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# tHeinTerlude



Vol. XLII



NUTVILLE, U. S. A., SNEAK PRE-VIEW OF APRIL 1, 1942.



Number (Military Secret)

## CHIEF NUT.



### HAIL, NUTZI!

Blow the whistles  
Ring the bells  
In everybody's bonnet,  
To he who is the nut of all,  
I dedicate this sonnet.

Competin' was strong  
Twixt Olson and Hynes,  
And more than one student  
On Clayton put dimes,  
But with funster and punster,  
The spirit did swing,  
To goof-man Geo. Gemberling!

Midst peanut shells  
And much debris  
He holds a N. U. T. Degree.

That dome may be  
Quite permanently curly,  
But what's inside

Is definitely squirrely!  
Throw him a nut  
He'll jive and swing,  
And for cashews  
He'll turn a hand-spring.  
But of all these things,  
His one main goal,  
Is to rate of all—  
The doughnut hole!

Look out, Bob Hope,  
Your rival's here,  
And Reddy Skelton  
Can't get too near.

They ration sugar,  
On rubber we're nil,  
But one item yet  
Will rate every bill,  
The moral is this:  
"Can't keep a wit down."  
And we voted Gemberling  
Central's clown.

Long live The Nut,  
Look at his pan,  
You see that he's  
A good humor man!

—by A. Po-et.

## BIRDS WARBLE APRIL 9 - 10 IN LAUGH OPERA

Spring is here!! And with it comes the annual Glee Club opera — this year's production being Nicolai's adaptation of Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The well-known opera is full of humor, mem-

ory lingering music, an exceptionally talented cast. The setting is the Elizabethan style that was used in the day of Shakespeare in the Globe Theatre. It was repeated again at the Chicago World Fair with great success.

The plot itself deals with the receipt by Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page of identical love letters from Sir John Falstaff. Sir John is a "glaring example of what excess nutrition does to one." At first, very indignant at his brazenness, they plot a revenge. Inveigling the pompous gentleman into two visits to Mrs. Ford's house, they inform Mr. Ford, through a note, that Falstaff will pay court to his wife.

### Fugitive From Laundry Basket

In the first encounter, to escape the jealous rage of Mr. Ford, he is carried out in a basket, covered with dirty linen, and then dumped into the River Thames. The second "rendevous" proves no more successful, for he encounters Ford's cudgel. This scene proves very hilarious, with Falstaff dressed in the raiment of an old woman—much like that of the familiar "Charley's Aunt." A third meeting is then arranged for Windsor Park, where Sir John, dressed as a character from mythology, is held up to ridicule after being tormented by mock fairies, and then forgiven for the sake of the lesson learned by all, and the severity of the punishment suffered at the hands of the keen,

witty, and light hearted women.

Under the direction of Miss Helen Weber and Mr. James Lewis Casaday, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," will be presented at evening performances on April 9 and 10.

Additional members of the cast not previously announced are:

Neighbors: Ann Witt, Marian Rice, Virginia Cripe, Mary Mitchell, Lorraine Quick, Donna Price, Marian Moore, Eleanor Bielaski, Mary Pappas, Martha Downing, Margaret Burner, Betty Lee Moore, Betty Ackel, Buryl Udvardi, Ann Kolassa.

Dancers: June Soderberg, Eleanor Hoffman, Pauline Snoke, Bonnie Wilson, Lorraine Hansen, Jane Culp, Mirth Tippy, Marian Stech, Margaret Bango, Dorothy Dawson, Buryl Lingenfelter, Marian Culp, Mildred Stevason, Ruth Meyer.

# FRONT OFFICE

—Or Behind The Calendar

Hi-Y Easter assembly...You tell me  
Easter Vacation...Oh, you know when  
CENTRAL DAY...All Fool's day  
School reopens...It says here  
Personality pay-off...Some day  
Bad news...April 7, too soon  
T. A. P. meeting...Tell your parents  
Opera...April 10, 11

## SLY SENIORS SEND OFF SIXTH OF SIMPLE SERIES.

The fourth in the series of Career Conferences was given last Thursday morning for the 12B's, with the 12A's invited to attend. The conferences given were as follows:

**General Field of Aviation**, Room 315, Wilbur Jones, Mgr. St. Joseph County Airport; Pupil leaders, Bob DeFrees, Warren Ward, John Nemeth, and Clem Rensberger.

**Careers in Social Work**, Room 222, Jane Searles, Executive Sec'y, Family Welfare Society, Inc.; Pupil leaders, Howard Crouse, Julia Smith, Ethel Rhoades, and Marilyn Shupert.

**New Developments in Chemistry**, Room 204, Prof. H. D. Hinton, Dept. of Chemistry at Notre Dame; Pupil leaders, Kathleen McLaughlin, Patricia Thompson, Sophia Riesman, and Kathryn Keesey.

**What the High School Boy Ought to Know About the Navy**, Room 316, Sergeant Samuel Senn; Pupil leaders, George Gemberling, Bill Smith, Chas. Snyder, and Bill Kaszas.

**Retail Selling**, Room 205, Miss Mary Phleiger, Personnel Director, Robertson Bros. Dept. Store; Pupil leaders, Ruth Walker, Patricia St. Clair, Dorajeanne Simmons, and Virginia Driebelbis.

William Happ is manager of the conferences.

# Gemberling Takes The Cake for No. 1 Nut

My dearest Auntie:

I am betwix the proverbial deviless and deep blue seaess—Who should I choose? Who? Marge Hodson or "Tootie" Thoner? It may affect my whole life. Please tell me—Please—If I don't learn soon, I shall break my favorite cue!!! Woe, worry, worry, etc.

Bill "Desperate" Carroll.

Dear Desperate (I can imagine):

Poor boy!! Please do nothing desperate. Save women, children, and all cues first. Good seventeens are scarce. Speakin' of good things which are scarce, we come to a discourse 'pon good women. Auntie is for thee to roll the galloping dominoes. If thirteen (13) rears its ugly head—take one, if fourteen (14) hoves into view, take the other. An end to this worry.

Respectfully yours (from a distance),

Aunt Verie.

Dear Aunt Verie:

The "Thirty Lashes If You Don't Pay" Finance Co. desires valued advice on how to get our claws on the last payment on one of our freshly made diamonds which Bill Jackson has given to Loretta May— Shall we set de mob on him?

Simon Uglee.

Simple Simon:

Thirty lashes!!!

Gleefully,

Auntie.

Dear Aunt Verie:

Oh worry, double — peachy, my heart belongs to Bill Freeman but that gleam in Wad Bair's eyes sort of fascinates me. Who should I turn to—what can I do (from the book of the same name).

Marilyn Boyer.

Dear Miss Marilyn:

I wouldn't worry much if I were you. At least you have two men to worry about (after you're done, send what's left to the Interlude office).

Hoping I'm helpful,

Miss Sauer.

My dear Miss Sauer:

At last I have found the answer to my prayers, dreams, etc. She is one

## TAKE COVER!



Jeanne Humrichouser, a John Adams lovely. Still, I have problems. What can I say to all the Central gals who love me? How can I make it up to them for loosing me?

Bill Moore.

Dear Bill:

You, with your yards of lines, should not have to ask me that. However, I am certain that the Central maidens say — "more power to the one that finally hooked you, even tho' she did have to come from Adams."

Verie Sauer.

Dear Aunt Verie:

I've often prided myself on being a women-hater. Now I find that, although I can't get along with women, I can't get along without 'em either. What to do?

Don T.

Dear Mr. Tuttle:

Past records show you to be a fickle soul. This is Spring, and you know where a young man's fancy turns! Blame it on the weather or

figure out Norma Crowe yourself.

Sorry,

Auntie.

Miss Sauer:

Pity the poor soph! Here I am, the kind of a girl you read about in the ads (not Lifebouy, wise guy) and with no dates. Imagine missing the highlights of the social season, just because of a silly boy, of all creatures. What to do, oh, what to do!!!

Wherry Worried.

Dearest Wherry:

Poor, poor kid, you have my cheap sympathy. No sane person would possibly care to miss such wonderful doings. You might line up a junior high "Joe", or worse, a "Sam" senior high, or worse than both, a wolf. Thumbs down, wolffess!

Hopeful,

Verie.

Mademoiselle Sauer:

For ageless eternity, I have stood proudly, if somewhat bashfully, in

your sacred front hall, never complaining of the draft, or the wolves. I had saved my sous for many moons, enough to buy a new zoot suit. Then came priorities; no zoot suit. No nothing. Can you help me? I'm down on my marble knees to you (what's the matter, fellows?).

Waiting,

Venus.

Dearest Statute (with regrets):

Be careful of those knees. There is a priority on those, too. I understand your yearning for a fully-draped zoot suit. But priorities will be priorities. I'll see about getting thee an old sock of burly for thy queenly figure.

Keep waiting,

Ye sober, but not sane, Auntie.

Dearest Verie:

I'm trying to save money. Which would be the best economy—to buy three bags of lollipops for 30 cents or one bag for 10 cents.

Yours, with awful reverence,

Sammy Sucker.

Dear Student:

A bag in the hand, is worth three on the hoof.

Miss Sauer.

After much deliberation and experimentation, the following statements were issued for the students of Central. It is advised to follow them closely in case of an air raid. Any resemblance to the work of any human, living or dead, is purely tough luck, and we apologize to the writer.

### WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN AIR RAID

1. As soon as bombs start dropping, run like heck (it doesn't matter where you run as long as you run).  
2. If possible, wear track shoes. If the people in front of you are slow, you won't have any trouble getting over them.

3. Take advantage of opportunities afforded you, when air raid sirens sound attack warning, for example:

- a. If in a bakery, grab a bun.
- b. If in a tavern, grab a bottle.
- c. If in a movie, grab a blonde.

4. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it like everything, the firing pin may be stuck. If this doesn't work, leave it in the furnace; the fire department will come later and take care of it.

5. Always get excited and "hollar" bloody murder. It will add to the confusion and scare the devil out of the kids and old ladies.

### Ignore Yourself

6. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces; lie still and you won't be noticed.

7. Knock the air wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends and relatives, anyway.

8. If an incendiary bomb is found burning, throw water on it. You can't put it out anyway, so you might as well have a little fun. If no water is available, throw gasoline on it and lie down, because you are dead.

### DEBATERS CRACK A NUT! ADAMS FIRST VICTIM.

Central's debate team proved itself competent by winning the debates which took place Tuesday, March 17, and Thursday, March 19, at Adams and Central, as part of the County Debate League contests. The subject debated was, Resolved: "That the Nations of the Western Hemisphere Should Form a Permanent Union."

On Tuesday, March 17, Central won two debates, defeating the Adams negative team and the Riley affirmative team. Riley won one debate by overcoming the Washington-Clay affirmative team. The Washington-Clay negative team bowed to Adams.

The second round of debates was held Thursday, March 19, at Central. The Washington-Clay negative team, which consists of Don Simpson and Rosella Miller, bowed to Central's Morris Katz and Harry Warrick. The Adams negative team, Jack Yunker and Fred Watson, were victorious over Riley's Art Diamond and De Los Lonzo. So far, in the County League Central has won four debates and (Cont'd—you're on your own)



The ideal gal of '42 is 4 ft. 2 inches tall according to the latest Donald Duck poll. Her feet, when clad in the latest woven straw shoes, come to a mere size 12.

This petite dream gal always wears fuzzy-wuzzy pullover sweaters, 40 inches long. In fact, when you see this sweater gal walking down the halls of Central in her "pride and joy" sweater, she looks like a ball of yarn.

Since big hair ribbons are the thing, her's is the size of a shoe-string. In fact, if you can even find it in her purple bleached hair "you're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

Strolling through the park one day, in the merry merry month of May, our heroine picked up our hero. The man of the year is 7 ft. 7 inches and he rolls his pants up so high that you can see the water on his knee. His large droopy hat serves as an umbrella in case of a sudden shower. Squads right.

The situation grew critical as the last wave of planes unloaded their demolition bombs and as a final act the reserves were up to the bombed areas. The Girl Reserves. After all came under control, the gofers, skilled in finding lost balls in the rough, scurried forth to seek out "duds" and time bombs. The Ushers were kept busy days after dispatching sightseers about the scenes of struggle.

On the fourth floor, Mr. C. C. Miller was directing the Izaak Walton boys who were transporting the plants from the greenhouse to Miss Semorter's room for safe keeping. Amid the din of falling bombs, the affirmative team of the debaters, strutted by, boastfully proclaiming, "See, we told you we should have compulsory military training."

The wrestlers were up there, too, flexing their muscles in the soft afternoon breeze trying to break down another corner of the roof. Coach Dal Sasso sat cross-legged directing his backed in throwing pigskins at the falling bombs. Dal Sasso reports that he received a stroke of genius at that moment. Next season he is going to fasten torpedoes on the chests of his linemen. The opponents line will simply go to pieces, won't it?

Amidst this confusion, Moore, Richardson, Murdock and Company were busy searching among the ruins for at least one tube of lipstick. "Wolf" Vidin had theirs. The "meaney." Up on the roof the tennis team was serving ammunition to the baseball men at the anti-aircraft guns, who were going "batty" trying to field the enemy dive bombers.

Meanwhile, the swimmers down in the pool felt the effects of the fire and their feelings could be summed up in a statement by Johnny Bergan, "Gosh, this is the first time this water has been warm enough." Coach El-bel yanked out "brioled Bergan" a few minutes later.

Boiled Bergan Amidst this confusion, Moore, Richardson, Murdock and Company were busy searching among the ruins for at least one tube of lipstick. "Wolf" Vidin had theirs. The "meaney." Up on the roof the tennis team was serving ammunition to the baseball men at the anti-aircraft guns, who were going "batty" trying to field the enemy dive bombers.

The first load of bombs dropped upon Central were incendiaries which set the entire study hall in flames. Immediately, Parson and his fellow cagemen came dribbling down the hall with the fire hose to put out the menace, but the warmth was too inviting, and anyone passing-by was tempted to join the circle of marshmallow toasters. Wonder where they got those marshmallows?

# SPINORS

\*\*\*

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tag end of the school  
year it is no excuse  
to let down in personal  
appearance.



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**'NOUNCIN' NUTRITION WEEK**  
South Bend is fast becoming famous for its fine nutrition program. If students aren't nutrition conscious, they will be by the end of Nutrition Week, April 13-18. Nutrition Week is being cosponsored by the nutrition division of the St. Joseph Co. Civilian Defense committee. South Bend is one of five cities in which Nutrition Week is being held as an experiment in public nutrition education. Watch the windows during this week, because every merchant in St. Joe. Co. will have a nutrition exhibit.

Students can help in this program by reading the papers, listening to the radio, and watching for announcements of speakers, then attending the meetings. One of the speakers will be Miss Mary Barber, food consultant to the Secretary of War, who directs the planning of menus and buying of food for the U. S. Army.

**Teachers Cop Offices**  
Among the new officers of the South Bend Teachers Federation are three Central teachers, J. Roy Smith, Vice President; Noble Harbaugh, Treasurer, and Antoinette Semortier, Senior High School representative on the Board of Directors.

**HOOFERS COOL DOGS AND CAGERS BLAST BACK**  
By John "Raid Warden" Makieliski  
Casualties and cotiffure damages were at a minimum when South Bend Central High School underwent its first enemy bombing of the war, due to the efforts of Central's organized Union of Student Anti-Bombing Squad, led by fierce-faced, cruel Miss Evelyn Hubler (aw, just kiddin').  
At the first sound of the enemy planes, the trackmen were summoned from the cafeteria where they had been cooling their "hot dogs" in the refrigerator and dispatched with communique to all fighting units about Central.

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BY THE STUDENTS OF THE SOUTH BEND HIGH SCHOOL.

Published weekly by the students of the Central Junior-Senior High School, South Bend, Indiana, during the school-year. Office—The Interlude Room, Central Junior-Senior High School. Yearly subscription price, \$1.50; per copy, 10c, except commencement issues, 75c.

Entered at the Post Office at South Bend, Indiana, as second class matter under Act of March 3, 1879.

Editor-in-Chief ..... Katherine Bird, '42  
Business Manager ..... John Coquillard, '42

Advertising Manager ..... Benton Harvey  
Circulation Manager ..... Marlou Heck  
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### HATS OFF TO THE CHIEF!

Well, here's to you, Mister Nut! As a result of your connipations and gyrations, we are calling you Central's chief prankster. We've all laughed at you and probably you've irritated us more than once with your silly gags, but we like you. Most of the feminine sex have had secret visions of reforming you at one time, and I imagine that several males have also done some wishful thinking in regard to curbing your wolfing activities. Mr. Pointer's glad there aren't any more of you, but secretaly I don't think he objects to your activities as long as you keep them in bounds. There's one in every school and we're proud of ours.

### THE AQUATIC MENACE

An open season was declared. Central this semester was subjected to an invasion of aquatic nuts—the sjuirf gun fiends. There were dozens of these creatures dashing madly about, firing at random. Just in time for the Nut Issue we received a report from our psychoanalyst. We now know what started the squirt gun brigade and why it died so ignominously (wow!). The squirt gun fiends were actually public benefactors in disguise. They belonged to a clean-up-the-country society and desired only to send their neighbors on their way with bright clean faces and pleasant dispositions. Their intentions were merely misunderstood. To all squirt gun fiends who were so severely prosecuted, may we offer our sincere sympathy; one just can't have any clean fun any more.

**CHEMISTRY OF WOMEN**  
Chemical Formula: Woe.  
Classification: Member of the Human Family.  
Occurence in Nature: Can be found wherever precious metals and men exist.  
Specific Gravity: Variable.  
Physical Properties: All colors, sizes and shapes; generally appears in a dissolved condition. Natural surface rarely free from extraneous coverings of textiles and films of grease and pigment. Melts readily when properly treated. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment. Ordinarily sweet, occasionally sour, and sometimes bitter.  
Chemical Properties: Exceedingly volatile. Highly inflammable and dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced person. Possesses great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, and precious stones of all kinds. Reacts violently when left alone. Very active in the dark. Turns green when placed next to a better appearing specimen.  
Test: Colorless and odorless when treated with soap and water.

Durry trucked in the gym one day and draped her corpse to pound out the string box. She was a double-dilly and as yet, no one's pet. In fact, when she played a set of teeth, she was more smiz than Rumpf.

When things began to gun out of the storm, Don Olson offered his fallen arch to take the gang to the marble slab at Clark's.

The drizzle was twice terrific and Sandusky had to chatter like mad to be heard. Jack Stephenson is looking for a nickle dragon but can't find one. Janet Oren grabs five whenever she sees you. Anna Marie Peters is always asking, "Who's your sweetie-pud-ness?" Some lassies always do the right thing at the wrong time. They know their do's in general—but let 'em loose on their own heads and the gals go haywire. Twice terrific Carolyn Purman is a ticketyboo. S. D. C.'s are going to have a super-duper roller skating party during vacation. See you all there!! So long, termites.

**P. D. Pointer**

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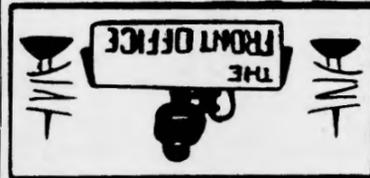
Slight Errors

Physics vocabulary test — as seen by a pupil who doesn't study his physics lesson:

Joule—A precious stone.  
Erg—A small town.  
Block and Tackle—Terms pertaining to football.  
Moment—A short period of time.  
Dyne—Two nickels.  
Meter — Pieces of stars that fall from the sky.  
Acceleration—People who are outstanding in something.  
Gram—A kind of crackers.  
—The Arsenal Cannon.

(Continued nearby)

As a special yearly occasion I have prepared a discourse on a noble subject—the dance! Although this time my article is on the level of a college theme, we shall try to use words of one or two syllables in order that the common type of moron can digest it.



CHIEF NUT

This week we are dedicating the INTERLUDE to Central's "Chief Nut." It has long been a tradition with us. Several times I have been asked why we have such a number. It seems to me that probably a better title could be given the boy so honored. The boy elected has always taken it in such a fine spirit that it is considered an honor by our student body to be chosen "Chief Nut." This week the student body selected George Gemberling. I am sure he will bear the honor well. Many of the other boys who in years past have been honored have gone on to bring credit not only to themselves but to their school as well. I feel confident that George will carry on likewise.

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Tact—Something which when sat on, increases upward motion and causes a loud noise to be made.  
Scale—Something which, after stood upon, reveals the unbelievable truth.  
Film—Something which, when exposed, never shows what it is intended to show.  
Tie—Something which, when bought by a wife, never fails to dissatisfy her husband.  
Pedestrian—Car owner with a wife and two sons.  
—The Proviso Pageant.

As Noah "Information Please" Webster defines it, dancing is an art which consists of one or more people moving their feet (or body) in cadence. In cadence to what Mr. Webster does not say, but our simple intelligence shall readily tell us that the cadence has reference to a moaning tenor sax (for reference see Tex "Sweet Potato" Benike), a wailing clarinet (refer to Woody "Blues" Herman), or the soft, enhancing, thrilling strings of a violin (for reference go to the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra). The rhythm set up by any one of these orchestral instruments automatically sets one's feet jumping, and in no time at all the dancer shall find himself in a solid groove. This brief explanation has thoroughly "wised us up" to the technicalities in Mr. Webster's definition. We hope!

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—Hyde Park Weekly.



VERIE SAUER SAYS

And now let us take up briefly a few of the many different kinds of dances. First let us make note of the waltz. The waltz is a process of shuffling one's feet in 3/4 time. One, two, three, one two, three, etc. Of course, we must consider the fox trot, which consists of maneuvering one's feet in either 4-4 time, or 2-4 time. One, two, one, two, etc. Perhaps the most radical of all dances is one called jitterbugging. In order to be a jitterbug one must first be a (1) dope addict, (2) slightly "pooted", and (3) a contortionist. The dance is really a foot race in which the contestants see just who can throw their feet and bodies around the fastest in the least amount of time.

Having now discussed the different types of dances, I will leave you to meditate on this timely article. And always remember. "The dance is the thing." Savez?

CENTRAL'S

1942 BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 8—Adams	H
April 10—Adams	T
April 14—Riley	H
April 17—Mishawaka	H



April 21—Riley	T
April 24—Adams	H
April 28—LaPorte	T
May 1—Mishawaka	H



May 18—Riley	H
May 22—Michigan City	H
May 23—Culver M. A.	T
May 26—Mishawaka	T



May 5—Elkhart	T
May 8—Nappanee	H
May 12—Riley	T
May 15—Washington	T

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