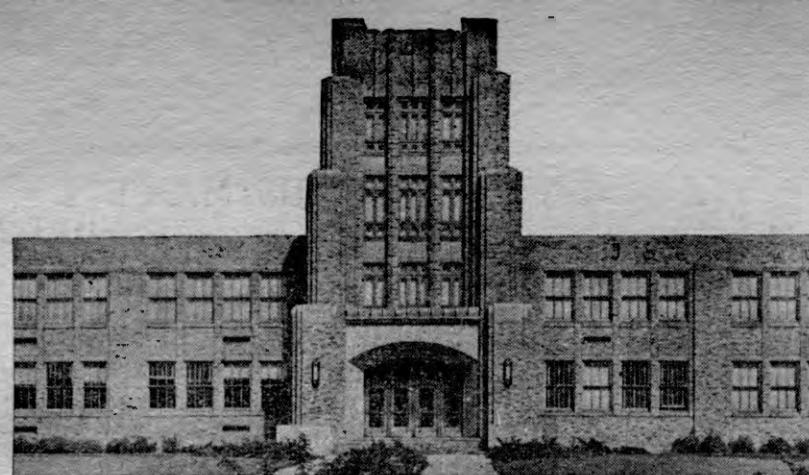


ADAMS

Volume VI, No. 14



JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

TOWER

December 19, 1945

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Hi-Y Trips To Terre Haute For Convention

Three Attend Annual Conference

By Bill Anderson

Three boys from the Adams Hi-Y attended the Twenty-Sixth Annual State Conference at Terre Haute on November 30 and December 1. These boys were Bill Anderson, Hi-Y President, Paul Chalfant and Jack Clemens. We three hardy souls left at six in the morning along with thirty other boys from Mishawaka and South Bend. Elkhart's delegation, which shared a very old bus with us, numbered fifteen.

A breakdown outside Logansport caused by a faulty motor allowed us to enjoy the sights of Logansport for two tedious hours. Our arrival in Terre Haute was scheduled for one thirty that afternoon but because of the breakdown, we made our entrance at three thirty.

We were divided into pairs and sent to private homes where we were to stay. I was placed with a boy from North Liberty and we journeyed to our home. Then we returned to the State Teachers College where we ate dinner, and attended a dance in the auditorium.

Next morning after devotions and a speech by Dr. Frenz of Michigan we adjourned to special meetings. I attended "Careers Ahead" while Jack and Paul attended a meeting to discuss "The San Francisco Conference." We then had free time, which we spent window shopping and following the Elkhart delegation through stores, until three o'clock when we all met in the auditorium to hear summary speeches. After this we adjourned to begin the long journey home. We arrived tired but instilled with Christian spirit and fellowship. It was indeed a trip well worth remembering.

ONCE A YEAR
It is an American tradition to use Christmas Seals on Yule letters and packages.
It's your one chance to help finance the nation-wide campaign against tuberculosis. Buy Christmas Seals now!

GREETINGS

Buy and Use Christmas Seals

If we weren't afraid of seeming poor we might all get rich.

CHRISTMAS

What is this day we call Christmas? It is the day in which we celebrate the birth of a king; born in a manger almost two thousand years ago. The birthday of a man called Jesus. A stable does not seem like the place for a king to be born, but Christ came in the most simple way. When I think of Christmas, immediately there comes to my mind, a Christmas tree decorated from top to bottom with all kinds of ornaments, a bright star on top, and gifts laying underneath it. Also, a small choir, singing Christmas Carols in the bright, cool, still night. There is some snow falling, and a little church in the distance with the organ music winging its way over the new fallen snow. The air is filled with the Christmas spirit; and as one takes a good deep breath, he feels good all over. The Christmas wreaths can be seen from every house window, while the smoke from the chimneys rises straight up toward the sky. Here there can be seen millions of twinkling stars, gleaming like diamonds. To me this is what Christmas represents, but to a Chinese boy or Mexican boy or African boy, it is probably quite different. One thing always remains the same. The spirit is still there and can be shared by everyone and distance cannot separate this fact.

Christmas is the symbol of peace and good will toward men. There must be peace in our hearts, and we must want to help one another before the spirit of Christmas can be manifest in our lives. Helping one another brings joy to everyone's heart. There seems to be a great deal of truth in that old Christmas story by Charles Dickens—Old Scrooge, the old man who did not seem like a human being, who would rather have frozen than to put another piece of wood on the fire. What was it that changed his life all of a sudden? Was it not the spirit of Christmas? When this took place, he was a changed man. He did something for everyone. There was peace and good will in his heart that day. He had joy, and Christmas truly is a time for joy.

Dean Everts.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

I am Jewish. Since the Jewish people do not believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God, we do not observe the holiday of Christmas. Even if I don't observe Christmas, I cannot help feeling the Christmas spirit that surrounds me.

When I go shopping uptown I can feel the air of excitement that exists. I love to go from window to window looking at all the things on display for Christmas. I like to go shopping with girl friends who are buying Christmas presents. It becomes my problem when they cannot find what they want. I too speculate on what they will get for Christmas.

I think the Christmas carols are beautiful. I know the words to many of them. They probably do not mean quite as much to me as they do to you.

I like the tangy smell of Christmas trees. I like to see the trees when they are decorated. Sometimes I wish we had a tree at Christmas time all decorated with tinsel and lights.

When Christmas is over and the trees are taken down, and the stores uptown are no longer crowded, I am sorry it is all over. I may not be a Christian, but Christmas is a part of me too.

—Gertrude Soloff.

INTERPRETATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

Some people have the idea that Christmas is only a time for celebrating by eating and drinking. However, they do not realize what they are celebrating. Most of these persons act as though they were celebrating the repeal of prohibition and not the birth of Jesus Christ. They use this event as an excuse for their drinking parties. They look on Christmas as a release from work and a chance to indulge in unscrupulous pastimes which they would not otherwise enjoy. It is human nature to be one of these individuals, and we should be thankful there are no more than there are.

In my opinion, Christmas is a time for true religion and good will. At Christmas we generally think of good will in the form of gifts. Presents should be given to good friends and relatives with the deepest form of love and not because you feel it a duty. A small gift carries as deep a sentiment as a large one. For true enjoyment of the season, it is not necessary to lose your senses through drink or to be wasteful with your money.

—Jack Wright.

Westinghouse Offers Ten Scholarships

Senior Boys Are Eligible

Ten George Westinghouse Scholarships in engineering will be awarded in the spring of 1946, each of which is valued at \$1,850. They are a combination of engineering with practical industrial experience.

If you are a high school senior boy in public, private, or parochial schools or have graduated from high school since December 1, 1945, you are eligible to compete.

Appointments at Carnegie Tech are made for a period of one year, reappointment depends upon meeting the standards set up by Carnegie Tech and Westinghouse.

You may make your application now by obtaining your application blank from Miss Burns or from Westinghouse. If you do this you may win a George Westinghouse Scholarship at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Alumni Return To Visit

Glee Club Holds Reunion

The John Adams Glee Club alumni is certainly a fine group of young men and women. If any of you see strange faces around school, and they look sort of out-of-schoolish, they may be our Glee Club alumni.

We of the present Glee Club are flattered that so many of the alumni would come back to hear us. When you get out of school you want something to tie you to school, because you really do miss the classes, teachers, and the fellows and girls you went to school with. Those who have graduated and have been in the Glee Club, know that they are always welcome.

Speaking of our alumni, a Christmas Reunion for them and our seniors of the Glee Club is being held in the home of Mrs. Pate on Sunday, December 23. Since invitations aren't being sent this year, all of the above mentioned are cordially invited. This is an annual affair where some of the members will sing and play. The spirit of friendliness is always present and a good time is had by all.

As at the flame of a single candle myriads of caravans may light their lamps, so may one teacher enlighten the minds of many.

—The Talmud

TOWER

THE STAFF

TOWER

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA
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IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

The following letter was received by the editor of the New York Sun in 1897. The editor's answer ranks as a classic of the editorial page.

Dear Editor:

I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says, "If you see it in the Sun it is so." Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to our life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginia. There would be no child-life faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We would have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! He lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

by Francis P. Church
 Published in the New York Sun,
 September 20, 1897

This will be the last issue of the Tower until we return to school in January. As we go to press, all indications point to a white Christmas and plenty of fun in the vacation ahead. On behalf of the Tower staff, I would like to take this opportunity to wish you all the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years. See you next year.

Editor — Tower.

TOWER

MINOR STAFF

TOWER

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CHRISTMAS EVE UPTOWN

To be uptown on Christmas Eve is to experience a thrill that is long remembered. The busy and happy people scurry to and fro, anxious to get to the warmth and comfort of their homes. They hurry about, purchasing gifts, extra decorations or perhaps some small, forgotten, but important item. The Salvation Army Santas rub their red hands to warm them as the temperature steadily lowers. The tinkling of their bells and the music from gaily decorated store windows blend, and it seems to lend a feeling of magic to the scene. The snow drifts softly down and covers the dark, dirty streets of the town with a blanket of white. At exactly 6:00 P. M. the shopkeepers close the doors of the stores and hurry through the winter night to their homes; glad that finally the rush of Christmas buying will soon be over. The crowd very quickly disperses, each person going his individual way to his home, excited to the very capacity at the thought of Christmas. The shopping district is soon deserted and the streets and buildings look silent, cold, but peaceful in their nightdress of white.

Marilyn Kuhn.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

The Christmas customs with which we are all so familiar have grown out of the seasonal practices of many people from a variety of lands. Some of these customs have come to us from pagan peoples while others are of Christian origin. The exchange of gifts at Christmas is a Christian custom which symbolizes the presentation of gifts to the Christ child.

Boniface, sent to Germany as a missionary, replaced the sacrifice to the idols by a fir tree which was adorned by the people in tribute to the Christ child. Thus we have come to adorn our Christmas tree each year. The holly, ivy, and bay, which we use as Christmas decorations, were used by the Saxons in their religious rites. The yule log is believed to have been originated by the ancient people in their sun festival. This festival, which marked the winter solstice, was celebrated with large bonfires. Santa Claus was started in Holland. In that country Saint Nicholas Day was celebrated on the sixth of December and the twenty-fifth of December was strictly a holy day. The Christmas stocking came to us from Belgium, France, and Italy. Thus we find that many of our traditional Christmas customs have interesting origins.

Lila Smith.

Two sailors, returning to their base late one night, lost their way. Said one: "Hey, Joe, we must be in a cemetery. There's a gravestone."

"Yeah," said the other. "Whose is it?" Joe lit a match, and replied,

"I don't know, but he seems to have lived to a ripe old age — 175."

"Well, what'sa name?" insisted the other bluejacket. Joe lit another match.

"Some guy called 'Miles from Memphis,'" he retorted.

TOWER TALK

Hello again—here's your old friend Myrt with an extra special flash of all the interesting "stuff" I shoveled up over the week-end.

Betty Lou Rupert is turning Washington Clay-ward these days.

Seen in the halls: Doris Hardy with Jay Osborne also Shirley Williams and Pete McNamee.

Jean Hostetler claims the picture in her locker is only her brother—we wonder?

Was it really Dick Tennyson and Darlene Piper on the hayride of a couple of Thursdays ago?

Katie McVicker makes an awful cute specimen for study, eh Dick Dallas?

I hear Lois Seifranka's communications with John (navy) Seifer are still going strong. She's wondering if he'll ever get home.

Bill Grounds and Rosalie Fleet are still going together as are John Bennett and Mary Kayser.

I hear Pat Kissinger is completely bowled over by Fred Bennett of Central.

What is the matter between Jo Dibble and Keith Smith? Let us in on it.

It seems as though Hersh Keefer is studying his states. Well, he keeps mumuring something about "Georgia."

What's this about Bebe Turpin being engaged to Purdue's Jack Dempsey? Hope it's true.

Carol Rice was seen at the game with Bill Weir, a sailor from N. D.

"Step right up, little girls and old Santa (alais Biggs) will take your Christmas orders." But did the little girls have to cry when they saw him at a local department store in a long white beard?

Two very eligible Adams bachelors have turned their eyes Mishawaka way. Now tell the truth boys, is it J. P. or B. T.?

On the steady list? Ernie Christy and John Leonhard.

Joan Meyers has been seen with a certain corporal of late.

Dan Goheen has deserted Adams and is now interested in St. Joseph Academy in the person of a certain C. G.

The situation is getting so bad that even Jefferson is stealing our men. At least a Jefferson girl has claimed Chick Goodrich.

It seems another gentleman prefers small blondes like Pat Shaw—Charles Glueckert.

Seen but never mentioned: Marilyn Wintz and Richard Beatty.

Bernice Keb and "Tuck" have made up and everybody's happy.

Going steady? Hargus Marshall and Pat Leibig.

MEN HAVE ONLY TWO
 Women's faults are many,
 Men have only two;
 Everything they say,
 And everything they do.

ON BING CROSBY'S LAWN:
 Keep Off The Grass. Remember
 when you, too, were struggling for
 recognition.

AROUND ADAMS

by Fred Wegner

Twas the night before New Years,
When all through the house
A creature was creeping—
And it wasn't a mouse;
Ann Mester stood by the chimney
with care,
In hopes the peroxide would soon
bleach her hair.
The children had Nestles and
Snickers in bed,
While Jean (Gummy) Webb chewed
Wrigley's instead;
And Pat in her kerchief, and Jim
in his cap,
Had just settled down to their thirteenth flat
When out in the street there rose
such a clatter,
Jim sprang from the seat to see what
was the matter;
Away to the window, he flew like
a flash,
Tore open the windshield and kicked
in the dash.
The moon on the breast of the
new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects
below;
When what to his wondering eyes
should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight
tiny dear,
With such lovely faces (not bad
and all blondes),
He knew in a moment they all must
use Ponds.
More rapid than eagles these lasses
they came,
While Leonhard, the driver, called
them by name;
Now, Jeanny! now, Joanny! now,
Mary and Shirley!
On! Chloe, on! Joycey, on Caledonia
and Curly—
So they dug it, and jived it, and
were all on the ball!
Now, dash away, lash away, crash
away all!"
As hungry lads before a wild
huckleberry pie,
When they meet with an obstacle
mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the beauties
they flew,
With a sleigh full of boys—and John
Leonhard, too.
And then in a twinkling I heard
on the roof
The call of the wild, a hearty "Woof,
woof!"
As I drew in my head and was
turning around,
In through the door came Father
Time with a bound.
He was dressed in a white robe,
from his head to his foot,
And into the corner his shoes he put;
A tarnished old sythe he had flung
on his back
He looked like a peddler (his clothes
fitting like a sack);
His eyes were half closed! his head
lacked hair!
His cheeks were pale, his nose like
a pear;
His droll, little mouth was drawn
up like a bow,
And the soup on his tie was as white
as the snow:

The stump of a Camel dangled
from his lips,
And the smoke it covered his head
like an eclipse.
He had a lean face, full of indigestion
He looked like he'd been taking
Physical Education.
So lean and so pale—so lacking
in skill;
For a blind date, I imagine, he'd be
an awful kill.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of
his head,
Soon gave me to know he wasn't
worth bread.
He spoke not a word, but went
straight to his work,
Gave young 1946 his instructions;
then turned, the jerk,
And scratching the bald spot on
his head,
Left by the door—not the chimney
as was said.
In a '46 Chevy, his departure he
made,
And from young '46 a farewell he
was bade;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he
drove out of sight,
"This year, accentuate the right and
eliminate the might."



November 13, 1945

Dear Miss Roell and Miss Bennett:

This is once again your prodigal student reporting his whereabouts. I thought I had written to you before but I must not have as I have received no reply so—.

To bring you up to the present moment in the fewest possible words I am now resting peacefully in a hospital bed on the Island of Ebeye which is just one fourth of a mile from Kwajalein.

You are probably wondering just what I am doing in the hospital so I will enlighten you. Don't be alarmed as it is not because of a battle wound that I am here and yet you might call it that. You see, we play basketball out here about every other day — don't get the wrong idea now — it does not resemble basketball games in South Bend or any place in the States as far as that goes. But to make a short story shorter, I happened to jump in the air attempting to recover the ball. The next thing I knew was when I came to in the hospital with a slight concussion, and a broken wrist and to top that off I couldn't see — so inevitably an operation came to relieve the pressure on some nerve making it possible for me to see again. As you can see, the operation was a success and nothing to worry about, in fact I get out of the hospital next Sunday to go back to duty. That is if you could call it duty. What I mean is that we really live the life of Riley out here and that "is no dream." We usually have good chow and we do have good living quarters. I also finally am making 3rd class radioman but it doesn't come through until next month. They are making a Christmas present out of it. By the looks of

(Continued on page 4, column 3)

INQUIRING REPORTER

WHAT ARE YOU DOING

"NEW YEAR'S EVE?"

LOIS LENON—"Oh baby."
JOANNE MANN—"I'm up for suggestions—just call."

DICK JENSEN—"I don't know—nor care."

SUE DAVIS—"I'm going to the stadium—to shoot some pool."

GLENN PERSONETTE—"I'm going with Sue."

RODNEY MILLION—"I'm going with Glenn and Sue."

BETTY HULBERT—"I think I'll go on a 'Man' hunt."

JOHN LEONHARD—"Sleep—what else?"

BARBARA McFARLANE—"I'm going to wait on midnight!"

JIMMIE McNEILE—"Ask Pati (she's the boss)."

SHELIA McMURRAY—"Something should come up!"

DON LAMBERT—"Hmm—I'll tell you later."

JOAN DIBBLE—"Why, study Spanish, of course."



WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19

Glee Club —

Altos, 7:30

All members, 8:00

Orchestra 7:45

Drama Club, 3:35

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20

Glee Club —

Tenors, 7:30

Triple Trio, 8:00

Band, 7:45

G.A.A. meeting, noon

Adams vs. Lakeville, auditorium

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21

Glee Club —

Basses, 7:30

All members, 8:00

Vacation begins, 3:00

MONDAY, JANUARY 7

Return to school, 8:30

Bulletin

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8

Central vs. Riley, auditorium

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9

Adams vs. Michigan City, there

Can You Imagine —

Mr. Krider with a lisp?

Curt Heckaman tall and blonde?

Gym class without calisthenics?

Joyce Witwer without Frank?

Lynn Minzie with a feathercut?

Mr. MacNamara in short pants?

A wide-awake fifth hour civics class?

Dot Bella without lipstick?

Eunice Everett with lipstick?

Pat Lidecker in a long skirt?

Miss Kaczmarek teaching gym?

Barbara Kellogg without dimples?

Betty Lou Bryant without poise?

Barbara McFarlane frowning?

Adams girls going with Adams boys?

Emil Reyer, Ph.G., W. A. Ehrich, R.Ph.
H. K. Schwarz, R.Ph.
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**ARMED ALUMNI
ADAMS**


Last week a letter was received from Frank Marrs, an Adams' graduate, in the form of a diary reviewing his experiences on the ship carrying him to Okinawa. Here are some excerpts from that letter.

MY DIARY:**September 28**

Left Treasure Island at six o'clock this morning. Just left the states. The time is eight o'clock in the evening. Beautiful sunset. Can just barely see the U. S. A. Crowded as heck in my compartment.

September 29

Have been deathly sick all day. Haven't eaten anything. Just came from top side. Dark clouds in the sky. Water is a deep blue. There is a movie tonight but it is too cold to stay out and see it. Wish I had a cheese sandwich.

September 30

Too sick to write.

October 1

Still too sick to write.

October 2

Feel a little better today. Stomach is still upset. It is cold as heck topside.

October 3

Feel pretty good today. Boy is it really cold. Ate breakfast this morning and held it down. Six more days, we should hit Okinawa.

October 4

Crossed international date line. It is October 5, instead of October 4.

October 5

Sat on deck a little this morning, the weather is bad. We are in the Aleutian Sea. It is cold, wet, and foggy. Madigan got appendicitis last night. They are going to operate on him this afternoon. Lieutenant said that we get to Okinawa sometime next week.

October 6

Feel swell today. The weather is swell. Boxing and movies tonight but too crowded to see them. Swell chow tonight. Hope we hit land soon. Haven't been able to sleep the last five nights. Wake up about two or three o'clock and can't go back to sleep.

October 7

Just came down from topside. Saw a swell variety show. Large fish following ship. Had creamed chicken for chow. "Beef," Earl, and Ted didn't like it because it had garlic in it. Swell out tonight. A cool breeze and the stars are out.

October 8

Rain this morning. Nice out now. Ocean as smooth as glass. Saw a movie tonight and saw some flying fish. Ted saw some sharks this morning.

October 9

Saw some little island this morning. Flying fish everywhere. It is hot and stuffy in my compartment. Saw another island. It looks like the top of a mountain sticking out of the water. The top is in the clouds. Saw Iwo Jima this afternoon. No trees whatsoever.

October 10

Rained some this morning. Nice out tonight. Expect to get to Okinawa in the morning.

October 11

Well here we are in "Okie" (Okinawa). Handed our silverware in this morning. Guess we are going to get off this afternoon. Wonder when I am going to get paid. Well, well, what do you know. We got our silverware back. We aren't going to get off. Typhoon wrecked everything on the island. No place for us to stay.

October 12

Felt good today until I had chow. They rationed it, just as it was my turn. I didn't have enough to fill a canary. There was an explosion on shore this morning. Just came from topside. Some of the survivors of the Okinawa storm came aboard.

October 13

Nothing doing today.

October 14

Restricted to our compartment today. Someone threw a potato at a Marine guard and it hit a Navy officer instead. Had turkey for chow tonight. Swell ice cream. Got a swell seat for the movie but there wasn't any.

October 15

Stayed below most of the day. "Beef" taught me how to play Casino and Crazy 8. There are a lot of dark clouds and a strong wind. Maybe another typhoon. Latest scuttlebutt: We are going to the Philippines and then home, Big Joke.

October 16

Stayed below today. It is damp and cloudy out. Read a mystery story. Some guy missed his footing tonight on a boat and fell in. He got out okay.

October 17

A list is going to be posted. Eight hundred guys are going to be taken off my ship and put on other ships in the harbor. Swell chow tonight.

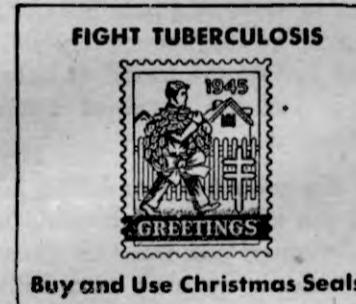
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Where I Came From**T. B. Seal**

I am a little Tuberculosis Seal. My whole name is Tuberculosis "Get-well-quick" Seal. You may call me T. B. for short. I was born in Denmark in 1903. A kindly man named Elinor Holboell, a postal clerk, while sorting mail and sending it on to its destination where happy children spent a happy Christmas, thought how nice it would be if each package carried an extra penny stamp whose value would swell a fund for building hospitals for sick children. The stamp, which would be bright and gay, would make the Christmas mail much cheerier. Everyone could help.

The king, to whom the idea was presented, liked the plan so well that he had the picture of his beloved queen put on the seal. More than 4,000,000 seals were sold in the Copenhagen post office that first year. Soon the tradition of Christmas Seals spread to all the countries of the world. In 1907 in the United States we had our first drive started by Emily Bissell. Their goal was \$300 for that first campaign. When the drive was over and the money was counted it was found they had sold \$3000 worth of seals. This was ten times as much as they had expected.

Here at Adams our goal is \$200. Maybe we think it is hopeless to try to exceed our goal ten times but at the least we can meet our quota. With eight-hundred students at Adams we can and will do it. Buy lots of me!

**With The Armed Forces**

(Continued from page 3)

things out here right now I'm afraid I'll be out here for my full eighteen months and that doesn't have very much appeal for me, but such is life. That is about enough "info" concerning me. I guess that about does it for this time so I will sign off for now. Hope this letter finds you both in good health, spirits, etc., etc. — Please give my regards to any of the faculty that I know. Hoping to hear from you both soon, I remain,

Your prodigal student,
Chuck Simonton.

**TWO YEARS AGO . . .**

Goshen bowed to Adams with the score 39-33. A grand game.

Also long about then Cal (heart-breaker) Joris was keeping "all" his flames without even quarreling. How did he "dood" it?

THREE YEARS AGO . . .

Bob McIntyre was the high point man of the Adams-Goshen game. He made two "buckets" and 3 free throws, having a grand total of 9 points.

We also toppled LaPorte with a score of 34-29.

FOUR YEARS AGO . . .

Mrs. Pate was dashing around preparing for the Christmas program to be given the 18th.

A dance was also in full swing with Mrs. Marian Horne as director and Miss Burns as sponsor. A good idea, right?



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PROM NOTES

Well, one of the big events of every senior's life has come and gone leaving many happy memories. The senior class officers were there in all their glory. President Nitz was glowing at Central's pride Bobbie Rumbom. Bob Thoner squired Barbara Sheehe while Al Smith was busy making Helen Robertson happy. Bo (money man) Bayman was waltzing with Johnny Clark.

Emily Kronewitter who went to Cassopolis for her date was seen often during the evening with Tom Kingsbury. Long John Shafer and Joie LaCosse were deeply engrossed in each other all evening. Central came to Adams when Murry Hertz came to pick up Millie Peterson.

Something seems to be amiss. Joanie Butler and Freddie Wegner doubled with Dick Fohrer and Joan Shively (Central). Hm-m-m. One of our most sought after newcomers, Rod Million, overlooked the crowd of admiring females to single out Jerry Bessler.

Nan Bartol chose Riley for her date in the person of Bob Hine. Also overlooking Adams was Fran Bickel who prefers the Navy in general—Bill Kelly in particular.

Many of the old stand-by's showed up together as expected. Pat Lidecker and Glen Zubler, Beverly Watson and Hermie Kruggel, Reggie Freels and Bob Annis, Lizzie Bryant and Willie Baker, and of course Joyce Witwer and Frank Wulf. What would the Tower do without them?

Emory Thomas has left his other loves and was focusing his attention on Nancy Flickinger. Jerry Gibson left his other activities for a night to entertain Lynn Minzey. Dick Larson was seen holding Lila Smith's coat. Joan Spry was seen beaming at Johnny Weissert. Bill Anderson turned to the under classmen to escort Pam Hudson. Joel Bullard also forsook the seniors to squire Nancy Giordano.

Yes, the Senior prom is over, but every one will be looking forward to June and another prom.

BUTCHER BOY'S LOVE

I never sausage eyes as thine, and if you'll butcher hand in mine, and liver around me every day we'll seek some hamlet far away, we'll meat life's frown with life's caress, a cleaner road to happiness.

Mary: "I don't see how football players get clean."

Jane: "What do you suppose the scrub teams are for?"

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CHRISTMAS AND THE MISTLETOE

About this time every year—all over the United States—everyone begins to think about Christmas and everything that traditionally represents Christmas. Saint Nicholas, holly wreaths, red candles, and flaming English Plum Pudding are all typical and superstitions of Christmas but, perhaps, the superstition which has the most traditions and pleasant associations with Christmas is a shrub with glossy evergreen and waxen berries that turn white when it snows. It is mistletoe.

The superstition of mistletoe has not always been as we believe it today, for in the time of German and Norse mythology it was referred to as the accursed mistletoe. It was feared by many because of the myth of Balder, the god who personified the sun and the charm of summer, and how he met his destruction. Balder was a favorite with everyone because of his beauty and goodness. However, his one enemy was Loki, and he plotted his death. Frigga, Balder's mother, fearing this, had everything extracted from the earth that might harm her son, save a small dart from the mistletoe, and this he put into the hand of Balder's blind brother, telling him how to throw it. As the dart struck Balder, he fell dead—dead because of the accursed mistletoe. Because a dart made from mistletoe had killed the god Balder, it was feared by many persons.

The origin upon which our beliefs are based is quite different from that of mythology. It is from the Druids who were the ancient priests of the Celts. They were the wise men of their time and were respected by all. Whenever they found mistletoe growing on an oak tree, they cut it off with a golden blade and gave bits to the people for charms. It was believed that it would bring them happiness, safety, and good fortune as long as it did not touch the ground. Perhaps, this is the reason why mistletoe is always hung from a chandelier. Through the years, European notions seemed to have converted mistletoe into a ceremonial plant, a practice which is the probable origin of the Christmas custom of "Kissing under the mistletoe."

Patricia Wolfe.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is the most joyful season of the year. The good in men's hearts becomes abundant and there is no room for the petty and the mean. We recognize this holiday because nineteen hundred forty-five years ago Christ, the son of God was born to Mary of Nazareth at Bethlehem. This season has been celebrated throughout the years. During both war years, amid sorrow and tears, and peace, amid laughter and happiness, people of all nations have taken time out to praise and glorify God. This year especially we will raise our hearts to the Divine Being. The greatest war in the history of the world has come to an end and we are once again at peace for the first time in over ten years.

Christmas is celebrated in many ways. Some of these ways are completely holy and others are full of folk customs, but either way is filled with the spirit of good. In American homes all over the nation Christmas trees are put up and decorated. Before hand little people are busy being good and writing letters to Santa Claus. On Christmas Eve stockings are hung on the mantel by small children for the long awaited visit from Santa Claus. Most little girls and boys read "Twas the Night Before Christmas" before St. Nicholas comes so they will know exactly what is to happen. Presents are exchanged between grown-ups as well as children in memory of the gifts the three kings brought to Jesus. Christmas songs are sung all over the nation and one favorite holiday pastime is to go caroling. All these customs help to make the Christmas season the happiest throughout the whole year.

—Emily Kronewitter.

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WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS?

SHIRLEY RUSSWURM—"I want Bill to come home."

ANN MESTER—"A certain Jim sent C.O.D."

JOAN MYERS and JOAN PLUMMER—"Smitty."

IDAMAE FISHER—"My sailor all wrapped up in blue."

HELEN PATTY—"Joe for Christmas and for always."

JOAN BUTLER—"A package: weight 210, height 6 feet 3 inches from Great Lakes."

EVELYN FINEBERG—"A pair of nylons, just to be different."

PAT WEAVER—"Bill"

SHIRLEY MORLAN—"A certain person from Battle Creek."

DONNA CHAMBERS—"Bob Whitcomb."

MARILYN ZIMMER—"A certain pink-jacketed male and a bicycle built for two."

JACK KELLY—"I want a girl just like the girl who married Harry James."

DICK HOFFMAN—"A big candy cane."

DICK DAVIS—"Santa's autograph."

HARGUS MARSHALL—"Pat Liebig."

STOLEN!

Getting a paper out is sometimes fun, but it is never a picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we clip things from other papers, we are too lazy to write 'em ourselves.

If we don't, we are too fond of our own stuff.

If we print contributions, the paper is filled with junk.

If we don't, we don't appreciate true genius.

Now, like as not, someone will say we swiped this piece from some other paper.

WE DID.



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"Gather 'roun me everybody—I have a story to tell." A true yarn indeed, a story of a brilliant array of colors, fashions, yell's, and modes, of thrilling games, and eventually a champion of the second annual invitational tournament at John Adams.

Yes sir! The old Hoosier hysteria is in for good as this time of year comes around, and what a wonderful, lasting feeling it is to watch and be a part of such a thrilling occurrence as a basketball tournament.

This event is dated very timely, for it tops off a perfect holiday season, and fills three days and nights with endless joys, and for you newcomers, exotic fantasies which will grow until that same old bug has you as every one else—"the Hoosier hysteria."

It was in last years first annual event that Adams defeated a top heavy favorite, Riley, only to fall to Washington and have Michigan City's Red Devils pop up as the winner. It was thrilling indeed and well worth both time and money.

Michigan City, Goshen, Nappanee, Mishawaka, Riley, Central, Washington and Adams will all display their wares come the affair on December 27, 28, 29, in our basketball palace.

A perfect example of team backing is our becoming southern belle, Sue Davis who says "ah sho' does yell at dem games." (not quite that bad!) but nevertheless Sue is out to help her favorites win, how about the rest of you Adamites?

Naturally the big time predictors and the guys that really know, want to offer their opinions on the tourney champ. When you see these people at this gala affair, remind them of their choice if they aren't right—they will appreciate that!

Dewey More, Riley.

Dick Jensen, Central.

Ann McNamee, Riley.

Joan Douglas, Riley.

Julius Stevens, Washington.

Mr. Neff, Adams.

Dick Brotherson, Central.

Tom Rutherford, Washington.

Millie Peterson, Adams.

John Leonhard, Nappanee.

Gordon Wheatley, Riley.

Barbara Sheehe, Central.

TOWER SPORTS COLUMN

Roy Andrews recently gave everyone "a big charge" when he came home from the army for a few days. In case any of you sophomores didn't know, Andy was our first four letterman. Doug Robertson ambled in about the same time from the navy, and the two had quite a time.

"That's in there." It sure was—in the South Bend Tribune! The basketball team really glorified the sport page of what Mr. Krider so affectionately calls the local sheet. Mr. Dickey commented that Fred Wegner's profile was placed in front so everyone would think the "squirt" was one of those big boys. Could be, but Freddie says "good goods are in little packages."

The "B Team" has been getting a raw deal on this page. The Eaglets have won all but one game this year. That is a fine record, and deserves much credit. Lack of space is



DAVE COX

a problem, but we aren't forgetting the "Bees." Harold (Jug) Ziker ran up a sixteen point total in the LaPorte preliminary while brother Dave Cox got eleven. The score was 34-28. Nice going "fellas."

The female sex has been complaining that they are left out of this little guessing game about scores. Just to please, and to add a little humor, a few chances follow.

Pati Guyon—Adams 43; Lakeville 27. (Courtesy of her "old dad".)

Bert Alderfer—Adams 50; Lakeville 30.

Kathryn McVicker—Adams 40; Lakeville 34.

Joan Butler—Adams 50; Lakeville 34. (She says Fohrer will make 25 point.)

This vacation deal sounds all right. No "blow job" there!

No school until the 7th of next year and a whole tourney in between. Of course the big thing is Santa Claus, the old boy that brings joy to junior, but "boo" to the pocket book, especially when problems like Rod Million wants a record player or Leonhard a "Bugs Bunny."

Jimmie McNeile,
Tower Sports Editor.

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DECEMBER 27, 28, 29

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| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
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| SINGLE SESSION | .50 tax incl. |

ALL SEATS RESERVED

| DATE | GAME | TEAMS | HOUR |
|-------------------|------|---------------------------------|------------|
| Thursday, Dec. 27 | 1 | Team 1 vs. Team 2 | 7:30 p. m. |
| | 2 | Team 3 vs. Team 4 | 8:45 p. m. |
| Friday, Dec. 28 | 3 | Loser game 1 vs. loser game 2 | 6:00 p. m. |
| | 4 | Team 5 vs. Team 6 | 7:30 p. m. |
| | 5 | Team 7 vs. Team 8 | 8:45 p. m. |
| Saturday, Dec. 29 | 6 | Winner game 1 vs. winner game 2 | 1:30 p. m. |
| | 7 | Winner game 4 vs. winner game 6 | 2:45 p. m. |
| | 8 | Loser game 4 vs. loser game 5 | 7:30 p. m. |
| | 9 | Winner game 6 vs. winner game 7 | 8:45 p. m. |

(Drawings Saturday, December 22)

OFFICIALS: DEVON EATON AND OMER BIXEL

EAGLES HOME TO LAKEVILLE FIVE

"My dad must have been in all sorts of mischief when he was a boy."

"What makes you think so?"

"He knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to find out what I've been doing."

Teacher: "This is an ideal spot for our school picnic."

John: "It must be. Fifty million insects can't be wrong."

Teacher: "What is a rabbit?"

Student: "It's an animal that grows the fur that other animals get credit for when it is made into a coat."

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Said the soldier as he picked up the WAC lieutenant's handkerchief: "Did you loose this, Toots, sir?"