



The Tower

May
Musical
Friday
Night

Volume II, No. 21

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

May 13, 1942

ADAMS MAY MUSICAL - MAY 15

SR. ACTIVITIES

- May 7—Sr. Girls and Mothers Tea—Cafe. Mez. 3:30-5:00.
- May 15—Sr. Cap and Gown fees due.
- May 22—Sr. Assembly—Aud. 8:25 A. M.
- May 22—Sr. Cap and Gown Day.
- May 22—Sr. Dance—Prog. Club 9:00-12:00.
- May 22-25—Sr. Finals.
- May 24—Sr. Baccalaureate 4:00 P.M.
- June 1—Commencement 8:00 P.M.

STUDENTS SEE "MACBETH"

Bright and early Saturday morning, May 2, 26 Shakespearian minded students with Mr. and Mrs. Krider, Mr. and Mrs. McNamara, and Mrs. McClure made a dash for the 7:30 South Shore. For the next 100 miles things went rather peacefully as those ambitious souls continued their sleep, read the papers, or gazed at passing back yards.

Excitement began when "Mac" made a mistake and 19 people bound for the Museum of Science and Industry got off about 10 blocks too soon. While they were finding their way to the museum, the others continued on to the loop to shop escorted by Mrs. McClure and the faculty wives. The following investigated Fields and Carsons: Betty Rhone, (Continued on page 3)

FLAGS FOR ADAMS

RIVER PARK POST 303 SPONSORS BAND BENEFIT

The American Legion, River Park Post 303 sponsored a Band Benefit show last Thursday at Nuner School. Members of our band who took part were members of the German Band, the trumpet trio composed of Doris Lidecker, Virginia Buck and Mary Weatherman and Bob Hart who played a trombone solo. The entire proceeds from this show were used to purchase parade flags for the Adams Band.

On Friday our band was one of three high school bands invited to appear on the program for the Scout Cavalcade at the Indiana Club.



WHAT GOES ON?

Charlotte Mack is a genius—she has discovered a new way to get her man. First you become endowed with a blackout pin. Then you get him (in Charlotte's case, Bob Shank) interested in seeing how it works. Any dark place will do—for instance the storage room. It's as simple as that, girls.

What can it be? The sound of footsteps treading in the damp early morn? Don't be alarmed—it's just the band members struggling to 7:00 A. M. rehearsal. That's why there were no "curly locks" among the female members of the band—it was such a damp morning. But what if the gals lost a little beauty, who else would be willing to work for the benefit of the school so early in the morning. Orchids to this swell organization.

Everybody's talking about spring, but it must be almost summer—if bicycle hikes are a sign of summer and it always appeared that they were. Frances Green acquired a new nickname on such a hike out at the scout reservation. Now you know it wasn't one of her girlfriends that rechristened her. We wonder how Ray likes it. The name of course.

BUY AN ADAMS ALBUM

Go into Mac's room any night after school. Look at the distraught, harassed face of Charlotte Whiting. Watch Mr. Mac Namara rush in and out of the room with or without his camera. See how the steady procession of boys and girls marching to 107 is slowly making a worn path in its floor. What is it all about? Why, my dear students, in this room a sacred piece of work is being pushed toward its conclusion. The money for our first yearbook is being collected by a "chosen few" (Hubert Weaver, Dave Holmgren, Jean Humrichouser, Roger Buck, Madelyn Schrader, Jack Yuncker, Lila Slutsky, June Watkins, Vivian Youngquist, Wayne Holmgren, Eddie Casley, Pat Hudson, Alice Hoover, Don Brown, Tom Matthews, Ruth Ruffner, Don Ford, Hugh McVicker, Francis Green and . . . and (I'm breathless) Beverly Murphy and is being given to a "chosen one," Charlotte Whiting.

These students are using both physical and mental effort to make our yearbook a success. All the rest of the student body is asked to do is use a little "saving effort" in order to buy one copy of the Adams Album. You graduates of '45 know that lack of materials may "smother" your yearbook! So come on students let's all go buy our yearbook!

CONGRATULATIONS

Adams has a geometry genius currently walking its halls in the person of Jules Sandock. Not only did Jules come through the geometry sectional at Notre Dame with the highest score in the state but in the final at Bloomington he proved to be the very best geometry student in the state of Indiana. Congratulations, Jules!

PATE AND YANETOVICH DIRECT MUSICAL GROUPS

PROCEEDS TO HELP PAY FOR GLEE CLUB ROBES.

Don't miss the May Musical! It will be held in the auditorium on Friday, May 15, at 8:00. The proceeds will be used to help to pay for our Glee Club robes.

The orchestra under the direction of Mr. Steven Yanetovich will open the program with a fine group of numbers. Outstanding in this group will be a Russian Overture and Schubert's Rosemunde Overture.

The Glee Club and the Triple Trio, under Mrs. Lawrence Pate's direction, will sing three types of music: sacred, semi-popular and patriotic. The Bridal Chorus from the Rose Maiden will be one of the Glee Club's numbers. The Glee Club will also offer a medley of new patriotic songs. One of the Triple Trio's outstanding numbers will be "Rain" by Curran.

A group of nine boys have organized, and have rehearsed several selections for the May Musical. These boys are Bob Fields, Milton Johnson, Richard Nelund, Jack Boswell, Dave Holmgren, Richard Shuman, Paul Green, Paul Smith and Warren Gregory. They will sing "Stout Hearted Men" by Romberg and the Marine Song. This is the surprise number that was mentioned several weeks ago.

Barbara Schubert, Jean Vunderink, and Joan Louise Smith will be the accompanists for these vocal numbers.

A piano solo will be presented by Joan Louise Smith. She will play Maleguena by Lecuona.

Wearing their new uniforms, The Adams Band, also under the direction of Mr. Yanetovich, will play a number of overtures, marches, and patriotic tunes. Bob Hart, accompanied by Helen Butler, will play a trombone solo, "The Morning Glory Polka" by H. A. Vandercook. A trumpet trio composed of Doris Lidecker, Virginia Buck, and Mary Weatherman and accompanied by Delorma Flowers will play the "Elena Polka" also by Vandercook.

This will be a fine program that you don't want to miss. It will be well worth the admission price of only 25 cents to hear the first Adams May Musical.

SENIOR ISSUE

The May 20 issue of the Adams Tower will be a special senior edition. Separate copies will be put on sale.

REPORT ON DEFENSE STAMP SALE FOR APRIL

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| Total purchase for April | \$ 698.80 |
| Total for February and March | 2294.75 |
| Grand Total | \$2993.55 |

DETAILED REPORT ON APRIL SALE

| | | Total | Purchase per capita |
|--------------|-------------|----------|---------------------|
| Class of '45 | 10B's | \$109.35 | \$1.19 |
| Class of '44 | 10A's-11B's | 274.05 | .95 |
| Class of '42 | 12A's | 137.00 | .86 |
| Class of '43 | 11A's-12B's | 172.40 | .75 |

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, IND.
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 BUSINESS MANAGER.....Jack Yuncker
 ADVERTISING MANAGER.....Robert Murphy
 SPORTS EDITORS.....Rodger Buck, Mary Monahan
 CIRCULATION MANAGER.....Marilyn Beal
 PRINCIPAL.....Mr. Galen B. Sargent
 FACULTY ADVISER.....Miss Florence Roell

SOAP

Soap—a common article of the civilized world—comes from the humblest origins to serve the highest purposes. In reality, it is a product of lye and fat. Many an old cow gone dry for the last time is killed. Various parts are separated, the meat goes to the poor, the hoofs and horns go to a glue factory, and the fat goes to the soap factory.

The fat—one of the many by-products of this ancient and decrepit vertebrate—is taken from the stench of the stock-yards and slaughterhouses to a soap factory. There it undergoes many processes whereby it is made into a snowy white and perfumed cake. Sometimes the cake has a delicate pastel color. Then it is wrapped in attractive paper and sent forth to serve the modern world. It may provide the bubbles for a lovely woman's bath in a Fifth Avenue apartment previous to a gay evening at the theatre, or again it may be beaten into a foam by a colored mammy laboring over an old wooden washboard with water-soaked hands. The little cake of soap may provide a happy afternoon for a child with his pipe and pan of water.

The soap will be brilliant for a moment, floating through the air, in the sunlight. The child will clap his hands and yell to his playmates, and then the soap bubble will burst and become nothing. The child will tire of the delicate task of making bubbles and pour the soapy water into the gutter. The mammy probably did the same thing when the whiteness of her employers shirts suited her standards. Even the lovely woman drained her bath and the perfumed soapy water mingled with dish water and rubbish in the city sewers. The soap again returns to humble surroundings.

And what has it accomplished for all this trouble? The beautiful metropolitan belle probably was covered with perspiration by the time she left the second night club. The shirts the mammy labored over were dirty by the end of the week, and the little boy's bubbles were burst and gone from sight forever!

Yet cleanliness is next to godliness, they say.

—Lee Wilson.

CATS

According to Webster a cat is a carnivorous quadruped which has long been kept by man in a domestic state, a pet for catching rats and mice.

We usually think of a cat as a soft, furry, domestic animal, one that loves to be petted and played with, an animal that purrs when it's in a good mood, but one that will extend its claws at the slightest provocation. As soon as one is left alone in a room, we can expect it to run up the curtains, eat the fish, knock the vase off the table and in general put the whole room into chaos.

That is the feline cat. Now, let us consider the human cat. This, according to the male, is always the female of the species. She is a hypocrite, one who loves to be complimented, and thrives on idle gossip.

To your face she is exasperatingly sweet, but behind your back she will hunt high and low for a chance to depart with a bit of gossip about you, true or otherwise.

She will gush over your beautiful new dress, but when your back is turned, "My, I wouldn't be seen dead in that atrocity. It makes her hips look twice as large, and they are unusually large anyway."

Many times her nasty remarks can be blamed on jealousy.

Perhaps she has always associated with the wrong people and knows no better.

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.
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 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.

CALENDAR

January—love is new,
Who you love will not love you.

February drives you silly,
People get so very chilly.

March is just a lot of blow,
Makes you tell him where to go.

Then comes April, meaning spring,
Holding hands becomes the thing.

In May, your romance hits a storm,
But in the end it grows quite warm!

It's June that really hits the spot
For then it is that love "gets hot".

And by the time it is July,
He'll be a bore and so will I.

So when it's August, you'll divert,
And I'll become a free-lance flirt.
What's sauce for gander's sauce for
goose,
So he becomes a wolf on loose.

In September, one and all
Find a new love, make 'em fall.

In October, air's refreshing nights,
Make him decide to dim the lights.

In November comes the snows,
And "back-row" balconies at shows.

December is the best month ever,
Santa then rewards endeavor,
New Year's Eve pays off in fun
Whatever through the year's been
done.

—Local Talent.

HIT PARADE

I'VE GOT IT BAD—and who hasn't!
Spring Fever.

MISS YOU: Lois Jessup and Bill Weaver.

ALWAYS IN MY HEART: Milton Johnson and Shirley Wagner, Herch Wamsley and Jane Landick.

MOONLIGHT COCKTAIL: Pat Crowe and Don Ransberger, Margaret Rose Doran and Dave Walters.

SOMEBODY ELSE IS TAKING MY PLACE: Chuck Gleason and Betty Lou Murray.

I'M BREATHLESS: when I've got just one minute to get from my locker to the opposite end of the hall on the other floor.

EVERYTHING I LOVE: Jean Humrichouser and Jack Wilhelm, Pauline Kluga and Bill Smith.

BLUES IN THE NIGHT: when we have homework.

MODERN DESIGN: John Adams
NIGHT AND DAY: Ranny Mock and Dean Robertson.

REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN: Virginia Truex and Jack Boswell, Bill Vermande and Carmen Sigerfoos.

AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW: Norma Jean Honer and Bob Fields, Pat Powers and Richard Meyers.

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU: Pat Barlow and Howard Keyes, Bob Giordano and Phyl Welber.

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER: Louis Rosner and Ned Schwamy still not hooked.

IN THE HUSH OF THE NIGHT: the floor always squeaks when you try to come in quietly and late-(ly)

ALL ALONE AND LONELY: John Patterson, Jim Jester, Henrietta Los.

I KNOW WHY: Ralph Heck and Joan Kindig, Bette Anne Malcolm and Norm Gardner.

TOWER TALK

Personal to Lillian Toth. Did you know you had a very special unseen admirer? How about it P. M.?

— TOWER NEEDS TALK —

Could it be that Barb Kreimer has been holding out on us concerning a certain Gordon from Bendix?

— BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS —

Newsome Twosomes: Fran Kierein and John Burkhart, Joan Yohn and Bill Steinmetz, Johnny Ray and Barb Donahue, and Bernard Bartell and Lucille Brunette.

Speaking of twosomes, Dom Simeri would like to apply for a single of which (whatever that means). He's available only on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, though. Sorry gals.

— TOWER NEEDS TALK —

Not mentioning any names but why doesn't that crowd including Dave Roberts, John Jaffee, Milt Stanley, and Wayne Stanton give us So. Benders a break? What has Plymouth got that we haven't???? . . . well, anyhow, there is such a thing as conserving on tires.

— BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS —

Ginny Speth is doing all right for herself with McGirr and Wilson on the string. Dot Oliver believes in wholesale business, too. There's Dick, from Mishawaka and our own "Little Joe" is sure in good standing.

— TOWER NEEDS TALK —

We're all wondering when Dick (Wolf) as he calls himself, Neland will drizzle down to one cookie?

"How Long Has This Been Going On?" Joan Kindig and Ralph Heck—Mary Lou Burkart and Central's Jim—Don Culp and Lorraine Hansen.

— BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS —

I'm still recuperating from that super-colossal Macbeth trip . . . my idea of two grand teachers, Krider and McNamara . . . Hazel McClure and Lady Roell were pretty good company, too.

Of course all of the fairer sex enjoyed seeing those sailors on the loose. I hope no one jumped to conclusions when they heard about the train being detained one hour and ten minutes. What an experience!!

Well, it won't be much longer now, kids. Let's all pitch in and really enjoy these last weeks at dear ol' J. A.

— Maisie.

SOMETIMES: ½ days of school.

FROM ONE LOVE TO ANOTHER:

Kenny Follmar, Johnny Ray.

IN THE HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING: In Mr. Gale's classes.

OUR LOVE AFFAIR: Lou Alice Jordan and Bill Auer, Charlotte Whiting and Jack Beverstein.

I DON'T WANT TO WALK WITHOUT YOU: Mary Lou LaFortune and Hubert Larson, Joan Yohn and Bill Steinmetz.

EXACTLY LIKE YOU: Bill and Dick Sayers, Bob and Don Culp.

I LOVE YOU TRULY: Betty Whalen and Raymond Bell, Dick Alabaugh and Betty Stegman.

DAYDREAMING: Dot Johnke, Jack McGirr, Virginia Buck.

HOW ABOUT YOU: Barbara Munro and Bill Peck, Dorothy Magnuson and Phil Meixel (Riley).

DON'T SIT UNDER THE APPLE TREE: Betty Kindig.

FULL MOON: only once a month, darn it!

HAPPY IN LOVE: Fred Nash and Mary Alice Summy, Mary Wetherman and Wayne Sarber

CORRIDOR COMMENT

If you were ship-wrecked on a desert island, who and what would you like to be with you.

PAT HUDSON — a boy scout handbook . . . and a boy scout.

JOAN SMITH — "Oh, a dictionary and Glen Miller's orchestra . . . Oh, they all seem to choose plenty of male also.

DOROTHY BICKEL — "Because the first thing in my mind would be to get home, and this would be done by navigation, I'd take a sailor" . . . ? ? ?

MR. REBER — "Personally I'd like to have a ship or an airplane or something to get me over a body of water.

CARROLL HYDE — Latest news of the world situation to see whether or not I want to come back to civilization, otherwise she'll do.

CHARLES PIPER — a football, baseball and baseball glove.

SHIRLEY NIVEN — I would like to have Richard Halliburton and a copy of the "Koran."

JACK FINEBERG — Artist Pelty's best model and a drawing pencil and paper.

"MACBETH"

Jeanette Schafer, Helen Peterson, Betty Welber, Phyllis Welber, Pat Kasdorf, Norma Lambert, Betty Ann Malcolm and Marilyn Sunderlin. At the museum the following were turned loose to explore the massive building: John Schulte, Frank Fisher, Ed Mendler, Warren Gregory, Joan L. Smith, Alan Schrage, Ed Gembarowski, Pat Barlow, Norma Honer, Charlotte Mack, Ranny Mock and Dean Robertson, George Sousley, Joe Tarkington, Frances Green, Dorothy Oliver, and Lorraine Cappert.

At 2:30 everyone, including Peggy McGann, Barbara Schubert, Jean Inglefield, and Dale Brumbaugh who drove up, met at the Erlanger Theater. During the next 2½ hours Shakespeare's MacBeth became fascinating entertainment instead of 163 pages in a text book.

After MacBeth everyone had 2 hours to themselves and some departed earlier. Those who remained ate and then took the 7 o'clock South Shore for home, expecting to arrive at 9:10. Everything was fine until the trolley wire broke! The area around the train was explored, (ask Ranny and Dean). Different forms of amusement were devised on the train to pass away endless time. Finally, an hour and a half late, the train arrived home.

COLLEGE BOUND

VIA
MR. GALE

This week we set our imagination working again and enjoy a make-believe visit to Purdue University located at West Lafayette, Indiana; containing one of the best Home Economic and Engineering schools in the country. Purdue is one of the prides of our state. It also prides itself with an above average rating in agriculture, education, and science courses. Being a state school it requires no tuition, and expenses are quite low. There is an abundance of opportunities such as seven boys to every girl. Also it isn't far from here and can be reached by main highways. Social life is great on the campus and fraternities are well in existence. Since it is a state school it also has R. O. T. C. and is equipped with its own airport. In the past few years the college has been built up considerably and it now has a beautiful campus with new and modern buildings.

Two scholarships to a county are awarded by the University and can be received in several different ways for any course offered.

A special feature of Purdue is its health service to which each student contributes five dollars each semester. The service is then at their use for anything except chronic diseases and dentistry.

Once more we've completed another visit on our special train "College Bound" and chalked up another 1A school for our state.

Old Lady: "Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor: "Never mind, madam; there is a switch just this side of the next station."

A HOBBY FOR MY SON

by
DON ALLEN

If I had a son I would want him to become a good sportsman. I would teach him to hunt, shoot a gun, and make his own bows and arrows. I would want him to go alone in the woods and hunt like a man. I would teach him to make a barbed spear and dive for fish.

Basketball and baseball are all right, but you only get the full satisfaction of sport when you shoot your first deer, spear your first fish, make a camp, or cook your own meal.

I want my boy to carry a knife, a gun, and to be able to creep toward his prey like an Indian. Hunting with the bow and spearing fish are my favorite hobbies, and I want my son to become a great hunter and fisherman.

Probably Ed Heitger would want his boy to become a star for the Adams basketball team, as Bucky Harris and Paul Bailey would want their boys to be baseball or football players. But me? I'll make my boy into a second Daniel Boone. He had better not be a girl!

— Don Allen.

John: Let's skip school today?
George: Can't! I need the sleep too badly.

SPOTLIGHT

Name: Dorothy Bickel
Age: 17
Grade: 12A
Height: 5'5"
Weight: 112
Hair: light brown
Eyes: brown
Boy Friend: General MacArthur
Girl Friend: Pearl Harbor
Favorite song: Stardust
Favorite food: fried chicken
Favorite color: blue
Favorite smell: the chicken frying
Hobby: reading and sleeping
Career: teaching and so forth
Clubs: Drama
Favorite pastime: "Joeing"
Favorite sport: tennis.

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SPIRO'S



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8⁹⁵

In rayon FAILLE . . . crisp and cool as summer salad . . . with fuzzy-wuzzy duco dots . . . pearly buttons . . . pique dickey-collared Red, green, brown, navy. Sizes 11 to 17.

2nd Floor

BENTONS

SOME SPORTS EDITOR!

I wonder if all editors are as forgetful as ours. A fine mess that he almost involved himself and the rest of the staff in. Perhaps, we can forgive him for his loss of memory concerning an empty page in our newspaper. If he had not come at the last moment for help, I would have feared very much for his soul.

Our sports editor surely must be a hump backed, gray-haired man with shell rimmed glasses, who at times forgets that his readers enjoy the newspaper filled entirely with news. One day, discovering one page which was empty, he tore down the corridor carrying his burden to another poor soul. Of course, this soul being of a kind nature, immediately attempted to heal the hurt feelings. He set to work by putting the burden on some other poor souls. Why, come to think of it, they weren't even on the paper staff. When I ponder over some forgetful people, I think of our editor, fine chap, too. Perhaps we should find it in our hearts to forgive him this time, but I quiver in my boots to think what will happen to him the next time.

—Lorraine Cappert.

Ow! Wa! It looks as if my "pal" Mr. Krider really fixed me up.

I suppose that our readers are wondering what this is all about. Well on Wednesday, May 6th, 2nd period, I walked into room 105 and asked Mr. Krider if he happened to have any stray articles on hobbies tucked away in the corner. He said he didn't have any on hand but his third hour class would be glad to write some things. As 12:00 o'clock was the deadline, I said that it would be all right.

What did my "pal" do but tell his class in typical Krider fashion, that the Tower had a very inefficient sports editor who never fills his page and is always going to others at the last minute for help. He must have spread it on pretty thick because from the looks of the papers handed in, you would think me one of the eight perils of the universe.

Now, friends, I do not claim to be a hundred per cent efficient editor. However, I plead with you to hear my side, too. Concerning not filling my page, Amos Reitz and I handed in as much for this issue as for the previous one. In fact, we were the only ones on the staff that did hand it in. When Wednesday morning rolled around and it was found that there was not enough advertising, and news to fill the rest of the paper, Miss Roell asked the sports department to fill the gap. Since I had no study halls I thought of Mr. Krider who had previously submitted works of his classes.

Well, it was a lot of fun though, reading some of the articles that were written by the class. Some of them even condemned my soul. An especially good article was written by June Dodson, however, it was too long to put in this issue.

—Your Sports Editor.

Boy: Did you hear the joke about the Scotchman who didn't come out of his hotel room for three days and was found sitting on top of his suitcase with brow wrinkled in concentration?

Girl: No!

Boy: In front of him was a sign reading, "Think, have you left anything?"



THE BIG FOUR

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| 1. DeWells .400 | 3. Lawitzke .285 |
| 2. D. Culp .285 | 4. Kalberer .285 |

Baseball is older than the American nation itself. There are tales about Abner Doubleday's devising the game at Cooperstown, New York, but historians have proved beyond a doubt that our modern baseball game is closely related to the old English game of Rounders and that baseball was played as early as 1744.

Although it originated in New England, baseball quickly worked its way over the Allegheny mountains and across the western prairies until soon it had obtained a foothold in every town in the land.

It achieved its most lasting popularity before radio and paved roads destroyed the isolation of the American small town. In those days baseball was the most popular game at recess at the little frame country school and also the two-story brick town school. It also furnished an exciting Sunday afternoon recreation for hundreds of active young men and for thousands of spectators who proudly supported their baseball team, jealously and vociferously.

Today its rootage and growth are more vast. Not only do the major and minor leagues today play to larger crowds but baseball has spawned a lusty manchild—softball—that leads the nation in outdoor sports attendance.

But enough of the ancient history of baseball. Let's consider some of our own games. The conference season has started and John Adams is tied for second place. Perhaps, by the time this paper comes out, we will be in first place. At any rate, since that first game we have been hitting at an average of 9 or 10 hits per game. Apparently hitting isn't all we need, for in our first three conference games we have an average of 7½ errors per game! In the Elkhart game we were lucky and managed to win in spite of 12 errors, but the LaPorte game proved beyond dispute that a ball club can't make 10 errors and win ball games.

Not long ago I griped about hitting. Since then I've had to eat my words. Now I'm griping about fielding. Let's see if you fellows can do something about that.

Remember: You are in a position to give Adams her first conference championship. I hope you come through.

"She was the dumbest girl I ever saw."

"What makes you think so?"

"I mentioned bacteria and she thought that was the back door of a cafeteria."

"Yes, father," said the young lady, "I've decided to marry Oswald Potts."

"What!" he ejaculated. "You're going to marry that insignificant little fellow? Why, you've always said that you'd never marry anyone under six feet."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I know, dad," she replied, "but I've given the matter serious thought, and I've decided to knock off twenty per cent for cash."



His hobby is w.....! His amusement is w.....! At least that is what he says. The owner of this unusual hobby is none other than our little 5'6½", 124-pound pitcher, Paul Meyers.

Paul might well be called the backbone of our baseball team because when the rest of the squad are making errors, it is up to him to pitch us out of the tough spots. It's plenty hard on any pitcher to have to pitch almost every game, two games a week, but since he is our only regular pitcher, it is up to him to see the team through. Paul has the stuff, we're not worried about that, but what we are worried about is that he may pitch his arm out. That might prove fatal to our team.

A veteran at the game, he has seen year around action ever since he started playing ball for Nuner. In the summer months you will find him out there pitching for Post 303. Even against the toughest of competition, Paul won four of his six games last summer and ended the season with a .250 batting average, which, by the by, is much better than the majority of the boys on our squad are doing right now.

Peewee Paul was born in Mishawaka and attended three schools there before moving to South Bend and Nuner. His only sport while in school has been baseball. Our cocky little friend is popular enough around school to be elected president of his homeroom, 205.

Because he is a senior, we will be losing him next year. However, our loss will be Ball State's gain, because it is there he plans to attend college. I wonder if Coach Shearer hasn't had something to do with this. Ball State, you know, is the Coach's Alma Mater. Paul plans to take a physical education teacher's course but I wouldn't be at all surprised if baseball were not a prime factor.

Central may brag about their Kosoroski; and Washington their Nowicki; but as long as we have Paul Meyers we need not feel left out.

Student: "I'm handling this plane pretty well."

Instructor: "Yeah! but just keep it up."

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring"
"Badlands of Dakota"

SUN. — MON. — TUES.

"International Guardian"
"The Feminine Touch"

RIVER PARK THEATRE

30th and Mishawaka Avenue

Breakfasts

Student Luncheons

Dinners



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PROSPECTIN'

Dear Podners:

One of our most outstanding observations, along the line of gossip, is the fact that everyone in this school seems to be pretty well paired off. This operates only theoretically, however, for no one lets the fact that they are going steady stop them from dating others. Do we Jack????? Poor Connie!!!!

Prospecting: Chuck Piper seems to be doing a little prospecting. Her name is Carman (we can't spell her last name) . . . Casanova Roth seems to be prospecting for anything he can get (according to him of course, he already has a monopoly on South Bend's beautiful women. Chicago, too?????)

Trading Post! It looks as if the old "swapping" habit is once more taking hold of Adams. Peggy McGann seems to have traded Bill Currise in for one of the newer models. But the new model has a girl (which Bill got) podners from where we sit Bill isn't bad off at all . . .

Romances that didn't pan out: Bob (Pie Face) Murphy was destined from the first to be shut out by Yuncker. The gold mine in question being Joan Smith . . . To the victor goes the spoils . . . Alvin Huss and Polly Constant (need we say more?)

Sincerely yours,

—The Two Prospectors.

"Com-pa-nee, attenshun," bawled the drill sergeant to the awkward squad. "Com-pa-nee, lift up your left leg and hold it straight in front of you."

By mistake one member held up his right leg, which brought it out side by side with his neighbor's left leg.

"And who is the galoot over there holding up both legs?" shouted the hard-boiled sergeant.

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