

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

For years the student body has expressed its wishes for an art course that would be offered in the Clay Township Schools. Here is your chance as a student to do something about making your wishes come true.

Urge your parents to attend the P.T.A. meeting tomorrow night, Thursday, April 5, at 8 o'clock in the Washington-Clay gym.

The theme of the meeting will be "The Importance of Art in School." Miss Mary Jane Day, art instructor at Riley High School of South Bend will talk on this subject. She will bring different things to illustrate her talk.

Another important topic that will be discussed at this meeting will be the wonderful experiences and uses of Scouting and of being a Camp Fire Girl in the community. Troops, Dens, and Camp Fire Girls from different parts of the township will take part in the program.

As a very special attraction we will be honored by the presence of Mr. Ludwig L. Blake, prominent Hoosier artist, and resident of Clay Township who will bring along some of his beautiful paintings for display.

The eighth grade mothers will be hostesses. Refreshments will be served after the meeting.

Let's all get behind this very worth while program by getting our parents to come to this meeting. It's one of the best ways to get what we want.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

It won't be long now until another senior class will pass through the doors of Clay out into the world. Evidence of this came when they were called to the gym last week to be measured for their caps and gowns. They have also received their announcements and name cards.

DO YOU FEEL ILL???

If at any time during the day, whether it is because you are ill or for any other reason, you wish to leave school, be sure to **ALWAYS** report to the office before you leave. This has been overlooked by many students when they must leave school during the day.

Behind the Curtain At the Junior Play

Many fun filled but somewhat tiring and long play practice nights prepared the Juniors for their annual play. This year they chose "Best Foot Forward." Mr. Olin chose the play cast from a very talented group and I'm sure some of the decisions were a bit close. Susie Roden played the part of the very sophisticated actress, Miss Gale Joy. Helen, the simple sweet jilted young girl was portrayed by Theresa McNerney. Dennis Smith struggled through all his problems as Bud. Jerry Miller and Jay Guy teamed up to play Dutch and Hunk, the typical college boys. Some of their pals were George Hickey as

The Colonial

Vol. V No. 12

WASHINGTON-CLAY HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

April 4, 1951

JUNIOR PLAY CAST



1st row: David Blackburn, George Colip, George Hickey.

2nd row: Donna Tooper, Dorothy Johnson, Betty Strunk.

3rd row: Margaret Klowetter, Theresa McNerney, Kathleen Haskins.

4th row: Dennis Smith, Dwain Spencer, Susie Roden.

5th row: Lynn Nemeth, Jay Guy, Tom Longley, Bill Gordon, Jerry Miller.

CONGRATULATIONS DON!

Our own Don Schlundt has been named center on the all state second team for 1951. He is also the state's leading scorer with 648 points in 24 games. First team places went to Tom Harrold of Muncie Central; George Nordhaus of Evansville Memorial; John Moore of Gary Froebel; Paul Poff of New Albany, and Bob Pierce of Lafayette Jeff. Bob Bonhomme of Vincennes, Warren Beebe of Muncie Burriss, and Dick McGowan of Princeton and Don made up the second team. These teams were picked before the sectionals started by 150 school coaches in the state.

Greenie and Dave Blackburn, you remember the one with the legs, as Satchel. To see that the girls behaved themselves properly Kathleen Haskins went along as Miss Smith, the chaperone. Lynn Nemeth as Doctor Reber slaved to keep the school's reputation, as Bill Gordon did his part in assisting Dr. Reber. An alumnus, Tom Longley acting as Old Grad complained of the publicity Winsocki didn't have. Blind date with the heart of gold and the voice of brass was portrayed by Dorothy Johnson. Ethel, Margaret Klowetter, and Minerva, Donna Tooper, gave a very good vision of the average girl. Adding her few lines to the play was Betty Strunk as Miss Delleware Water Gap. Miss Joy's agent Jack, was played by George Colip. Chester Billings, the reporter for the Bugle was Dwain Spencer.

Bearing down on us when necessary was our director, Mr. Olin. Pat Morse very ably assisted him.

Trying to see which could beat

"DREAM SCHOOL"

NO LONGER A DREAM

The new Washington-Clay High School is not a dream any more. It is now definite. Bonds are going to be sold April the 16th and contractors will soon begin to work. The new school will be 400 feet north of Cleveland road. It will include 21 rooms and a new gym. The building will be in the shape of an L and will be a one story building. The building may be finished by the fall of 1952.

BUT ONLY ONE MOTHER

Most of all the other beautiful things in life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only ONE MOTHER in the whole world. — Kate Douglas Wiggin.

the other shouting our forgotten lines to us, were Peggy Shoup and Nancy Mooney.

The stage and make-up crew and all the committees were wonderful.

Sometimes during play practice one gets awfully hungry. Coming up without half a play cast one day found them dining at the "Pixie."

Wednesday night dress rehearsal showed off an array of bright dresses and suits as the boys and girls prepared for the matinees Thursdays.

Thursday morning they presented their play to the Junior High. They made an excellent audience and the play went over fine. After a short rest period they gave the play again to the senior high.

Friday night they gave the final performance for the public.

Clay Students in Scholastic Contests

The following students participated in the Regional contests, March 31st at 9:00 a.m. in the Central High School.

English: William Hounshell, Dorothy Johnson, Patricia Morse, and Peggy Shoup.

Latin I: Warren Furnish and Yvonne Schryer.

Latin II: Patricia Greenwood and Dwain Spencer.

Plane Geometry: Magdalene Gaedtke.

Though the results of the tests are not known as yet, everyone is proud of these fine students who have represented us so well.

"April Showers" First Of Spring Dances

Friday night, April 6, G.A.A. will give their annual spring dance, "April Showers." Chuck White and his Orchestra will furnish the music for dancing from 8 to 11 p. m. Tickets are 60c a person and 80c a couple in advance and at the door they will be 80c a person and \$1.00 per couple.

Mary Ann Kush and Peggy Shoup are the co-chairmen of the dance. Nancy Teeter is chairman of decorations. Nancy Kleinrichert is the refreshments chairman, Sharon Kubsch, the publicity chairman, and Pat Morse, orchestra chairman.

Let's everyone come and make this dance a big success!!

COURAGE

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves obscure men whom timidity prevented from making a first effort; who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the Flood, when a man would consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see his success afterwards; but at present, a man waits, and doubts, and consults his brother, and his particular friends, till one day he finds he is sixty years old and that he has no more time to follow their advice.— Sydney Smith.

No one loves the man whom he fears.—Aristotle.

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PROGRESS

Man is a stupid creature, and his progress has been very slow.

Furthermore, his progress has not been continuous. He has often back-slipped from a higher to a lower level. Twenty-four hundred years ago the Greeks were far more civilized than the vast majority of the people are today. Nineteen centuries ago Rome had an excellent sewage system for the disposal of its garbage.

The stream of human progress is not only sluggish, but is often diverted by the stupidity of mankind into backward channels. It is necessary to remember these two facts if we are to have a clear view of history. In addition to these two there is a third important fact that we must bear in mind—namely, that Man is a lazy animal. He hates to make progress if left alone. He rarely advances except when some threatening danger, such as a catastrophe of nature or an attack by an enemy, spurs him on to choose between progress on the one hand and extinction on the other—Henry Thomas.

SUCCESS

He has achieved success, who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it, who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration and whose memory a benediction.—Bessie A. Stanley.

OLD JOHNSTONE'S EXIT

Another Mr. Chips But With a Difference

Looking back, I recall my graduation day mainly for two incidents. First, because "Old Johnstone," who had been a teacher in our high school for years, was leaving. And I remember it, too, because of the "last notes" he made us take down—in those hushed and trembling moments before we filed out for commencement exercises in the community hall.

For the first time the realization that I was leaving school forever came home to me. In other years, other classes would be graduated as ours was doing, until someday, somewhere, our own children would be standing on the same scholastic threshold. But never again would we be graduated from that particular school. And never again would old Johnstone address a class in that large, well-lighted room. As with all such students

everywhere, we had our Year Book and the last edition of our high-school paper (of which I was editor). A school poll had forecast who was most likely to succeed in life, most likely to fail, to be happy—and so forth.

Time, the great-statistician, has since given a more accurate picture. The "Failure" climbed the hills of Monte Cassino to bring back wounded comrades and cover himself with glory. The boy most likely to succeed had a much less spectacular career . . . On the whole, though, Johnstone's graduates seemed to make a worthwhile contribution to life, one way or another, and I am sure that was the most he hoped for.

When he called us to our desks for the last time, his lips were thinner lines than I could remember. His grey suit was still as austere. He was the exact opposite of Hilton's immortal Mr. Chips and for that reason he had to go. Parents imbibing of "new theories on child education," parents of spoiled children—blind, disgruntled and unseeing parents—they were a strong enough minority to demand his resignation.

Nothing of that showed in Johnstone's grey eyes as he looked at us for the last time. He seemed to be studying us individually, yet as a group, as if seeking to frame that image on his memory forever. Someone told me later that, in a moment of reminiscence, he once confessed: "A handful of graduating classes — that is all I have acquired as my worldly possessions after a lifetime of labor."

Now his few introductory remarks seemed a bit hesitant for a man who would have made a good field marshal. Then, as if collecting himself, he told us to take some notes. Silently we obeyed. Standing at the window, his eyes scanning the bush country skyline, he dictated, in his old staccato manner.

"Put down these ten points, for they are more important than anything I have taught you. They are lessons from life, and you will need them often in the world you are entering today.

"First. Some of you told me, when I asked your plans for the future, that you can't afford a university education. Some haven't the time, others haven't the money. Some of you don't like school, anyway. Well . . . remember this. Everything that is taught in school today was once discovered by men who never had a chance to go to school at all. What college graduated the first cave man who discovered he could write? What school taught Watt about the steam engine or Edison how to record a voice on wax? Education is only the finding of truth—so all your life you can, if you will, continue to get an education.

"Second. The greatest mistake most people make in this world is to live in poverty so they may die in riches. Never sacrifice the real for the false.

"Third. As you get older, watch

and study the faces of people you meet. As human beings get older, they acquire the faces they deserve.

"Fourth. Every man is moulded by his pursuits. If you think you can get away with thieving in the hope of living a more honest life afterwards, you are wrong. If you think you can be an atheist among atheists and remain a Christian on Sundays, you are wrong again.

"Five. Your ability may enable you to get to the top, but only character will keep you there.

"Six. Never be tolerant or liberal with the truth! Two and two make four — not five or twenty-two. A thing is not right for you and wrong for your neighbor. Soon, as men and women, you will have to take a stand for or against democracy, divorce, birth control and the like. Find out the truth and make your stand. Such things are either right or wrong, and they stay that way forever!

"Seven. Never live by conscience alone. Know the law—whether it be the law of the land or the law of God. Conscience may tell an Indian Mother to throw her child to the crocodiles — that does not make the action right. When you want to learn of God, go to an authority on God. And if you want to learn the law of the land, don't ask a criminal—ask the right minded legal authorities.

"Eight. You will know your friends in time of trouble now; but later in life only those who love you will stay with you when your wealth is gone and you have nothing. Therefore, throughout life treat your husband or your wife, your parents and your children, at least as kindly as you would your friends.

"Nine. Never be afraid to tackle a work or a duty you have heard is unpleasant or difficult. Once I told a new class that their work fell into two distinct types. English, history and the arts, I said, were easy because such subjects are human, creative and alive. Math, chemistry and physics were difficult because they are based on cold laws, hard to master. That class made its poorest marks in the sciences. The following year I told a new class that sciences were easy, because pupils had only to learn a few key rules; whereas the arts were terribly difficult because they demanded intensive creative effort. That class made its poorest showing in the arts . . . Never forget the lesson.

"Lastly, remember no man or woman ever succeeded in this world without faith. The more faith you have the further you'll go. And no matter how often you are defeated, faith will enable you to rise again."

His lecture was done. He did not ask to see our notes.

That was his good-bye. I have never seen Johnstone since, but as I said, at the oddest times the memory of that graduation day comes back to me—when I pass a school, or hear parents talk of their children's commencement, and in other unexpected places.

TAPPED WIRES

by molly and dolly

Spring is here at last—when a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of — and girls start to think of—here is OUR prediction for Spring:

10 degrees (Just speaking)

Janice Hartung and Jerry Casper
George Furray and Barbara Horvath.

20 degrees (Just Friends)

Sherry Kubsch and Duke Blackford
Jo Lowe and John Wade
Doris Dahl and Bob Gray

30 degrees (Getting interested)

Onalee Hicks and Don Hardy
Kermit Ferrel and Nancy Kleinrichert
Molly Thompson and Ted Neher (I.U.)

50 degrees (Warmer)

Pat Danielson and Jack Richardson
Louise Coyle and Tom Beveridge
Agnes DeMeyer and Joe Landgrath (Adams)

70 degrees (Must be love)

John Neher and Dolly Vexel
Elsie Wagner and Bob Evans (Riley alumni)

80 degrees (Going steady)

Joan Blankenbaker and Jim Brown

Jackie Hans and Bob Todd
Kay DePriester and George Colip
Dennis Lynch and Carol Sue Shelley

Ruth Strasser and Jim Wenzel
Ronnie Ritter and Evelyn Mitchell.

100 degrees (Engaged)

Vesta Petrie and Llyle Secor
Mary Lehner and Bud Birk

Have You Noticed:

That Shirley C. isn't wearing Jack's ring?
Vesta Petrie's diamond?
Mrs. Matchette's new hair-do?
The new "Hot Rod" club?
The shocked looks on grade card day last Wednesday?
The senior girls discussing graduation clothes?
How the boys are industriously training for track season?
That the Seniors got their name cards?
That the Minutemen and Sub-Debs are planning hayrides?
That girls are thinking about prom dates?
More and more spring clothes are appearing?
Juniors are finally recuperating from the play?

PLATTER CHATTER

by susie

Greetings:

The week of March 24 we find "If" still holding up honors on the hit parade. In my opinion Perry Como has the best recording. "Be My Love" really went up in a hurry. The best recordings are Mario Lanza and Billy Ekstein. "My Heart Cries for You" is third, while "Mockingbird Hill" takes fourth. That little ditty titled "You're Just in Love" done up in version by Perry Como, takes fifth place. "Tennessee Waltz" is sixth while last but not least "Aba Daba Honey-moon" is seventh.

You are probably wondering where I get my list of new records every week. All of you ought to listen to WGN every morning from 7 to 8 a.m. Bill Evans is the disc jockey and you get the very latest tunes and there is hardly any advertising at all. A couple new ones I heard this morning were the "Metro Polka" by Frankie Laine and "Happiness" by Guy Lombardo. Really a swell program.

As I close my column I will leave you with this thought—Remember to put your troubles in a pocket with a hole in it and if you can't smile—imitate someone who can. Bye now.....

MA and the AUTO

By Edgar A. Guest

Before we take an auto ride Pa says to Ma: "My dear, Now just remember I don't need suggestions from the rear. If you will just sit still back there and hold in check your fright, I'll take you where you want to go and get you back all right. Remember that my hearing's good and also I'm not blind, And I can drive this car without suggestions from behind."

Ma promises that she'll keep still, then off we gayly start, But soon she notices ahead a peddler and his cart. "You'd better toot your horn," says she, "to let him know we're near; He might turn out." And Pa replies: "Just shriek at him, my dear."

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Famous Last Words!!

(As heard at play practice)

Dave Blackburn—"It just don't sound right!"
Jay Guy—"Will somebody please blot my lipstick!"
Jerry Miller—"Do I have too much lipstick on?"
Susie Roden—"I can't get ready in time."
Petie Klowner—"Clayton!"
Theresa McNerney—"They can't tell who I am by what's sticking out the window!"
Donna Tooper—"I've been getting older."
Dennis Smith—"I should have gone fishing."
Dorothy Johnson—"I'm a good kid and I'm here for fun."
George Hickey—"O Mama! Who brought her?"
Betty Strunk—"That's not my name" ... (giggle)
Mr. Olin—"Where are the prompters???"
George Colip—"I don't know my part. Do you?"
Lynn Nemeth—"Gug? What's that?"
Tom Longley—"Winsocki boys get smaller every year."
Bill Gordon—"Just call me Doc Reber."
Kathleen Haskins—"We'll have a little talk."
Prompters—"Where are we?"
Everyone—"What a rat race!"

And then he adds: "Some day, some guy will make a lot of dough By putting horns on tonneau seats for women-folks to blow."

A little farther on Ma cries: "He signaled for a turn!"
And Pa says: "Did he?" in a tone

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Bouquets & Brickbats

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BOUQUETS by the dozens to that wonderful Junior play. It was really super!!

Here comes a BRICKBAT and it's really a big one. It's for all of you kids who yell, scream, whistle, and talk loudly at the movies here at school. Please be a little more quiet!

BRICKBATS to you kids who have such messy lockers. Let's clean up all our lockers. (By the way, we'll start with ours!)

Well that wraps it up for now. So long - - -

that's hot enough to burn. "Oh, there's a boy on roller skates!" cries Ma. "Now do go slow. I'm sure he doesn't see our car." And Pa says: "I dunno, I think I don't need glasses yet, but really it may be That I am blind and cannot see what's right in front of me."

If Pa should speed the car a bit some rig to hurry past. Ma whispers: "Do be careful now. You're driving much too fast." And all the time she's pointing out the dangers of the street And keeps him posted on the roads where trolley cars he'll meet. Last night when we got safely home, Pa sighed and said: "My dear, I'm sure we've all enjoyed the drive you gave us from the rear!"

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In Other Words - - -

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulation your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency, and concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomeration of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double-entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words!

WILL ROGERS' EPITAPH

"When I die," Will Rogers once said, "my epitaph, or whatever you call those signs on gravestones, is going to read: 'I joke about every prominent man of my time, but I never met a man I didn't like.' I am so proud of that I can hardly wait to die so it can be carved, and when you come around to my grave you'll probably find me sitting there proudly reading it."

Helen Keller's Philosophy

My story is now told, and I hope, kind reader, you are convinced how little able I was to write it. I live in my own way the life that you do, and I am as happy as you are. The outward circumstances of our lives are but the shell of things. My life is pervaded by love as a cloud by light. Deafness is a barrier against intrusion, and blindness makes us oblivious to much that is ugly and revolting in the world. In the midst of unpleasant things, I move as one who wears an invisible cap.

Sometimes, it is true, a sense of isolation infolds me like a cold, white mist as I sit alone and wait at life's shut gate. Beyond there is light and music and sweet companionship; but I may not enter. Fate, silent, pitiless, inexorable, bars the way. Fain would I question His imperious decree; for my heart is still undisciplined and passionate; but my tongue will not utter the bitter futile words that rise to my lips, and they fall back into my heart like unshed tears. Silence sits immense upon my soul. Then comes Hope with sweet, sad smile and whispers, "There is joy in self-forgetfulness." So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.

Capitalist—One who continues to spend less than his income.

Spring Sports Schedule

BASEBALL

- April 19—S. B. Catholicthere
- April 24—Nilesthere
- May 1—S. B. Catholichere
- May 9—Central Catholichere
- May 15—Central Catholicthere

TRACK

- April 11—Lakevillethere
- April 13—N. Carlislehere
- April 17—Niles-Washingtonthere
- April 21—Goshen Relaysthere
- April 23—Walkertonthere
- April 26—Washingtonhere

April 30 to May 4—tentative dates for County Meet

- May 8—Lakeville Relaysthere
- May 11—Sectional

THE SOUL OF NATURE

Every time that we allow ourselves to be penetrated by Nature, our soul is opened to the most touching impressions. Whether Nature smiles and adorns herself on her most beautiful days, or whether she becomes pale, gray, cold, and rainy, in Autumn and in Winter, there is something in her which moves not only the surface of the soul, but even its most inmost depths, and awakens a thousand memories which to all appearances have no connection whatever with the outward scene, but which, nevertheless, undoubtedly hold communion with the soul of Nature through sympathies that may be entirely unknown to us, because her methods seem to be beyond the touch of our thought.

--Maurice de Guerin.

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