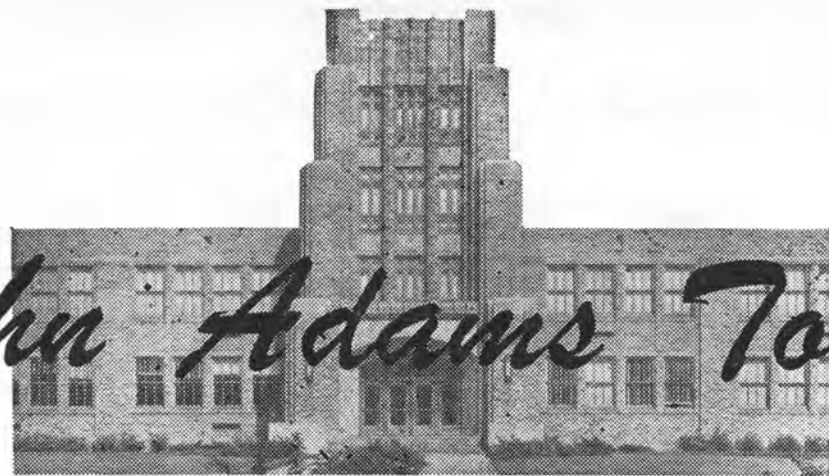


John Adams Tower



Vol. XIII No. 30

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL — SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

May 28, 1952

189 TO BECOME ALUMNI



The Senior Class officers, who have seen their class through nine months of hurry, flurry, and worry, are pictured above. They are, left to right: Mary Ann Kenady, treasurer; Bruce Parker, vice-president; Jack Noyes, president; and June Crawley, secretary.

Seniors Sped to College with Scholarships

In addition to all of the various other awards and citations bestowed upon this year's graduating seniors, the scholarships are a part of graduation certainly not to be forgotten, and especially to be remembered next year.

Jo Ann Turner won a state scholarship for Purdue University and Robert Thompson has a Laverne Noyes scholarship which is good for tuition at either Purdue or Northwestern.

For Indiana University, Marilyn Burke and Jay Miller won merit scholarships; and Judith Hershenow, a residence scholarship. Rose-

mary Schubert is the alternate for the state scholarship for Ball State Teachers College at Terre Haute.

Carleton College at Northfield, Minnesota has awarded a freshman scholarship to Marilyn Burke. De Pauw University, Greencastle, has given Bruce Parker and Jack Noyes Rector Scholarships and Judith Campbell, an honorary Mac Mahan scholarship. Jane Gindemberger is the recipient of a Mac Murray scholarship at Mac Murray College for Women at Jacksonville, Illinois.

Marilyn Burke and John Smith have been awarded freshmen endowments for Northwestern University.

The St. Mary's Club awarded Sue Bennett with a St. Mary's College scholarship which is for day students of St. Joseph County. Phillip Twigg received a scholarship from the State Rehabilitation Scholar fund.

Two honor scholarships from Wabash College valued at \$4,000 and \$1,000 were granted to Bruce Parker and Jack Noyes, respectively.

The Better Reading Foundation in South Bend has given three reading scholarships valued at \$60 each to Marilyn Burke, Jay Miller, and Bruce Parker. The award consists of twenty lessons to increase the reading rate of the students as an aid in college work.

Awards Assembly Rewards Three Years Work For Seniors as Climax to Senior Class Day

This afternoon at the traditional and above for four years, earned senior awards assembly scholastic honors achieved and recognitions for service rendered were announced.

The Student Council jeweled pin for scholarship was given to Bruce Parker, valedictorian. John Smith, salutatorian, received a gold pin. Others receiving gold pins for scholarship honors were: Mary Sue Bennett, Marilyn Burke, Jane Gindemberger, Barbara Lennon, Robert Thompson, and Phillip Twigg.

Recipients of silver scholarship pins were: Judith Campbell, Mary Ann Kenady, Fred LaCosse, Donna Leng, Jack Noyes, Marilyn Stebner, Joan Tarr, and Jo Ann Turner. Scholarship with distinction, 90

recognition for Patricia Arisman, Shirley Bourdon, Ronald Burcham, Edward Conrey, William Dieter, Norma Eddy, Patricia Ford, Suzanne Hastings, Margaret Haumeser, Beth Hodge, Philip Lee, Dorsetta Martin, Jay Miller, Richard Peterson, Virginia Rich, Rosemary Schubert, Jo Walke, Cathryn Weidner, James Wenger, and Nadine Wenzel.

Bruce Parker and Marilyn Burke were selected by the seniors as outstanding citizens of the class and so received the John Adams Good Citizenship Award which was the gift of the class of 1942.

Previously announced was the D.A.R. Good Citizen Award which went to Marilyn Burke. The D.A.R. also made an award for excellence in United States History which was determined by a competitive test. This award went to John Smith.

Each year, Mr. Harry E. Berg makes several music awards whose winners are selected by the members of their respective organizations. Robert Thompson and Fred LaCosse received the glee club awards, and Jane Gindemberger and Marilyn Burke the instrumental awards.

The P.T.A. Awards in Industrial Arts and Home Economics went to James Rush and Shirley Bourdon, respectively.

The Studebaker Local No. 5, U. A.W.—C. I. O. award for excellence in vocational work was given to Richard Petzke.

The National Office Management Association presented an award to the outstanding commercial student. This medal went to Nadine Wenzel.

This year the coaches selected Cuyler Miller as the recipient of their award.

Comprehensive Mathematics State finalists who earned silver medal awards were Bruce Parker and Jack Noyes.

The various clubs presented pins to their senior members. A resume of these awards may be found elsewhere in the Tower.

THE LAST DAYS FOR SENIORS FROM THE SENIOR PROM TO COMMENCEMENT NIGHT

Although the senior year began last September for 189 prospective graduates, the first big senior activity was the prom at the Palais Royale on May 16. As the couples were led around the dance floor for the grand march by the class officers and strains of "All hail to the scarlet and blue" could be heard when Ted Gallagan and his orchestra played our school song, the seniors realized anew that Adams would soon be their alma mater.

Prom chairman, Bruce Parker was ably assisted by his committee of Mosetta Blanton, Daniel Broderick, Fred LaCosse, Barbara Lennon, and Ann West. Robert Thompson handled the tickets; Judith Campbell, the publicity; and Joan Shotola, the invitations.

Baccalaureate

On May 25 at 4:00, the seniors from all of the South Bend public high schools gathered in the Adams auditorium for the Baccalaureate services. Cecil R. Deardorf directed the all-city orchestra for the processional music, the "Entrance and March of the Peers". The other musical offerings, "Come Thou Holy Spirit", "Emittee (continued on page ten)

NINE SENIORS HAVE OUTSTANDING ATTENDANCE

Out of the 189 graduating seniors, nine students have had outstanding attendance records from the time they entered Adams in September of 1949 until May 1, 1952.

Ann Dunsmore, Marilyn Glueckert, and Nadine Wenzel had no absences during the three years. Ann and Marilyn were tardy only once and Nadine twice.

Edward Conrey, Betty Houston, and Margot Trethewey all had one absence but no tardiness; Richard Nidiffer and Clifford Richards both had two absences and no tardy marks; and Mary Ann Kenady had two absences and three tardinesses.

John Adams Tower



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TOWER THE STAFF TOWER

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From the Editor's Scratch Pad

Well, it's about over. Twelve years of being led by the hand, dictated to, and patted on our little plump heads is about to be handed to us on a card bearing our name and the title of diploma. We can now make our own decisions and plan our own time.

For goodness sake, don't just stand there—that's what we've always wanted— isn't it? I know there are a few drawbacks to this independent life, but we may as well get used to them now as later. Take, for instance, this business of voting. Everyone knows that to be able to vote is the most wonderful thing that could happen to a person—it proves he is twenty-one. Of course, I realize that that's all it's good for—to verify one's age. Knowing or caring about what happens to our nation is purely second-rate. The government can certainly get along without me—and maybe the next fellow—and possibly even the guy next to him. If we work things like that, letting someone else worry about the state of affairs, then it will begin to get more like school—and we can have our dependence back again. That way we can all be led around by our noses and let a few busy bodies do the work, you know, the way Joe Stalin and his boys do it.

Oh, yes, another thing: if anyone has actually been so gullible as to read, absorb, and even remotely consider any of this—you'd better go back to Mr. Goldsberry's civics and soci classes and start learning what this thing called life is all about. It really does have possibilities. In fact, this old world might be a pretty nice place to live in if people weren't so concerned about how the world treated them, instead of how they treat it.

The world will be ours in five days—ours to make a mess of or ours to clean up and make a decent place in which to teach our children. Perhaps if we all take a try at it, there will be enough peace and happiness for all of us to have a taste.

Et Cetera . . . This is my last issue of the Tower, but only the last of this year's volume for Miss Roell, the paper's behind the scenes heroine. Needless to say, the Tower would be an impossibility without her constant aid. My thanks also to the rest of the staff and to the readers. Good luck to you all . . . and good-bye . . .



Madam Adam

Welly, it is just about time for the Seniors to pack their books and move out, but first let us take a look at them back through the past three years and see how time has altered their hearts.

Back in the fall of '48 we saw Barb Lennon with Bruce Parker and at the same party were Joan Tarr and Jack Noyes. My, that certainly is a switch, isn't it?

Then there were the days when we saw Miriam Bender going steady with Dave Boldon; Tom Addison with "Toots" Horvath; Joe Landgraf with Nancy Locksmond; Connie Lamont with Speede Netzel (alum); Louise Niespo with Wayne Robinson (alum); Pat Arisman with Jim Wenger; Tom Wise with Joan Graf; Su Hastings with Jim Sears (alum); and Mickey Hennion with John Clauss—my, that sounds familiar, doesn't it?

We must not forget the hayride on which we saw Marilyn Stebner and Bob Pfaff (alum) and Mary Ann Kenady and Jay Miller.

Even in those days our Adamites mixed in foreign lands. Seen at different times in the past were: Beth Hodge and Chuck Welch (Cent. alum); Bob Thompson and Pat Szabo (S.B. Cath.); Jo Walke and Jude Dunfee (Cent.); Joe Kline and Doris Harrington (Cent.); and Dick English and Marilee Achton (Cent.).

Here are some from the "Just Dating" list we raked up from the past: Nadine Wenzel and Bob Bock; Gayle Freels and Bill Bickel; Jo Turner and Fred LaCosse; Dick Peterson and Betty Verduin; Larry Towne and Jan Miller; Tom Vermande and Ann West; Garry Puckett and Flora Mason, and Mary Demos and Will Johnston.

Before I leave I would like to send a special thanks to my writers who helped me keep this column going. I am sorry we found it necessary to re-arrange the column so many times in the past year, but nevertheless, it certainly has been a lot of fun trying to squeeze you all in.

Ginnie Rich,
Madam Adam

Dear Underclassmen,

Advice and criticism are things that I feel pretty sure are you all have had, perhaps from seniors especially. This will be neither, as far as you are concerned, for the only criticism will be that of this senior year as one senior has known it.

Your last year will be the fullest, the fastest, and it should be the most satisfying. Of prime importance during these last nine months will be time. There never seems to be enough at the right moment or for the right people. However, one way to ease the situation might be to make out a tentative time schedule for each week or perhaps each month. This is not an assured solution, but it at least will remind you where you're going, what time you're going there, and why.

Not every week will be filled with activities, in fact, there may be quite a bit of time some weeks when you will have nothing to do but loaf. It seems that there is nothing else to do, but that is merely because you haven't thought ahead. Next week you may have a terrific exam in Soci or a book to read for English in addition to a meeting every morning, noon, and night. The expression "live for today" or "loaf while you can" may be all very well and good but take it from one who knows, it's not a good practice.

There are a million and one things a senior may do during his senior year, but only roughly a thousand and one things he can do and come out alive. That means that there are 999,000 things that should be eliminated. Figure out in the fall what the activities are that are really important and essential for you — and back out of the meetings and extras that may be the straw that breaks the camels' back. You may be able to mix homework, meetings, and parties into every evening, but ten to one sleep won't be included. Don't be the kind of senior who can't graduate because he doesn't have time.

Take care, have fun, and may your senior year be just as wonderful, but less hectic, than mine.

A Graduating Senior

*AB ORE PRINCIPIS

Having arrived at the threshold of your commencement to assume the responsibilities of a mature individual, the faculty and underclassmen of John Adams High School sincerely wish you much success in your endeavors. You have demonstrated, by achieving the qualifications for graduation, that you believe in the worth of education as provided by your parents, community, and state through the institution of this school.

We sincerely hope that each of you will continue to search for satisfaction and knowledge of the truth either by enrollment in institutions of higher learning, by in-service training in an occupation,

—To the Graduating Class of '52

or by leisure time and avocational interests.

If, from your experiences at John Adams, you recall many pleasant acquaintances, have a feeling of growth in knowledge, attitudes and skills, and have developed a feeling of responsibility for service to your fellowmen; then, indeed, you have profited much. These, and related learning experiences, your school has hoped to provide during your attendance here.

In the spirit in which we welcomed you three years ago, we now bid you farewell with the wish that you will find many worthy opportunities to use your faculties to improve the welfare of man.

Russell Rothermel

THE 'MOSTS' AND 'BESTS'



Best Looking...
Phyllis Sells, William Dieter

Most Likely to Succeed...
Marilyn Burke, Bruce Parker



Best Dressed...
Patricia Arisman, David Boldon



Best Personality...
Barbara Lennon, Jack Noyes

Contributed Most to A.H.S....
Judith Campbell, Fred LaCrosse



Best Mannered...
Clara Ferraro, James Wenger



Best Sense of Humor...
Suzanne Hastings, Thomas Reamer

Most Friendly...
Mary Ann Kenady, Jos. Landgraf



From September '49 to June '52

It was one of the biggest in our lives—that day we entered Adams; and as we passed through the big, big doors and into its wide, wide halls we were filled with a mixture of emotions ranging from the depths of humility to the heights of ambition.

For a few shaky days we walked the halls with a "I just know I don't look like a sophomore" air outside, but some pretty healthy butterflies inside. We arrived en masse at the first football game (our first chance to show that we supported ADAMS) and looked at all the strange faces of our fellow students and silently wondered, "Is that girl in my home room?" or, "I wonder if he is a senior." Never were there so many bags of newspaper-cofetti thrown from the School Field bleachers, or so many red and blue crepe paper streamers waved as at those first get-acquainted football games in the fall of '49.

Our first Christmas at Adams opened our eyes to part of our school tradition, the Hi-Y tree and the impressive vesper Glee Club service. Wintertime also brought another step forward for us — the change of semesters. At last we were 10A's and we had a whole new class of 10B's to look down our noses upon. We continued to perpetuate the custom we had started at the first of the basketball

season — arriving at school at 6:15 p.m., just in time to rush in when the doors opened and get ringside seats to see "our boys," the "B" team, whip it up on the gym floor.

When spring rolled around we'd really become used to the place. We knew at least twice as many people as we did a few months before and we were beginning to feel sort of a class unity even though 1952 looked awfully dim and far away.

The following fall brought us back to "our good old school, our

good old lockers, and our good old home rooms" with greater desires for accomplishment at Adams. We became more active members of our clubs, more of an asset to our teams, and around Christmas time we participated in our first organized activity. Our "First Annual Junior Christmas Party" we called it, and it was a whopping success (much to the surprise of quite a few of us.) We sophisticated sixteen year olds got a kick out of playing "Isaiah and Matilda" and watching blindfolded Mrs. McClure

chase blindfolded Mr. Dickey. Santy Claus was good and furnished us with lots of ice cream, cookies and coke.

We juniors had our lovelorn problems, too, and we poured them into the ear of an always sympathetic Madam Adam and then we eagerly looked for The Tower to see what the ever wise one had to say.

Along in March we had our event to eclipse all events—Stardust Cafe. They called ours "Stardust Showboat" and after weeks of planning we had a well-organized, well-synchronized dance. The floor show was funny, the dance band music was fine, and we had lots of fun floating down the Mississippi, "Showboat" style.

When May arrived with serious faces we watched the class of 1951 leave, for we knew that our time was not far off and there was but one year left to prepare.

Our third return was the one that began our year most filled with lasting memories of happy experiences. We of the senior class staged a huge festival, right in our own back yard, called Full Moon Frolic. Under a September moon we hammered nails, guessed weight, played miniature golf, and had our fortunes told as we stuffed ourselves with everything from home made pastry to popcorn balls.

(continued on page six)



ST. PETER, HARP IN HAND

Saint Peter Finds Himself at A Class Reunion

As I, Saint Peter, stand looking out, I see my angelic classmates of '52 mounting the Golden Stairs to the Gates of Heaven.

Leading procession are Marilyn Burke, the renowned flutist, and Moseetta Blanton, the operatic star, playing and singing the heavenly theme written by the successful composer, Ann Dunsmore. I see June Crawley, announcer from Radio Station HSB (Heavenly Stars and Bodies) giving a step-by-step account of the procession. Running ahead is the ace photographer, Ray Ashbaugh, taking pictures for the front page of the Ethereal Gazette.

Here comes Miriam Bender, co-owner of the Netzel Pretzel Company and accompanying her is Judy Campbell, chief artist who designs the beautiful forms and shapes of the Netzel Pretzels. Following close behind are Dick Briggs and Earl Briesch, the co-owners of the Cloud-Climber, the fastest and most modern railroad in the universe. If there are any complaints of service on the Cloud-Climber, customers contact Business and Personal Manager Mary Demos. Not to be out done are John Blechschmidt, owner and designer of the Heavenly Limited and his rival Bernard Boehm, also owner and designer of the Heavenly Express, the two foremost space ships ever built.

Now, for the interest to the kiddies, the celebrity and Queen of the Ice Show, Marilyn DeLong, who presented "A Miracle on Ice." Another popular featured skater on the program was Frances Bell. Those who were luck enough to have been there will remember the free teddy bars given away for sale promotion by Janette Baker, the owner of the Teddy Bear Company.

"Hear Ye, Hear Ye," calls side show barker Bob Beckner, "see Jackie Clemmons dance and sing to the tune of the piano played by Mary Jo Bingamann! See Jim Barrett, the boy with the red hair and hear its paint bucket origin!"

Looking further on down the line with my Cannon designed and Bole-manufactured telescope I see a sailor quartet composed of Ronnie Dillon, Dick Darnell, Larry DeFord, and Ray Casper serenading the pin-up girl of the navy, Nancy Ankers, I can hear faintly the strains of their song "Ankers Away."

Next comes the newest invention of the century, the rolling card table made and designed by the Broderick Manufacturing Company. Seated around this creation which has come to rest on

a cloud, and playing three-handed cut-throat pinhole are Tom (Ashley) Addison, the Southern Gentleman; Sue (Scarlett) Bennett, the Southern Belle; and Bill (Rhett) Dieter, the Reckless Gambler. Peering out the window of a passing space ship watching the game are Joan Allen, the renowned stewardess, and Ronnie Burcham, pilot. Two of the passengers are Ed Conrey, well known psychiatrist, accompanied by Miriam Brown, his nurse. They are pushing to treat the crowd disturbed by the riot caused when Pat Arisman, lady wrestler, threw Kay Birmingham out of the ring in their tangle in the Celestial Square. Ring side spectators were Sultry Susie Allison, movie queen, and Mermaid Marilyn Brant, who came in spite of her saddle sores from sitting on a sea horse.

As the parade begins to dwindle the aroma of food floats by. The cause of this fragrant odor is the heaping trays of Filet Mignon carried by waitresses Marilyn Benner and Sirley Bourdon, closely followed by their boss, Dick Beebe, the proprietor of Cactus Caverns Cafe. Right behind him comes "C.C.C." featuring floor show: guitar playing Jon Clauss, ukele strumming Karen Brown, and fiddle faddling RoJean Bakos.

Last but not least, chasing after the procession, come the eternal devils, Boldon and Brennan, dragging their pitch forks behind them.

--Karen Brown
--RoJean Bakos

I see another group coming up the golden steps led by Carlton Kindig, a famous guide to the unknown. They look like a peaceful crowd and since they seem such perfect examples, their own ace photographer, Bill Inks, is going to take a picture of the group which will be printed in 1300/5000 of a second by Don Hostetter, pro printer.

Everyone is lined up for the picture—but wait—a stretcher approaches. Could that helpless form really be Joe Kline? Nurse Margie Klein informs us that after prolonged consultation, she and her assistant, Pat Ford, have come to the conclusion that our hero football player is suffering from an acute torn pedal extremity. Seems that Coach Will Johnston sent him in the game at the wrong time, for he had to play against Jim Hatch, who is a wrestler in his spare time. It appears that everyone is here now so I'll send Marilyn Glueckert down to close the golden gates so no one can sneak in. Last week Wilma Horvath did a handspring over the gate and nearly escaped my notice. Not only that, but Joyce Freehauf tried to swim down the celestial river so she could escape my judgment day questionnaire. It

seems like everyone is trying to fool me these days—in fact, the Grubbs twins spent an hour trying to prove to me that neither twin had the Toni.

Oh, I thought everyone was here, but this blast of exhaust and heap of tin tells me that Paul Geiger is driving up in his car (?). Seems as though he too is trying to trick me because I can see Clara Ferraro and Margaret Ann Haumesser hidden in the trunk. What do they think this is—an outdoor theater?

While we are waiting for Marilyn to close the gates, let's tune into the program "The Greatest Musical Show on Earth." Betty Houston, instead of her typical remarks about "and then he said" is announcing Jane Gindleberger and Carol Jones, the stars on the show tonight. The chief number will be one composed by the great musician, Dick Nidiffer, called "When You and I Were Young, Dolores" blues. Oh, oh, here comes that commercial in which Pat Guggle sells cosmetics that she guarantees to catch a man. They contain a new foundation composed of glue.

Here comes Marilyn back. She says she was detained by Nancy Guisinger, who was trying to sell some of her famous silver polish which she says will shine the golden gate as bright as Lee Hubbard's diamond.

Pat Fugate, who died to get to heaven, wants to hurry up and get the picture over so she can go sit on her—cloud. Beth Hodge, always wanting to give credit where credit is due, suggests that we line up for the picture according to the merits of our lives on earth. Sue Hastings, noted criminal lawyer, says that we should place Ray Hammond in the last row because on earth he was convicted for trying to sell electric stilts (you're supposed to get a charge out of this) to Norma Eddy's kindergarten class.

Sue also suggests that we give Dick Enlish a worthy place because he gave his entire life to putting dots on dominoes in the world renowned domino factory of Glen Klein. Jean Hibbets was the chief janitor in charge at this factory. She had charge of sweeping up the dots that weren't used.

While we are lining everyone up for the picture, Gayle Freels is going to do one of her famous hula dances for us, and Doug Hamilton will pass around a box of his chocolate-covered animal crackers. We can't decide where to put Mary Ann Kenady and Mary Claire Hennion because we don't really know whether they helped or hindered humanity by writing this prophecy.

We can't coax Joan Graf into the picture. She was the beneficiary in Mary Jo Jackson's life insurance and since Mary Jo died on

the 91st day after an accident, Joan never collected double indemnity and she's never quite gotten over it.

Now, at least we're all ready. Everybody in their places, and for heaven's sake, smile nice and angelically. Ready, set,—oh, my gosh, Mable Jones and Judy Hershenow would be missing. You remember Judy, don't you—she was the renowned twenty questions genius. They say she even guessed that Mable's occupation was a bookshelf builder (for all of the public libraries in South Bend) by looking at her handwriting.

Get ready, again, now... Thank goodness that's over with.

--Mary Claire Hennion
--Mary Ann Kenady.

Well, it's been a long day. Good to take off my halo and relax in the peace and—Quiet!! What in the pearly gates is that noise? Well strum my harp, a bus! Funny looking thing with those people hanging out the windows and waving things. No wonder that they are here the way that chap drives. Why it's Joan Shotola! She used to be a cab driver. There is Jo Anne Wilhelm, fine horse doctor, hanging out the window with a popsicle.

Whoops!! Fabulous Phyllis Sells, the lady wrestler, just ran by with Sheriff Jo Walke in hot pursuit. Ann West, the safe cracker, was hiding from the law in the baggage holder but Don Vandenburg, the private eye, spotted her with his Dick Tracy spyglass.

Everyone is getting out now. There is Otto Taylor. At Adams they thought he would be an artist, but he ended up painting Burma Shave signs. Jim Wenger's dreams of being an architect didn't come true, either. The highest he got was designing dog houses for dogs who care.

Was that a shot? Oh, it's just Wild Phil Twigg, the cowboy star, with Shirley Schock behind him. She wanted to be a cowboy, too, but the closest she came was shooting cereal from guns.

Here come three literary passengers, Stan Sessler, who has just completed an index to Webster's Dictionary; John Smith, who is famed for his children's books (Gladys The Glow Worm, etc.); and behind him, Jeff Tretheway, who wrote such wonderful advice to the lovelorn in the romance magazines.

Here comes Joan Swanson, the roller derby star. That next fellow rattles when he walks. Oh, it's just Larry Towne, the sword swallower.

Who is that peeping out from under one of the seats? Oh, yes, Tom Yoder. He is used to cramped spaces from turning out the light

GREETSS THE CLASS OF 1952

in refrigerators when the door closes.

That noisy couple is Marlene Scholnik, the star, and her hair dresser, Tom Vermande, and that fellow trying to drown them out is Gerry Schumacher, the politician.

They are carrying someone off the bus. It's poor Ted Vander Beek, who is always getting seasick trying to comb waves into his hair. Another casualty is Fred Swintz. Sad Case. He went crazy trying to get a hole-in-one.

Everyone is making way for Marilyn Stebner. She was the one who invented suits with ready-made acid holes for chemistry students. She is with her friend, Joan Tarr, who also made a wonderful discovery: the first garlic with chlorophyll.

That man talking to himself used to be Bob Thompson. All the kiddies now know him as "Uncle Sweetie," the TV star. Ollie May Scott, the dancer, is on TV, too. Her motto is "Swing and sway with Ollie May."

I can't understand what that fellow is saying. He was once a French teacher and now he speaks French all the time. His name is Burton Toepp.

Who is that sitting on the aerial? Oh, it's Rosie Schubert, who broke all records for flagpole-sitting. That is an unusual alligator bag that woman is carrying. Heavens! It's a real alligator! Must be Su Spinner, the big game hunter.

That must be Tom Wise crawling down the aisle. He got that way from being under tables all the time. He had a wonderful business selling old bubble gum to patch up holes in battleships.

That girl that the others leave strictly alone is Jo Turner. She's the only lady garbage collector in the U. S. I wonder what Margot Trethewey is carrying in that bag. Maybe it's her life long collection of "I like Ike" badges.

Here comes "Speedy Sandra" Zimmerman, the football announcer, with Betty Verduin. Betty was the star of the soap opera, "Florence's Other Fiancee."

These prosperous looking business men are (Credit) Kenny Thomas, the used car dealer, and (Smiling) Roger Ward, his partner, with him. (Smiling) Roger used to run a parking lot. No one figured out how they made so much money.

Nadine Wenzel owned a little drive-in restaurant. They called her "Horsemeat Harry." Here comes Larry Wickizer with his loving cup that he got when he brought fame to his country in the Olympics for being the first international spit wad champion.

This must be Verna Whisman, the famous acrobat, walking on her

hands. Poor thing, she got tied in a knot two years back and they haven't got her untied yet. What is that behind her? Oh, it's just Joan Spillman and her trained seals.

There's Dave Scruggs in a uniform. No, not the Army. After a lifetime of sneaking in movies, Dave decided that he was getting too old and quit, but he missed it so much he became an usher.

Shirley Thomas just can't keep away from the tires of the bus because they remind her of her old job, putting holes in lifesavers. That is Ray Vanett surrounded by girls. Ray designed women's hats and he says he picked it up working in a delicatessen.

There is Carolyn Wilson with a squirt gun. She never realized her ambition of being a fireman but she is still trying. Mary Lou Young never reached her goal, either. Of course there was nothing wrong with her last job, putting toothpaste in tubes.

There is that super insurance salesman, Edwina Tucker. They say she once sold sun stroke insurance to an eskimo. I do wish she would quit trying to sell life insurance here, though.

The last people are coming out now, a lady with a basketball team. Oh, my mistake, it's just Cathryn Weidler and her quintuplets!

--Ken Thomas

--Jo Ann Turner

I sat down for a few minutes to rest and began strumming on my harp. I looked behind me and there was Flora Mason ascending thru the mist singing "You've Got Me Where You Want Me." Jay Miller, leader of the famous "Jay's Jazzy Five," followed close behind. Next in view came the world-famous psychiatrist, Dr. Bruce Parker, assisting Garry "The Horn" Puckett, who lost his mind and died at an early age trying to keep Miller and his monster musicians in tune.

I understand that today's world of industry is really booming. Representative Cuyler Miller from South Bend, Indiana, and Senator Dick "The Duke" Petzke killed each other in a white house controversy over whether Charles Powell had violated the Sherman Anti-Trust Law by monopolizing the bubble gum industry. One of the interesting factors concerning the case was the student blackout of TV sets all over the nation when the network's biggest star, Patty "Dagmar of '65" Parker blew one of the Powell bubbles so big that Jim Kuntz, the photographer, and Glen Robe, engineer, were unable to proceed. All six staggered up the golden stairs still pulling the gum off Patty.

The world is travelling by Jet

propulsion now-a-days. John McConnell, designer, and Cliff Richards, pilot of the passenger-type jet plane, met their deaths today while transporting Ed Perkins, editor of "If it's there we'll cover it" Daily News, to the west coast. Ed was covering the big fire at the Rears and Soebuck Company. Due to mechanical difficulties the plane crashed and John, Ed, and Richard Seach, nation-wide manager of the Rears stores, who was also on the plane, were unfortunately killed.

A big shiny Cadillac just passed thru the gates and as it went by I recognized Harold Markward, business manager of a big auto service concern, in the back seat. I was shocked to see Karen Kindig, his private secretary, on one knee and Claire Pherson, his stenographer, on the other. Barbara Maupin, alias, Mrs. Markward, was running behind the car yelling, "Hey, ya can't take it with ya!"

Next I saw Joseph Landgraf, operator and owner of the "If you can't get it, Rollic's got it" super market, who died of a heart attack caused by pressure from Harold Pipke, a big time peach producer over Joe's office girl, Charlotte Kronwitter.

I see my next roomer is the notable accountant, Phil Lee, who lost his life when his dentist, Dr. Fred "I hope you come thru" LaCosse, with his nurse, Angela McNamara, assisting with the novocaine, attempted to remove a splinter from the roof of his mouth. Perhaps the infection would not have set in, if the novocaine which was discovered by the well-known research scientist, Dr. J. D. Noyes, had not been defective.

A few minutes ago Larry Landy and Maynard Ling, co-owners of the Landy & Ling Typewriter Co., came through the gates. They were driven to commit suicide by their salesmen, Tom Reamer and Jack Landry, who spent all their time trying to invent a typewriter that would write under water.

I notice that Joe Panzica is coming thru the clouds to the left. He is with us today because of an accident at his fruit farm. Joe found out the hard way that falling trees are not as romantic as falling leaves. Poor guy, he'll never know that it was Bill Scott that cut down the tree.

It certainly has been busy up here today. I see Beulah LaPlace and Marilyn Stegman coming up the golden stairs. A rocket ship crashed into the office building where they were working as secretaries, killing them and Robert Morgan, head draftsman for the new music hall sponsored by the well-known musician, James Rush. Joann Rawles, who was working in one of the offices, was also killed in the mishap. The water cooler



fell as the ship hit and drowned her.

Next I saw Muriel Lange and Doretta Martin coming up the golden steps walking on opposite sides. It seems they fatally wounded each other in an argument over which of the two as secretaries would hold the art supplies for the prosperous commercial artist, Jim Lavengood. I understand also that Jim is really getting the competition these days from Rosie Orban and Louise Neispo. Rosie is manager of the art department at the Flutter Flash Eyelash Co., and Louise is really doing great drawing advertisements for a firm which has an absolute cure for poison ivy.

Well, bless me, here comes Dick Peterson limping up the heavenly stairs. Dick was the "home run king" in the baseball world. The renowned coach, Richard Shenberger, taught him everything he knew at "Here-we-come-Dodgers" University. Unfortunately, Dick had to slide into home plate and injured his leg. After many operations I see he finally decided to come up and stay with me.

I see my next three roomers coming: Connie Lamont, Sue Robertson, and Carol Rans. My, but their's is a tragic story. They all entered a car in the "500" race at Indianapolis and Connie drove. She was the first woman driver ever. Unfortunately, the car crashed and Connie with it. Sue and Carol drowned each other trying to put out the fire with an extinguisher.

Well... I guess that does it for today. Oh, no! Here come Barb Lennon and Ginnie Rich, so I'd better go down and help them because they don't look as though they can make it. I suppose you're all wondering why they're so tired. Well, Barb and Ginnie spent all their lives trying to get Angela McNamara to heaven on time.

--Barbara Lennon

--Virginia Rich

My soul, this really has been quite a day! Never have I seen so many people at one time. If too many more come up here, I'm afraid we'll have to ask Uncle Sam for a loan on a celestial housing unit. Never thought I'd be relying on the good ole American dollar.

Well, I'd better lock the gates for today and rest up for tomorrow's travelers. Who knows, the morrow may bring Adams class of '53.

Amen.

Graduation - - - Musically Speaking

"Unforgettable"—Senior Prom.
 "Wishing" I were a freshman again.
 "Cry"—Graduation night.
 "After Graduation Day"—?????
 "Don't Talk About Me When I'm Gone"—Senior's prayer.
 "Vanity"—Cap and Gown day.
 "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You"—Senior's parting song.
 "Forever"—We'll remember Adams.
 "Grand Central Station"—Senior picnic.
 "I Hear a Rhapsody"—Alma Mater
 "I Have Mixed Emotions"—After commencement speech.
 "At Last, At Last"—Receiving a diploma.
 "I See A Million People"—At Baccalaureate.
 "It's All Over But the Memories"—The past three years.

FROM SEPTEMBER, '49 TO JUNE, '52

(continued from page three)

Later on in the semester, our class decided that what we needed was a telephone book, so we spent hectic weeks copying from office cards and typing names for the first Adams Student Directory.

It seemed that guidance programs got extremely entertaining around the last of our senior year, but the big question after we had witnessed half-a-dozen of those movies was "Is It Really Love?"

With the first hint of spring, the first awesome feelings that we were about to leave crept up on us. As we exchanged our cards and signed our pictures, we tried to spend as much time as we could with our old friends and to store as many happy events as possible in the little time we had left. Senior Day will always be one that will stand out in our memories, for along with getting the thrill of teaching for an hour, we also had the opportunity of seeing life from the instructors viewpoint and airing our ideas about educating the "younger generation."

Of course, for all of us our senior prom was really the night of nights.

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JUST WHAT A SENIOR NEEDS - - A BEACH PARTY

There is nothing quite like a bustling beach party to complete, with a final crescendo, the social activities of the merry month of May. For the benefit of those whose acquaintances with the fine points of beach parties is rather limited, let me explain further.

During the 24 hours preceding a beach party the females busy themselves by cutting potatoes for salad, putting their hair up, and by patching all the little holes in last year's bathing suit. The males, finding themselves with nothing to do, lazily meander to the homes of the girls to watch their trials and tribulations. After being welcomed with icy stares from the girls, they take the un hospitable hint and promise to return the next day with cars for the trip to the beach.

The next day the boys, girls, cakes, salads and hot dogs hop

With "Among Our Souvenirs" as our theme, all of us fairly twinged with reminiscences when they played the tunes reminding us of what seemed had happened just ages ago.

This history can't really be complete because it doesn't include any record of our reactions to Baccalaureate or very most important, Commencement. However, it is not hard to prophesy (with a touch of hope) that even though when they have passed, they will leave us a little sad, inside we will feel the rosy glow that comes from knowing that what we have done here is our best, and what we will do in the future will be even better.

Judy Campbell

WANTED—Interior and exterior decorating, paperhanging. Light carpenter work.

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merrily into cars and wend their way to the beach. The little curls which were so painstakingly urged to complacent obedience the night before now tumble wildly about making absurd tangles of hitherto beautiful coiffures. The cars are an amusing sight for passers-by. Twelve boys and girls in the midst of hopeless bedlam sit piled one on top of the other in a terribly woe-be-gone and bedrangled model A Ford.

Upon arriving at the beach, the boys take inventory and outside of a few lost sparkplugs, one broken radiator, two flat tires, six broken coke bottles, a lost cookie jar, and a mysteriously disappearing chaperone, they find our little party to be none the worse for wear. Upon arrival the kids make a mad dash for the water, dragging with them strings of hot dogs, towels. Two very observant girls realize that the muscles of that very, very cute life-guard should be kept in shape by exercise so they get themselves caught in the undertow and yell frantically to him for help. The others, not to be outdone, also get themselves stranded in the deep water. They make odd gesticulations to gain the attention of the life-guard, who, being near-sighted, continues to build his castles in the sand.

After a delicious meal of hamburgers, hot dogs, salad, cokes, ants, flies, and doughnuts, everyone lies down along the picket fence to get beautiful suntans. One o'clock, two o'clock, and three o'clock pass and at last it is time

Two Things That Go
Together—Coke and 5¢



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In addition to Berg's Jewellery Store and Fay's Jewelry Store, the Twin City Jewelers are presenting each girl graduate of the class of 1952 with a Holmes and Edwards sterling inlaid silverplate teaspoon. The teaspoon will have "Class of 1952" inscribed across the bowl of the spoon and may be chosen from five different Holmes and Edwards patterns. The graduate may choose from "Romance," "May Queen," "Danish Princess," "Spring Garden" or "Lovely Lady" and should make the selection before June 1. It will come wrapped in a plastic bag, ready to be stored in a hope chest or a memory drawer as a memo of graduation, 1952.

to go home. They get up, prepared to admire each others suntans, but what do they find? Rather than seeing lovely tanned girls and the (?) brown rippling physiques of the boys, they see 20 disheveled, haggard zebra striped creatures.

NOTICE TO ALL SENIORS

Be sure to report to your home room at 8:25 a.m. on June 3 for your report cards and for commencement rehearsal. No one will be excused from this rehearsal.

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In Retrospect - - -

1951 1952

THE FALL started off with a bang as the Drama Club presented its annual fall production of "Polly With a Past." The fun was not all to be had by the audience, for the cast enjoyed the many hours spent in rehearsal as well as the three spent in presentation.



WE NOT ONLY WELCOMED our first freshman class and a new principal, but two exchange students, Ingrid Schoenauer and Arthur Kubo.



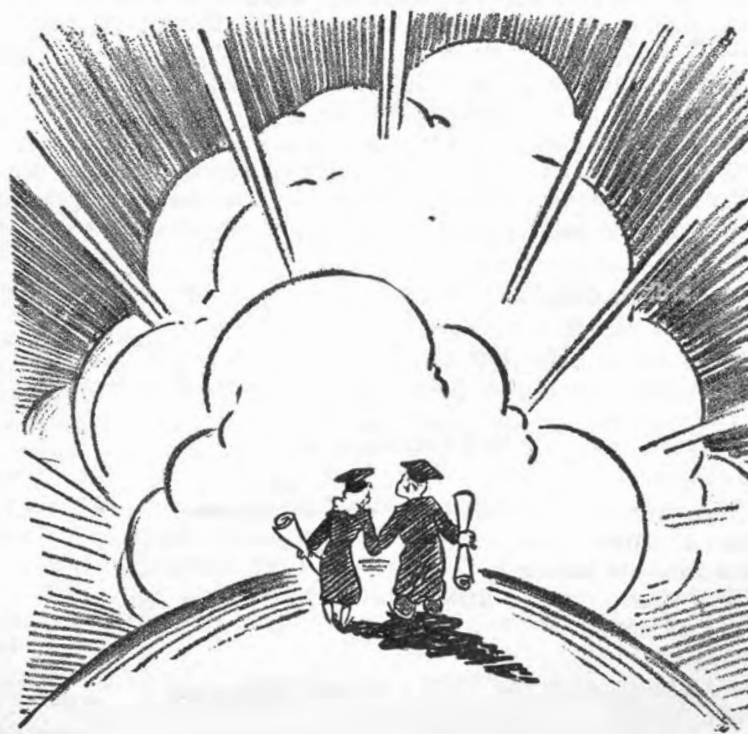
JUST AS WE were comfortably settled for the fall activities, winter and Christmas came creeping up on us. A cold and snowy Christmas it was, too, but the Glee Club managed to warm many a heart with its Yuletide message at their Vesper service.



WHILE THE DEBATERS were preparing their arguments, pro and con, the basketball season was in full swing. The queen and her court held an important place in the season as well as the closing of basketball with the Hi-Y's "Adams Eve."



WITH THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the new Student Council officers, we began realizing that our time was almost at an end and memories of three years at Adams flashed through the minds of 189 seniors—memories of victories and defeats, of flops and successes, of friends gained and lost, but all of them wonderful reminders that these three years have not been spent in vain.



SENIOR AWARDS

Gold Glee Club Pins for Six Semesters Work Went to:

James Barrett	Carol Jones	Virginia Rich
Sue Bennett	Karen Kindig	Marilyn Stegman
Mary Demos	Fred LaCosse	John Smith
Jean Grubbs	Barbara Lennon	Sue Spenner
Joan Grubbs	Flora Mason	Joan Tarr
Beth Hodge	Jay Miller	Robert Thompson
Nadine Wenzel		

Silver Glee Club Pins for Four Semesters Work Went to:

RoJean Bakos	Lee Hubbard	Rosemary Schubert
Mosetta Blanton	Rosemary Orban	Joan Shotola
Gayle Freels	Susan Robertson	Larry Towne

Gold Band Pins for Six Semesters Work Went too:

Marilyn Burke	Carol Jones	James Rush
Ann Dunsmore	Jay Miller	Margot Trethewey
Jane Gindelberger	Garry Puckett	Roger Ward

Silver Band Pins for Six Semesters Work Went to:

Miriam Brown

Gold Orchestra Pins for Six Semesters Work Went to:

Jay Miller Garry Puckett

Silver Orchestra Pins for Six Semesters Work Went to:

Ann Dunsmore Jane Gindelberger

ALBUM AWARDS:

Editor's Pin—Judith Campbell

Staff Pins:	Patricia Arisman	Mary Demos
Connie Lamont	Mary Claire Hennion	Phyllis Sells
RoJean Bakos	Mary Ann Kenady	Joan Tarr
Sue Bennett	Jo Walke	

Honorable Mention:	Su Hastings	Joyce Freehauf
Karen Brown	Richard Peterson	Marilyn Stebner
Miriam Brown	Sue Robertson	Jo Ann Turner

TOWER AWARDS:

Jeweled pin, Editor—Beth Hodge

Gold Pins:	Betty Verduin	Mary Ann Kenady
Karen Brown	Clara Ferraro	Mabel Jones
Judith Campbell	Jane Gindelberger	Virginia Rich
Norma Eddy	Betty Houston	
Silver Pins:	Mary Lou Young	Mary Jo Jackson
Marilyn DeLong	Karen Kindig	Joan Tarr
Suzanne Hastings	Claire Pherson	Nadine Wenzel
Joan Spillman	Joanne Wilhelm	

DRAMA AWARDS—Boy and girl who have made an outstanding contribution to Dramatics:

Dramatics: Judith Campbell Jay Miller

Certificates of Honor:

Patricia Arisman	Rosemary Schubert	Mary Claire Hennion
RoJean Bakos	John Smith	Jay Miller
Miriam Bender	Joan Tarr	Rosemary Orban
Sue Bennett	Robert Thompson	Carol Rans
Beth Hodge	Marilyn Burke	Virginia Rich
Mary Ann Kenady	Judith Campbell	Susan Robertson
Barbara Lennon	Mary Demos	Jo Ann Turner
Angela McNamara	Suzanne Hastings	Joanne Wilhelm

Library Club Gold Pins for Six Semesters Work of 50 Hours Each:

Janette Baker	Margaret Haumesser	Doretta Martin
Shirley Bourdon	Mable Jones	

Library Club Silver Pins for Four Semesters Work of 50 Hours Each:

Joan Allen Patricia Parker

Screen Club Pins — Gold with Guard:

Philip Lee, president	James Hatch, treasurer
William Inks, vice-president	John Walker, secretary

Screen Club Pins—Gold for Five Semesters Service:

James Kuntz

STUDENT COUNCIL:

Gold Pin and Guard

Thomas Addison, president	Rosemary Schubert, treasurer
Fred LaCosse, vice-president	Barbara Lennon, secretary

Gold Pin:

Bruce Parker Bud Parker

Silver Pin:

Edward Conrey Joyce Freehauf Marilyn Stebner

USHERS CLUB:

Jeweled Pin, 140 merits

Phillip Twigg Clifford Richards

Gold Pin, 60 merits

John Walker

Debate Awards—Gold Pin for Six Semesters Service:

Marilyn Burke John Smith

Shakespeare Would Shudder at This One; MacBeth's Witches Will Never Be the Same

The grave yard was damp, and winds whistled through,
While three witches sang and danced 'round their brew
Red dressed them all, plus touches of blue,
The Adams spirit, nineteen fifty-two.

The night was a strange one, fast falling sleet,
So cold that each ghost pulled a quilt 'round his sheet.
Witch I. shouted out, "A dash of pro-scary,
A dip of egnever and then we will carry
The caldron below where the graves we'll find,
Of our beloved teachers, called mastermind!" (heh-heh).

The sweat on their brow was turning ice-cold,
(Their kettle's secret cannot yet be told!)
"At last we are ready," the witches they cried,
They flew to the grave yard, and stared evil-eyed.

Grave one bore a statue, covered in gold,
K-R-I-D-E-R was printed so bold,
His eyes toward the heavens, hands on his hips,
A figure of speech, with a twist on his lips.
The face of a scholar, with snow on his nose,
That soon would drip down, and land on his toes.

They peered o'er the grave and dipped in their pot,
And sprinkled their mixture, bubbling hot.
It fell on the ground and turned a deep red,
The witches laughed and danced as they said,
"For the homework you gave us, and poor work slips, too,
This is revenge, we now give to you!"

On the next grave, the witches they came,
And thought as they read, just below this next name,
Here lies Mr. Goldy
Though he may turn moldy--
He still can laugh long,
With insurance so strong.

On this grave they placed a box of some gum,
For they were quite sure Goldy would want some.

Though the corner should find Mr. Crowe a friend,
He was silently placed right on the end,
For he needed quiet as in study hall,
They say he yelled "Silence" at his funeral.
The witches dripped juice as they had once before,
Each smirked as they felt him a conspiracy.
"Oh Mrs. McClure, though friendly indeed,
Was too strict on tardies; would wish you god-speed."

"And dear Mr. Reber, (may he rest in peace)
Shot just once too often (and hit some police)."

"Mr. Nelson designed a private grave stone,
With geometrical holes, thru which he can moan."

"Miss Burns was around to help each lost soul,
She would have been lost with none to console."

"For Mrs. Pate, we all must sing,"
But their blend sounded like a weeping spring.

So on down the line, the three witches went,
With teachers wishing that they were absent.

The witches were now done, their plagues had been placed,
And as they flew homeward, the witches embraced!

Marlene Shcolnik

BASEBALL

The Adams baseball team of 1952 was the most successful baseball team in the school's history. They piled up a record that probably never will be surpassed. Under a new coach, Cas Swartz, the Eagles rolled to victories over all of the city schools and Mishawaka. The pitching staff proved to be the nucleus Swartz built his squad around. No less than eight shut-outs were hung up by the capable mound staff. Dick Peterson and Bruce Parker were the only senior hurlers on the team which will have a veteran pitching squad next

year. Peterson and Parker held the opposition to practically nothing in the hits department.

The hitting power was provided by third baseman Tom Addison, who played the best defensive ball on the team and who recorded one of the highest batting averages. Jim Brennan, the Eagles capable second sacker, also a great defensive player, supplied much of the Eagles' hitting. Cuy Miller and Fred LaCosse, first baseman and center fielder, respectively, were defensive standouts and LoCosse's timely hitting netted the Eagles some big runs.

1951 ... FOOTBALL

The Adams football team did not pile up an impressive record, but as usual provided the many thrills for the student body and showed the Adams school spirit still was alive. It also showed the will to win was still present. The first game of the '51 season saw a new coach lead a spirited group of boys to an impressive win over a much bigger team. John Murphy took over the reins held by Jim Crowe, who produced many a great Adams team. Coach Murphy and the Eagles weathered a season of defeats but showed the signs of fight all Adams teams have.

The football team fought hard in every game and were fighting just as hard at the final gun as when the game started. The Eagles managed to escape from the conference cellar when they fought to a deadlock with a strong Elkhart eleven. Their lone triumph came over Broad Ripple and although the rest of the season was a series of losses the squad was not a team that the students were ashamed of.

Valuable seniors who will not be around next year are: Ron Dillon, Will Johnston, Otto Taylor, Jim Brennan, Dave Scruggs, Joe Kline, Dick Nidiffer, Harold Pipke, and Bill Dieter.

CROSS COUNTRY

Cross country may not be too highly publicized, but the rugged training acquired in participating in this sport certainly makes a better man out of those participating. It also teaches coordination and builds up muscles which other sports do not do.

This year's team found only two seniors participating: the captain, Chuck Connon, and Ken Thomas. The Eagles grabbed their first meet of the season, and finished with a four won, seven lost mark and a number of seconds in triangular matches.

The squad runs at Potawatomi Park and ran a distance of two miles in their meets.

Connon and Thomas were consistent finishers, turning in fair time for the two-mile jaunt. The Eagles finished a strong third in the annual city meet ahead of Washington. The squad's record shows that they were inexperienced and will have a much more experienced team next year. With only the two seniors on the team much promise is shown for Coach Ralph Powell and his cross country team.

TENNIS

Although inexperienced, our tennis team had a very good season and the best consolation they grabbed was the title of city champion. They won over Central and Riley to claim this title. Their final record was two wins and six losses.

ATHLETIC AWARDS

FOOTBALL

Sweaters

Ronald Dillon

Willis Johnston

Otto Taylor

Certificates

James Brennan
Richard Nidiffer
William Dieter

Jack Nordblad
David Scruggs

Joseph Kline
Harold Pipke

Manager's Sweater

Richard Bowman

Special Awards

Kiwanis—
Richard Nidiffer

Monogram Club—
Ronald Dillon

Captain's Star
William Dieter

BASKETBALL

Certificates

William Dieter
Richard Sheneberger

Cuyler Miller

Bruce Parker

Manager's Certificate

Richard Bowman

Special Awards

Kiwanis—
Bruce Parker

Monogram Club
Richard Shenenberger

Captain's Star—
Cuyler Miller

TENNIS

Chevrans:

Richard Beebe

Richard Peterson

Captain's Star

Richard Peterson

CROSS COUNTRY

Certificates

Charles Connon

Captain's Star

Charles Connon

SWIMMING

S. B. Monogram

Garry Puckett

CHEERLEADERS

Sweaters:

Nancy Guisinger

Karen Kindig

Three of their six losses were by scores of 3-2.

The seniors were Dick Peterson, Dick Beebe, Gary Puckett, and Jim Kuntz. Peterson was the captain and he and Beebe received the only awards. Paul Reber coaches the netters.

SWIMMING

The newly organized swimming team of John Adams experienced a fairly successful for a first year squad with only one upper classman. Gary Puckett was the only senior on the team which dropped the Riley Wildcats for their only win of the season. They dropped meets to Central and Culver, two powerful tank teams. Puckett received the only award, a S. B. Monogram. With next year's squad chucked full of veterans Adams should be a power in swimming and able to compete with stronger teams and notch a few victories. With swimming as a major sport, awards may be given next year. Swimming is a sport which can be enjoyed by every boy with ability or no ability. With more participants in swimming it can be recognized and supported by Adams students.

Puckett was a consistent winner and although he received no award

he worked hard to make the first year of swimming at John Adams successful. Mr. Joseph Laiber was the coach.

BASKETBALL

The John Adams Eagles basketball team enjoyed one of the best seasons in the history of the school this year when they rolled up a 15 won 8 lost record. The mark was second best for an Adams basketball five.

Besides knocking off several well regarded teams the Eagles advanced into the second round of sectional play; something very few Adams teams have done in the past.

Probably the biggest thrill the squad experienced was defeating Central for the second year in a row. Also the Eagles rolled over Washington and Mishawaka. They wound up a respectable third in the conference with six wins and three losses.

The Eagles also boasted the top scorer in the twin cities. Dick Shenenberger grabbed the honors with 299 points and finished a strong third in the Conference scoring.

In his second year Coach Warren Seaborg and his assistant, Rollo Neff, brought Adams a basketball

TRACK

The 1952 John Adams track team was made up primarily of underclassmen, but the senior members had a lot to say about the points scored. The two high scorers on the team were seniors Dick Briggs and Dick Beebe. Briggs was the top man in the high jump and the second half of the season he also scored some points in the high hurdles. Beebe scored his points in the pole vault and the broad jump which he took up half-way through the season.

Of the other seniors, Chester Bussert, Ed Conrey, Ray Vanett, and Otto Taylor were all up at the top among the Eagle shot-putters. Conrey also ran the dashes and broad jumped. Kenny Thomas and Garry Puckett ran in the 440 while Stan Sessler and Larry Gollar ran the dashes and hurdles respectively. Chuck Connon ran in the half-mile.

This year there were five different classes out for track based on years of competition left. There were the seniors in their last year; the juniors with one year left; the sophomores with two years remaining; the freshmen with three years; and the 9B's with four years. The 9B's worked out, but did not compete in order that they might be eligible in their 13B semester.

Other top performers for the Eagles this year were Dick Wedel and Bob Osman in the dashes, Bob Bock and Dale Gibson in the hurdles, Tom Oleshwsky and Roger Jurgovan in the 880, Dave Jones and Joe Freitzman in the mile, Jim Worley in the 440, and Jerry Thompson in the high jump.

Mr. Krider said that he is still hoping for a cinder track in back of Adams. Since one side of the track is completed, it shouldn't be too difficult to finish the job.

GOLF

The senior loaded golf squad failed to have a highly successful season this year, but gained a great deal of experience in their matches. In the only match the squad won, they piled up an impressive score over their opponent. They crushed Niles by a score of 11½ to ½. In their other matches their opponents shot incredible scores which made victory impossible.

The seniors who participated in golf this year were Jim Barrett, Fred Swintz, Dick Darnell, and Dave Boldon. No awards were given.

team it could be proud of. The seniors responsible for the fine showing of our team were Cuyler Miller, Bruce Parker, Dick Shenenberger, Bill Dieter, and the manager, Dick Bowman. These fine cage stars will be sorely missed when the next basketball season rolls around.

... 1952

THE LAST DAY FOR SENIORS FROM THE SENIOR PROM TO COMMENCEMENT NIGHT

(continued from page one)

Senior Picnic

Spiritum", and "The Lord Bless You and Keep You", were sung by the senior choirs. The sermon was given by Reverend Walter J. Higgins, C. S. C. pastor of the Holy Cross Catholic Church. Reverend Wilson S. Parks, pastor of the Broadway Evangelical United Brethren Church, gave the invocation and the benediction.

Next Monday the seniors will gather for the senior picnic at the Rum Village Park. Activities and lunch will be in progress from 11:30 to 2:30. Phillip Twigg and his committee of Ronald Burcham, Sandra Zimmerman, Clifford Richards, Joan Grubbs, Patricia Parker, and James Rush have planned to furnish the food by assessing the class members and then buying the supplies wholesale. Recreation will follow.

Mr. and Mrs. Rothermel, the senior sponsors, parents of the seniors, and a clear warm day, have been invited to attend as guests.

Class Gift

It has always been the custom at Adams for the graduation class to present the school with a gift

by which the class may be remembered.

This year's class has given two large photographic murals which will be placed in the cafeteria over the entrances when it is opened for use next fall. The murals, which will be in montage form in black and white, will depict the various scholastic and extra-curricular activities at Adams. They will also include a picture of the school and of its namesake, John Adams.

Gifts given to the school in former years are:

1942—The John Adams Citizenship Fund for the best boy and girl citizen in the graduation class.

1943—World War II Honor Roll.

1944—World War II Memorial Honor Roll.

1945—Athletic Record Board above the auditorium door.

1946—Athletic Record Board above the auditorium door.

1947—Record player.

1948—Record album storage cabinet.

1949—Tape recorder.

1950—Magnolia trees and landscaping.

1951—An award fund for outstanding attendance.

1952—Photographic murals for the cafeteria.

The night of June 3, although long awaited by many, will be a bit sad for most. With the background music of "Pomp and Circumstance" the seniors will process down the aisle to their seats on the stage. Dr. E. T. McSwain from Northwestern University will give the principle address and Bruce Parker as the top scholar of this year's class will give his valedictory speech following Mr. Rothermel's presentation of the class of 1952 to the School Board.

The music for the evening will be Mendelssohn's "Meditation" as played by the band under Cecil Deardorff's direction and "The Song of Victory," "The Lord's Prayer," and "The Cry of God" as sung by the glee club under the direction of Mrs. L. Pate



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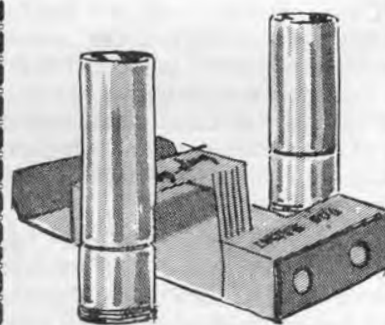


FASHION NEWS

by

JOAN TARR

Member of Robertson's High
School Fashion Board



Dorothy Gray Lipstick Duo

Your choice of two in any six shades. Portait Pink, Really Pink, Siren Red, or Red Trey. Super Stay or Regular formula. Regular 1.00 pt. each now 2/1.00 pt.

\$1.00
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