

SEVENTH WAR DRIVE STARTED

THANK YOU!

To all those faculty members and students whose cooperation was given wholeheartedly to "PATIENCE," the Glee Club expresses its deepest appreciation. Thanks is given to Mr. Goldsberry for the handling of tickets, Mr. Reber for the fine lighting effects, Miss Puterbaugh, Miss Law, and Miss Rohrer for the costumes, Mrs. Landis for grand publicity, Miss Brown and Mr. Thompson for properties, Mr. West for posters, and Mr. Dickey for scenery. Mr. Sargent's and Mr. Rothermel's cooperation is also greatly appreciated. Mr. Deardorff's orchestra is to be highly commended, also Mrs. Merriman, the accompanist for giving so much of their time. Mr. Weir and his ushers were on duty as they always are, unfailingly. Mr. Powell's supervision behind scenes was a great help. Appreciated, too, is the fact that many Drama Club members helped untiringly, as did many other students.

The response given by one of the largest audiences ever attending John Adams was especially pleasing. More than once, the production was literally stopped by laughter. The cast and chorus enjoyed performing as much as the audience enjoyed watching the performance.

The three directors, Mrs. Pate, Mrs. McClure, and Mr. Cassidy have the Glee Club's deepest respect and admiration.

May we be as successful in our next production!

LATE AGAIN

This school I attend is quite fine
With rules you must be there on time

Some say it's not neat
But to me it's all "reet"
And that's where I spend all my time.

—Bette Murphy.



Wednesday, April 11

Glee Club 7:30 a. m.

Friday, April 13

Glee Club 7:30 a. m.

Monday, April 16

Bulletin.

War Stamps

Tuesday, April 17

12A boys pre-induction meeting

Wednesday, April 18

Glee Club 7:30 a. m.

Drama Club 3:30 p. m.

WHY THIS LITERARY ISSUE?

John Adams High School offers no course in journalism. The people who write the material for the Tower do all the work on it in their spare time. Many times the writers feel they have not turned out their best work because of lack of time.

This Literary Issue of the Tower has a two fold purpose. First, it was designed to give these writers a chance to display some real journalistic talent. Second, much of the material used was gathered from the English classes of Miss Law, Miss Kaczmarek, Mrs. Earl, Mrs. McClure, Mr. Krider and Mr. MacNamara. This gave all Adams students an opportunity to have some of their work published.

The staff wishes to thank the above named teachers and to express to them thanks for their splendid cooperation.

Perhaps this Literary Issue of the Tower will become an annual tradition. If you wish it so, please tell the staff via the Tower Box. We sincerely want to know if you like this issue.

—EDITOR.

ADAMS
ARMED ALUMNI

Dear Miss Roell and Staff:

I want to thank you for the past two years subscriptions to the Tower. It is hard to believe that I left Adams two years ago. The Tower keeps reminding me of the swell place I left. I have been out of the United States over a year and the Tower has been coming right along with me. I have received them as far out as the Philippine Islands. I haven't seen anyone from Adams for a long time. Last May, I had a few liberties with Hubert "Red" Larson who was stationed in Hawaii. I haven't been back that far since. It has been ten months since we have had any liberty other than recreation parties on some of these islands which total only seven.

I hope Miss Roell doesn't think that I forgot everything she taught me about typing after reading this letter.

Thank you again for your kind consideration and I am looking forward to receiving the Tower at every mail call.

Yours,
Clem Kuespert,
Class of '43.

K. C. Kuespert RM 2/c
U.S.S. Halsey Powell
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California.

March 13, 1945.
Iwo Jima.

Dear Tower Staff:

I received the January 17 and 31 issues of the Tower and was very glad to get them at Mail Call. I wanted to let you know I appreciate them very much and it is good to hear about the school's news. I have been out there in the Pacific one year and I'm writing this from my fox-hole here on Iwo Jima. As any

Marine would say, "plenty rough, but war isn't a picnic."

We often sit here at night and talk about the old school days, those days we shall never forget. I met Gene Lindner here on Iwo Jima, quite a surprise to both of us, especially in combat. He is the only one from John Adams I have run across, but I hope to meet more of the old gang. Well, I'll close for now, keep the Tower coming, Staff.

Sincerely yours,

Bob Underwood.

Pfc. Robert E. Underwood U.S.M.C.
Hdq. & Ser. Company
2nd. Arm'd. Amph. Tank Bn.
c/o F.P.O. F.M.F. Pacific
San Francisco, California

March 6, 1945.

Somewhere on the Pacific.

Dear Staff:

I'm now out in the Pacific. We've been at sea a long time and it sure is a welcomed relief to be on shore again. I went through the () awhile back. When we arrived here I received news of the sectional basketball tourney. Too bad about dear ol' Adams. We sure showed them last year though. A buddy of mine from Pennsylvania shows me all the clippings about his home town basketball team. It sure does remind me of Adams. I miss school very much. I'd like to hear about the different things happening at Adams, and I appreciate the service men's letters very much. I'll soon be close to Tom Delahanty. I hope I get to see some of the old Adams "gang" out here.

Sincerely,

John Reifsnider
U. S. S. Alamance
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

RIDE IN WEASEL
GIVEN TO LUCKY
ADAMITE

The Seventh War Loan Drive at John Adams will begin April 9 and continue to May 18.

In order to stimulate bond purchases, the Studebaker Corporation has agreed to give to one representative from John Adams a ride in an Amphibious Weasel. To eliminate confusion, the home rooms will choose their one candidate April 9 and the student body will choose the lucky person from these 19 home room candidates. For every cent invested in War Bonds and Stamps at Adams between April 16 and May 18 one vote will be given.

The person who wins the ride on the Weasel should be the best from Adams. In voting for your choice, remember to choose someone who has proved that he or she is a dependable, intelligent, well-liked person.

The competition will be stiff, so may the best fellow or girl win!

All In A Day's Work

By JIMMIE McNEILE

Not very many of you ever had the opportunity (if that's what you call it) of working in a drug store. Not just any drug store, I mean. I will attempt to describe a typical Sunday morning.

You are due at 8:30 but after Saturday night you never arrive before 9:00 a. m. The Sunday papers are piled in what seems at least a thousand stacks and your job is to put the news section into the funnies. This seems very ridiculous for all I read is the funnies, anyway. In the meantime customers (for which I have a better name) keep coming in wanting everything from papers to prescriptions. After this task is finished, the front sidewalk must be swept, a fire built for hot water, and the store must be in general order. You barely have time to catch your breath until Sunday school is out. Everyone from John Adams seniors to little two year olds come pouring in, in fact they come so fast an adding machine must count them. These dear people want sundaes, sodas, and worst of all, malts. By the time little kids get through bawling and big kids pounding on tables you look like an inmate from Logansport and feel the same. The noon shift is a welcome sight but joking aside, I've had a lot of fun working Sunday morning in a drug store.

TOWER

THE STAFF

TOWER

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

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ON WEARING HATS

A famous author once said that the hat is the ultimate dying of respectability. I am not inclined to agree with this, however, for I am an ardent admirer of the hat wearing set.

Of late I have been trying out the various styles and find them extremely presentable and comfortable. I get an acute sense of enjoyment out of wearing an engineer's cap down the main street, or wearing one of the recent pie-pan hats pulled so low on my head as to actually block the vision at a short distance from my feet. But the keenest joy of my secret fashion parade is sporting a red plush baseball cap on the tip of my head.

Although it may be true that the less intelligent non-hat wearers glow with glee at our appearance, the wearer receives a comfortable feeling and a sense of life worth living, for he knows he is up to date on his wearing apparel.

I am sure the reader would be amazed if he were to stand at a busy corner of our town and seriously survey the conglomeration of hats that pass his way. Such a never-ending string of variety, color and construction could never be met with anywhere else in the world. Pyramids, cones, triangles, parallelograms, spheres, squares, trapeziums and a number of the more popular fruits and vegetables comprise only a few of the myriad patterns in which the hat-wearing set indulges.

Of course the hat has a few drawbacks, but just see the good it does mankind. They say it is a protector of the brain from sun, water and snow, and certainly it is a morale booster for many a melancholy onlooker.

I am sure I will see the day when every man realizes what a feeling of pride and joy is attained by wearing one of the latest creations from a milliner's heaven.

James Landing.

TRANSFORMATION

Yesterday, the path I trod
Was green with springs new pastel hues.

Scents of wild roses tender blooms,
Mingled mistily with morning dew.

This morning's crisp and sparkling air,
With sun beams glistening through the trees,

A leaf of myriad floating hues,
Drifts gently down upon the breeze.

Crisp and clear lay the fields!
I taste a berries sweet delight.
The milky-way, a bridal veil
Bends low, to trail across the night.

Tomorrow, even though this is gone;
Another scene will take its place
Of constant inconsistency,
On nature's ever changing face.

—Therese Lazzara.



MEMBERS OF THE STUDENT BODY:

The faculty and student body of the James Whitcomb Riley High School wish to express their appreciation for the fine support and encouragement that the Adams High School students, teachers, and team gave the Riley team in the recent state basketball tournament.

The help of your cheer leaders in the Regionals and at the pep session was really appreciated. Their pep and zeal proved to Riley their sportsmanship and attitude in the honor of the Riley team. Thanks a lot cheer leaders, we really enjoyed your help.

The beautiful bouquet of flowers for the pep session at John Adams on Monday and the general backing of the Riley team was Adams' personal representative in the state tournament constitutes what we at Riley sincerely feel as just a typical example of the fine sportsmanship and goodwill that the Adams student body has shown in their support and we feel confident that this fine relation between our two schools will continue in the future.

Sincerely yours,

RILEY STUDENT COUNCIL.



Total to date	\$39,451.70
Week's total	1,763.40

CLASS STANDINGS FOR THIS SEMESTER: (See chart in main hall)

10B - 10A	\$8,634.20
12B - 12A	1,720.10
11B - 11A	1,579.70

Adams' % of participation for March	94.47%
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ROOMS a 100%:

101, 102, 106, Library, 108, 109, Dr., 203, 204, 205, 207, 209.

ROOMS 92%:

103, 201, 208.

Rooms below 90%:

107—85%, 105 and 210—81%, 206—72%.

DO YOUR PART IN THE SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE!

IN MEMORIAM

PAUL BAILEY

ROBERT McINTYRE

TOWER

MINOR STAFF

TOWER

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TO ROOM 204

We're weary, we're woozy, we're weak,
From gases and odors that leak
From the bottles, nine score;
But dear Reber wants more
"Chapter one, number five" for next week.

—N. C.

OUR ERNIE PYLE

THE ARMY'S FAVORITE

It can very easily be understood why Ernie Pyle is the favorite of servicemen far and wide. Ernie Pyle lives right with the men that he is writing about. He is always genuinely interested in each and every soldier that he meets. He writes of their life overseas with such perfect understanding of them that one can gain a realistic picture of the men both in actual battles and in the lulls that occur in all businesses. Ernie Pyle does not try to make heroes of all the soldiers he writes about but instead describes them as they really are—simple American boys doing a job that is necessary as fast as they possibly can. The boys appreciate all these human qualities Ernie Pyle employs in writing about them and show their appreciation by giving Pyle their full confidence.

—Ilene Welber.

HERE IS YOUR WAR

By ERNIE PYLE

Instead of having one particular experience stand out in my mind as being nerve-racking I believe that, on the whole, the strafing raids of the Germans affected the men more than any fierce battle. The first thing a man does, when he gets on new grounds, is dig a fox hole. Many men hated to dig, but soon they learned to love it, because they knew their life depended upon it. There was only one man whom Ernie Pyle met that dug round fox holes; Some men dug them tunnel shaped. Many times Pyle would not take any equipment for food or shelter with him on a trip, but he always took a shovel. On a jeep one man was always posted backwards to watch for German planes. They never knew when they were coming so they never relaxed. More men broke down from the pressure of the unexpectedness of the raids than they did from actual battle.

Pyle wrote about this so well that I could feel the pressure that was constantly upon the men.

—Nancy Constantine.

HERE IS YOUR WAR

By ERNIE PYLE

Everyone who meets Ernie Pyle likes him immediately. He says, "I travel for other people and write their letters home." The boys like him because he goes right up to the front with them and lives the same way they do, taking the same hardships and all. He lives, sleeps, and eats with them. Although correspondents are not permitted up at the front he goes as close as he can. He has even faced danger himself.

—Norman Whitemen.

THE BOOK WORM

THE AMERICAN

By James Truslow Adams

The American is a historical novel of America. It begins with the people who settled this country; their background and convictions. Adams was right when he made the statement that "The American was not a history text; it is more than that because it contains theories and foundational truths a history book couldn't contain. Adams discusses the complete picture of an average American's life. He writes facts of the type of occupations from then till now. This book might prove to be difficult for some to read because Adams wrote as if he were weaving cloth on a hand loom; shuttling through the many works or topics he has started and then joining them into their exact positions. I learned more in eight hours from this book about the settling, people, building and religion of America, than I did in all my history lessons. Before now I had been basked in the thought of the hardiest Americans living on the frontier but Adams advances the idea that maybe the people in the settled regions had to be just as hardy, only in a different way. This is the most unbiased, unabridged book of history I have ever and probably will ever read.

—Bill Keely.

WILD GEESE CALLING

By Stuart Edward White

I think the book, Wild Geese Calling, should be on an approved list because of the value of this book as a geographic reference on Alaska. The author gave splendid descriptions of the Alaskan coast and people. The plot, in brief, is the story of a cowhand that marries then goes to a logging camp, then to Seattle to a saw mill and finally, with a friend he met in Seattle and his wife, to Alaska. The story is so realistic and the plot so natural yet loaded with interest that I think it should be approved. I don't think I have read many books that were written in such a realistic manner and still had a clean plot. I don't think there was any swearing or low moral thought added for spice to please cheap people. When I had finished I wanted to buy a boat and start for Alaska myself. Students should read this book because its characters are poor yet so magnetic in personality. They are persons you would really like to share experiences with. Woven with the story's characters is information on various things such as how cowboys camp out, how logs are felled and sawed, how a small boat is sailed, how mining towns were built and evacuated during the gold rush, how salmon are caught and smoked and what a malemute is. There is also excellent discussion on gun shooting, drawing from hip and chest holsters, which is faster of the two and why, and what hand logging is.

—John Bright.

GREAT SIN

By Edna Ferber

"Great Sin" by Edna Ferber is a very good book and I recommend it very highly. It is a novel of character and requires very careful and concentrated reading. The scene of the story changes quite frequently in Miss Ferber's effort to show the contrast between youth of today and the time of the Alaskan Gold Rush. And yet, at the same time, she points out similarities between the two. The characters are what make the book. For instance: there is Madam Exact Melendy who is ninety years of age, smokes a pipe, and was a pioneer; Emmy Melendy who is the dainty very highly refined type who is in social columns; Pansy Debath who is a dancer in a Tavern Show and Reggie Dresgen who came from Europe as a refugee when Hitler began persecuting the Jews. All these people live on Queen Anne Hill in South Washington. You can just about imagine how they get along. This is only one example of the contrast in character which Miss Ferber has in her book and there are others just as good and better. As I said, it requires concentration and thinking but it is a wonderful book.

—Betty Jo Douglas.

YOU KNOW ME AL?

By Ring Lardner

The best thing about the book, "You Know Me Al?" is portrayed through the Bush League pitcher. Anyone who has read this book certainly realizes the futility of egotism and plain ignorance. The scrapes this pitcher got into were really down to earth everyday happenings. Nothing seemed to be too greatly exaggerated and the lesson he didn't learn was educational in itself. Not only does this self centeredness pertain to baseball. It also pertains to any field of endeavor. The moral is: You won't get anywhere if you are egotistical to a great extent.

—Don Payton.

THE SONG OF THE LARK

By Willa Cather

The heroine in Miss Cather's book, *The Song of the Lark*, was willing to put her music above all else in order to achieve the position she wanted most in life. She was willing to slave and live on practically nothing in order to achieve her goal. A great many people need these qualities. They are afraid to give up everything, including family and home, in order to achieve their goal. If more people were able to do this there would be more successful people in our world of today. People are afraid that they won't have as much as Neighbor John has, hence they are satisfied to work and live for nothing and to achieve nothing from their work.

—Norma Zimmerman.

THE ROBE

By Lloyd Douglas

In my opinion *The Robe* is a very fine book because it portrays a story concerning Jesus written in a human style. After all, He was a human being and why shouldn't a story concerning Him appeal to all instead of just being pious. It is true that the story seems fantastic, but then many books considered masterpieces are much more fantastic.

It has all the qualities of a good book: an interesting plot, which keeps moving along; adventure; humor; pathos; very tender incidents; fine use of words and thoughts. I cannot understand why it should be called a poor novel by literary critics.

It is a love story but so are many other fine books. Perhaps the critics do not consider "The Robe" a fine literary piece, but many readers do, and that is what counts.

—Bob Lea.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

By Charles Dickens

Sydney Carton is a drinking man, If anyone can straighten him, Lucy can.

Lucy is the daughter of Monsieur Manette

If she loved him, what a prize he'd get.

Lucy tried to no avail.

Because she was in love with another male.

His name was alias Charles Darnay. And his hair was the color of new-mown hay.

Soon their home was torn asunder By the roll and roar of thunder He was urged to come to France So quietly one night he did advance.

Quite a plot was hatched by Ernest Defarge,

Who was a man really very large He put Darnay in jail for a year and a half,

Charles thought he would never be able to laugh.

But Sydney Carton was a man of heart,

He came right over and took Charles' part.

He died instead of Charles Darnay. Lucy and her husband went on their way.

Sydney lived forever after In their hearts and in their laughter. Brave and fine and true was he, When he answered the reveille.

—R. Stech.

MURDER

The Tower staff ought to be shot Every blinkin', bloomin' one of the lot

For writing this stuff

Puts me in a huff

'Cause knowledge of limericks, I haven't got.

—Robert Duncan.

EATING

The habit of eating offers many advantages other than that of providing food for one's body. It satisfies many social problems. Whenever a party gets dull or all topics of conversation have been exhausted, one can always fill the gap with some food to keep the guest's hands busy and tongues quiet. Eating also can be a last resort for something to do if the evening is still young and one still has some money.

Parents sometimes find it an advantage to have meals three times a day; otherwise they might not see their children from one day to the next. Also doing the dishes afterwards might be the only time they get any work out of their children.

As a topic of conversation, eating is of unfailing interest. People can discuss for hours their likes and dislikes and what foods make them fat or ruin their complexions. Rationing and high-prices give ever-changing topics on which a person can express his views. Dieticians, grocers, and restaurant owners are only a few of the people who exist because of interest taken in food.

Of course, like any other thing eating has its disadvantages. Ambitious and studious people find it annoying to have to take time out to eat. Mothers have to use their ingenuity in planning meals, fathers have to get home at a certain time, and children are late to basketball games because of the dishes. Besides the cost of food, eating may cause indigestion or obesity.

Yet to most people eating is a never ending source of pleasure.

—Lynette Minzey.

MY MUSIC LESSON

I guess that it was Monday last
And really none too soon,
Least way the time is better past,
I learned to play in tune.

Before I had my lesson
I practiced for an hour,
I played my scales up and down
But still they sounded sour.

There was still some time before my
lesson
So I practiced every day,
I played my scales up and down
And most every other way.

My teacher said my embouchure
should be tighter
And my scales more staccato,
I wish I were a wee bit brighter
For I'm playing too legato.

So when I had my next one
A day or so too soon,
I saw what miracles could be done
For I had played in tune.

—Nancy Giordano.

Mary had a little dime
Its face was silvery white.
Every time she buys V Stamps
Miss Liberty beams delight.

THE AMERICAN WAY?

There she stands, easily accessible
And yet I may not have her.
She stands with her arm upraised
Beckoning, it seems, to everyone.

She knows no prejudices, no favorites
among men,
Still her friendship is most dearly
bought of all.

Countless numbers fell in her protection
An infinity more are sure to fall.

Men like me have died to save her,
Men whose person she never blessed.

Men whom her pallid guardians
forced off the sidewalk
Fought and died, like all the rest.

Please don't think that I am bitter,
Nor yet think that I am sad;
But her chaperones, judicial litter
justice with distinctions.
She's a white man's fad.

Yes, though I pass her every morning
Though I live in the U. S. A.
Though her light winks out, as if in
scorning
Forget it, shrug, it's the American
way.

She lives on Staten Island
In her light my face may glow
But I bask only in liberty reflected
For I am just an old Negro.

—Dick Guin.

SUSPICION

The fire crackled cheerfully but the
effect seemed wasted, for no one,
from Grandma to little Jim, could feel
the cheery glow and enjoy the dancing
shadows this rainy night.

Dad's eyes, which were usually
kind and friendly, shifted from one
face to another. He was not accusing
anyone but they could read the
doubt in his mind.

Grandma knitted furiously, recalling
when she too had committed a
similar crime, but could and would
not destroy the faith her grandchildren
had in her by revealing this
sad memory.

Mother could not restrain the tears
that rolled down her cheeks, for how
could one of her loved ones have
done such a thing?

Jane looked over at her little brother
wondering if it had been he, and
how could Jim leave such a horrible
mess on the kitchen floor? It was
only last Christmas when mother
had received oh well, they would
soon know, but the suspense!!

Little Jim looked guiltily down at
his dusty shoes and wondered what
would happen when Dad would ask
that horrible question—He hoped
grandma and mother would forgive
him, for he had never meant to—
He glanced up and his eyes met
Dad's. His mouth felt dry when he
thought of how he would soon have
to confess his crime—now, now the
question came—Dad asked, "Who
broke Mother's favorite cookie jar?"

—Janice Van Houten.

TO MR. POWELL FOR CHRISTMAS

'Twas during a day of vacation,
That a teacher of low rank and station,
What with no tact or knack
Did our lockers ransack,
Which today is of great violation.

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H. K. Schwarz, R. Ph.
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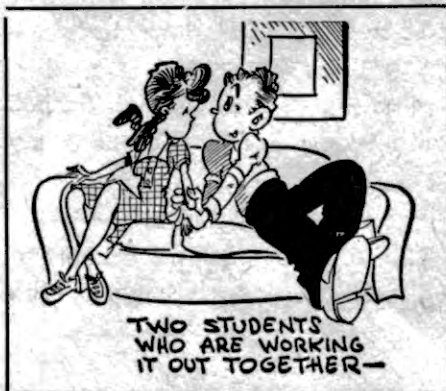


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soft gold... buttons
of metal-centered
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"PUPPY LOVE"

You thought that you loved her—
She was so fair—with her cute dimpled face and her long curly hair.

When she said she was yours, you
praised to high heaven. You were
thirteen she was eleven.

Now you wooed and cooed, as
most sweethearts do—Until finally,
one day she found someone new.

Your heart, it was broken, or so
you thought, never to be mended
again by aught.

She was gone, and nothing re-
mained of the once flaming love—
she had flown her coop, your beauti-
ful dove.

—Jim Hamblen.

BEWARE OF GIRLS

Boys are fools if they listen to girls,
for all they want are diamonds
and pearls.

They give you a line, and lay it on
thick, they hurt you so much, It
makes your heart sick.

They drain you dry of all your mon-
ey, and when that is gone, it's "So
long Honey!"

Let this be your lesson, and keep
then a guessin'.

—Jim Hamblen.

SUPERMAN

We have here a young man who's
known,

As Maynard "Superman" Cohn.

He dresses in style,

And is easy to rile,

Remarkable "Superman" Cohn.

—Jim Bowlin.

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"Look for the Log Front"

THE LOVE SEAT IN THE HALL

(Dorothy Parker Style)

Lovers large and short and tall
Have wooed on the love seat in the
hall.

Also lovers young and old
For so I've heard the story told.

Grandfather courted Grandmother
there

In that very cozy one seated chair.
Mother and Father sat there too
And waited their chance to bill and
coo.

Now that my time to use it has come
My parents call it utterly dumb.
But people come and one and all
Admire the love seat in the hall.

If you dislike a bench in the park,
When the night is cold, dreary, and
dark.

Just come to our house and call
We'll lend you the love seat in the
hall.

—Georgiabelle Pressler.

AN ODE TO A MALE

(An answer to Dorothy Parker's
boys seldom make passes at girls
who wear glasses.)

Life is one long exhausting chase
For men beguiled by a pretty face
A tilt of the head, a wink of the eye
An he is hers to do or die.

With smiles and wiles his fancy she
catches

He is the fuel and she is the matches
A helpless gesture and fluttering
lashes

And all his manly resistance crash-
es.

She tossed the hook; he caught the
bait

The fool deserved no better fate.

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THE TWO FRIENDS

There were two sweethearts with
hearts so light,

They talked all day and spooned
at night;

Unhappy were they when they had
to part,

For nasty old school was about to
start.

The boy very glumly went to his
classes

While the girl flirted with the lads
and the lasses;

When the boy first heard he was
jealous and mad,

But as time went by he became very
sad.

At first he thought she had treated
him like dirt,

But then he remembered that all
girls like to flirt;

He fretted all night and fretted all
day,

And kept saying to himself that "love
didn't pay."

When the girl heard how the mat-
ters were standing,

She rushed up the stairs and met
her friend on the landing;

She told him that to all she'd he
host,

But she would always like him the
very most.

She scolded him kindly for his bad
attitude,

And finally left him in a better mood;
The boy's spirits had gone very sud-
denly up,

And he romped about like a comical
pup.

The girl had made the boy feel bet-
ter,

And he certainly was glad that he
had met her;

And the two went on for many, many
years,

And never again was there cause
for tears.

Now the moral of this little show
Is: Don't take for granted what you
don't know.

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The Boss of Our House

The boss of our house is a long-haired Dashound who sometimes answers to the name Fritz. First, I must tell you how our family came to own him. Cronie, our old hound dog (one dollar at the Public Market), had run away. As we had always had a dog, I thought that it was only fitting that we should obtain another. I had my heart set on a Great Dane; my mother had her heart set on no dog at all. The compromise was Fritz, a long-haired Dashound with a pedigree a mile long (only ten dollars) we thought it was a bargain then. Before Fritz was bought, it was agreed that our new dog would be an outside dog. But Fritz was nobody's fool, and before a week had passed he had himself established as a "kitchen only dog"; in another two or three weeks he was a "house dog." Fritz did not earn these ranks by good behavior—quite the opposite! He was let in the kitchen because he whined and barked; he was admitted to the rest of the house because we could not keep him in the kitchen.

If kept in the house, he would become restless and dig for imaginary bones in the carpet with very real claws. When outside, he would find fun in chasing cars, barking at and sometimes biting the mailman, or if tired, he'd dig a hole in the garden to lie in. That was the Fritz of four years ago; and except the fact that he is now lazier, that is the Fritz of today. He is always on the wrong side of the door and is never afraid to tell you so. Fritz knows he's boss. If he is hungry, he nips mother's ankles; if he wants out or in, he barks. If he likes you, he lets you pet him; if not, he snaps at you.

—Joe Bullard.

Jack be nimble Jack be quick,
Many War Stamps Jack does lick.

PETS ARE PALS

MY DOG TAFFY

I have a little dog named Taffy,
Her actions are sometimes quite daffy.
One day for hours she'll chase a rabbit,
And the next not even attempt to grab it.

The neighbor's fishpond is her greatest delight,
And after a swim she's a horrible sight,
Into the kitchen she comes slippity-slop,
While I make haste to use the mop.

I rub and rub, her wishes defying,
As she makes a canine pretense at crying,
But all my labor is usually for naught,
For out again in the mud she goes to cavort.

One of her many naughty capers,
Is her passion for the latest papers,
All over the carpets she chews and she tears,
And it's always my job to do the repairs.

I'm forever at her beck and call,
And often wonder if she's worth it all,
However I'm more likely to give her a pat,
Than to say, "Scram, Taffy, shoo! scat!"

—Ernest Mendler.

MUSCLE MEN

A teacher of gymnastics is Powell
He works the poor kids 'till they howl.

If they break their dear necks
He just laughs at the wrecks,
While the boys continue to scowl.

—Bob Lea.

ROSELLA

Rosella has coal black hair
And very dainty feet.
Everyone who sees her
Says she's very sweet.

When people come to our house
They don't sit around and talk.
Instead they always take
Rosella for a walk.

Who took her walking last night
It wasn't Tom, Dick, or Harry.
Boy was I surprised
It was supersalesman Jerry.

Rosella's very funny
She makes everyone laugh
And oh by the way
She takes a good photograph.

If you want to meet Rosella
It's easy as rolling off a log.
Just come down to my house
And meet Rosella, my dog.

—Joan Babcock.

THE STUTTERER'S LIMERICK

I go to John Adams Hi-High School.
John Adams Hi-High School is my school.

I go to that high school
That high school is my school
Rah Rah for John Adams Hi-High School!

—One Who Knows.

STUBBORN?

There once was a school called John
John Adams.

As for foolish young pupils, it had 'em!

Over all points they'd fight,
For each thought he was right,
Oh, those foolish young pupils of Adams!

Joan LaCrosse.



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