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Wash-Clay 35

COLONIAL

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Volume 2, No. 9

WASHINGTON-CLAY HIGH SCHOOL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

February 1, 1946

★ SERVICE NOTES ★ KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Pfc. Charles E. Mitchell 35554254
Co. E. 406 Infantry
A.P.O. 102

C/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Charles is a graduate of 1941. He is now stationed temporarily in Nuernberg, Germany and expects to be home soon.

Lieutenant Commander P. J. Finneran, of the Naval Air Corp., is now stationed somewhere in Texas. Previously he had served in the Pacific.

* * *

Captain Thomas C. Finneran, just returned from Italy, is now located at Camp Choffee, Arkansas, where he is a general's aid.

Jack Finneran, formerly Seaman first class in the Navy is also discharged after eighteen months in the Pacific.

Sergeant Ray Finneran, discharged from the U. S. Army last December is now at home. He had previously been overseas for two years in France.

* * *

Cpl. Kenneth R. Olin AFN
35991585

Medical Section, S. C. U., 1977
Bushnell Gen. Hospital
Brighton City, Utah

We have missed Mr. Olin at Washington-Clay. He was greeted on May 25, 1945 and then was stationed in St. Lewis, Washington for some time. At present, he is counselor at the separation center in the government hospital at Brigham City, Utah. Mr. Olin dropped around to say hello when he was home in December to see his new baby son.

Brigham City, Utah

* * *

Virginia Kale
U. S. Naval Hospital
Portsmouth, Virginia

Virginia Kale, a former teacher at Ullery School, is serving with the Red Cross as Recreational Hostess at a Naval Hospital.

Helmen Wins Tournament Contest

The seniors scored again. This time on Charles Helmen's entry in the "Colonial" sponsored contest for picking Tournament winners. There was a noticeable amount of inaccuracy in all of the entries and thus Helmen won even though missing three games.

It's just as well to forget your old troubles, because there are a lot more coming.

MARY NEMETH

Out of the dark sky above, thousands of tiny stars presented themselves in a sort of dancing, twinkling glory. They all seemed to move around the noon, giving the impression that they were performing especially for the great heavenly body which seemed to rule them all.

On the street below, a faint tap! tap! tap! could be heard.

The moon seemed empty; it looked hollow, vast, and emotionless. It was full and brilliant; and yet its light was cold — only reflecting its glory. Its round, full face looked down upon a house and into a garden. The garden was very small, but all the more beautiful — a city garden, now as cold as the moon. It was winter, and all the flowers were dead. At one end of the tiny garden was a terrace with lifeless brown bushes — roses — dead now. Neat, precisely made paths led from the terrace around the garden. There were certain places plotted off for flower beds in summer. Now there were just the garden wall, a carved stone garden seat, and at the opposite end, a curved garden gate which was always open.

The houses were dark, as they should be, but there was one house that showed some signs of life. The cold moon lit up the garden bench. Lights were streaming onto the terrace from French doors opening from the house into the garden. An occasional note of music drifted out to the two; but the party which has been in progress was almost over.

Sue and Jack were talking. Happily? Yes, of course. Everyone is happy when engaged. But the cold moon had seen a happier sight in the garden before. The moon is always seeing sights, but then that is his business. Sue had been there. Jack hadn't.

It was — what was his name? The moon had almost forgotten it, it had been so long ago — about? — yes, it was nearly six years since. His name was? Yes! now the moon remembered everything. It was Jim. He had looked so strong in his captain's uniform: tall, handsome, lovable Jim! Sue had been so very young then! Oh, she was radiantly beautiful, trustful, encouraging, and adoring the one who was leaving her for awhile... But he had never come back — and she had forgotten. Here she was now,

CALENDAR

Tonight, February 1, 1946 —

Madison vs. Washington-Clay — There

February 3

Horace Greely, famous American journalist born (1811)

February 5, 1946

Wilson vs. Washington-Clay — Here

February 7

Charles Dickens, noted English author born (1812)

February 8, 1946

North Liberty vs. Washington-Clay — Here

February 9, 1946

Central Catholic vs. Washington-Clay — Armory

February 11

Birth of Thomas Edison, famous inventor (1847)

February 12

Abraham Lincoln born (1809)

this late evening, long years afterwards. She was not old yet, but only more beautiful. And Jack was certainly handsome! He was the type of man who would help to forget...

Tap! Tap! Tap-tap!

"Jack, suddenly I'm very cold."

"Too cold? Had we better go in? But it's so noisy there and quiet here."

Tap! Tap! Tap-tap! It was next to the garden wall, now, at the extreme end.

"Matches! Matches! Buy my matches and 'Keep the Home Fires Burning!'" The voice was very clear, ringing out in that cold, black night, and yet it almost cracked, as if with age.

Sue listened attentively for a minute, staring up at the moon. How like —!

"No, Jack, we needn't go in. But please bring another wrap." Jack opened a door and disappeared.

"Matches! Matches!"

That voice seemed to fascinate Sue. She turned, now, and faced the garden gate. Silhouetted against the moonlight, framed in the opening of the wall, stood a bent man — blind, ragged. He paused there, tapping with his stick before him. Sue gazed at this strange, dark ugly form of a creature. Controlling herself, she jumped up — the blind man started to go on.

She ran over to the garden gate and stood there for a moment looking at the man. He, too, stopped and turned about, as though feeling someone's approach.

"Matches! Matches!"

(Continued on page two)

NIBBLES

BY 'NORA

Seems to me that a good topic of conversation is the tourney of a few weeks back. Of course, plenty has already been said, but it will do no harm to add a little more. Let us say nothing about our part in it, though, as we don't talk about that.

But I honestly believe that you could have knocked just about everyone in that gym over with a feather when Wilson walked off with that trophy. Now, all we have to do is see to it that they don't get their paws on it next year. That would be fatal.

You know, it's a wonderful feeling to be yelling for one team with everyone for miles around you yelling for the other — then having your team win. That's just what yours truly was doing in the finals and the semi-finals. Of course, lots of people feel like murder, but all in all, it's very interesting.

They say that the first row in the mezzanine is the worst possible place to sit at a game — let alone a tourney. But that's just where they stuck us. I really can't complain. I don't mind saying that I didn't mind it at all. In fact, I rather enjoyed it. Sure, you have to look through bars, but so what? Lots of people look through bars every day — through bars and over bars. Perhaps not horizontal bars, but bars, nevertheless.

But enough of the Tourney for now — it's all gone and done for. We all had fun (well, all right, so I am speaking for myself, and myself, alone). Now we can all look forward to the Sectional. 'Till then, bye now.

THIS IS YOUR NEIGHBOR

A sense of humor and a kindly spirit has enriched the life of this fine character. Never was she too busy to share her laughter and pleasant wit with those around her. The children of the neighborhood soon learned that there were cookies to be had without asking. At one time she was a teacher and without doubt a fine one. She has lived in the same house in Roseland for almost half a century and her good deeds are known by all. Kindness has been her motto. I present to you, Mrs. Wm. Graves, good neighbor.

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TOP ENTERTAINMENT — THE RADIO

When Mr. Marconi made the radio little did he realize that it would become the chief means of entertainment in the world. Millions and millions of the people prefer staying at home and listening to the radio rather than going to the movies. The entire nation can stay home while hundreds of good programs are brought to them. You can sit in a nice, soft chair and hear the President speak, a football game, Danny Kaye, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Kaye, or whatever you wish.

The radio is one of the cheapest, if not the cheapest, types of entertainment available. Whether that is the reason for its popularity or not, cannot be stated, for with the top radio programs of today the people would naturally turn to radio regardless of price.

There is and will always be plenty of jobs open in radio both on the repair end and in the actual radio broadcast field. With the coming of television there will be a greater need for radio men. Radio is here to stay. It will never be made obsolete, it will only be improved.

Along with radio came an entirely new type of music. Now instead of going to the theater to see a concert of Brahms' or Beethoven's works, a majority of the people stay home and listen to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play some clever swing version of *Blue Skies* or a modern song with little or no meaning.

The radio has become such a popular means of entertainment that nine million telephone calls are made each year to the listeners to find out which programs are the most listened to. Yes, radio is perhaps the greatest morale builder in the world, and it is undoubtedly one of the greatest inventions in history.

OFF THE . . . RECORD

ED BATES

Due to the fact that they do not have radios in the John Adams gymnasium, yours truly did not hear the "Hit Parade" Saturday night, but from reports that came in we find that *Symphony* again spins more than any other record. The beautiful *Let It Snow* holds a number four while *Chickeree Chick* is right under it with a number five.

A novelty to anyone will be the new *Hedda Hopper's Hat* by Spike Jones and his City Slickers when it is released. Incidentally, during Tom Breneman's "Breakfast in Hollywood" the City Slickers were cranking out *The Glow Worm* and everyone on the set was scared stiff when Spike started shooting off pistols. His newest instrument is made from an automobile radiator.

On January 22 Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians introduc-

ed *Wait and Be My Lady* as a future hit. Speaking of Guy Lombardo, you should hear his boys play *Some Sunday Morning*. He plays it as it should be played.

Now that Bing Crosby's *The Bells of St. Mary's* has been released it has become a great hit as I predicted a while back.

There are a few popular songs that always fascinate me, such as, Jose Gonzales' *Tampico*, *The Honey Dripper*, and the old song made popular by the Ink Spots, *Java Jive*. It doesn't make any difference how old they are they will always live in my memory.

I hear a different kind of a fanfare this week. "Off the Record" changes style and salutes the man with the "*Music Millions Love*" and his sixty-five piece orchestra, Andre Kostelanetz. Mr. Kostelanetz is a favorite of everyone who loves modern and classical numbers played the sweet gentle way.

Journalism consists of buying paper at two cents a pound and selling it at ten cents a pound.

—Charles A. Dana

A big man is usually a little man who makes use of an opportunity.

HOME FIRES (Cont.)

"How — how much are they, blind man?" she asked, advancing nervously.

He paused for a second and smiled. Then, "Five cents a box, ma'am!" He smiled again. "Do buy! Please! They keep the home fires burning."

"Tell me, kind lady, are you old? I can't see."

"Not too old," she answered, wondering.

"Then, young?"

"Not very."

"But young enough to feel love, perhaps?"

She did not question the strangeness of his curious inquiries. She merely said, "I have known love, yes."

"Then you have waited — all true loves wait."

"Blind man!"

"Yes, lady."

" — I'll take two boxes."

"Thank you, oh lady with the gentle voice. I hope you have not had to wait in vain."

"N-no . . . I'm now engaged."

"God bless you!"

"But I have waited long, in vain, and suffered."

"Forget it! You are now happy. I have been through much, much more than you, and once I was even happy. But . . ." He laughed harshly.

"How can you laugh? You're blind — Your whole life is ruined. How can you laugh with all of that?"

"Lady, I am partly paralyzed, disfigured, and worse. I'm forgotten. My spirit is broken. I look old. Yes! I don't only look old but I am old. And yet it is not my fault. It's the war! It made me twice, yes, even three times my age. It took my sight. But it left me something good: It left me memories. It left me a sense of humor. Now I can laugh at the world — I'm not part of it. Oh, and it left me my voice to laugh with."

"Your voice — yes, your voice!" she murmured.

"You ask me how I can laugh! The world is frightful, true. Men kill each other in war, and women like you, they ruin us. But now I must go."

"Stop, blind man . . . Blind man. I waited long. He — he never came back."

"You should have waited. You don't love him any more?"

"Oh, yes, of course I do. If I could only see him again. He was so tall and handsome, and protecting. I'm so unhappy. His name was Jim, Jim! Oh, if I had waited."

"Do you really love Jim?"

"Blind man — your voice. Don't! Don't!"

"Answer me!"

She stepped forward and touched his sleeve, but the lifelessness

of the arm, the hideousness of the figure made her jump back. She cried and clung to the garden wall.

He laughed short and hard — fearfully hard! "You don't love him! He may be only a blind man. He may be only a dead blind man dead for these six years. I must go now. I, too, must forget happy memories. Matches!"

"Jim," she whispered. "Stop, Jim. Look at me with your dull eyes. It's I! Sue!"

"You are not Sue. She died when I died — long ago."

"It is I, truly, truly. Oh, if you could only see!"

"Oh, but I can see. I have no eyes, but I can see; and seeing, I know that you are not Sue — my Sue. Look at me. I'm not Jim! I'm an old, disfigured blind man, selling matches. You say you have found love elsewhere. Go back to him . . . Matches; Matches! 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' Wait — and 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.'"

The blind man stumbled on down the street. In the garden a woman stumbled too — stumbled and fell. Tap! Tap; Tap! Soon even this was lost in the distance. Up above a lonely cloud slowly covered the cold face of the moon now, only reflecting sorrow and pity.

THITH ITH AWFUL

The editor of a small town newspaper explains the loss of the letter "S" from his composing room as follows: "Latht night thome thneaking thcomdrel thtole into our compothng room and pilfered the cabineth of all the etheth. Therefore we would like to take thith opportunity to apologethe to our readerth for the general inthipid appearance of our paper. We would altho like to thtate that if at any time in the yearth to come we thhould thee thith dirty thnake in the grathth about the premitheth; it would be our complete and thorough thatithfaction to thhoot him full of holeth. Thank you."

— Sunshine Magazine.

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GOSSIP

Hazel M. certainly was embarrassed when she dropped something on the floor at the Bol-Mor Saturday night. Just keep "mum" about the whole thing, Hazel.

How does it feel to get up at midnight and run into a snow drift barefooted, Willie?

Does it make any particular difference whether girls' nail polish is red or blue? Some of the teachers seem to think so.

Why didn't Esther R. sit on the other side at the Gary game? She usually does...

Too bad Abraham Lincoln isn't here to give Sub-Deb a portion of his famous speech "United we stand; divided we fall..."

Jimmy B. is getting to be quite a night owl so three or four of the weaker sex have told me.

What did a certain girl say that made Curly W. turn slightly purple? Better watch out, Rosemary H. He's got a violent temper!!!

Jeanette H. is said to be staying her distance from boys. Rumors, rumors, rumors!

J. C. Corley found out that basketball isn't the *only* thing in life, didn't he Teresa L?

What were Iona M. and Mari-grace S. doing the Thursday night before the Tourney? Know anything about it, Corky and Bob?

No wonder Jimmy C. doesn't squire any girls from W-C.H.S. around. He likes Adams better.

What do Verla B. and Bruce S. have in common? Or does anyone know?

The perfect man died yesterday, and another won't be born until tomorrow.

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ON THE CORNER... MICHIGAN & WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON PANTHERS RALLY TO NOSE OUT UNDERDOG COLONIALS, 44-41

Roosevelt Wins, 27-21

Washington - Clay's Colonials were literally annihilated by panthers as both Roosevelt's Panthers from Gary, Indiana, and the local aggregation from South Bend Washington descended on them.

Washington's vaunted offense which had humbled Riley failed to materialize as it encountered an unexpectedly rough welcome from the supposedly weak Colonials, finally racing the clock to a 44-41 victory. The Panthers seemed on their way to repeating last year's one-sided victory as Robertson, Woltman, and Fenimore scored. A tip-in by Ream, two charity shots, and a lay-in by Huss, however, evened the score and the battle began. A battle which incidentally saw the score tied four times and the lead changing hands three times. Robertson scored shortly after the second half began to put Washington in the lead 27-23 but twin pointers by Huss and Asire knotted the score for the fourth time. Thus the battle continued with neither team getting a decisive lead. With a little less than two minutes remaining Huss scored from midcourt to set the scoreboard at Washington 42, Washington-Clay 41. Woltman scored on a fast break from under the basket to ice the game at Washington 44, Washington-Clay 41.

Roosevelt's long, lean and lanky Panthers from Gary rallied in the second half to overcome the Colonials 27-21 on the latter's floor. The Panthers missed shot after shot but capitalized on their superior height and controlled activity under both baskets. Asire, Huss, and Heckaman put the Washingtons into an early lead before Holmes scored for the visitors. Four successive tip-ins by the Panthers gave them the lead late in the second quarter. The game, however, was a decidedly different nature than that of the previous season when the Panthers won 52-32.

Woodrow Wilson Retains County Championship

Illustrating some of the most phenomenal shooting ever seen on John Adams floor the Presidents of Woodrow Wilson retained their championship for the second consecutive year. The Presidents advanced to the finals by defeating North Liberty 37-31 and Lakeville in a last second finish 36-35. New Carlisle was the final victim by a score of 50 to 41.

The trouble with our American "melting pot" is that all the scum rises to the top.

THE BENCHWARMER

I never did get the opportunity to pick an All-American football team last fall so instead, for the benefit of the three readers of this column, I submit the following All-County team. Now understand this team was selected only on the basis of play of the individuals in the County Tournament.

FIRST TEAM

Terry, F Woodrow Wilson
Smith, F New Carlisle
Quigley, C Woodrow Wilson
Hesch, G Madison
Schlarb, G Lakeville

SECOND TEAM

Zahl, F New Carlisle
J. Taylor, F Lakeville
Daube, C Walkerton
Cripe, G Walkerton
Lightfoot, G Lakeville

OUT OF THE FILES . . . *One Year Ago This Week* . . . The Colonials by virtue of tremendous fourth quarter rally defeated Madison's Panthers and the Niles Vikings . . . *Three Years Ago This Week* . . . Victories numbers 15 and 16 came in the form of Washington and Madison to Glen Scrivnor's Colonials.

Incidentally, 4 completions out of 16 opportunities from the charity stripe is not exactly brilliant.

The recent contest for picking tournament winners and scores convinced me that maybe I'm not such a bad picker at that. So, here I go again . . .

Washington-Clay over North Liberty.

Woodrow Wilson over Washington-Clay

Madison over Washington-Clay
Washington-Clay over Central Catholic

Somebody once said that Haney had a lot of fight in him. Hes' sure keeping it well hidden. Let's see some of it against Madison, Jerry.

Junior High Basketball Fives Open Competition

Mr. Eaton and Mr. Blair feel that we can have better teams in the future if the fundamentals are taught early. We found these principles being carried out in the seventh and eighth grade teams. I might add that in the process of learning the fundamentals the games are truly rugged.

The seventh and eighth grade team played the freshmen, giving them a good scare by almost beating them. This same grade team went to Mishawaka and played Battell grade school. The final — Battell 16, Washington-Clay 12.

COLONIALS TACKLE PANTHERS TONIGHT ON HOME HARDWOOD

Woodrow Wilson, North Liberty Complete Home Schedule: Meet Central Catholic Indians at Armory In Non-Conference Fray.

The Washington-Clay Colonials approach the conclusion of the 1945-46 basketball season with four scheduled encounters, three with conference foes, Madison's Panthers, North Liberty's Shamrocks, and the county champion Presidents from Woodrow Wilson. A non-conference battle is scheduled at the Armory with Central Catholic's hot and cold Indians.

Hoop Fundamentals Given To Freshman Squad

The Freshmen are learning basketball fundamentals. News had come to the sports department to the effect that the Freshmen had formed a basketball team. We decided to investigate and found this to be partly true.

While interviewing Mr. Blair we found that the Freshmen had not formed a team for actual competitive basketball, but instead to learn the fundamentals of the game to insure a better team in the future. Mr. Blair believes that this will provide better teams in the future well acquainted with the fundamentals.

Several of the members of the Freshman team have been playing on the Bee team as well as on the Freshman team. Among these are Jim Brown and Phil Dehne.

The Freshmen were invited to Mishawaka several weeks back and lost to a team boasting considerable height 34-18.

Nufer Defeats Harrison For Intramural Crown. As Seniors Dominate

The final game of the intramural tournament has been played with Don Nufer's team beating Jack Harrison's to the tune of 19-12. Incidentally, both teams in the finals represented the seniors who dominated play throughout the tournament.

High point man on the winning team was Jack Rager who dropped in ten points. Strom dropped in two neat shots from midway out. Bob Von Bergen paced the losers with five points. Solbrig did a lot of dribbling, Bessie did plenty of shooting, and Snyder did plenty of fouling.

Incidentally, new teams were formed for interclass teams. They were chosen this time from all classes.

Opening a week of intense court activity the Colonials take their little red wagon to Madison with hopes of taking the second game of a home and home series. The first engagement was a wild and woolly affair with seven participants going to the showers via the foul route. The bed-ridden Colonials finally came up with a 46-37 verdict after the whistle blowing had finally ended. The Panthers, under the guidance of veteran Rudy Marker, have shown steady improvement and have developed into a formidable club. Pacing the Panther offense are Fox and Hesch, forward-guard combination with Lehman, Mikel, and Cline completing the lineup.

John Jaworski's Presidents, enjoying their second County Championship, take over the Clay hardwood February 5 in a contest which should be worth coming to. The Presidents took an early season 42-41 verdict on their own floor and will be out for a repeat performance. The Presidents were overlooked as championship material, but upset favored Lakeville and New Carlisle for the crown. The Presidents have shown themselves phenomenal shots from the floor and the free throw stripe also as splendid players under the basket.

A slightly battered group of Irishmen from North Liberty, Indiana, could use a couple of victories about this time and hope to get one of them through the courtesy of the Colonials. The contest is scheduled for February 8, rain or shine, at Washington-Clay. The host club owns a 41-37 victory over the Shamrocks achieved earlier in the season.

The Colonials make their debut at the Armory, South Bend's home for the grunTERS and groanERS February 9 with Central Catholic of South Bend as the opposing club. The Redmen, minus Dud Bieder, star forward of last year's edition, have not particularly burned up the courts this season and should be a fairly even match for the Colonials.

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