



The Tower

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Help With
the
Paper Drive

Volume II. No. 8

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

January 14, 1942

FOR BOYS ONLY!

Greencastle, Indiana, January 15, 1942 — In 1919 Mr. Edward Rector of Chicago created the largest singly endowed scholarship foundation in the United States. Each year the Foundation has awarded scholarships to young men of outstanding ability in the upper ten per cent of their graduating classes. Last year 67 Rector Scholars were admitted from four times that number of applicants. Each scholarship pays \$1,000.00 in the 4 years at DePauw University. This is applied on the tuition in the College of Liberal Arts during 4 consecutive years.

The Foundation now announces new scholarships to be awarded so that the successful applicants will be able to enter DePauw in September, 1942. Literature regarding the scholarships has been placed in the hands of the high school guidance director. The awards will be made to young men with sound scholarship who have taken a place in the leadership of high school affairs. Any young man who is interested should confer with his guidance director at once, as applications must be sent in during February so that they may be considered by the middle of March.

CAP AND GOWN COMMITTEE REPORTS

There has been a lull in Senior activities since vacation and except for the cap and gown committee, none of the groups have anything to report. Dark grey caps and gowns have been chosen and measurements will be taken at the beginning of next semester. Rental fee for the gowns will be \$1.50.

ARE YOU SHIRKING YOUR DUTY?

Are you doing your part to help fight aggression or are you shirking your duty? What part can you, a mere student, play in defeating the axis? Well, just this! Give up one of those shows or a couple cokes that are so "necessary" after school. I'm sure that each girl in John Adams would willingly give up one date a week, so that her boy-friend might donate his money to the Red Cross. How about it girls? In order to win, America must have your all-out aid. It is up to every true American to keep our flag of liberty flying.

Keep this thought in mind. We, the younger generation, will be the ones who will have to live in this country after the war. We will have to even this war effectively if we ever again expect to enjoy the freedom we have cherished thus far. In the words of Mr. Fletcher, county chairman of

"MUSIC HATH CHARM" FACULTY ENTERTAINED

To many people music is a very dull subject and one which they think could not possibly lend them any joy or entertainment. For those people I have this much to say. You have not taken the time to discover anything about it.

I find that music offers several things to me. If I am idle and can think of nothing else to do, it offers me entertainment; if I am working about the house, a light form of music seems to urge me on with my work; if I am doing some work I don't like to do, by concentrating on the music the work seems to almost do itself. But the time that music seems to mean the most to me is when I am tired or a little blue about something.

The old saying, "Music hath charm," is indeed true. Music has a way of taking charge of your subconscious mind and making you relax and take things easier.

Without music the world would be a drab place, and living would be merely existing. Imagine church on Sunday with no organ music; imagine a movie without music; imagine an army or navy with no stirring music to keep up its spirit. Think of a group of cotton pickers stolidly working, sweating, all day with no "spirituals" for release. Imagine all the babies in the world never dropping peacefully off to sleep with the aid of a lullaby. Imagine a nation with no national anthem to thrill its people at the sight of the flag of the beloved homeland. But enough imagining.

Thank goodness we have music to fill our lives! Anyone who does not appreciate it is not really living. — Eleanor Johnson.

Red Cross — "The response liberty loving people give to Red Cross in the final week of the campaign will add to the comfort or save the life of one of our boys fighting for our national heritage."

We dislike having to bring this fact before you so much but it must be faced. In the first week of this campaign, John Adams donated a paltry \$57.60, or an average of \$2 per room. Compare this amount with that of two Junior High Schools in the city. Jefferson and Nuner averaged over \$5 per room.

Now then, do you Senior High School Students have to be shamed into giving to the Red Cross? Certainly not, we're going to make up for this, we're going to "go over the top" with, and for our boys! GIVE NOW, AND GIVE WILLINGLY TO THE RED CROSS! HELP AMERICA WIN!!

John Adams' Home Economic students a short while ago entertained Adams' faculty, Mr. Sargent, and the Home Economics Supervisor, Miss Hillier, at a tea held in the school's cafeteria. Hostesses were Nancye Kusener, Lois Jessup, and June McDaniel. Rita Schmidt and Ruth McCormick poured.

Other girls who were instrumental in the success of this project were Phyllis Patty, Invitations; Dorothy Norwood and Lucille Gooley, Decorations; and Assistant Hostesses, Marjorie Aumick, Margaret Winkler, Geraldine Pinkerton, Anna Rose Dattilo, Mary Sorocco, Dorothy Cinkowski, Lois Hoffman, Betty Mickey, and Eugene Long.

ASSEMBLIES FILL WEEK

During the past week there has been a Christian Mission Conference held in South Bend. Dr. E. Stanley Jones was the main speaker of the week. He spoke to various groups and held several mass meetings at John Adams High School. The students of Adams were privileged to hear Dr. E. Stanley Jones when he spoke to the student body last Thursday.

Of outstanding interest was the school assembly held the preceding Monday morning when Count Cutelli, humorous, but adept phonetic expert, opened his bag of tricks to Adams students.

"THE SPIRIT OF '73"

Have you ever heard of school spirit? I'm not going into that never ending speech of Mr. Sheridan's but merely tell you the real purpose of the Cheering Club. Perhaps you've noticed an improvement in our cheering this year. The credit for this should go to the Cheering Club, known as the "Spirit of '73."

The name was chosen because the club originated with 73 members who have elected Nancye Kuesner president and are ably sponsored by Mr. Shearer. They meet at regular club periods and practice yells and study school spirit.

We all know our cheer leaders — Winnie Jaqua, Nancye Kuesner, and Wayne Aldferer, who have done a grand job. To them go half of the credit for our excellent school spirit and our improved cheering. The rest of the credit goes to the Cheering Club which keeps the cheering functioning properly. However, both of these are helpless without the support of the student body for 73 people cannot be the entire spirit and cheering section of our school. So let's use the motto: "Keep 'em yelling and keep the Eagles flying."

MC NABB AND WEIL GET D. A. R. AWARDS

The annual D. A. R. Citizenship Awards were presented at the 9A assembly Friday, January 16. Lois McNabb and Jack Weil were chosen by their classmates to receive this honor. Each year the 9A class votes to select two members of their class, a boy and a girl to be honored by this award. They are chosen not on the basis of popularity, but on the basis of citizenship.

To open the program the whole group sang "America" with Martha Bortz leading and Jean Vunderink as the accompanist. Joan Kindig, Florine Lyle, and Patricia Meagan sang "Heart Smiles." Mrs. Bert J. Sanford, President of the Schuyler Colfax Chapter of the D. A. R. presented the citizenship awards. Everyone joined in singing the closing number, "The Star Spangled Banner."

JUNIORS GIVE BOOKS

We all know that the "Matinee Mixer," on Wednesday evening of December 10, 1941, was sponsored by the Junior class. But what you don't know is that the class is donating books to the John Adams' library with the money that they made from this dance. The books will be inscribed with a note to the effect that they have been given to the library by the class of '43.

Mr. McNamara has appointed a committee to choose and buy the books. The persons making up this selected group are Carol Wilcox, Bill Currise, and Fred Nash. Next time you go in the library to read a book, look over these new books. There you'll find one written just for your benefit.

SHUTTLEWORTH COPS PRIZE

The results of the contest conducted in the issue of the Tower have been tabulated and reveal some rather astounding facts. We of John Adams possess a truly brilliant group of students. Out of the eighteen entries, all but two turned in correct, complete sets of answers. Jim Shuttleworth, the proud winner, worked fast and furiously and had the winning list turned in in fifty minutes after distribution of the paper. Many entries were turned in later that afternoon, but his being the first complete, correct list entitles him to the prize. This prize is to be a semester's subscription to the Tower. Due to the fine response given this contest, similar contests will be conducted in the future.

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

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ADVERTISING MANAGER	Robert Murphy
SPORTS EDITORS	Rodger Buck, Mary Monahan
CIRCULATION MANAGER	Marilyn Beal
PRINCIPAL	Mr. Galen B. Sargent
FACULTY ADVISER	Miss Florence Roell

REMEMBER THE TOWER-BOX

No one seems to know just where it is and very few have made any strenuous effort to find out. Of course, I mean the Tower Box. I'll admit we have fallen down somewhat in our end of the bargain, but then so have you. If everyone hasn't seen it already, let me be the one to inform you that the Tower Box, that little recipient of your attempts to better the Tower, has a permanent location on top of the card catalogue in the library. If you still doubt its existence you will find as your guiding star a wonderful sign, there through the generosity of Mr. Reber, stand by Mr. Bumb, reading "Tower Box," in whose very near vicinity you will find our little object of pride. Now, we have done our part, let's see you do yours.

It's just the "same old story" when someone says anything about cooperation in putting out your paper. It is yours, you know. The staff is just there to organize your efforts, and unless I am badly misinformed, is it customary to give your whole hearted support to something that belongs to you.

I don't mean to give the impression that absolutely nothing has found its way into the box, but we haven't received even the minimum of our expectations. Surely there must be some of you who have poetic aspirations, and writing desires. If you know of any noteworthy journalistic efforts of your fellow students bring them to Miss Roell or any staff member. Next time the Tower Box is opened, we really expect to find some useful material there.

— Carol Kline.

HELP THE RED CROSS

As the hour approached, excitement filled the air. Noise makers were passed out, everyone checked their watches, the radio was on for the exact time, and finally at the stroke of midnight "Auld Lang Syne" was played. There was an outburst of noise as everyone shouted "Happy New Year" and noise-makers were worked to extremes. In the middle of it all, I stopped to think — only 25 days before a great blow struck the United States. The inevitable had happened — the United States had been attacked. Shock hit the country, which in a few hours turned to fear, then immediately to sheer anger. Solemn days followed, war was declared, and the World War II was complete. Perhaps you, like many others, have relatives or friends in the service which makes the war of vital concern to you. You must do something — but what? After all they won't let girls enlist in the army and navy and parents dread giving their consent to boys who are under age, but you still want to help. You can help and be of great help! One way is through the Red Cross.

The next time you want a coke, some ice cream, or candy, sit down and think it over, as I found myself doing New Year's Eve, then get up, go into your sponsor room and drop your nickels into your Red Cross box in your own Home Room. At the time it won't help your thirst or hunger, but later on when you think that your nickels or dimes helped kill a Jap you'll forget your thirst and hunger and go home happy — the happiest in ages.

Perhaps if we all cooperate in this emergency, next year we won't have to stop at midnight on December 31, 1942 and wonder if we deserve this gaiety, and if we really should be using the electricity and eating fancy foods, the ingredients of which are scarce, but instead we will know we are justified in doing so for instead of plunging into a year full of sorrow and gloom, shadowed with the black cloud of war, we will be entering a year full of joy and new hopes with a newly signed armistice to lay on top and hide from our sight those many declarations of war.

— Barbara Munro.

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

TOWER TALK

Ah yes! It all started during vacation. And what I couldn't say about a lot of people, but then I won't. Romances began to bud at every little dance. Why, even yours truly went off the deep end for the sweetest little boy! Golly! But, quit your talking, cause so did Joan Smith for the high and mighty Mr. Yuncker and Ginny Beck met the niftiest man. Name is George, she says. Then, there's Johnny Ray and Joan Bruggema learning the ropes of love-life 'bout now. I suppose you heard about Kenny Follmar? Well, once there was a Hi-Y pin — meaning Kenny's — and right now this minute Joan Yohn has it.

You know, some of you chillun just aren't happy and that shouldn't be, because we want absolutely everybody to be happy down here at dear old John Adams. Take two little girls I happen to know about, for instance. Brooding the better part of their lives away — for a man! Yes indeed, they are. They ought to know better than to cast their coy glances in Mr. Ramer's direction. Shucks! The way I heard it, Slats has found a new love way over in Mishawaka. But, cheer up, girls, I shall try to convince Mr. Ramer that there aren't any girls as cute as our own John Adams' glamour girls.

I was talking to "Doc" Hyde t'other day and he told me that his affections were settled on one little brunette. H'm, nice. Jack Witt claims there's nothing like a blond, though. Oh, well, we all think Mary and Joan are tops.

Lois Jessup is wearing Eddie's ring. That's not all. Lou Alice Jordan has a very pretty one that came all the way from a lad in Elkhart.

TOWER TALK

When will Art D. and Ralph H. give Adams girls a break? Dorothy Norwood and Tom Delahanty look very, very cute together.

Johnny Seags is keeping Ruth McCormick busy once again.

Louise Holmgren is not speaking to Vince. Now Louise, that's no way to act. Why, Vince told me . . . ??

A-steadying: Delorma Flowers and Bob Whitmer.

Seeing a lot of each other: Bonnie LaMarr and Johnny Craddock.

TOWER TALK

Ruth Ann Reed —

Absolutely darling — black curls . . . brown eyes . . . luscious complexion, lips, etc . . . Not for rent. Johnny Doran has a lease . . .

Hersh Wamsley —

Basketball star . . . personality plus . . . dark and handsome . . . very cute . . . no use tryin'; he likes Mary Alice . . .

Jack Boswell —

H'm, nice and blond and tall . . . versatile . . . good dancer . . . conceited . . . likes malted milks, Dick Jurgens, and Connie Minzey.

Nadine Schrader —

Senior A . . . frequently seen skating at the park . . . with Art — Mishawaka . . . winning smile . . . prospective secretary . . . lucky office . . .

Be seen you, Daisy.

Radio Announcer: "The three minutes' silence on your radio, ladies and gentlemen, was not due to a technical breakdown, but was sent to you by courtesy of Noiseless Typewriters."

WHAT DO I OWE MY PARENTS?

What do we owe our parents, or do we? Should we owe our parents anything? It is every parent's desire to have children in whom he may see himself reflected in a perfect light. Your parents brought you into the world because they wanted a "new edition." They loved you and gave you everything they thought you needed and desired. Through you, they enjoyed a wonderful period of supreme dictatorship, of molding your character to suit their ideals. You are they, perfected.

Now, as the curtain comes down on Act I, Blissful Childhood, your human nature begins to rebel. You begin desiring to carry out your own ideas. You no longer wish to have your thinking done for you. You are beginning to develop. The first act is over, and your parents are no longer dictators. Their power is broken as your independence struggles for recognition.

So the parent's position shifts from dictator to adviser; in this position they fulfill a duty which they cannot escape. This is the most trying time for them because their children are leaving them to become individual beings.

The cycle of life goes on and on; someday we will be parents. Should our children owe us anything? I say no. A child, in adolescence and adulthood, should have a never-ending devotion for its parents only because its parents have been good ones and have developed that feeling. Independent parents who demand as much love from their children as they give their children can never be very happy because a parent's love for his child is different from the child's love for his parent and cannot be expressed in the same way.

A child who feels it is his duty to wash the dishes or mow the lawn is unhappy, but if he knows he is playing an important part, he does it eagerly.

There are many family arguments on how much the adolescent owes his parents. Is it the boy's or girl's duty to get a job and support himself? Is it his duty to stay at home sometimes and be companionable? Is it his duty to love his brothers and sisters? I put all the weight on the parent's shoulders and say that the parent should help his son or daughter "learn to fly" by approving his getting a job and should go about it as a further development of Act II of his child's life. It is not the adolescent's duty to stay home sometimes. It is the parent's duty to make him want to stay at home. If you have brothers and sisters, the parents' problems are increased because it is their duty to do the same for them as they do for you; you love them because there are strong ties of love in the family and not because you owe it to them.

As the adolescent grows older, his duties to the world increase. There are things in life that must be done whether you like it or not; but connected with those you love, things are done because you love them, not because you owe it to them.

— Betty Jane Stuart.

Once upon a time there was a little mouse who ate a hole in the rug so he could see the floor show.

MY DAY

- 8:00- 8:05—Play "Uncle" with my locker, get it open just in time for some bright fellow student to strike on the idea of closing it for me.
- 8:05- 8:10—Get up enough courage to walk past the stag-line in front of 103.
- 8:10- 8:19—Grab some acquaintance and carry her with you down the hall until you see that a certain someone is in the stag-line. — Surely I can find some way of walking past there for the next 10 minutes and not look too conspicuous!!!
- 8:19- 8:20—Zoom down the hall, stumble into Home Room.
- 8:20-11:45—YOU KNOW!!!
- 11:45-12:40—Home Sweet Home for some of us, for others — well, gee, you'll only be young once, anyhow.
- 12:40-12:50—"We've plenty of time" — Gulp! May I have an admit, Mr. Sargent?
- 12:50- 3:30—"Tempis Fugit" — or does it?
- 3:30-(???)—Of course by now you're just famished for a coke, so —
- ?? - ??—Oh well, I didn't want to go out tonight anyhow.

IT WOULDN'T BE ADAMS WITHOUT:

1. A. M. Stag Line at the center stairway.
2. Steadies.
3. A collection of some kind or other being taken up.
4. Half a dozen people late for school every day.
5. Hugh McVicker in a red shirt.
6. Curran hanging on McNamee.
7. "Mac" towering above the rest.
8. 6th period cafe.
9. Broadway and 52nd traffic between classes.
10. The familiar flash of hall passes.
11. Students rushing out for their week-end leave.
12. Someone mistaking Mr. Ham for a student.
13. Johnny Freinstien's butch.
14. Fond farewell of various couples before a mad scramble to class.
15. Jerry Acito's "playfulness."
16. Laboratory work in Biology — (ugh!).
17. Betty Ann Malcolm's bangs.
18. Mr. Gale's booming voice.
19. Chuck Piper getting kicked out of Mr. Ham's class at least once a month.
20. Matthews needing his hair combed.
21. Winnie Jaqua's pep.
22. Waxed floors.
23. Murphy's patriotism.

ADAMITES ILL

Adams' sick list is crowded this week with seniors and juniors. Donna Weil and Annabelle Fortin were injured in automobile accidents last December and for several more weeks will not be able to return to school. Virginia Roys, injured while ice-skating, will testify that winter sports may be fun but they also have their dangers.

MALTS
and
Walkin' Sundaes
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SERVED ONLY
11:30 to 1 — 3:30 to 6
A. M. P. M.
Ye Huddle

GIRL RESERVES

The John Adams' Girl Reserves have been active ever since their organization as a school club. Their officers are: president, Betty Fromm; vice-president, Ruth Davis; secretary, Betty Pulley; treasurer, Ruth Dishon; inter-club counselor, Maxine Clemens; publicity-art, Mary Colella; program chairmen, Gilda Bowman, Lee Etta Bowman, and Marian Bowles. On January 9th their leader, Mrs. Greenley, entertained them in her home with a chop suey supper. The Girl Reserves are now participating in Red Cross work. If any girls would like to join, they are welcome in the cafe mezzanine on Tuesday afternoons at 3:35.

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IN BOTTLES



Now that vacation is a thing of the past, we are again settled down to basketball and schoolwork (?). Because basketball is by far the more pleasant of the two, we will discuss that.

Starting today, our boys will enjoy a ten-day breathing spell between games. There we will have our last six regular scheduled games: Plymouth, there; North Side of Fort Wayne, here; Riley, there; Bremen, here; Nappanee, there; and Elkhart, here. None of these, with the possible exception of Nappanee, will be push-overs. The boys are going to have to buckle right down if they want to hit that .500 average, that Coach Primmer has been looking for. Mr. Primmer thinks that if we win half our games, we will have been fairly successful.

In the six games coming up our squad will still have time to mould itself into a serious sectional threat. It is the sectional tournament that all Adamites have been awaiting. At that time our boys will get their final chance to show their teeth and wreak revenge upon such teams as Washington-Clay, Central, and Mishawaka that have spilled us during the season.

Win or lose in our next six games, we can still expect one thing — that our "B" team will come through with flying colors. These boys and their capable coach, Mr. Rothermel, have not received all the credit deserving of them. Our "B" squad has a remarkable record, one of the best records of any "B" team in the county. This should be of interest to all of us because it points to good seasons ahead since these are the boys who will someday make up our varsity. Such sophomores and freshmen as Barnbrook, Lawitzke, McIntyre, Ray, and McKinney will furnish us with the height we miss so much this season. If these boys continue to eat their Wheaties, we should have a squad composed entirely of six-footers within two years. Adams and Riley will probably have the two tallest teams in the 1944 sectional.

"Could you lend me \$5 for a month, old boy?"

"What would a month-old boy do with \$5."



On a dark and dismal day in South Bend in 1925, a tired and disgusted stork fought his way across a purple sky with a very heavy load, a load that left him with a fractured beak. From all reports, this stork was mighty glad to get rid of its weighty charge. No, the baby wasn't very big, but there was two of him, and seven pound apiece. That explained the weight. It was the Sayer twins, Bill and Dick; the same Sayer twins that are now playing basketball for Adams.

The boys started school in South Bend at Lincoln where they went part of the way through kindergarten before moving to the Franklin district, there going through to the second grade. Then they moved again and started to Nuner where they stayed until coming to Adams.

They participated in baseball, basketball, and passball at Nuner. However, on coming to Adams, Bill and Dick chose to devote all their energies to two sports, baseball and basketball. They both received letters in baseball last year.

Bill, who is 5' 11" and weighs 150 pounds, enjoys table tennis as his favorite pastime. Dick, 5' 10 1/2" and 150 pounds, prefers watching basketball games. For a treat, Bill will take chocolate pudding; Dick likes butterscotch pie.

Both of the boys plan to go to college and take a physical education course but neither has decided which school he will attend.

Keep your eyes on those lads, they will probably be playing first string next year.

The young recruit was the victim of so many practical jokes that he doubted all men and their motives. One night, while he was on guard, the figure of one of the officers loomed in the darkness.

"Who goes there?" he challenged.

"Major Moses," replied the officer.

"Glad to meet you, Moses," he said cheerfully. "Advance and give the ten commandments."

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WE'RE WRESTLING!

If you should happen to walk by the stage some night and get hit with a flying body, don't worry. It's not an invasion from Mars; it's only the football team getting back in shape for spring practice.

The boys started two weeks before Christmas and since then have been actively engaged in wrestling as an early season conditioner. They are under the close supervision of Coach Gale who keeps a sharp lookout for any sustaining injuries. Although there have been no broken arms or cauliflower ears, some of the team have spent some restless nights because of mat-burns or skinned elbows.

The wrestling thus far has been purely for conditioning and amusement. No interschool matches are planned for this year but Coach Gale plans for some between-half matches at some of our basketball games.

Of course, it is too early to make any predictions for next season but you can rest assured that Adams will have another scrappy ball club of the calibre that has earned them this reputation already.

Considering the fact that we will probably lose about 10 lettermen, our prospects are very bright. We have an excellent crop of experienced ends, namely, Ball, Holmgren, Granning, Gerbeth, and Piper. Our tackles were hard hit but we still have Lane, Thompson, and Ray. At the guard position, Capt. Ray Bowden, Beverstien, Ransberger, and Vince Fragomeni all will return. One of our biggest problems is that of centers. Jack Boswell is the only experienced center on the squad, while Slutsky and Keb could use a bit more experience. In the backfield, Bailey, Ladyga, Lundberg and Allen will probably tote most of the mail with Treager and Norblad in there helping out.

At the present the basketball season is in full swing. With the coming of spring we shall have baseball, tennis, golf, and we hope, track. Then comes commencement, summer vacation, and at last, football season again. Whether the coming year brings athletic successes or not, let's remember one thing: Adams may be outplayed but they are never out-fought. Let's all get behind our school teams in 1942 and whether we win, lose, or draw, let's make our slogan this: Come on you Eagles, Keep 'em flying.

BENTONS

- of course!



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