



# The Tower

Help  
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Buy  
Defense  
Stamps

Volume II. No. 10

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

February 4, 1942

## YEARBOOK PROGRESSES

Every day a little more is done to hasten the completion of the yearbook. On Wednesday, January 28, a firm of photographers from Grand Rapids, Michigan came to John Adams to fulfill an agreement they made with the school through Mr. McNamara, the faculty adviser of the yearbook. With the exception of seniors who will graduate in June '42, every pupil present in the school was photographed. One photograph of each student was made with no obligation to him. However, if he likes the picture he is privileged to purchase a dozen prints of it at the low price of twenty-five cents. In this way, an individual photograph of every student will appear in the annual.

## ATTENTION, CANDIDS!

Candid Camera fiends here is your chance! The Adams' yearbook needs some candid shots. A section of the yearbook will contain these "shots" dotted throughout an activities calendar. You would like to see you and your girl friend walking down the hall exchanging bits of gossip, wouldn't you? Get out your cameras, catch your friends unaware, and hand in your prints to Mary Estep in room 107. Put your name on the back so you will receive credit for your photo.

## COUNTY TOURNAMENT HELD IN ADAMS GYM

January 23 and 24 saw a tournament of some of the neatest basketball games you could hope to see. Eight St. Joseph County teams clashed on our hardwood with the same idea in mind: to win that coveted trophy and the title of county champs. Washington-Clay, Woodrow Wilson, Madison Township, New Carlisle, and North Liberty are five evenly matched teams, all of them plenty good and plenty scrappy.

Washington-Clay really deserved the title of county champs, which they won. No team had to fight so hard to get that big silver basketball trophy. In their first match, Clay met North Liberty. Liberty had been chosen by the "experts" as the probable winners of the tourney. They had whipped Clay earlier in the season.

The Clay-Liberty game provided more thrills than any other one in the tourney. The final score was 28-26. Many heated arguments arose after this game because a few Liberty rooters and their team did not agree with the referee's decision. With three seconds to go, and Clay ahead 27-26, a Clay man had the

## ADAMS PRESENTS

What are you doing the night of March 20? Now don't tell us you've already planned something because we're telling you plenty in advance about a certain something you can't afford to miss. Once more Adams dramatically inclined students will entertain us with a presentation of a play, the best yet. The name of it is "Quality Street," and it's a comedy! It has all the makings of a sure-fire hit and with the guidance of Mrs. McClure and Mr. Casaday we can look forward to an evening of pleasure. It is in four engrossing acts. The scene throughout the performance is the blue and white room in the house of the Misses Phoebe and Susan Throssel on Quality Street. Now in their particular little country town, there is a satisfaction about living on Quality Street. Miss Susan and Miss Phoebe have a shop here, and the shop-bell is the most familiar sound of Quality Street. The period is that of the Napoleonic wars. Two of the leading characters are typical "oldmaids" but don't let that frighten you for there are many changes in the course of events that affect our blue and white room. Of course, being occupied by old maids, very refined ladies, their room is seldom profaned by the foot of a man. However, the story is not without its male interests, girls.

This is just a hint as to what to expect, so watch your Tower for further announcements of casts.

ball and was dribbling down the floor. Two Liberty men ran into him, knocked him down, and took the ball away and scored a basket for Liberty. However, the referee had already blown his whistle and called a foul on the Liberty man for charging. The other referee had also blown his whistle and had called traveling on the Liberty man before he shot. Thus, both referees agreed that the basket was no good. The Clay man was given a free shot, which he made, and the game ended 28-26.

In their next game, Clay met Madison Township, who had won the county title the last two years. Had they won again this year, they could have kept the trophy for good. Madison had also beaten the Colonials in a pre-tournament. However, Washington-Clay, with the help of two fine bucket-makers, Ream and Warrick, were the winners 38-34.

Then the rather confident Clay boys met Mr. Lloyd and his teammates from Woodrow Wilson. Clay had barely beaten Wilson in an overtime game earlier in the season.

(Continued on Page 4)

## HELP AT HOME

War calls upon us at home for many things — for our money to buy defense bonds and stamps, our service in the Red Cross and above all the most precious and intangible thing — our undivided loyalty to our country. This word loyalty brings many things to mind, especially the sacrifices of our soldiers at the front.

While we are giving our money to the Red Cross and rolling bandages for those in the middle of the terror, we forget those here in our own community that need help. Propriety is gained at the beginning of war for some, but many others are thrown out of work. Much talk is exchanged about patriotism even though right at home some petty difference causes dissension.

Infantile paralysis shows no regard for war or peace — this dreadful enemy still strikes. Let's take time out to build up our country from its base — the individual community. For then, no matter what the war will destroy, there will still be a strong foundation upon which future generations will build.

## GOLFERS AT WORK

When one hears the cold January winds whistling around his earmuffs, he would like to be in a nice, roomy chair in front of the fire place and dream of his happy days on the golf course. But why wait till summer to play golf?? The golf club here at Adams solved that problem for themselves. With a box of those cotton and rubber practice balls and a couple of coco mats, they really enjoy the comforts known only to summertime divot diggers. The stage is used for a fairway while the members hack furiously at the little white pill (sometimes they hit one, too). Under the shrewd eye of their sponsor, Mr. McNamara, their faults and good points are discovered. Since Mr. McNamara is an old timer at this game, professional advice is received by the golfers. The officers are: Don Brown, pres., Beve Liebig, V-pres.; Louise Holmgren, sec.; Ralph Heck, treas. At a future date, they hope to receive some instruction from pro, Johnny Watson of Erskine Park. Experienced players as well as beginners are welcome to the benefits of this club and many tournaments are planned for this coming summer. Well, good luck divot diggers!

Subscribe  
Now!

## U. S. DEFENSE STAMPS GO ON SALE

Last Monday the weekly sale of U. S. Defense Stamps began for the first time in John Adams High School. This sale will continue until the end of May and probably will be resumed when the fall session of school begins.

Stamps of 10c and 25c denominations will be put on sale every Monday morning during sponsor period. Students purchasing these stamps have been given special stamp leaflets. All South Bend public schools are cooperating in this drive to aid in national defense.

Not only is the purchase of these stamps an investment for our future but also for the future of America. Since there are really so few ways in which we students can assist, we should realize that this is how we may do our share by sharing our bit with our government.

## COLLEGE BOUND

This series of articles will be of primary interest to all Seniors, as they must soon decide where they are to finish their educations. It should, however, be of no less interest to the rest of the students. Each week we will take a college or university, which one of our teachers has attended, and print just what points concerning the institution that teacher liked or disliked while attending it. You are all to consider yourselves free to consult that teacher about the particular school. In this way we hope to acquaint future students with an inside preview of the school they plan to attend.

This week we questioned Mr. Shearer who attended Ball State Teacher's College at Muncie, Indiana. Mr. Shearer's main defense of his Alma Mater is that it wasn't too large, which he considers an important asset. He praises the school for its fine personnel, modern buildings and equipment. He says that Ball State had some of the most outstanding professors in the state. For the most part it is highly rated as a technical college. However, its strongest drawback is its lack of school spirit, of which Mr. Shearer is so fond. This fact is evident by their homecomings.

Of course, being in Southern Indiana, much attention is focused on basketball, but Mr. Shearer wants you to know that they have a nice baseball diamond down there, also. The town of Muncie, itself, is not appealing in any way, but the school is located on the outskirts of the city. The college is backed financially by the Ball Brothers, who make the famed Ball jars.

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PEP IT UP!



How many of you have ever thought about how our student body looks to visitors? Not many probably. Yet this is a problem of great importance for, after all, a student body can make or break a school.

Take for example our basketball games. We represent our school and the cheers we give only serve to build up or tear down other peoples opinions of our student body.

It's true that in the last two years we have come a long way but our cheers are still far from perfect and we aren't making all the noise we could make. Just why this is no one seems to know. Oh, I have heard some good loud yells in the past semester. When the Notre Dame boys were here we really yelled. We also yelled during the Frankfort game when the boys were giving the Hot Dogs a scare. But these were the only two times in the last semester that we've every really backed the team.

How, then, can we solve this problem?. In the last few days I've taken a consensus around the halls and here's what I've found:

We should have more pop sessions, we should be allowed to bring bells, sirens, etc., to the games, we should have some new cheers, we should be furnished small paper megaphones to yell through, we should eliminate the press section because it divides our cheering section, we should use the new yells the N. D. fellows gave us, and we should add a new cheer leader or two. These are a few of the opinions I received.

I also asked members of the basketball team how they felt. They almost unanimously agreed that we should have some new yells and that they should all be louder. Their main complaint was the fact that we only yelled when we were ahead and when we were behind the cheers seemed to die away.

Now I'm not blaming the cheerleaders or anyone else. It's easy enough to say something should be done but another thing to do it.

At any rate, you will have to agree with me when I say we are not yelling as loud as we could *all the time*.

So at the next home game which is Bremen High School, let's all come to yell, and everytime we do yell, let's put every thing we have behind it.

What color is a bride? Wed.  
 What color is a shampoo? Drene.  
 What color is a ghost? Boo.  
 What color is a guitar string?  
 Plink.

Pa: "Son, can't you cut down on your college expenses?"

Son: "Well, I could do without books."

Name: Winnie Jaqua  
 Age: 17 years, 5 months, 23 days  
 Height: 5'3"  
 Weight: 120 lbs.  
 Hair: Blonde (1 part lemon, 1 part peroxide, 1 part vinegar)  
 Eyes: Brown  
 Favorite subject (in school): Office Practice  
 Best friend: 750 John Adams High School Students  
 Boyfriend (steady?): 6'3" from Mishawaka High  
 Favorite color: pink  
 Favorite smell: gardenias  
 Favorite hobby: collecting pictures of Clark Gable and Bette Davis

Her car and his collided head-on. Both got out and, with a fine show of courtesy, began to apologize profusely.

She: "It was my fault, and I'm sorry."

He: "Not at all, madam. I was to blame."

She: "But I insist it was my fault. I was on your side of the road."

He: "That may be true, madam, but I'm responsible just the same. I saw you coming for several blocks, and I had ample opportunity to dart down a side street."

ANAGRAMS

Answers should be words that spell the same both backwards and forward!

1. A woman's name containing at least four letters.
2. A carpenter's tool.
3. Title of a married woman.
4. What expresses silence, and spells the same backward and forward.
6. A man's name, containing at least four letters that spell the same both backward and forward.
7. A nickname for a girl.
8. Mom is here with us, but her better half is on ice.
9. A time of day.
10. A way to make beautiful lace.
11. A favorite game to play with apples, especially about Halloween time.
12. What every train should do before approaching a crossing.
13. A part of the body of every human being and practically every animal.
14. A three letter word which is a synonym for before.

"What was your last job?"

"Diamond cutter."

"In the jewelry business, huh?"

"No, I trimmed the lawn at the ball park."

DON'T RUN AWAY!

When confronted with a difficult task or an unpleasant issue, do you walk around the block to get away from it or do you step right up and look it in the face? Today we have to face possibly the worst situation we ever had to or hope to. How are we going to ake it? One method is to use the War as an excuse to let loose and run wild. Because you are afraid and because it seems that the whole world is detestable, running away looks like the easiest way out. But stop and think a minute. How far must you go to get away? Perhaps you would run away from the world but never could escape yourself. If you were compelled to be always alone with just one person, no doubt you would choose the one who above all would be fair and truthful with you. Consider yourself as that friend — for it is true no one will be closer to you. Build your philosophy on fear and hate and when all else is taken from you, you will have nothing and will have gained nothing. But if you can face the issue and see beyond it you have something that no one can take. Remember that now, the escapist is about as popular as the isolationist.

TOMORROW AND I

Tomorrow will find me very able to control myself. I will be able to control my temper; I will be able to converse with others without fear of saying the wrong thing. I won't be stuffy, but will try to say and do the things my friends say and do, and like them, or else make new contacts.

I will be sincere, and try to keep from saying unkind things to people even though they may be unkind to me. That won't make me a martyr. I just don't intend ever to be small.

I will be versatile. I will be able to discuss many things: music, painting, books, individuals with a marked degree of intelligence.

I'll be able to laugh at unfunny jokes and my own mistakes.

In ten years, I intend to have improved my pastimes such as dancing, bowling, sketching, or writing. I think I'll learn to swim and row a boat so that I can conquer my fear of water.

I won't really care whether I'm well or not, so early tomorrow will find me perfectly happy with a small select group of friends and as few enemies as possible. I think I'll live just outside of New York where I'll be close to good plays and well versed people and good music. It will probably be impossible for me to travel much, but that is a trivial matter since I can enjoy others' travels and adventures through books.

I want to be really on my own for awhile. I'm going to try different ways of making a living just to see what I really can do with the qualities I possess.

When I get married, I think it will probably be to a doctor, a professor, or a teacher of some kind. The profession or work doesn't matter, but I shall marry some intelligent person who is seeking a companion more than a pretty doll for a wife, for I'd certainly be an old maid if all men preferred the latter type of woman.

I shall have at least three children. I want them to have strong, healthy minds and bodies; therefore, I'll spend a large part of my thirties and forties caring for them and helping them to get a firm foothold in the world.

In my spart time, I shall become a gardener. I want to know my neighbors and — just — people, and help less fortunate people than myself. I don't intend to be a social butterfly, flitting from one charity organization to another.

My husband and I are going to enjoy many things together. We're going to talk about everything we know anything about; we're going to see plays together and hear concerts together. We'll browse through museums and libraries and art galleries together.

We'll have friends in for bridge and we'll see an occasional baseball game and "toss" a few parties.

We'll join a club through which we can meet prominent people and hear their ideas.

This all sounds ideal and without pain and sorrow; it won't be. But when I come to a rough place in the road, I'll dig and shovel until it crumbles to nothing — I'm not the type to let a problem tackle me. Besides, I'll have friends and pals to see me through.

When I'm old, I'll read and think of the past and drink tea. I think I'll have a few cats to keep me company.

On the event of my death, a few will miss me, but I don't intend that there be a large group of mourners. I don't think anyone should worry too much about tribute or what will happen after he's gone.

I think you can do whatever you want to do with your life. That's why I'm so positive about what is going to happen to me. Of course, if I am one of those who die young — I hope I don't because I think I can really make my life worthwhile.

— An Adams Student.

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**TOWER TALK**

Well, kiddies, back again, not to shovel a little dirt this time, but a little advice (what I heard). This week, your old aunt Daisy is going to give you a little talk on "I Saw You Last Night and Got That Old Feeling" or "What Is Love, Anyway?" (You tell me!) Everybody has his own pet ideas concerning the grand passion.

— TOWER TALK —

Now, take Marilyn Beal, fr'instance. She hums happily all day long. What's it all about? Well, a certain young man came home a week or so ago — not that that has anything to do with it but . . . oh shucks, you all know what I'm talking about anyway.

— TOWER TALK —

There's Pat Lane, a fine young man. Pat thinks love is a funny thing. (You surely hit the nail on the head, Pat, old boy). He says that you may go along for ages and ages seeing the same old gal day in and day out, and then, all of a sudden you realize how wonderful she is. Now, Pat has something there. (Who? Barbara? That's honest-to-goodness truth).

— TOWER TALK —

Bill Steinmetz is having love trouble. Really getting him down, he says. What do you do if your dates have a hen session and find out you use the same line on everybody? Why, Bill! Your old auntie can see you're in deep water what with Joan, Carol, Phyllis, Francis, and anybody else? to explain to!

— TOWER TALK —

Janet Wondries claims love is a "walking-on-air" feeling. You just feel so marvelous, you don't want to get mad at anyone at all and never, never Lee! Lee tells me Janet has a mighty fine point right there. Well, sure.

— TOWER TALK —

Barbara Schubert was talking t'other day. "If it wasn't for that gossip cat on the Tower, all loves would run more smoothly," she said. "Right," agreed Slat. They got something there. Some old busybody is forever poking her nose in other people's affairs. My golly!

— TOWER TALK —

Look at Harold Slutsky. Harold claims liking Pat Brehmer is wonderf — er, I mean, he says romance is budding when the boy starts acting as if you didn't matter one bit, calls you "freak" or some other slang name, etc . . . Well, mebbe so, but Dicky Basler, Pepper Rice, Paul McNamee, and Bucky Harris and a dozen others don't call their "one and onlys" little, sweet intimate names 'cause they hate 'em! I guess I know.

— TOWER TALK —

Bill Currise says if you argue all the time, it's the real thing. Ah, my boss (he's feature editor, you dopes) has a point! What Peggy? You think so, too? Now there's a couple for you.

— TOWER TALK —

I like Joan Crowe's idea of love. She just sighs, "hi's s'wonderful." Joan has the idea, alright. Jack is oh so very cute.

— TOWER TALK —

You can say what you want to, but you'll have to admit it would be fun to be like Johnny and Ruth Anne, Jack and Connie, Dale and Jean and Dean and Kay. Yes, indeed!  
Ah, fems, Ah-men!  
Daisy.

**A LETTER**

Dear Grandmother;  
Money! Money! Money! Oh dear, once more I'm broke. My allowance just doesn't seem to reach. Grandma, I had the funniest dream the other night. It was a birthday party, not like my last one, but a much larger one and the person who was having the party they kept calling "Mr. President." I'd seen the face before but I couldn't quite recognize it. You know, Grandma, I've never before realized how small my money troubles were, in fact all of my troubles. They kept saying how much money they needed and how much they had already received. All the money was to be used to fight a disease — Infantile Paralysis. We had an epidemic of that in our own city a year ago and although I quite fortunately did not have it I know some people that did. One was cured by materials sent by a special association.

The telephone just rang. It was Mary asking me to go to the movie. As I read over this letter I realized it wasn't merely that I was telling you my dream to fill up the space in this over-due letter but really a lesson which I didn't realize until I had written it. No, Grandma, I've said before I have allowance troubles. But that isn't all — I just happened to think just because I didn't get Infantile Paralysis is no reason why I shouldn't help. I remember the other day my sponsor teacher said something about the "March of Dimes." Everyone in the class cried, "What! not another plea for money?" They didn't stop to remember that in trying times like these we must sacrifice a great deal, for a thing like this we must sacrifice all the time. Our dimes are needed now to help the many thousand crippled children in the U. S.

Well Grandma, I'm getting intellectual now so I'd better stop. Before I go to bed I think I'll look over my financial situation once again and see if I can find a dime or two to add to the school's "March of Dimes" campaign. We can always find one when it is really necessary.  
Your loving granddaughter.

"How did your son do at Adams last year, Mrs. N.?"  
"Very well, thank you, so well that they even gave him an encore?"  
"A what?"  
"An encore, the Academic Board requested him to repeat the year."

"But you guaranteed that this watch would last me a lifetime."  
"I know — but you didn't look very healthy the day you bought it."

She: "Here is your ring back. I can't marry you. I love someone else."

He: "Who is it?"  
She (nervously): "You're not going to kill him?"

He: "No, but I'm going to see if I can sell him a ring."

She: "Isn't this moonlight wonderful?"

He: "Yes, but it's like the third degree."

She: "What do you mean by that?"  
He: "It makes me want to say something I know I'm going to regret."

**BRAIN TEASERS**

What word represents the present tense of the verb of which "wrought" is the past tense?

\* \* \*

Smith, Jones, Brown, and Johnson ran to catch a train. Smith reached the station five minutes after Jones did. Brown just missed the train. Johnson reached the station five minutes before Jones did. Smith arrived after Brown. Did Johnson catch the train.

\* \* \*

If flies are flies because they fly, And the fleas are fleas because they flee,  
Then bees are bees because they be.

\* \* \*

"I had a beard like yours once, but when I realized how it made me look I cut it off."

"I had a face like you're once. And when I realized that I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard to cover it."

\* \* \*

He: "What part of the car causes the most accidents?"

She: "The nut that holds the wheel."

\* \* \*

A woman and her son boarded a street car. Upon approaching the fare box, she deposited ten cents. Said the conductor, "Another fare please!"

She: "My son's name is Crime, and 'Crime does not Pay!'"

\* \* \*

Here's one that has gone the rounds.

Prof: "Is this an original work?"  
Student: "Yes, sir."

Prof: "Then I am very pleased to meet you, Lord Tennyson. I thought you died years ago."

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**DO YOU WANT A CLASSIFIED AD COLUMN?**

After hearing that someone was trying to sell a second-hand Latin book (I guess flunking twice discourage him), we decided there might be a demand for a column that would find a buyer for your second hand books, or furnish a means of communication if you have lost something and can't locate the finder, or found something and can't locate the loser.

Now remember, we will have this column for your convenience and only if there is a demand or need for it. If you think it would be to the advantage of the student body to have this, drop a note in the Tower box telling us so. The cost will be absolutely \$0.00 per line, and we're sorry — no personals.

WATCHES DIAMONDS JEWELRY  
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FINE WATCH REPAIRING  
113 E. Jefferson J. Trethewey

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Hurry, Charlie, Hurry  
SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY  
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One Night in Lisbon  
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The basketball field here at Adams was a little empty at the time this article was written. The Frankfort tilt was the only game our boys played.

However, that Frankfort game is something we can remember and point to with pride for a long time. The Hot Dogs were the smoothest, coolest team I have seen on a floor for a long time. They showed remarkable ease in handling the ball, their passing was beautiful. Chuck Stine's bucket-hitting power was a piece of art. Nine field goals, a total of eighteen points, were tallied by the lanky Negro. It is easy to see why that team is ranked as the sixth best team in the state.

Our boys showed more fight than in any previous game. Every last one of them was in there pitching, tying the Frankfort boys up and working speedy cross-court plays.

Ed Heitger snapped into a flying bundle of fury in the second half, intercepting passes and tallying eleven points. Emerick and Fragoni did their share with eight points apiece. Every one of our boys that played got at least one basket. If they will only play that brand of ball in the not-so-far-off sectional!

If you have been reading the sport page of the South Bend Tribune, you will probably have noticed that Adams is the only team in the conference with three players in the upper fifteen leading net scorers. Wamsley, Muszer, and Heitzer all hold a place on this coveted list. That is something else to be proud of.

Tomorrow night comes the game that we have been looking forward to for a long time, our contest with Riley. Our boys beat Riley last year by six points and they are going to try to do it again this year. Let's see if we can get a 100% attendance at the game. Come early enough to see the preliminary game because two of the best "B" teams around here will clash in what will undoubtedly be a thrilling game.

On the day after tomorrow we will play another good team, Bremen, here in our gym.

He is a true southerner. Yes sir, straight from the heart of the South, Memphis, Tennessee. Fred Nash was born down there in December, 1925 on a bright and sunny day while the snow was probably falling here in South Bend. At the age of four, he and his family moved to South Bend. However, they didn't stay long, moving to Mishawaka, where he attended school until the sixth grade. Then it was back to South Bend and Nuner.

We all know him because of these three things: First of all, he is the president of the Junior class. Secondly, he was the fellow who saved several games last year for the "B" team. (I will never forget the time Fred put in a near set shot to win a double overtime game for us.) Thirdly, Fred is a swell fellow.

You probably saw Fred walking around with his hand in a cast. This injury, a broken wrist, has kept him out of basketball for the last month or so. Prior to his injury, Fred played as a varsity substitute.

He will be unable to play basketball next year because of ineligibility due to too many years of sports. However, he will be far from idle. Fred is my bet for first string quarterback on next year's football squad. Although he came out toward the end of the season, he saw considerable action at the signal-calling position. He will also play baseball this year.

While attending Nuner, he participated in all sports. He likes all sports, but baseball holds a slight edge as his favorite.

Fred thinks that a big, juicy T-Bone steak is mighty hard to beat. He likes to play his trombone for amusement and hobby.

Although it is uncertain, Fred hopes to attend Franklin College where he would like to take a physical education teacher's course.

The reason there are no more Audrey jokes is because she went out into the kitchen and Kelvinator.

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**ANSWERS TO PUZZLE**

- |          |          |
|----------|----------|
| 1. Anna  | 8. Pop   |
| 2. Level | 9. Noon  |
| 3. Madam | 10. Tat  |
| 4. Mum   | 11. Bob  |
| 5. Deed  | 12. Toot |
| 6. Otto  | 13. Eye  |
| 7. Sis   | 14. Ere  |

**COUNTY TOURNEY**

(Continued from Page 1)

This final game proved a scoring duel between Warrick, of Clay, who tallied 23. The Colonials again emerged victorious 52-42.

This Lloyd was perhaps the best all-around player in the tourney. He is a demon dribbler. His change of pace, speed, dodging ability, charge, and accuracy enabling him to dribble under the basket and score a total of 48 points in three games. In the Clay game, he sank ten field goals out of fifteen shots. This was by far the highest percentage of the tournament. I would put Lloyd first on my list of the five best players of the tourney. This list reads Lloyd (Woodrow Wilson), Warrick (Washington-Clay), Zeltwanger (Madison), Wesolek (North Liberty), and Trefrum (Madison).

Another good game was the Madison-New Carlisle tilt.

Fine sportsmanship was displayed throughout the tournament except in a few instances when a group of bad losers from North Liberty made monkeys of themselves.

It looks as if this year's sectionals will not be dominated entirely by city teams. No, sir, their are five fine county teams that will put up plenty of stiff resistance.

**ANSWERS TO BRAIN-TEASERS**

1. Work
2. Johnson caught the train. Jones and Brown were traveling together.

H—

**A Cold Fudge Sundae  
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**FAVORITE SMELLS**

- June Dodson — A rose garden in the spring
- Gerhart Gerbeth — A hamburger smothered in onions
- Norma Honer, Winnie Jaqua, Barbara Munro — Gardenias
- Alice Hoover — Spice Cologne
- Barbara Castrejon — Fresh air
- Bill Currise — Hot dogs and sauerkraut
- Lee Wilson — Horses
- Ed Chartier — A new car
- Bob Carr — Chop Suey
- Norma Henker — Butterscotch Pie
- Harold Slutsky — Hamburgers
- Jim Shuttleworth — Macaroni and tomatoes
- Elaine Trahms — Pork Chops
- Joyce Coon — Food
- John Reitz — Carol Kline's powder
- Dorothy Haller — Hamburgers
- Phyllis Kroger — Evening in Paris
- Jack Smith — Cherry blossoms
- George Sausley — Chop Suey
- Helen Butler — Coty's lipstick

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