

John Adams Tower

THIS ISSUE OF THE TOWER

IS DEDICATED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. A. T. KRIDER

Vol. 20, No. 9

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL — SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Friday, November 20, 1959

IN MEMORIAM

ALGERNON T. KRIDER
BORN SEPT. 10, 1905 — DIED NOV. 9, 1959

The following is an excerpt from the context of the remarks made by Reverend John Morgan, minister of the First Unitarian Church at the memorial service held in memory of Mr. A. T. Krider.—Ed.

As one gets older, two things increasingly impress him about life: its fragility, and its wonder.

We human beings survive only by virtue of a very delicate adjustment of forces. We live on earth in a thin envelope of air and can survive elsewhere only if we produce it. Our bodies are held in working order by a series of complex and delicate adjustments, which disturbed, impair our functioning or stop it altogether.

There is a certain irony, too, in the fact that whether we shall live at all or how long is partly dependent upon when we are born . . .

Inadequate food supply, uncontrollable epidemics, poverty, ignorance, superstition — all conspired to keep down the world's population, to keep from human living experience billions of little babies, to take from the world hundreds of millions of children, adolescents and adults.

With all of our problems in our world, we are slowly winning our battle against death's most famous flagrant successes, through medicine, through improved agriculture, through rising standards of living. Admittedly this faces us with challenging world adjustment problems, but it is wonderful beyond words to express to see life coming on so vigorously, so freely.

Yet, with all we know and all we are doing, life is still fragile. . . . Each day's paper brings us news of someone we knew or had heard of going from us. As one gets older he is increasingly impressed by the fragility of life, or his own life, the life of his friends, yes, the life of all the great world. And meditates upon this, one is seized with an overwhelming sense of the importance of life, its preciousness, its wonder, its incredible beauty and variety and charm. The most wonderful thing in existence is any group of people in any room; the most splendid facts are human facts, the true truths about ourselves and others. Your child, your husband, your wife, your friend, your enemy, even your persecutors, are creatures of unspeakable majesty.

One gropes to understand, one gropes to assimilate something of the meaning of his existence, so brief, so wonderful, so tragic, so triumphant, so limited, so expansive, so short, so profound. Death forces us to some consideration of the meaning of life, and for a moment, those of us who live dare to reflect on the meaning of death, our death, and the death of all we know and love, and beyond, the deaths of all that now live.

And in such a moment one is so seized with a sense of the love of life, its sweetness, its poignance, its majesty, that the nonsense accompanying his life is momentarily forgotten and swept away, the scales fall from his eyes, and he sees, the glove slips from his hand, and he feels, sees his world and loves it, touches his world and is confronted by its coarse, primitive texture. Religion exists to call us to heightened appreciation of life, and strangely, but logically, it does this most powerfully at the time of death.

These thoughts have come to me as I try once more to assimilate the meaning of the death of a friend. They seem particularly appropriate at a memorial service for Mr. Krider, as his students called him, Al, as his colleagues and friends called him. These thoughts have seemed to me appropriate because of the kind of man Al was. A man is many things: he means one thing to his family, another to his professional associates, those with whom he works, another to casual acquaintances, another to those whom he meets impersonally along the way. It is extremely difficult to measure the impact of a man on his times; there are so many subtleties to be considered.

We meet today in memory of a husband, a father, a teacher, a friend. To all of these relationships Al Krider brought an unusual sensitivity. He is

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MR. A. T. KRIDER

SPIRIT

Some believe that the spirit of a man is the part of him that remains after his body is gone. It is the contagious part of him, the part that "rubs off" onto those who know him. It is his essence, the part for which all his other parts exist.

A man's spirit may show itself in the form of his courage or his fear, his joy or his gloom, his sympathy or his indifference, his hope or his despair; the spirit takes many forms; it is the man's flavor.

—By A. T. KRIDER,
from the March 7, 1949,
TOWER Issue.

John Adams Alumni Establish Memorial

Mr. Carl Martz, president of the John Adams High School Alumni Association, has announced that the association will establish a memorial scholarship fund in the name of Algernon T. Krider.

Mrs. Dale Metzger, immediate past president of the association, is in charge of the fund.

Any alumni may send contributions at any time to the school office.

The scholarship will go to a deserving Adams student as selected by the faculty. The purpose of the scholarship is to aid a student through college.

DIVERSIFIED GROUPS SPONSORED BY KRIDER

Although Mr. Krider at one time taught mathematics at Adams, his obvious specialty was English. Several years ago when distinct divisions were made between the various departments within the school, Mr. Krider was named head of the English Department, the success of which is due largely to him.

He was the first faculty advisor of the John Adams High School Chapter of the National Honor Society which was first established in November of 1955. Mr. Krider aided in the planning of the activities of this group. These include the honor breakfast and the solemn induction ceremonies in the spring and fall of the year. He was sponsor until 1958, when Mr. Thomas Keiser became faculty advisor.

During his years at Adams Mr. Krider served as sponsor of championship debate teams, class advisor for senior classes, and coach of track and football.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR MR. KRIDER JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY 10:45 A.M., NOV. 12, 1959 RUSSELL ROTHERMEL, PRINCIPAL

Mr. Krider was appointed to the first faculty of John Adams High School when South Bend opened its fourth and newest high school in September, 1940. During the nineteen years and two months that he was a member of the faculty he served as teacher of English and mathematics, coach of track and football, class sponsor for senior classes, and the head of the English department.

His accomplishments were judged outstanding in all his endeavors whether it was officiating a high school sport contest, coaching a track team, sponsoring a senior class activity, making a better fly cast or a better bowling score, or teaching mathematics and English; however, as a teacher he made his greatest contribution, for teaching was his primary interest. All other of his accomplishments seem dwarfed compared to that of his teaching.

It was co-incidental, but so very timely, that on Tuesday, November 10, the day following that of his passing, the Chicago Sun-Times reported the story about the forty-four high schools of our nation that seemed to best prepare their students for college. As you are aware, your high school, John Adams High School, was one of these forty-four. It is my opinion as the administrator of our school, that no other person among us has done more than Mr. Krider, through his superior teaching of the English language, to cause our school to be so favorably recognized.

Only those of you who have been in his classes are fortunate enough to realize his inspiring challenge. Those of his students who have faced the challenge of the college class room, the armed forces, situations of responsibility, testify to the richness of the experience of having participated in his classes. Reports of his superior teaching have resounded from the college classrooms of his former students through reports from the instructors of those classes back to the offices of his superintendent and to mine.

His students well remember that he insisted that they search for the truth upon which to base an acceptable secure philosophy even though that truth be hidden among the longest and sharpest thorns. This picture can't you clearly see: The word "TRUTH" printed boldly, posted on

(Continued on Page 3, Column 2)

A GREAT MAN

A great teacher has been walking with us. His pilgrimage completed, he pauses and rests while we needs must travel further to reach the end of our endeavors. He could have marched in the front lines helping to lead the procession, but he chose to follow in the ranks inspiring the youth to whom his unusual talents were dedicated. The surprising challenges which he hurled before young minds kept many uncertain feet from straying into hopeless bogs of confusion and urged many searching hearts toward discovering satisfying heights of truth. Sometimes by paying the price of being judged and misjudged, he courageously startled colleagues and students plodding along by his side into reassessing those values and purposes which point to the path to the achieving of important goals. The strength of character that tolerated no compromise gave him unflinching firmness while compassion for those who lag because of weakness or stumble because of burdens heavy to bear endowed him with responsive understanding. He has left with us his chart and compass which served him so effectively; they can be of help to us as guides along broad highways of service so that we do not wander into narrow lanes of selfishness which lead only to frustration.

His favorite farewell, "Carry on," still rings in our hearts as he leaves us. We have walked with a great teacher, Mr. A. T. Krider.

—Mrs. H. McClure.

A Devoted Teacher

It was with great sorrow that we learned of Mr. Krider's untimely passing. We, his students, have lost our opportunity of completely knowing his way of urging his students to find life. During seven brief weeks under his guidance, Mr. Krider began to excite the minds of this year's seniors just as he had challenged the minds of all his students throughout his teaching career.

In the classroom the demands of our unusual teacher were many. He commanded his students to think clearly, and he steered them in their difficult search for the truth. Mr. Krider spoke always with frankness and sincerity although he knew that this might cause him to lose the friendship of some; we, his students, found his criticisms most constructive, even if, at times, they seemed blunt, harsh, and difficult to accept. He was a man to whom agreement or disagreement with certain doctrines was unimportant; however, he knew and he made his students realize that it was every individual's obligation to understand the ideals and beliefs of others.

Mr. Krider was an exceptional instructor because he had a sincere interest in his students. He encouraged, he stimulated, and he inspired his students to intellectual growth.

Mr. Krider was a man of perception—simple in his tastes, and exact in his thinking. He was full of vitality for he had strength of body, mind, and spirit. He had the courage and confidence to stand behind his convictions—even if he stood alone; and yet, he possessed deep and true humility—the basis of all virtues.

We, Mr. Krider's students, share the sorrow with his family, for we too have lost a devoted teacher, a true friend, and a great man.

—Carol Ann Schiller.

QUOTES BY MR. KRIDER

The following is a collection of some of the words of wisdom that Mr. Krider presented in his lectures to his classes. They have been obtained from the notes of his students.—Ed.

Faith is your acceptance of a proposition based on the credit of the proposer.—Faith is also the essence of things hoped for—the evidence of things unseen.

Hope is a strong desire that what you wish for will come to pass.

A man controls his impulses; an animal yields to them.

When you hate a person, you don't understand him.

Let me never condemn a man unless I have worn his moccasins for another mile.

You are never embarrassed by anyone else; you always embarrass yourself.

An educated person live in terms of a set of principles. He does not rely on trial and error as does a savage.

We all have a common destiny—death—; this makes us brothers.

Some Thoughts on "Dad" by His Sons

In the past I often liked to tell two stories when speaking about Dad, and I think they are somewhat appropriate now. The first occurred when I was a chubby ten-year-old paper boy. One day at the paper station I was completely massacred in a fight by an older paper boy of fifteen or so.

As you students might guess, the sole cause of my misfortune had been a recent vigorous paddling of the victor by my father. At the time I felt that this was an extremely unfair and weighty cross for me to bear for having committed no other sin than having been unfortunately born in the wrong family; but, like most kids, I never mentioned the incident to my father because I was ashamed of having been so badly beaten.

Years later, when I was in college in Austin, Texas, I received a visit from a man who had had Dad for English at Adams. He had by chance seen my name in a basketball box-score and had taken great pains to locate me in order that he might tell me about my father. To be brief, he told me that he had been a worthless hoodlum in high school, had married young, had been divorced, had joined the army, had been wounded in Korea, and while lying in a hospital bed, had remembered one of Dad's lectures. Somehow those remembered words had given him the unexplainable stimulus we all need to wake up and get started. At the time of our meeting, this man was one of the top-ranked students in his class at the University of Texas Law School.

These unrelated incidents have no particular significance except that they point out the humanness of my father. They point out two extremes of his effect on students, a failure and a success. At a time like this there is a tendency for us to eulogize in terms of perfection, to speak of all the good things that he did. Yet Dad was not perfect; he was human, and we would sadly miss one of his greatest lessons if we fail to recognize this.

No man, no institution, no philosophy, no party, and no country is perfect or sacred or infallible. Wisdom is the recognition of one's ignorance and of the ignorance and sham in the world about us, and greatness is determined by the degree of one's efforts to seek out the truth, to overcome the ignorance, to expose the deceit, intentional or unintentional, and in some small way to make the world a better place in which to live. We cannot expect to know all or do all, but neither can we be content to merely recognize ignorance. The great man, the true patriot, is not one who loudly proclaims the United States as the greatest nation on earth and says, "If you don't like it, why don't you go elsewhere?"; but rather the one who quietly accepts the good in our nation and then has the courage to go on from there, trying to correct the evils and abuses in our nation, regardless of the consequences to him personally.

The same is true in the school. The great teacher is not content to merely do a good job, but is one who takes the good in his school and has the courage to go from there—to eradicate the weaknesses, to improve on (Continued on Page 3, Column 1)

It is only with the greatest reluctance that I attempt to write of Dad. The incessant pressure of providing for the living leaves inadequate time, even if the ability existed, to do justice to his memory. Further, it is difficult to find the courage to reflect upon this tremendous tragedy—the loss at the height of his powers of a man who was intensely in love with life, yet who had only recently enjoyed the time and the means and the experience for satisfying this love.

On opening one of Dad's favorite books of poetry, however, I find a poem of unknown origin pasted on the flyleaf which provides the challenge to do what I feared I could not.

If I should die and leave you here
a while,
Be not like others, sore undone,
who keep
Long vigils by the silent dust and
weep.
For my sake, turn again to life and
smile,
Nerving the heart and trembling
hand to do
Something to comfort weaker
hearts than thine.
Complete these dear unfinished
tasks of mine,
And I, per chance, may therein
comfort you.

As a father, Dad taught indirectly, by personal example, realizing that his children would learn more by imitation than they would from his exhortations. To his children Dad taught not so much skills and facts as attitudes and understandings, love for life and love for excellence, the Golden Mean—a life of balance between the physical, the intellectual and the emotional (or spiritual), and, finally, the integrity to actually live one's beliefs.

Dad's attitude toward his children is expressed in another poem I had never seen before leaving through his books today.

TO MY SONS

(Anonymous)

I will not say to you, "This is the
Way; walk in it."
For I do not know your way or
where the Spirit may call you;
It may be to paths I have never
trod or ships on the sea leading
to unimagined lands afar.
Or haply, to a star!
Or yet again
Through dark and perilous places
racked with pain and full of fear.
Your road may lead you far from
me or near—
I cannot guess or guide, but only
stands aside.
Just this I'll say:
I know for very truth there is a
way for each to walk, a right
for each to choose, a truth to
use.
An though you wander far, your
soul will know that true path
when you find it.
Therefore, go!
I will fear nothing for you day or
night!
I will not grieve at all because your
light is called by some new name;
Truth is the same!
It matters nothing to call it star
or sun—
All light is one.

Although I sorrowfully realize that I will never again hike with him through the high Sierras, nor fish with in Alaskan trout streams; although he has been deprived the pleasure of witnessing the maturation of his grandchildren; still I take solace in the fact that his illness (Continued on Page 4, Column 4)

JOHN ADAMS TOWER

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AN INSPIRING COACH

As much as Mr. Krider meant to every student who ever sat in one of his classes, he meant just as much to every athlete who ever participated on one of the athletic teams that he coached. Just as his students can never lose the ability of thinking clearly and expressing themselves well that they gained from the lectures of Mr. Krider, the teacher, his athletes can never forget the true purpose of high school athletics that they understood after competing on a team of Coach Krider.

During his coaching career at Adams, Mr. Krider served as head track coach and as an assistant football coach. As track coach he produced several individual state champions. His 1953 track team was the only track squad in the history of the school to win the City Championship.

In addition to his coaching duties, Mr. Krider also officiated high school basketball games. For a long while he was recognized as one of the top referees in the state. Because he was known to have an attitude of impartiality not caring which team won, Mr. Krider was widely sought after to officiate key games.

Whether serving in the capacity of a teacher or taking part in some phase of athletics, Mr. Krider always possessed a keen knowledge of his responsibilities and carried out each of his endeavors exceedingly well.

—Al From.

Some Thoughts on "Dad"

(Continued from Page 2, Column 3) the ordinary, to seek perfection. This is not easy, and it cannot be done without making mistakes or even enemies. My father made mistakes, and he was the first to recognize them, but he had the courage to keep trying.

His greatness, I feel, lay in his determination to seek perfection despite mistakes, setbacks, even enemies; it lay in his recognition of his own weaknesses and ignorance as well as the weaknesses and ignorance of those around him; it lay in his courage to overcome his limitations and the limitations of a society dedicated to the cult of the ordinary, the mediocre, and to conformity. I sincerely hope that you and I shall have the courage to seek perfection in a similar manner. It is what my father wanted, what he was striving for in his teaching and in his personal life. It would be the finest memorial we could create.

—James J. Krider.

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MEMORIAL SERVICE

(Continued from Page 1, Column 4) the bulletin board of his classroom and surrounded with the long sharp thorns clipped from the locust tree which grew on the lawn outside his classroom window. This picture, a symbol of the difficult search for the truth, is so representative of the many forceful, frank impressions he made upon us as a teacher.

I believe that Max Eastman, the poet, has said in verse very appropriately how Mr. Krider wished us to consider the search for truth and intellectual security.

"Truth, be more precious to me than the eyes
Of happy love; burn hotter in my throat
Than passion, and possess me like my pride;
More sweet than freedom, more desired than joy,
More sacred than the pleasing of a friend."

As his principal I knew that I could count on Mr. Krider to be loyal. Many times when major decisions faced us, we received answers that led to much wiser decisions.

Mr. Krider's students report that they felt that he had a sincere personal interest in each of them and that he urged them to further their education in a challenging field of study. He is remembered as having respect for the opinions of others. He was a teacher least afraid to be frank; what he believed and what he said were synonymous. Being sincere, frank, and honest, truly, was to him "More sacred than the pleasing of a friend."

He shall live as long as any of us live who have worked with him or learned from him. So great is the impression left by the personal classroom contact with a master teacher. Any other memorial except that which continues to enrich the lives of the living seems too insignificant to enshrine our memory of him.

Tuesday morning a member of the faculty handed me a copy of four lines of verse and stated that these lines expressed his feeling about Mr. Krider. May I close my tribute to him by quoting the last stanza, of which these four lines are the last, from Edwin Markham's poem "Lincoln, The Man of The People" as an evaluation of him and as a tribute to another who was a master.

"So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,

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AN ALUMNA LOOKS BACK

Nearly twenty years ago when some of your parents were among the few hundred pupils and handful of teachers who opened John Adams, things were very different. There was just one wing, only one corner, and no seniors. We all came to school at the same time, ate lunch at the same time, and were dismissed at the same time. We had no school colors, no song, we even had to vote to see if we would be the Eagles or the Atoms. We had teams who consistently lost (we were known as the best losers in town), that is all except one team — The Debaters — who tied South Bend Central for the championship. "Father Krider," as we called him, accompanied the little publicized group to their various encounters and victories. He also accompanied one quarter of the first graduating class, as their sponsor, through those first two formative years.

The years have brought many changes, enlargement and improvements to Adams. The trophy cases are filled, the teams are winning games, and the halls are steeped in tradition. This year even The Corner succumbed to progress. Through it all Mr. Krider remained the same for there are still those who hated his demands for discipline and those who expressed genuine affection and respect. There were none in between. For who in this day of standardization and conformity would dare to be different? Who in this day of tranquilizations would tempt the wrath of a devoted parent by forcing a child to learn? What few of us can withstand hatred to uphold our convictions? Who could sleep through the class of a man who said, "Two emotions, love and hate, accomplish all great things. I have no illusion of trying for your love!"

Last summer when I visited my sister, now living in New Jersey, she laughingly corrected a grammatical error of mine with, "I think I will never forget Mr. Krider saying 'Sister Dibble, some day you will thank me for this.'" Flo graduated sixteen years ago. And there was the day I complained about a grade and heard, "Sister Dibble, you are doing 'A' work but not 'A' effort. You get out of life what you put in it."

It cost me a silver award in '42 but has paid tremendous dividends ever since. Krider's Lessons in living were varied and I'm sure were repeated many times. I remember the day he selected several extra tall pupils and we had a lesson from one who had been through the mill on self-consciousness due to size. And the day we discussed meeting people, introductions, hand shakes ("stick out your hand as if you're alive"), and going steady. There was even a discussion of death after the angular "ham" had acted out Macbeth with records.

Reminiscing is said to be a sign of age, but these are the things you remember, the things that were different. There are many others that I could add of how Mr. Krider put himself out to help others. Controversial people are seldom appreciated by their contemporaries especially when the contemporaries are teen-aged students. But the man who wouldn't take the easy way lived to hear many of us thank him for his work. I remember well the smile that crossed his face this spring as we chatted briefly in the hall. I can hear yet his questions about the Adams pioneers as we prepared our first reunion two years ago.

His desire not to live to senility has been granted, but it leaves with me a pang of selfishness to realize my sons will miss part of what was always Adams. Though there will always be a bit of Krider at Adams for the more than three thousand pupils who have graduated, those who experienced a class of Kriderism, our lives will not change because of his passing. We have cut the ties of school except through our children and go on about our varied and busy ways. Our lives are changed only because he lived.

—Lynn Dibble Metzger '42.

He held the ridgepole up, and he spilled again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell . . . he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."
—Russell Rothermel.

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IN MEMORIAM

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1-2) not easily categorized. He was an athlete, a scholar, a teacher; he was a man skilled with his hands and mind. His classes were exercises in sensitivity; he had not time for superficialities, and he did not let his students palm them off on him. He knew literature, and he wanted his students to relate it to life, to see the life from which literature comes. There was a mood of depth about his classroom work, of intellectual honesty, of respect for the mind and of insistence that students use their minds.

His death is a tremendously difficult thing for many of his students to handle. Admiring him, looking up to him, needing him, they feel a sense of loss, a loneliness all the more intense because of the sharpness with which youth feels distress. All over South Bend and far beyond, men and women put down the evening paper in which his death was announced and in their minds went back to their high school days, and they feel again the cinder track under their feet, or the ache of a shoulder in a remembered tackle, and the face, the voice, the quiet strength, the integrity of their coach is present in the room through the miracle of memory; in person after person classroom days came flooding back and the husband or wife stares at the paper and wonders why there has been so few experiences since of comparable depth.

I have used the word "depth" several times. This is a proper word to be used in describing Al Krider. The books he read, the serious conversations he had, the attitudes he took toward what went on around him, all indicate a mind that operated in depth. I can see so clearly now the steady, considered gaze with which he often greeted an idea; mulling it over, relating it to what he had read and otherwise experienced, testing it to see to what extent it had something of the real world in it, and then commenting, sometimes sharply, sometimes kindly, sometimes happily, often with delightful humor—commenting to the point. . . . He took all he read and related it to the condition of our lives and you felt the master teacher, the teacher as an artist, at work.

Al died, as will be the case with most of us, because we didn't yet know enough medically to save him. There is one thing for which we are grateful, however; the doctors assure us that the difficulty was such that although neither Al nor anyone else had known it, this could have happened any time after birth. It is remarkable, it is wonderful that he should have been spared all these years for his vigorous athletic life, his broad experiencing in the wonderful realm of the mind; wonderful to have lived and given strong children to the world; wonderful to have been all that he was and is to us.

We have met today in memory of Algernon T. Krider. We have met. We have remembered. It is not likely that we can ever forget.

—Rev. John Morgan.

HONOR ROLL

5A's

Lee Chaden
Jerry Hobbs
Mike Holstein
Joseph Lalber
Paul Levy
Ann McLean
James Mueller
Bill Webbink
Clair Carpenter
James Marrs

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Cynthia Heritage
Barry Liss
David Mickelsen
Ronald Mutzl
Carol Ann Schiller
Robert Szalay
James Bunyan
Sherry Clarke
Caroline Jones
Karl King
Dave Spence
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Verna Adams
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Sheldon Friedman
Marcia Hupp

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Sandra Baker
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Susan Smith
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Sandra Janovsky
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Sharon Rothenberger
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Frank Mock
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Mary Katzemacher
Fred Katz
Ronald Meilstrup
Kent Miller
Christian Niemeyer
Nancy Ries
Steve Schock
Carol Soslowsky
Mike Stiver
Diane Waxman
Susan Veris

High School Models Present Style Show

The Adams and Riley fashion classes presented "Talk of the Town," a style show, on Saturday, November 14, in the Robertson's Tea Room.

The newest styles from formals to sportswear were modeled. While modeling, the girls made use of the knowledge gained from Mrs. Barbara Hickok on walking, good-grooming, hand care, hair care, and make-up. The show was narrated by Posie Krueger from Adams.

The chairmen from the two schools were Kathy Duncan (A) and Judy Postle (R). The heads of the committees were the following: Carol Nemeth (A) and Jill Swanson (R), publicity; Betty Jane Hubartt (A) and Gretchen Dose (R), posters; Sharon De Barba (A) and Karen King (R), tickets; Carolyn Taylor (A) and Kathy Hojancki (R), models. In charge of writing the script were Vicki Hayes (A) and Judy Areen (R).

Some Thoughts on "Dad"

(Continued from Page 2, Column 4) was such that it might as well have occurred at any moment of his life, and that it was only a generous providence which enabled him to live for fifty-four years.

My family and I take solace in the thought that Dad lives in us as well as in those of you who knew him as a teacher and a friend. We hope that we will have the strength and the wisdom to do justice to his memory.

To all of you who have helped us through this period of crisis, our sincere and heartfelt thanks.

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