of its greatest days. First, my assistant, Joe Casasanta, and myself, will conduct a brief tour of the side show.

As we enter the immediate vicinity, the unmistakable voice of Wilma Davis is heard barking the acts. Passing into the sideshow, we see the tattooed woman, who, under her rather deceptive exterior, is our old friend, Pat Crowe.

Now over here, there is the—hmmm, just a minute, folks, my colleague has spotted a likely looking prospect. The—ahem—feminine portion of the program is over here—I've always admired the side show. Out on the runw—I mean platform is Little Egypt. Well, well, imagine that! Li'l Egypt is none other than Barbara Kreimer. Right under the platform is the second Tommy Manville, Jack Houston, who is throwing marbles up on the stage in hopes that something will come his way. This looks interesting, folks, so I'll turn the mike over to Joe while I go in and—spot. Take it away, Joe!

"Hello, guys and gals, this is Joe Casasanta sending ya. Do you dig this five, or aren't you an alligator? Well, well, well, well, look who just blew in. The governor of Nebraska, the Honorable Warren L. Booth. What do you know about that?

Bringin' up the rear is Honest Jim Smith, Democratic Senator from Indiana. Yesterday, Senator Smith introduced a bill which advocates the return of Prohibition. Following this distinguished group into the box is a seedy looking character. I don't believe I know who he is. Oh, yes, thank you. My spotter informs me that it is Fred "Nobby" Norblad, who has recently completed a tour of the South Sea Island and Siberia speaking in behalf of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. And . . . whoops, somebody just bumped my leg. Oh, it is only the king of the hoboes, Peter Rose, entering by his usual under-cover method.

"Looking into the stands we see many faces, familiar and otherwise. There is Phyllis Van Houten, accompanied by Andy who has skipped school especially for the occasion. Yes, he is still going to Adams working sheepishly for a sheepskin. Oh, oh, who is this suspicious-looking character bearing down on us

with magnifying glass, two-way cap and yellow admits? Now I recognize him. It is Sherlock Rothermel, looking for the Truant Andrews. Following the super sleuth into the big top, but on different business, is James E. McLean, M.A., Ph.D., B.S. Dr. McLean is at present collecting material for the Encyclopedia McLeanica.

"Just a minute, fans, a Nils Carlson Courtesy Cab has just pulled up to the grounds, and getting out of the hack, replete in top hat, cane, spats, and purple sweater, is the business tycoon, Garfield E. Walker. Due to the illness of his chauffeur, Blonde Beve Liebig, Mr. Walker has employed the services of a taxicab. Why, I do believe that cab driver is—no, it can't be, but it is. Yes, our old friend, Darwin Hoose. How are you, Darwin? Where's Patty? Oh, she is, eh? I hope you'll pardon the interruption. He informed me that his spouse, the former Patty Brown, is attending the matinee at the Colfax today. By the way, the show now playing features Amorous Al Morgan and Glamorous Pat Megan in "A Tree Grows in Roseland," from the book of the same name by Margaret Moore. Jack Miles has just come back from his spotting job and I'll now turn the mike over to him."

"Thank you, Joe and Hello again, people. Joe, I saw some old friends of ours in the show. Your old pal, Rosemarie Lubbers, is in the employ of the circus as snake charmer, and the hula dancers were the S-S-S girls back at Adams,—Sigerfoos, Slutsky, and Sunderlin. They told me to say hello, and that if you had time, to drop around and see their act. I can vouch for it. It is a bit of all right.

"And now, with a blare of trumpets, the circus parade is beginning. Leading the parade is the pretty drum majorette, Glorious Gloria Gundek. Clad in classy clothes designed by that designer of dazzling dresses, John (Figures are no problem) Fink. Following this gorgeous damsel comes Dickie Bruce Lawitzke, the tight rope walker. Staggering along beside "My Friend Brucie" are the bareback riders, Ransberger and Schwanz. And here comes that supercilious Sampsonian superman, the strong man, Boisterous Bobby Sanders. "Muscles" is carrying a one thousand gram block in each hand, and a five thousand gram weight hangs suspended from his waist. What strength!

And now come the laugh-provoking, side-splitting, merry-making, mirth-maddening clowns, a few of whom look familiar—for example, that one over there with the Maroon jacket is none other than Bob Dickey. And I can recognize at least two others. They are Paul Markward and Dean Williams.

And here into the stand comes a

distinguished mob. It is Father John Ray with the first grade class from his parish school. Good afternoon, Father, how's everything? Father says he is feeling fine, but at the present moment two of his charges are applying a shoulder block on the Padre.

Here comes Dick Meyers, folks, the famous jockey who rode Nancy Sibley's "Givanny" to victory in the recent Kentucky Derby. Slinking in after Dashing Dick is a stupid looking character. It is that well-known horse thief, Cunning Charles Carpenter. And here comes our sheriff, Cecil Smith, in search of the Nag-nabber.

Coming into the front box right now is that distinguished inventor, Pugnacious Paul Johnston, who has recently invented a lawn mower operated by a slide rule while seated on the front porch. He appears to be leading something on a leash. Oh, yes, it is our old friend Bugsy.

Well now, let's swing back to the center ring. The animal act is now in progress. Out in a cage with twelve lions, twelve tigers, and twelve leopards, is that fearless fellow, the greatest animal trainer in the business, Maurice Hoban. And in the side ring is that famed tumbling team of Louie Dempsey, Beverly Murphy, and Lester VanDeWalle. Up above, the world-renowned Bowman Sisters are going through their paces on the trapeze. Nothing much is going on in the center of the big top right now, so we'll swing up into the stands for another look around.

Just entering now are those traffic menaces, Daniel Dickens, Dominick Catanzarite, and Lester Anderson. It is rumored that they ah, hitched a ride out to the circus ground with Judge Kowalski. Filing into their reserved seats at the present time are the members of the Ladies' Knitting Club, with Janet Bickel as the head Knit-wit. There will be a short pause for station identification.

This is station WSBT, South Bend, Indiana, operating on 1944 kilocycles. After the performance, go to Sunny Italy, owned, operated, and mortgaged by Vince Fragomeni. For spaghetti supreme, drop into Sunny Italy. Incidentally, the torch singer at this promising establishment is Pat Brehmer. This last is through the courtesy of Local No. 999 Federated Union of Musicians, and Blasters.

"This is Joe again, folks, taking over temporarily while Miles steps over to the hot dog stand for a Pat FRANK-furter and a cup of SE-FRANKA Coffee.

Headed this way is this decade's swooner crooner, Billie Vermande, followed by a mob of hysterical crooner-crazy housewives who look like Eileen Trimble, Peggy Myers,

Lucille Gooley, Dorothy Taylor, Phyllis Rearick, Phyllis Culp, Marjorie Shurr, Marian Wharton, and the well known psychiatrist, Helen Trad-er. My friend Jack has just returned, being led by five usherettes, Phyllis Kronewitter, Pauline Kelley, Dorothy Smith, June Stanton, and Mary Siney. He claims he heard John Taylor paging Dr. Richard Hudson, eminent veterinarian. Well, well, well (that's a deep subject) here comes Pat Kasdorf, the personal press agent of F. D. R. Yes, he's still president! Closely behind Pat comes Neil Otto Walters, expert of Information Pliz, and his two quiz kids, Mary and Jane. Over to the left, under the tight-rope walkers, we see Don Barnbrook and Louis Rosner pacing feverishly up and down hoping to scare up business for their undertaking parlor. The balmy embalmers are accompanied by Joan Smith, who sings the funeral dirge for special customers.

Who is the glamorous creature slinking this way? Oh, now I remember—the most photographed face in the country, that of Eleanor Jean Douglass, heirress to the Douglas De-rumbleizer millions. Jean is chatting away with the famous violinist, Carl Culp, who is still pulling strings.

Sitting way, way up in the bleachers is Kathleen Franklin, proprietress of Franklin's Feed and Fertilizer Store. She is busy trying to sell a bill of goods to farmer Carlos Corona, winner of this year's 4-H club award for baking the best cake at the county fair. Also up in the country yokel's section is the Daintymaid Dairymaid, Rachel Jennings.

Over in the corner is Thomas Getzinger, demonstrating to Maynard, the theory he presented in his Pulitzer Prize book, "How to Flip Nickles and Win." Mr. Powell is watching the demonstration, because he is trying to get school city to adopt Tom's book for a textbook.

Just a minute folks, an important announcement is coming over the P. A. Let's listen in . . .

"Your attention, please, as a special feature attraction, the Egendoerfer, Kirkendorfer, and Bott Olympia Circus will endeavor to shoot a human cannonball from the circus grounds into a front row center seat at the El Kasba night club where the Russell Borton Follies are now showing."

Let us watch, folks, while the human cannonball, Wayne Sarber, climbs into the cannon. We're getting set to follow his unusual journey . . . Marianna Merkle, the season's No. 1 debutante, is lighting the fuse . . . he's off . . . Correction, please, he almost went off. Egendoerfer, Kirkendorfer and Bott bought some bum fuses from the Kathryn Carrow Can-

(Continued on page 7 column 1)

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class, being of sound mind, on this, the nineteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-four, do will the following to our posterity at John Adams:

I, MARY ROSE CAMPBELL, will my messy Fibber McGee locker to anyone who is willing to clean it out.

I, VERA HOFF, will my ability to get along with Mr. Thompson without bringing him cake to Joan Gudates.

I, LUCILLE GOOLEY, will my athletic ability to John Goldsberry.

I, BARBARA KREIMER, will my heavy eyebrows to poor Donna Lipskey, who almost doesn't have any.

I, PAT CROWE, will my ability in tumbling to Sally Sunderlin.

I, JANET BICKEL, will to my sister, Fran, the school locket which my sister willed to me. Wonder if I can't get my mother and father and brother in here some way.

I, MARY COLELLA, will my straight black hair to any girl in John Adams.

I, CHARLES CARPENTER, will my ability to say, "What's the story," to Bruce Harlem.

I, RUSSELL BARTON, will my ability to answer Charles Carpenter's question, "What's the story," to anyone who doesn't know the answer.

I, JOE CASASANTA, will the picture of Chilia Williams to Andy Andrews.

I, JANICE COFFIELD, will my leaky locker to any drip who wants it.

I, PATTY BROWN, will my ability in Geometry IX (Em. Math) to anyone that is smart enough.

I, CARL CULP, will my tapered pants to the up and coming, handsome sophomores, Zoot Barnabae, and Homer Badget.

I, MILDRED BEEBE, will my ability to participate in gym activities to Janice McLean, and Alice Lord.

I, TOM GETZINGER, will my ability to get out of school the last two hours to any unlucky sophomore.

I, WILMA DAVIS, will all my energy to Miss Beldon, and anyone else who needs it!

I, PAT BREHMER, will my recently developed muscles to Joan Steinmetz.

I, PRISCILLA ESTEP, will my seat in typing and my high speed of 20 to Betty Randt.

I, BEVERLY GILMAN, will my Chemistry drawer full of broken glass to any Chemistry student who can afford it.

I, DICK LAWITZKE, being of sound mind (?) and body, will my beautiful yaller pants to Mr. Krider providing he wears them on Senior Day.

I, PAUL JOHNSTON, will my ability on the drawing board and slide rule to all energetic students.

I, PAUL KEB, will my ability to get along with Miss Bennett to Dale Douglass.

I, DAN HOBBS, will my ability to frequent Mr. Rothermel's office to Wade Risner.

I, NILS CARLSON, being sound of bone and brain (it says here), hereby bequeath my knack for turning gray the pedagogues' hair to my bosom buddy, Elmer "Frosty" Winters.

I, PAULINE KELLEY, will my ability to keep from skipping school to some underclassman who is always being caught in the act.

I, JACK HOUSTON, will my entire school fortune which I accumulated during four profitable years at Dear Old Adams to the most deserving, up and coming underclassman, Erwin Karlin.

I, "G. G.", will my ability to keep a straight face to my favorite gigler, Sally Sunderlin.

I, FLORINE LYLE, will my ability to never get a poor work slip to a mighty receiver, Janice McLean.

I, BETTY LANGE, will my job at the bakery and my extra 20 pounds to Mary Ann Calvin.

I, BETTY CLEGHORN, will my last Hershey Bar to Mr. Reasor.

I, PHYLLIS KRONIEWITTER, will my fingernails to hungry Dorothy Smith.

I, MARY LOU LAFORTUNE, will my ability to go steady to Peg Kedzie.

I, PAT HANSEN, will my ability to blush to A. T. Krider.

I, HUM, will my sharp all-weather coat which has lasted 4 years, to Pat Kindig. She's the only other person in school who appreciates it.

I, MARJORIE HAVILAND, will my natural curly hair to Carley Hudson.

I, DARWIN HOOSE, will my good naturedness and ability to get along with others to Mrs. Smith. To Miss Kaczmarek I will all my boyfriends who are as handsome as I am.

I, JOHN FINK, being of sound mind and body, will my ability to hook a certain beautiful blond to Floyd Fishburn.

I, ROSEMARIE LUBBERS, will my naturally light hair to my sister, Elaine, who thinks that peroxide can do a better job.

I, DOROTHY HALLER, will my appendix to Rosemae Smith who, since she lost hers, really needs one.

I, ELAINE HEPLER, will my ability to play the "classics" on the "sad" to Calvin Joris.

I, PAT KASDORF, will my collection of cleaning bills accumulated as a result of Chem II class to Professor Reber who will be only too glad to accept them.

I, PAT FRANK, will my brown eyes to Delores Kelly.

I, MARILYN JOLES, will my ability in Geometry II to "B. G." Sellers, who was one of the unfortunate.

I, JUNE JOHNSTON, being in a sound state of mind, will all my old golf balls to Mr. Krider.

I, "RACH" JENNINGS, on a rainy day, will my straight curls to Virginia Hyde.

I, EDITH CURTIS, will my future immunity to scarlet fever to the rest of the Adams students.

I, ELEANOR POLMAN, will my straight, straight hair to Lynn ("curly") Minzy.

I, ZEPHINE SIMPSON, will my nick-name "Zeb" to some up and coming young farmer who thinks he wants to fit the part.

I, PAT MEGAN, will my hair to Conrad (Reber) in that the hope that he may not take after his father.

I, BETTY MARTIN, will my ability to sneak in home room late without being caught to any up and coming sophomore who likes sleep as well as I.

I, HELEN MORGESON, will my height to Peggy Kedzie.

I, MARY SINEY, will my ability to get along with the sophomores to Norma Zimmerman.

In good faith, I, BEVERLY MURPHY, will and bequeath to any junior girl my seat in Physics Class (Mr. Reber) in the hope that she, too, will come hence with a greater ability to throw slams.

I, MARJORIE SHURR, will my ability to go steady to Lois McNabb.

I, DONN RANSBERGER, will my ability to shoot 78 to Al Smith.

I, RAY SEFRANKA, on this day in May, hereby will—

My chin whiskers to Timmy Howard.

My girl, Mabel Kadiddlehopper—to anyone who's lonesome.

My funny face and ability to crack corney jokes to Mr. Reber.

My love for John Adams, faculty, and beautiful girls—that I keep.

I, JUNE STATON, being of sound mind (?) and body, will my ability to make friends, to Maynard Cohen.

I, HELEN TRADER, will my ability to get along with every one to my sister, Mary Ellen.

I, JOAN SMITH, will my long and thick hair to "Curly" Reber.

I, VINCE FRAGOMENI, will my collection of pin-up girls to Mr. Rothermel to brighten up his office.

I, DON BARNBROOK, do hereby will my inability to keep out of doing work for the senior class to the unfortunate person who is president in 44-45.

I, JIM SMITH, do hereby will my checkered racing suit to Doug Robertson in case he wants to play the ponies.

I, BILL VERMANDE, will my abil-

ity to get along in shop to anyone who needs it.

I, MARTHA DITSCH, will my ability to read good books to Alice Thomas.

I, WARREN BOOTH, do hereby will my prominence at all social gatherings to Pete McNamee.

I, MADALYN BLANTON, do hereby will my success in Chemistry to some poor student who is worse off than I am.

I, JANE COOK, do hereby will my height to Mr. McNamara.

I, PHYLLIS VAN HOUTEN, do hereby will Andy to my sister to take care of for me.

I, MARY VERDUIN, do hereby will the mirror in my locker, that everybody uses, except myself, to my locker partner, Norma Patterson. Let her fight it out.

I, PHYLLIS WHITTIER, do hereby will my unceasing amount of energy in gym to Patty Ouellette.

We, MARILYN SUNDERLIN and LILA SLUTSKY do hereby will our locker, number 363, to Sally Sunderlin and Shirley Kline. It is a good place for bear traps—make the best of it girls.

I, DOROTHY TAYLOR, will my ability to pass refresher math to anyone who wants it.

I, DOROTHY SMITH, will my ability in physical education to my sister, Louise.

I, JUNE WATKINS, do hereby will my ability for smooth sailing in Retail Merchandising to Frank Darnell.

I, FRED NORDBLAD, JR., do hereby will my weak mind and strong body to Jim Bowlin who already possesses the former.

I, JOHN TAYLOR, do hereby will my lovely auburn hair to Mr. Paul (free regional ticket) Reber. Amen!

I, SHIRLEY WAGNER, do hereby will my first chair in the band to Mary K. Fabian.

I, DONNABELLE SHINDOLLAR, do hereby will my ability of running to catch the late bus every morning and my locker right inside the door to anyone who has the same trouble getting to school.

I, MARY BADMAN, will my ability to keep a back seat in Miss Rohrer's math class to anyone who needs it.

I, NEIL WALTERS, do hereby will my ability to get ineligible to anyone who wants it.

I, RICHARD DEAN MEYERS, will my success with my blue eyes, well combed hair, good looks, and CONCEIT, to anyone that can afford to take it over.

I, NED SCHWANZ, will my old dirty taped up, and draped down corduroys to Fred Crowe who needs a good pair of pants.

I, CARMEN SIGERFOOS, will my

(Continued on page 7, column 2)

CLASS SURVEY

A poll was taken in the senior home rooms to determine the most outstanding members of the class. It was learned that the best dancers are:



Mort Ziker Betty Martin
Voted the most popular by their classmates were:



John Ray Barbara Kreimer
The honors for the best dressed girl and boy went to:



Nancy Sibley Carlos Corona
Those most likely to succeed are:



Jack Houston Gloria Gundeck
The titles of "most beautiful girl" and "most handsome boy" went to:



Al Morgan Pat Brehmer
The seniors voted that those having the best personalities were:



Don Barnbrook June Johnston

A Few Servicemen's Addresses For Your Little Black Book

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A well-known professor, famous for absent-mindedness, once met an old friend in the street and stopped to talk with him. When about to separate, the professor's face suddenly assumed a puzzled expression. "Tom," he said, "when we met, was I going up or down the street?" "Down," replied Tom. The professor's face cleared. "It's all right, then. I had been to lunch."

CLASS PROPHECY

(Continued from page 4, column 4)

non Fodder Fireworks, Company. They are lighting a new fuse . . . we're holding our breaths . . . He's off!

Wayne is hurtling over the house-tops, past El Kasba's flashy door-man, Joe Mester, through the pearly gates, checking his derby with Payton and Weatherman, the hat-check chicks, and Wayne is bouncing right into the lap of Mary Lou La Granning, who is sitting at a ringside table. (Bill is home minding the kids.)"

Th lights are dimmed . . . the music is soft . . . and waltzing out into the spotlight is Polly, the Dolly of the Follies, Constant. The house is quiet . . . Polly is opening her mouth . . . she is about to snap her bubble gum when . . . Jules Biron, South Bend Firechief, yawns. After every-one helps Jules retrieve his teeth, Polly continues her act. Backing her up is the Russell Borton chorus, consisting of Elaine Hepler, Vera Hoff, Pat Powers, Haller, Hansen, and Haviland. That one in the back corner counting out loud is Janie Cook, owner of Maxine Mollenhour's School of the Dance.

Up in the front row with his chin on the stage is multi-trillionaire, playboy Bobbie Carr, (Carr's Cars.) Bobbie is playing patti-cake with Zeph Simpson and Beanie Roberts who are perched on his knees. But here is Miles again. It seems he has been up at the bar talking things over with his old colleagues. There was Bob Poyser, the bartender, Theresa Goheen, his able assistant, Josie Breskin the martini mangler, and Mr. Neff who is now chief athletic director at dear old Adams. Heading for the door is the chief bouncer, Martha Ditsch, who is herding Dorothy Saltzgaber, Shirley Wagner, and Doris Casper who were trying to get away with Admiral Al Waid's gold braid. All they could get, however, was red tape. I see the WACS are well represented this evening. At a little table are seated Colonel Nancy Anderson and her aides, Lt. Madelyn Blanton and Sergeant Betty Martin. The fast moving character in front of us is Ed Chartier, noted race track driver, surrounded by his fans, Carol McCreary, Helen Morgeson, Donnabelle Shindollar, Pat Clawson, and his grease monkey, Phyllis Whittier. Wonder what their husbands will think when they see the picture Eleanor Polman just snapped for her paper. As usual, Allen Schragger, successor of Mr. Anthony, is on hand to quell any arguments that may arise. Almost immediately his ears perk up as he overhears a disagreement between the head waiter, Bob McIntyre, and Jim Miller, the owner of the club. At the present moment a party of representative bourgeois is parading into the club. The follow-

CLASS WILL

(Continued from page 5, column 4)

ability to get out of gym to Janice McLean.

I, MARY ROBERTS, will my ability to attend the many 7:30 Glee Club rehearsals without having a nervous breakdown to Jean Steinmetz.

I, DOROTHY SALTZGABER, will my ability to study Math to Frank Marrs.

I, AL MORGAN, will my ability to keep quiet in home room to anyone who can use it.

I, "BASIL" HUDSON, will my bottle of H_2O_2 , hydrogen peroxide, to any boy or girl who wishes to have hair like Mr. Reber.

I, LOIS PAYTON, will my studious (?) nature to Georgia Miller.

I, KATHLEEN FRANKLIN, will my ability to do Miss Beldon's physical fitness exercises with the greatest of ease to Ruth Misinski.

I, BILL GRANNING, will my ability not to go steady to any up-and-coming sophomore.

I, ROBERT POYSER, will my ability to get good grades to my brother, soon to be a sophomore in John Adams.

I, ROLLIN MAIS, will my brass knuckles to Jack O'Connor to help him keep the admiring women from overrunning him.

ing people are identifiable. There are Paul Keb, bus driver for the N. I. T., Rollin Mais, half-track truck driver, Dan Hobbs, black market gas dealer, and his assistant, Dick Melahn. The women accompanying them are June Johnston, massive masseuse, Betty Lange, still making dough at the East Side bakery, right next door to Ziker's cleaners (Special rates for Senor jackets), Mary Badman, city hall spy, and Margaret Rose Doran, a rich dowager. Getting the latest scoops at the ringside tables is Eleanor Akre, the society editor of the Tribune. Bwang—there goes that cigarette girl, Betty Welber. Russ Mills, the chef, has just poked his head out of the kitchen as Betty walks by. He has just cooked up a big deal with Bob Bevilhymer, the Fuller brush man, Wayne Holmgren, cue man for the Stadium, and Harold Burkett, the janitor. (Let the chips fall where they may.) LeRoy Collins, the dogcatcher, is also there, and he will catch something else when he gets home. Hot Doggy! Our time is almost up, but just coming in the door are some back-bay Bostonians, Virginia Bachman, Gertrude Zeisz, and Mary Verduin, who are nurses at Epworth. With them are Janice Coffield, catcher for the South Bend Blue Sox, Beverly Gilman, telephone operator at the Huddle, and Jean Humrichouser, switchman at the South street viaduct. That's all we have time for, so speaking for myself and Jack Miles, this is Joe Casasanta bidding you a very good, good afternoon.

I, MARIANA MERKLE, will my locker that hasn't worked for four years, to any sophomore who doesn't know any better.

I, JOHN RAY, will my shyness to Tim Howard.

I, PAT POWERS, will my chewing gum, and my ability to chew it in Mr. Goldsberry's class to my brother, Joe, who will enter school next year.

I, JAMES MILLER, will any "home runs" I make in gym class to Bill Anderson, who needs them.

We, JACK MILES and WAYNE SARBER, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will our ability to pass all Mr. Goldsberry's tests to any two seniors who understand Morse Code.

I, BOB SANDERS, will all my abilities to the Navy, which will have them pretty quick.

I, PAUL MARKWARD, hereby will all of my car parts and tools (mainly junk) to Dean Mars. (Ne needs some more.)

I, RUSS MILLS, will my success and ability in music to those up and coming Trombone players.

I, BOB DICKEY, will my ability to get last semester's drawing in this semester, to Jack Chappel.

I, CARLOS CORONA, will my valuable, good-looking, unfaded SENOR jacket to Bob Casey, so that he can throw away that old, beat-up pink club jacket of his.

I, JEANNE DOUGLAS, will the use of my ever-ready car to Ann Miller, who will, no doubt, put it to good use in her remaining year at Adams.

I, BOB CARR, will my old, worn-out Physics book to anyone who wants to take the battered thing.

I, BOB BEVILHYMER, hereby will my slow and safe driving ability to Dick Shreve.

I, DORIS CASPER, will my shortness to my sister, Marilyn Kuhn.

I, VIRGINIA BACHMAN, will my ability not to be absent from school to anyone who loves school.

I, DOMENICK CATANZARITE, will my certificate for hitch-hiking to Judge Kowalski.

I, PAT CLAUNCH, will my red suit to anyone in Miss Roell's Retail Selling class.

I, NANCY ANDERSON, will my red hair to Carl Cook so he can have a thousand "flames."

I, LOUIS DEMPSEY, will my ability to sleep in class with my eyes open, to Carl Cook.

I, POLLY CONSTANT, will my weakness for servicemen to any poor girl who hasn't already acquired it.

I, ELEANOR AKRE, will my locker down by 109 to any new sophomore who has the energy to run from one end of the hall to the other early in the morning.

I, LESTER (FUZZ) VAN de WALLE, do hereby will my power to anyone who can use it.

I, EILEEN TREMBLE, do hereby will my borrowing coke money

every night after school from G. F. to an incoming soph. P. H. who also is always broke.

I, MORT ZIKER, of strong body (?) and weak mind, will the presidency of the Senors (that honorable organization) to the young lad who knows little about the troubles before him.

I, DEAN WILLIAMS, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will my locker 607 and my love to Shirley Goddard. To all Adamites, I will happiness, luck, and prosperity.

To my Cousin Beanty, I, BETTY WELBER, will my roller skates, so that she may keep close behind Beverly on the way to school.

I, GERTRUDE ZEISZ, do hereby will my ability to touch my toes in calisthenics to some short armed Junior.

I, MARY WEATHERMAN, being of weak mind do hereby will my dancing ability and slimness to my sister, Marjorie.

I, MARGIE KIRKINDORFER, do hereby will the swell times I've had at Adams to my sister, Mona.

I, MARIAN BOWLES, will my ability to laugh without crying to Mary Ann Shank.

I, LESTER ANDERSON, will my ability to hitch-hike to Carl Cook.

I, JOAN BRESKIN, will $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch of my height to Bev, Herman, who may need a little more of it in her senior year.

I, LEE ETTA BOWMAN, hereby will my ability to keep quiet and enjoy life to Maynard Cohen.

I, LILLIAN BUBICH, will all the chewing gum I've thrown in his waste basket, to Mr. Goldsberry.

I, GILDA BOWMAN, will my ability to behave in math class to Dorothy Underwood.

I, MARY RITA BOTT, will my ability to paint pictures to Mrs. Hayes.

I, MARGARET ROSE DORAN, will my place in geometry to . . . Oh, you poor sophomore.

I, WAYNE HOLMGREN, will my ability to make friends with Mr. Rothermel and Mr. Sargent to an up and coming young Student Council representative, Pete McNamee.

I, NANCY SIBLEY, will my affection for older people to Gene Geliede.

I, JOE MESTER, will my winning ways with Mr. Thompson to Jack O'Connor.

I, DICK MELAHN, will my height to Mr. Reasor.

I, LOUIS ROSNER, will my ability to be prompt and attentive to "Stinky" Stephens.

I, ALLEN SCHRAGER, will my nice sleek sharp razor to John Goldsberry.

(Continued on page 8, column 4)

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18 MONOGRAM MEN GRADUATE

Just as a faithful parent must at some time or another sadly watch his loved offspring enter the inexorable world so does John Adams mournfully issue its faithful athletes. But as we see them break our farewell embrace we have no fear that they will be ensnared in one of the many iniquitous whirl pools or pitfalls of this deceiving earth, for in their past three years they have gained an empirical knowledge of facing hardships. Through contest after contest they have proven their mettle and more than a score of times when the going was really rough have they come up from behind—victorious! Yes that traditionally famous fighting spirit of John Adams sportsmen is certainly something to be proud of and it is with that same pride that we print the following list of Eagle "Letter holders."

Barnbrook—Basketball, 3 years; Track, 2 years; Kiwanis award in Basketball.

Biron—Football, 2 years; Track, '43.

Carr—Track, 2 years.

Fragomeni—Football, 3 years.

Granning—Football, '43.

Houston—Basketball, '44; Tennis, '43.

Keb—Football, 2 years.

Lawitzke—Baseball, 3 years; Football, '43; Basketball, '44.

McIntyre—Baseball, 2 years; Basketball, 2 years.

Mester—Football, 2 years.

Meyers—Tennis, '43.

Miles—Basketball Mgr., 4 years.

Nordblad—Football, '43.

John Ray—Football, 3 years; Baseball, '43; Basketball, '44 Reco Award.

Award.

Sarber—Track, 2 years; Football, '43.

Sefranka—Baseball, '43-'44.

Smith—Baseball, '43.

Walters—Football and Track—1 year.

OUTSTANDING GIRL ATHLETE

The outstanding senior girl in the John Adams sports world this year is Lucille Gooley. She has been an active member of G. A. A. since her sophomore year. Lucille is a whiz at basketball and in addition plays excellent softball, volleyball, badminton, and just about any other sport you can name. She also is an exceptionally good bowler, having broken the 200 mark on several occasions.

In her sophomore year Lucille earned the letters and numerals G. A. A. '44. By the end of her junior year Lucille had received the letters S. B. Now, in her senior year she has been awarded the G. A. A. plaque, the highest award made. This is given to a girl who has accumulated 350 points. This is a remarkable record to have achieved and for this reason we are very proud of Lucille.

CLASS WILL

(Continued from page 7, column 4)

To anyone lucky enough to get it, do I, CAROL McCREARY, will my back seat in Miss Law's Spanish Class.

I, PHYLLIS REARICK, will my "Fibber McGee" locker to any oncoming sophomore.

I, PETER ROSE, will "a rose by any other name" to whoever is unfortunate enough to get it.

I, DAN DICKENS, will my hitch hiking ability to someone who is more fortunate than I.

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