

The Tower

The
Prom
Tonight

Volume III. No. 29

JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

May 21, 1943

THIS IS YOUR DAY . . . SENIORS!

COMMENCEMENT

The second Senior Class of John Adams will be graduated Monday, May 31, at 8:00 P. M., in the auditorium. Commencement exercises will be opened with a processional. Dr. Frederic B. Knight, director of the Division of Education and Applied Psychology at Purdue University, will be the speaker, and will be introduced by Mrs. E. M. Morris. Bette Ann Malcolm will present the valedictory. The Glee Club and Orchestra will assist.

SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED TO SENIORS

Scholarships have been awarded to several Adams Seniors. Indiana University awarded Merit scholarships to: Carol C. Kline, Frances M. Green, Raymond A. Bowden, and James W. Glaser. A Merit scholarship requires an excellent scholastic standing in high school with the school's recommendation.

A Purdue State Scholarship has been awarded to Phillip C. Ellsworth. Along with the required excellent scholastic standing and the school's recommendation, Phil had to take a competitive test for the scholarship.

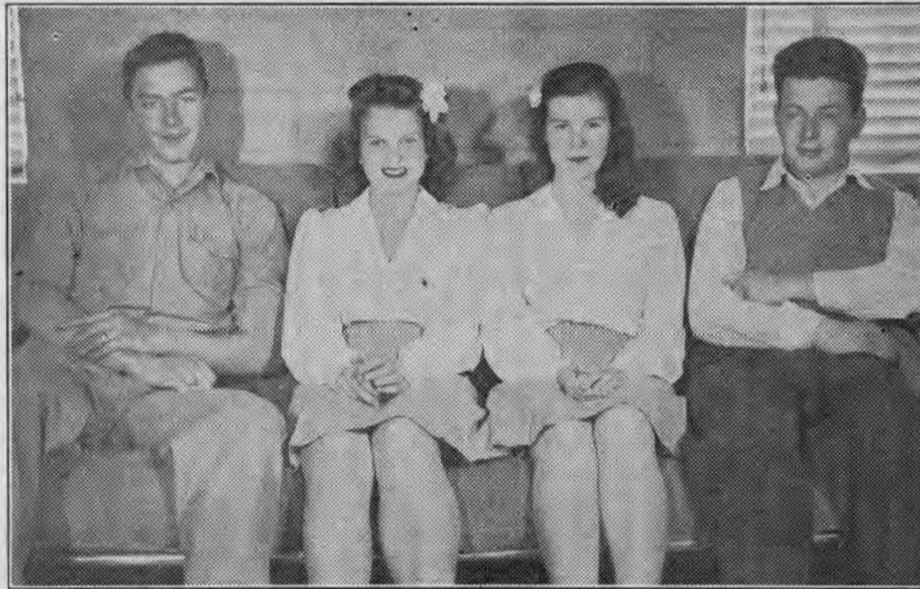
This information is not complete as there has been no final word about other seniors who are being considered for scholarships to other colleges.

PAT KASDORF HEADS NEW TOWER STAFF

This year, different from all others, there is a great deal of curiosity over the Tower staff for 1943-44. In the preceding years these people have been chosen by popular vote by the students in the Tower Club.

But this year, since we have no club, they will be picked by the girls or boys going out of office. We feel that the old officers know best who can competently fill their job. The new officers have been picked by their ability to work and their sense of responsibility. Most of them are going to be Seniors or Junior A's.

The old and new officers are as follows: Editor-in-Chief Carol Kline has selected Pat Kasdorf for her job, Vicki Dix and Pat Kasdorf have chosen Dagny Lenon for Feature Editor, while Don Brown, our respective Business Manager, has asked Jack Houston to succeed him. Marilyn Sunderlein has been picked by Joan Bruggema as Advertising Manager, and Linda Myers will take Barbara Munro's place as Circulation Manager. Last but not least Stan Feuer, the Soph who has done wonders in sports, will continue his job as Sports Editor.



Bill Steinmetz, Jean Inglefield, Joan Yohn, Jack Rice

ADAMS FOURTH IN SECTIONAL MEET

The track youngsters from Mishawaka collected their usual quota of first and seconds in the dashes and a rather unusual quota of toppers in the other events to gain first place in the high school track and field sectional meet with 46 points. South Bend Central wound up a poor second with 26 points, Michigan City third with 13½, John Adams fourth with 12½ and LaPorte, Riley, Westville, North Judson and Washington, finishing in the order mentioned.

Two of Coach Ham's boys, Goldsberry and Carr, qualified for a trip to the finals in Indianapolis next Saturday. Big John came through with flying colors in his specialty, as he heaved the shot put, the outstanding distance of forty-six feet seven inches. This betters by more than a foot John's best previous toss, and marks him as a definite threat in downstate competition. The Eagles other first was garnered by Carr, who passed up the field like a P-40 going around a barrage balloon. Carr was clocked at 2:05 which is exceedingly good time for the 880 yard run. Barnbrook and Sarber accounted for the remaining Adams points.

SENIOR PROM TONIGHT

IT'S HERE ! ! ! ! !

What's here? Why the great day, of course. The day which we "gals" have been dreaming of since the 4th grade or maybe even further back than that.

Without rambling on any more, I'll come out of my shell and tell you. The senior prom is being held tonight. The boy, dressed in his best "bib'n tucker," will come with the girl which he has been saving for this super-special occasion. She too will be dressed in her fussiest frills and the most flowing skirts. They know that the prom begins at 9:00 and they will want to be there from the very start. He will proudly escort her into the spacious ballroom of the Palais Royale and after the preliminaries of the prom are over, he will swish her around the dimly lighted room to the music of Bobby Weir. Both will be enjoying it to their heart's content.

Now doesn't this sound good, I just know you all will agree. Don't forget, no tickets will be sold at the door, except to alumni in uniform, so get them here at school for a \$1.10.

DEDICATION

This, the last issue of this year's Tower, we dedicate to each and every member of the senior class: To those who are going into the services of our country to keep the flame of freedom burning high; to those who are going away to college so that when this war is won the world can be kept bright, clean, and free by intelligent, sensible methods; to those who are going into war jobs in order that America may be always first with the best; to those who are going into a tragic and heartbreaking world, into all walks of life, to make their lives according to American standards. To all these girls and boys, wherever they are, whenever they look back on their high school days, may they recall among their good times, the Tower.

— CAROL KLINE.

CAPS AND GOWNS, SENIOR ASSEMBLY, PROM TONIGHT

Yes dear seniors, your day. You are permitted to don your caps and gowns, sweat freely, and roam from class to class as usual. Perhaps if you aren't too attentive you won't receive the customary lashing for after all the teachers really love you, especially on your last day. This is the day you are asked to forget about all those thousands of trips you made to Mr. Rothermel's office and all the lectures your home room teachers poured forth so readily.

This is your day. Don't flood the halls with tears (consider the janitors); just think kindly of the old halls and the old things which fill them. Smile down today upon the struggling sophomores and tell them exactly how you managed to flunk Algebra II. This is an occasion for celebration, just remember all the times you thought you'd never see today. Please leave the windows and furniture in one piece; posterity will understand a few initials, but broken chairs might discourage them forever.

Your day at last. Remember the day you got caught skipping? It really wasn't so bad, for think of all the times you weren't caught. Remember the time you talked critically about the teacher and looked up to find him beside you? It really wasn't so bad for think of all the times he didn't hear you. Remember all the days you didn't have your assignments? You don't shake in your boots any longer for that was a long time ago and those days are gone forever.

Your last day. You do not know it but these school days have been your happiest. Take a good look at your books, your notes, your work, and don't run out the door, walk slowly; think of the fun it's been. Shake a few hands and confess you were the one who planted the tack, put their mind at ease and you'll get a laugh.

This day. It may not seem too important now but many times after you have walked through the doors for the last time you'll wish you could spend just one more day stumbling through Latin IV or Health I.

The day. When you leave here you won't know everything. You may have acquired your neighbor's knowledge at various times, your teachers may have taught you all they know, and you may be a senior today but you're only a freshman (Continued on page six)

TOWER THE STAFF TOWER

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE JOHN ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, IND.
 EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Carol Kline
 FEATURE EDITORS Pat Kasdorf, Vicki Dix
 BUSINESS MANAGER Don Brown
 ADVERTISING MANAGER Joan Bruggema
 SPORTS EDITORS Joan Yohn, Stanley Feuer
 CIRCULATION MANAGERS Barbara Munro, Jack Houston
 STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER Don Brown
 PRINCIPAL Mr. Galen B. Sargent
 FACULTY ADVISER Miss Florence Roell

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

A few short days from now, 203 eager and excited fellow students, loyal to the Scarlet and Blue, will receive the Diploma of Graduation. From the moment their outstretched hand closes about the ribbon-tied white parchment roll, Adams High and all it has meant through three years of study will instantly change from a tangible reality that is an integral part of each graduate, to a memory which will increasingly fade with the passage of each spring.

Few, at the moment of graduation, will be able to say that Adams High has not been more than a mere institution whose purpose it was to impart knowledge, book learnin', and nothing more. Some few, yes, will be able to honestly say they reaped no more, but the overwhelming majority will declare that it was the extra things, the clubs, the programs, the paper that made high school, Adams, a period of life always to be fondly looked back upon.

But only the stagnant remain with the present; we are active and look to the future. Every graduating class tries to poke a hole in the heavy veil of what-will-come, to peer into the beyond, which we call the future. But few classes have had the future so well defined, so clear-cut, so black, as the class of May, '43. It is a fact that never before in the history of mankind has there been such a death-lock between nations. It will, therefore, take a courageous and mature youth to successfully blossom under the various adverse conditions that are and will continue to be prevalent after these war times. But if that calibre of youth is made, it will surely be found among these 203 that will end their high school careers the 31st day of May at the John Adams Auditorium.

Following this ceremony of graduation, we will be scattered hither and yon as acorns from a majestic oak, each seeking a place to plant himself. Many of us will enter the armed forces; others will go into the war factories. Some of us will attend college; still others will enter the business world, each to his own (or in some cases, his country's) desire. But one thing shall be a point common to each of us despite our myriad differences: our love and fond recollection of Adams High.

— VICKI DIX.

A LAST WORD OF GRATITUDE

It is impossible! I have made an attempt and come to the ultimate conclusion that there are just too many people to whom the Tower is indebted to even begin to list them.

Whoever produced that theory that "an enterprise alone cannot stand," must have foreseen the Tower, for that is the secret of your paper's success — the many helping hands who have given it a boost when one was needed.

The staff's appreciation and thanks go especially to the English teachers who contributed original pieces from their classes, the home room teachers whose patience was mangled by Tower meetings and pictures, Miss Burns and Mr. Sargent for their willingness to release news, Mr. Rupel, the linotypist, and Mr. Secrist, the printer, for their never failing good humor despite late articles and unbalanced schedules, the typing classes who so generously helped out every week (and don't think they didn't enjoy getting a preview peek at the articles!), Miss Kaczmarek for her work on the defense stamp sale reports each week, and Miss Roell for her perpetual resourcefulness and cheerfulness.

To the countless others who have given up time and energy for the Tower go many thanks — the paper would have been lost without you all!

— The Editor.

TOWER MINOR STAFF TOWER

ASSISTANT FEATURE WRITERS Alice Hoover, Flo Dibble, Bette Ann Malcolm, Jim Bell, Silas Sharpe, Dagny Lenon.
 ASSISTANT NEWS WRITERS Ann Miller, Marian Ramer, Muriel Johnson, Vivian Youngquist, Janet Bickel, Pat Kasdorf, Barbara Beebe.
 ADVERTISING ASSISTANTS Joan Bruggema, Jack Pfaff, Phil Riner, Florette Dibble
 TYPISTS Lillian Bubich, Elsie Lehman, Pat Kasdorf, Dorothy Saltzgaber
 HOME ROOM AGENTS Howard Keb, Mary Furnish, Helen Kruggel, Carlos Corona, Jacquelyn Jennings, Betty Zeidman, Beverly Gilman, Jack Beal, Carole King, Irene Putnam, Peggy McGann, Virginia Wiseman, Tom Tanner, Doris Bushey, Florette Dibble, Mary Alice Hamblen, Phil Riner, Ann Miller, Betty Lange, Eleanor Polman.

AROUND ADAMS FOR THE LAST TIME

THEY'RE ENGAGED! THEY'RE LOVELY! THEY USE PONDS! (It says here.)

Yes, we mean Fran Green and Ray Bowden, Delorma Flowers, Annabelle Fortin, Lois Gillen, Arlene Hover, Janice Loutzenhiser, Edna Love, Dorothy Magnuson, Betty Murray, Barbara Schubert and Slat's Ramer, Betty Whalen, Dorothy Jenkins, and we won't tell who else.

SEEMS THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL SEE FAMILIAR COUPLES LIKE: Louise Holmgren and Riley Brehmer, Lou Jordan and Don Allen; Betty Droege and Bill Koehler; Jane Landick and Hersh Wamsley; Kaye Lewis and Steven Pickavit; Don Martin and Helen McClure; Wayne Alderfer and Betty Jean Shank; June Dodson and Bill Sayers; Lois Feldman and Ed Heitger; Mary Alice Summy and Fred Nash; Jeanne Vunderink and Paul Smith; Charlotte Whiting and Jack Beverstein.

THEN, TOO, THERE ARE ALWAYS A FEW IMPORTED CENTRAL FOREIGNERS IN OUR MIDST.

Isn't that so: Dick Sayers? Others who go downtown for fun include: Bob Mills with Rachel Taylor, Lorraine Ling; Phyllis Lynch; Jack McGirr (with Pauline, Paul's sister . . . Snoke); Joan Bruggema and Dick Malone. And then again there is Les Melsger who goes across town to Riley for his girl, to the regret of Dolly Kelly.

We nominate Bucky Harris and Mary Alice Hamblen for the cutest couple award.

WHAT ARE THESE PERSONS GOING TO DO AROUND HERE WHEN THEIR BETTER HALVES GRADUATE?

Jim Smith without Betty Ann Malcolm; Pat Brehmer without Ed Mendler; Humrichouser without Wilhelm; Lois McNabb without Eugene Allen; George Pfaff without Kierein; Leah Schneid without Haslanger; Pat Brown without Gery Gerbeth; Eleanor Poehlman without George Souley?

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

You'll see Jim Ball and Joan Yohn at the prom tonight? Also Bill Steinmetz and Ruthanne Reed. Did you know that Joan Crowe has dated ex-Adamite "Sonny" Sollitt? Did you know that Ruby Gooding and Jim Glaser are back together again.

Well lots of other things are happening to lots of other seniors, and we shall certainly miss them all in the future. Gee, it seems as if we won't have anything or anybody to whisper about next fall.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Well, that depends upon who's in sight."



CORRIDOR COMMENT

WHAT HAS BEEN THE MOST MEMORABLE OCCASION OF YOUR SENIOR YEAR?

"Pepper" Rice—The Most Memorable day of my Senior year will be the last.

Margaret Weber—The Most Memorable occasion of my Senior year is Mr. Thompson's bad jokes.

Irene Zelmer — Mr. McNamara's home room.

Virginia Buck—My Most Memorable day will be of the Socie class and of "the meanest white man that ever lived."

Ruthanne Reed—The Most Memorable occasion will be the day I get off these crutches for good!!!

Peggy McGann—The Most Memorable day of my Senior year will be the day Mr. Reber refuses my glassware deposits in Chemistry (optimistically stated).

JoAnn Villert—The Most Memorable occasion of my Senior year will be when I have my diploma safe in my own hands.

Duane Radican—My Most Memorable occasion of my Senior year was when Mr. Goldsberry's assignment was gun chewing and current events. The reason was that Dick Sayers was caught chewing gum on the second offense.

Bette Ann Malcolm—The Most Memorable day of my Senior year was the one on which I was measured for my cap and gown (it seemed to clinch the deal).

Norma Lambert—The day I found out for sure I was going to graduate.

George Haslanger—My Most Memorable day of my Senior year was when I went to Indianapolis for my Navy Physical Examination.

Robert King—The day when I've really graduated.

Jeanne Vunderink—My Most Memorable day was when I had my last participation in the John Adams Spring Concert.

Don Brown—My Most Memorable day was when I became Tower Photographer.

Jim Jester — The occasion was when I won my first track race.

Ray Bowden—When I received my Adams sweater.

Jean Thorpe—When I passed Typing II.

Phyllis Patty—My Most Memorable day will be the eve of the Senior Prom. (I hope)

Betty Richards—Every day is my Memorable Day because it means one less day to go to school.

Riley Brehmer—My Most Memorable day was when I received my report card stating that I passed to a "Senior A".

She—Some men thirst after fame, some after love, and some after money.

He—And I know something they all thirst after.

She—What's that?
 He—Salted peanuts.

COMMENCEMENT
 Adams Auditorium
MAY 31 8:00 P.M.

Mother: "Johnny, where in the world did you learn such language?"

Johnny: "Aw, mom, Shakespeare uses it."
 Mother: "Well, I don't want you to play with him any more."

THE CRYSTAL BALL PREDICTS



"THE GRADUATION DERBY"

The "Graduation Derby" is being held here at the "Back Yard Race Track."

Ted Defenbaugh is riding the favored horse, 209, Lee Joslin is riding the popular horse, "Defense Stamp," and Miss "Class" is riding "Dix." This race will prove very interesting with three such evenly matched horses.

While we wait for the horses to come to the pole, we'll scan the grandstands to see who is here. A small family party made up of Mr. and Mrs. Bowden and "Red," Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Mr. and Mrs. Sayers and the Twins, Bill Jr. and Dick, chatting in their box.

James Glaser, the wealthy banker, just walked in with his private secretary, Ruby Gooding, who will make his bets and take care of his fabulous fortune.

In the debutante box, we see Norma Lambert, Ruthanne Reed, Joan Crowe, and Bette Ann Malcolm who just gave their coming-out party last night.

Don Martin, the wealthy son of the late D. D. Martin, Sr., inventor of the holeless doughnut, is still trying to get the attention of some unsuspecting

"Honnie" of a society deb.

Carol Kline is up in the press box with Lois Feldman to help her cover this race for the New York Times.

The horses are at the post. There's the gun. "Defense Stamp" is taking a licking from "209," while "Dix" is coming up fast. They're running neck and neck — while down in the stands we see Brenda and Cobena (Lois Jessup and Dorothy Magnuson) feasting their eyes on an unexpected human (a Man).

The diamond thief, Ed Mendler, is being chased by the new flatfoot, Carl Kyser. That chase looks as though it will run pretty stiff competition to this race.

The horses are now coming up to the finishing line, and it's Defenbaugh on "209" first, licking Joslin on "Defense Stamp" and Miss "Class" on "Dix" bringing up the rear.

A 1943 Cadillac just drove up and out steps Mr. and Mrs. George Pfaff. Mrs. Pfaff, the former Miss Frances Ann Kierein, is dressed in a beautiful silver fox. Sorry you missed the race, Fran, but better late than never.

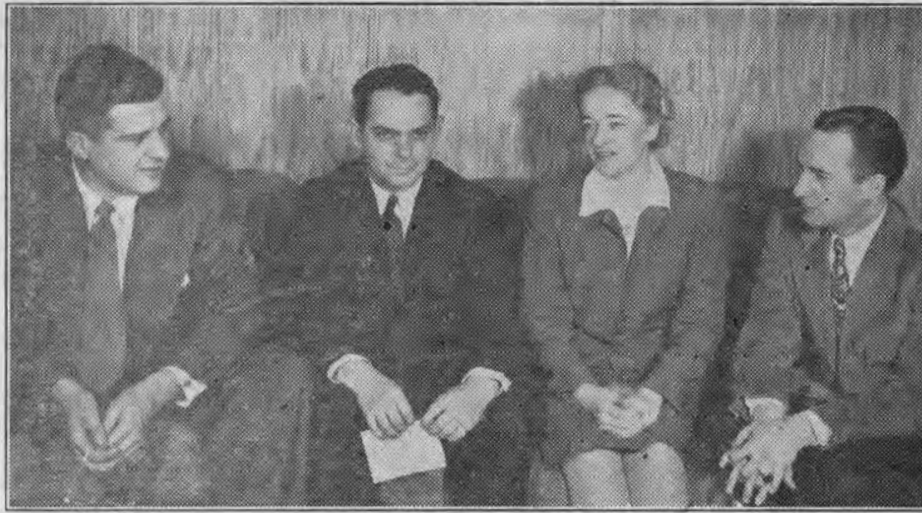
OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class, being of sound mind, on this, the twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-three, do will the following to our posterity at John Adams:

- I, VIVIAN YOUNGQUIST, do hereby will my aspirin tablets to next year's Album Circulation Manager.
- I, IRENE ZELMER, will my brunette hair to Audrey Lindroth.
- I, ANNABELLE FORTIN, will my seat in Senior Social Studies to anyone who wants it.
- I, CHARLES E. KNAPP, will my great height to any short person who needs it.
- I, TOM KRIEG, will my four new tires to Bob Carr.
- I, PAT LANE, will my ability to get along with coaches to Alan Schroeger.
- We, NORMA MAUPIN and CLAIRE MEYERS, will our ability to laugh at each others' jokes to anyone with no sense of humor.
- I, BOB MILLS, hereby will my beauty-full checkered cap to any of my monster friends who will accept it.
- I, KARL LEWIS, will my ability for getting along with Mr. Weir in Ushers Club to the new members.
- I, EDNA LOVE, will my Refresher Math Book to Vera Hoff.
- I, EDITH LA COSSE, will my long fingernails to Eleanor Johnson.
- I, J. RICHARD LEE, will my exceeding height (6' 4") and my large feet (size 13½) to Bill Snoke.
- I, CHARLES PIPER, will my ability to get hurt in football to Wayne Sarber.
- I, Helen Peterson, will my ability in Sociology to the incoming Senior A's.
- I, BETTY J. DROEGE, will my Refresher Math Book to anyone who needs a fire.
- I, EUGENE PIXLEY, will my liking to skip school to Art Manuel.
- I, BETTY RICHARDS, will my dislike for Senior Social Studies to Maxine Stuart.
- I, DICK SAYERS, do will my beautiful checkered shirt and yellow pants to John Goldsberry.
- I, BILL SAYERS, will my ability to pitch baseball to anyone who wants it.
- I, BOB SHANK, will my golf ability to Ted Deafenbaugh.
- I, WALLY SIMCOX, will my little black mustache to Dick Andrews. He needs something to glomourize himself.
- I, LOUISE HOLMGREN, will my ability to fill the auditorium to any one of the 133,000,000 Americans who can't sing the Star-Spangled Banner.
- I, MADELYN SCHRADER, will my 4'10" to Mr. McNamara.
- We, JEANNE VUNDERINK, HELEN BUTLER, and BARBARA SCHUBERT, do hereby will our ability to get along successfully with Mrs. Pate to any up and coming young accompanist who would like the opportunity.
- I, VIRGINIA WILSON, do will my southern accent and ability to drive a car to Ruth Micinski.
- I, RUTHANNE REED, will my ability to get along with Mr. Ham to Jean Malcolmson.
- I, RUBY GOODING, hereby will my short hair to Ruth Micinski.
- My curly (???) hair do I, BETTE ANN MALCOM, hereby will to Lila Slutsky.
- I, GENE GARDNER, will my ability to work Mr. Reber for A's to all his incoming classes.
- I, EDDIE BADMAN, leave . . . period.
- I, STEPHEN PICKAVIT, do hereby will to the underclassmen my ability for getting into trouble with Mr. Ham and my ability to talk him out of any punishment.
- I, DELORMA FLOWERS, will by ability in Sociology to anyone who wants it.
- I, PHYLLIS GREEN, hereby will the ability to control my temper to Elsie Gyorkas.
- I, NORMA JEAN HONER, will my glee club robe to Pat Megan.
- I, LORRAINE CAPPERT, will my chemistry ability (?) to any up and coming sophomore.
- I, GLENDORA AUMICK, will my liking for gum to Mr. Goldsberry.
- I, JEANNE BRATCHER, will the little handle "Brat" acquired for some unknown reason to any Junior or Sophomore who feels the name may fit.
- I, DON MARTIN, will my fun in wolfing at noon to Duane Zent.
- I, DOROTHY MAGNUSON, do hereby will my natural curly hair to Betty Brunette.
- I, LOIS ANNE FELDMAN, will my commercial years of study to Eleanor Akre.
- I, JOYCE COON, do hereby will to Mary Roberts my ability to hoard gum.
- I, FRANCES KIHEREIN, hereby will my blue eyes and straight blonde hair to Lila Slutsky.
- I, HELEN McCLURE, do hereby will my soft soothing voice to any train caller at Grand Central Station.
- I, JUNE MOORE, hereby will my pug nose to anyone who has a long nose.
- I, PAT BAILEY, will my downfall to women to whoever is in the hands of one at the time.
- I, BOB HORENN, (in my right state of mind), will my last year's garters to Mr. Krider.
- I, RAY BOWDEN, will my ability to get into all girl classes to some fellow who isn't going steady.
- I, VIRGINIA BUCK, will my ability to attend both Adams and Riley High Schools to anyone who likes school that well.
- I, PHIL ELLSWORTH, will my ability to get blamed for things in the Chemistry room to Clarence King.
- I, BETTY BERTCH, will my ability to get along with Miss Roell to Jack Shaw.
- We, LORRAINE LING and PHYLLIS LYNCH, will our deplorable habit of running to all our classes and arriving amid the fanfare of the tardy bell, to any individuals who are unfortunate enough not to take gym and who would like to keep their schoolgirl figures.
- I, JOAN HYATT, will my front seat in Sociology to the upcoming Sociology students.
- I, JAMES GLASER, hereby will my ability to have a good time in Mr. Ham's Gym class to any enterprising Junior who will take the proper care of this ability.
- I, LOIS JESSUP, do hereby will my giggling to any poor soul who would be brave enough to accept.
- I, JOAN CROWE, will my position in the Senior Class to my sister, Patty, that is, if she wants it.
- I, RUTH McCORMICK, will my knack of talking at the wrong time to Mary Kellog.
- I, BETTY DANFORD, will my huaraches to anyone who enjoys sliding down the halls.
- I, ALICE HOOVER, will my sense(?) of humor which is bound to keep you out of trouble always, to Jack Dempsey.
- I, ELAINE GEISELMAN, will my love for basketball to anyone who wants it.
- I, PAT IRWIN, do will my towering height to Phyllis Patty.
- I, EDWARD MENDLER, being of sound mind(?) and sound body(?) will the presidency of the Senors to any aspiring member who doesn't know what he's in for.
- I, JUNE DODSON, do hereby will my five-foot stature to Martha Nicholson.
- I, DORIS BUSHEY, will my ability to get a date, (ha! ha!) to anyone who wants to stay home.
- I, WAYNE ALDERFER, will my ability to go steady to anyone cupid hits solid.
- I, RALPH MARKWARD, will my seat in refresher math class to anyone who will have it.
- I, ELSIE LEHMAN, will my trombone and violin to Mr. Chenoweth forevermore.
- I, BETTY LEMUNYNON, will my light hair and fair complexion to Carmen Sigerfoos.
- I, HENRIETTA LOS, will my ability to copy Chemistry experiments to anyone who has the misfortune of taking Chemistry.
- I, LES METZGER, will my way with the girls to a poor bashful junior, Dick Lawitzke.
- I, PEGGY MCGANN, with all due respect, will my dark curly locks to Mr. Reber, who could certainly use them.
- I, BOB HATCH, will my ability to get kicked out of 206 to Dick Stevens.
- I, MAHLON MODESEET, will my ability to get by with talking in Study Hall to some capable loafer.
- I, BOB PARKER, will my quiet studious manner to Tuffy Culp.
- I, SHIRLEY SANDMANN, will my bright blue eyes to Dagny Lenon.
- I, GEORGE SOUSLEY, will all my girls but one to Bob Kruyer.
- I, JOE TARKINGTON, will my ability to "beat the eighty-eight" to anyone who wants to pick it up.
- I, JEAN VILLERET, will my "suthin" accent to Florine Lyle.
- I, BILL VOLLMER, will my job at Ball Band to anyone who wants it.
- I, DON WADER, will my mathematical genius (loafing) and my long hair to Mr. Weir.
- I, LETTA WALDECK, will to anyone who wants it, whatever I have, (except Bert Nelson).
- I, RICHARD WINEBRENNER, will my speed on the track to Paul Green.
- I, BILL STEINMETZ, will my good seat in Chemistry to some unfortunate Senor who will be taking Chemistry.
- I, HERSHEL WAMSLEY, will my ability to shoot free throws to all the other teams in the conference.
- I, BETTY WHALEN, will my Health notebook to my brother who will probably need it.
- I, PHYLLIS WELBER, will my ability to replenish my glassware supply from other people's drawers to Beverly Herman.
- I, MARY ALICE SUMMY, since I have at long last grown out of childhood, will my nickname "Sammy" to anyone that wants a nickname.
- I, CAROL WILCOX, will my first seat in band to Milton Johnson.
- I, MARIAN WALTERS, will my technique for chewing gum to Miss Roell who has often told me that I have the art perfected.
- I, FLO DIBBLE, will my Album, Tower, and Band running around to any sophomore who has a home room teacher who doesn't miss her.
- I, SHIRLEY DUNBAR, will my ability to disagree with Mr. Rothermel on attending school regularly to anyone leading a dull life.
- I, WARREN BUCK, will my ability to beat Mr. Gale in basketball to Jack Miles.
- I, JACK WILHELM, will my ability to copy Physics Experiments to Moe, Ziker who is following my science ability.
- I, GEORGE WATT, will my beautiful whistling ability to Miss Kaczmarek.
- I, JOAN BRUGGEMA, if I had dimples like Harry Sanders, will them to somebody like me who doesn't have any.
- I, DON FORD, will my power to act dumb and to make Mr. Reber mad in Physics class to Russel Mills.
- I, JEAN INGLEFIELD, will Mr. Reber's adoration for me to any incoming chemistry student.
- I, JANICE LOUTZENHISER, do will my ability to get an engagement ring from a certain sailor to anyone who needs it.
- I, PEPPER RICE, do hereby will my half-day classes to any tired under graduate.
- I, BETTY LOU MURRAY, will all my looks to my sister, Charlotte, who will be here in September.
- I, JEANETTE SCHAFER, do will my ability to get good grades in Blue Print to anyone that needs it.
- We, JACK BEVERSTEIN and GERHART GERBETH, will our roaming excursion trips through Adams halls to two up and coming sophomores.
- I, ROBERT RUSSWORM, will to anyone age (18) now attending John Adams, my ability to gentlemanly smoke a cigarette.
- I, BETTY JEAN SHANK, will my ability to skip school and get caught to anyone that wants it.
- I, HELEN POWERS, will my studious ability to my sister, Pat.
- I, JACK W. SMITH, will my appreciation of music to any music lover.
- I, RICHARD SMITH, will my job in the tool crib to anyone who likes to be a hermit.
- I, HELEN L. KRUGGEL, will my good standing and teasing ways with Mr. Dickey and Mr. Thompson to Marian Bowles.
- I, DUANE "PETE" RADICAN, will my day dreaming and wolfing ability to Spark Zent.
- I, JANE LANDICK, will my ability to get along with Hersch Wamsley to a certain girl in first hour shop class that has been trying to get acquainted for a long time.
- I, MARY RAMSEY, do will all my mental ability to anyone who is too smart!

THEY'VE BROUGHT US UP!

- I, MARGARET FREIENSTEIN, will Adolph, Benito, and Hirohito to any three "old maids" who will have them.
- I, CHARLOTTE MACK, do hereby will to Betty Murphy, solo trumpeter of band and orchestra, my ability to get to rehearsals just before the bell rings instead of just after.
- I, LOU ALICE JORDAN, hereby will my ability to get a man and keep him to Lila Slutsky.
- I, NORMA LAMBERT, do hereby bequeath my ability not to catch buses to anyone who likes to make up time.
- I, RAYMOND MAHLER, do hereby will my No. 17 coupon to the first girl who claim it. (Uncle Sam will furnish my shoes after graduation.)
- I, RILEY BREHMER, will my locker (as well as my partners) to some very fortunate underclassman.
- I, DON BROWN, do hereby will my darkroom techniques to Ernie Morris, my camera bug to some up and coming George Hurrell, and do hereby return the physics laboratory to Paul Reber.
- I, BOB BURKHART, will my job as crib boy in shop to any one who is as lazy as I am.
- I, DORIS LIDECKER, will my ability to get along with everybody, including the teachers, to some little sophomore who insists on skipping school, rain or shine.
- I, SYLVIA LICHATOWICH, will my height to any little sophomore who needs it.
- I, GEORGE HASLANGER, will my overwhelming desire for ushering to "Doc" Whorton.
- I, BETTY MILLER, will my notebook to anyone who can find whatever they are looking for in it.
- I, DON ALLEN, will my ability to dance to anyone who is nuts enough to have a girl.
- I, WILMA BECKTOLD, will my grades to the incoming students, and forbid help to the one who takes them.
- I, FRANCES GREEN, will my brother, Dick, to any blonde or brunette who will have him.
- I, SAM KATZ, will my black hair to Mary Ann Klaybor (an oncoming Adamite) and my whiskers to Hermie Kruggel.
- I, CARL KEYSER, will my fondness of chewing gum to Mr. Goldsberry who needs it.
- I, JIM WENDT, will my adoration of science and math to any up and coming sophomore.
- I, RUTH SNELLENBERG, will my ability to worry about assignments to Betty Welber, who doesn't.
- I, JOAN YOHAN, will my gymnastic ability to Beany Welber.
- I, JOE WOLFE, will my intelligence in American Literature to anyone unlucky enough to elect that subject.
- I, DOT OLIVER, will my ability to dash into sponsor room at 8:30½ to some of the "early birds" that try to break into school at 7:00 o'clock.
- I, LEA BETH SHARP, will my ability to stand up on roller skates to Bob Kesler.
- I, BETTY PLUMMER, will my sense of humor to Toqualee Martindale.
- I, WESLEY LANGE, will my seat in the Drafting Room to anyone who likes a back seat.
- I, LU VEDA PAYTON, will my understanding ways to anyone who needs them.
- I, FRED NASH, will all my rights to quarterback to Neil Walters and Roy Andrews.



Mr. McNamara, Mr. Dickey, Miss Puterbaugh, Mr. Reasor.

In passing out the congratulations we must not overlook the foster parents of our graduating class of '43. Miss Puterbaugh, Mr. Dickey, Mr. Reasor and Mr. McNamara have all worked and worried desperately with their respective charges and will glory with them on Commencement day just as all the fathers and mothers of these students.

Miss Annajane Puterbaugh who has proven to be one of the outstanding members of the commercial department was born here in South Bend. She graduated from Central High School and attended Ball State Teachers College and Indiana University. Golf and bowling are two top-notch items on her list of entertainment but she would settle for a quiet evening at home with her knitting or a good book. Kids, you might appease her sweet tooth by presenting her with a box of chocolates — her favorite food and drink.

Mr. Edward Reasor also was born in South Bend. He too graduated from Central High School and pursued his higher education at Indiana and Columbia Universities. Strange as it may seem, his hobby is painting, though he is proud of his other hobby, traveling, for he has ventured from Maine to New Mexico. Among Mr. Reasor's prized possessions is an old family bible containing the complete family tree. His ambition is not to be president of the United States but to own a French Provincial home beside a babbling brook. This he wishes to have when he retires, however, he does not feel that he will be old enough to retire until he has been dead for thirty years.

Mr. John Henry McNamara was born in Columbus, Ohio. He attended St. Bede Academy in LaSalle, Illinois and Notre Dame University at South

Bend. He has no hobby anymore, it seems to have turned out to be a job. His favorite sport until now has been golf, but from here on in it is fishing and gardening. Mr. McNamara's most prized possession is one Volmer Graflex Speed Graphic with Zeiss Tessar f. 4.51 and his coveted possession is an Eastman Ektra. When asked what his present worry was "Mac" simply said he had none — nothing to worry about besides the Album, Baccalaureate, Decorations, Prom finances, Caps and Gowns, Commencement speeches, Senior Assembly, Graduate's announcements and the appreciation of Steven Crane by high school students.

Mr. Floyd M. Dickey was born in Dugger, Indiana. He is a graduate of Dugger High School and attended Indiana State Teachers College where he obtained his B. S. degree and Indiana University where he received his M. S. degree. Mr. Dickey's favorite sports are fishing and hunting — his prized possessions, his ration books. He has no worry whatsoever except finding a way to spend all his money but feels that he will find a solution to that problem if no one else beats him to it. After teaching and all other obstructions are done away with, Mr. Dickey would like to put his hobby of Horticulture to work in the fulfillment of his ambition to be a farmer.

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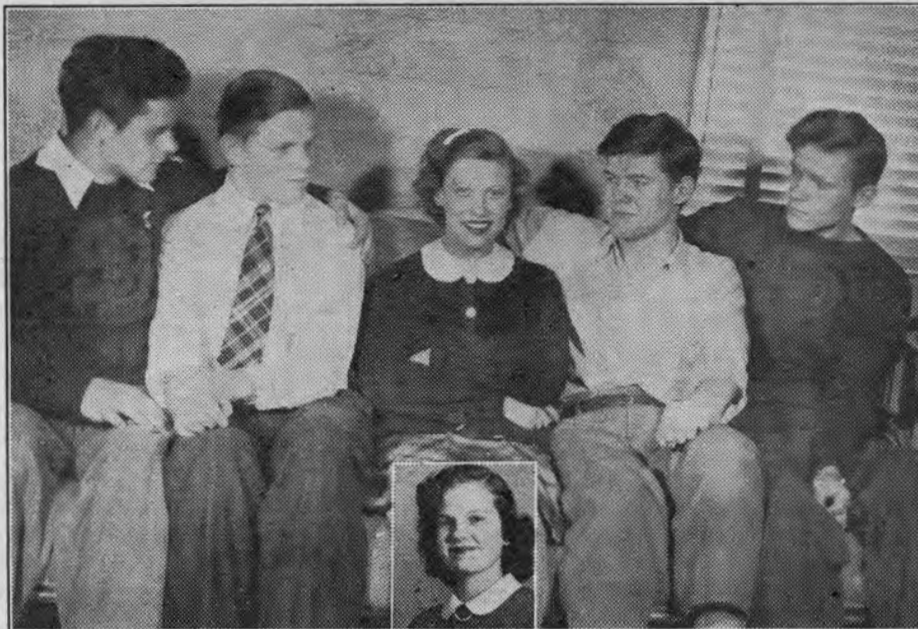
Al Brunt, sophomore right-hander who has pitched Adams to two of its three victories, bowed down to Mishawaka the other day in a give and take battle on our diamond.

The Cavemen's only run was scored in the first inning, when their second baseman pounded a hot grounder between Wamsley and Sefranka for a single. He immediately stole second and eventually wound up at third base on an infield out. The next batter hit a fly that was higher than a diamond necklace from any jewelry store and was out, but the runner of third scored after the catch. From then on Brunt settled down and held them to only four more hits. As Adams got only two, there is little to say about what we did at the plate. Perhaps our hitless inning might be attributed to the exceptional Mishawaka twirling, but then again, it might be the guys on the end of the bat.

The fielding was not too bad, with Wamsley and McIntyre both making errors. There were times, however, when we did look like a ball team. Another thing that looked pretty bad was the number of stolen bases, seven. To begin with I think that Brunt should have kept them closer to the bag by repeated attempts to catch them on their lead off. When they did start going down, Lawitzke, the catcher, first had to wind up and then throw the ball, which would either be too late altogether or bounce out of the second baseman's reach. This fault was the cause of the Maroon's only run. The outfielders, Bill Sayers, Dick Sayers, and John Ray, went through the whole game without making an error, so on the whole did a good job out in the garden.

The season is now coming to a close with but one conference and four non-conference games coming up, so the team ought to show Coach Goldsberry what they can really do when they get mad.

CHOSEN BY SENIORS



Herchel Wamsley, Ray Bowden, Carol Kline, Bob Mills and Bill Sayers.
Jean Inglefield in inset

Even while we're sympathizing with the seniors for having to leave our Adams, we can't help envying them all their glory. They have a special assembly, "senior week," a Tower edition dedicated to none but them, and they're even dismissed a week in advance of the underclassmen. And now look. The class has just completed the ballot election of their favorites for the most popular, most likely to succeed and the most beautiful senior girl and boy.

Our congratulations go to Carol Kline and Bob Mills, most popular with their classmates; Ray Bowden and Carol Kline, who were chosen as the boy and girl most likely to succeed; Jean Inglefield, most beautiful girl, and Hershel Wamsley, who came up level with Bill Sayers for the male pulchritude honors.

Your Day . . . Seniors

(Continued from page one)

when you start out in the world. Yes dear seniors, this is your day. No spite words today, no broken glass, or burned textbooks, the building already has the earmarks of your wear and tear, and after all you are our seniors. We are proud of you, the second graduating class at John Adams, at times it's been a hard fight but today you've won. Good seniors, good luck, goodbye.

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