

# The Skirmisher

PUBLISHED BY THE CADETS OF ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL

VOL. XXV

SALINA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 9, 1942

No. 1



MRS. ANNE WEEMAN

## Major Clem (personal interview)

The Reverend Remey Leland Clem  
Rector of St. John's Military School  
AB and AM, University of Nebraska

Born—Gresham, Nebraska, July 31, 1900

As a youth, our esteemed superintendent was (I quote) "Da King of da mob", and held the record in the neighboring vicinity for breaking windows, including street lights. As that is all of his childhood he will talk about, we pass on.

He lived for eighteen months in San Antonio, Texas—1912-13. Major Clem graduated from Gresham High School in 1918, the first child of the first graduate of the same high school. He entered the University of Nebraska in 1918, where he was a cadet in the Student's Army Training Corps. He was discharged from the army in December, 1918.

He was employed in the First National Bank at Loup City, Nebraska, as assistant cashier from January 1919 to August 1920. He then returned to the University of Nebraska for two years.

Next, he became a wheat farmer in Eastern Colorado, 1922-24. The lure of education brought him back to "The Little Red School House", where he taught rural school in Seward Co., Nebraska, 1925-26.

He then met the girl of his dreams, and was married May 23, 1926. He and his bride spent two months in California on their honeymoon. His first child, Constance, was born May 20, 1927. Then on March 4, 1929, Alan (Cubby) was born into our dark and dreary world.

He then taught English, history, and science at Gresham High School, 1926-29. Later Principal of Benedict, Nebraska high school 1929-30. From 1930 until January 1934, he held the position of superintendent of the Republican City Public Schools. Then that of principal, McCook, Nebraska Senior High School 1934-35.

He then entered our old and highly praised Alma Mater, wearing our bright colors, as superintendent of St. John's Military School in 1936.

Major Clem traveled in Mexico on his Christmas furlough of 1936, going as far south as Cuernavaca by automobile. His travels have taken him through 13 countries in Europe and Africa.

In 1941, Major Clem was ordained to the "Holy Order of the Priesthood". As rector of St. John's School, he expects to devote his life to its welfare—thereby, assuring the School of a continued progressive development for the future.

## Penny Chosen Cadet Major

AS a result of general order No. 1 the first Cadet Major in many years was selected. Before, the highest ranking officer has been a Captain. However since there was an upsurge in enrollment, this superior rank was chosen. The officers appointed are as follows:

The commissioned officers:

Cadet Major, Gene W. Penny; Captains, Dennett and Frederick; 1st Lieutenants, Mock and Lusk; 2nd Lieutenants, Henderson, Holmes, Houston, Muse, and Lehman.

The non-commissioned officers:

Sergeants, Spear, Shore, and York; Corporals, Lindley, Jordan, Pade, Krone, Coulter, Wessendorff, Clark; P. F. C.'s, Clem, LeFant, Moore, Morrison, Olsen, Schoeb, Sperling, Vanier I, Vanier II and Guibert.

In the second general order, the following junior school officers were commissioned: Corporals: Lassen, Boehnke, Jackman, Miller; P. F. C.'s, Hopka, Robertson, Carroll, Fincher.

## Captain Barker

ONE of the new faculty officers this year is Capt. Barker. He has taught at St. John's before but resigned in 1929. He comes to us now after eight years in the Bennington, Kansas, School system. Capt. Barker was born in Saline County and is a graduate of the University of Virginia and holds a degree as Bachelor of Science.

We have all come to like Capt. Barker very much and feel that we are very fortunate in having him with us.

## Our Boys In The Service

Floyd Lotker — Class of "40"

Service in India — Merchant Marine

Alfred Yeager — Class of "41"

Accompanying Convoy—U. S. Navy

Cy Bradford — Class of "40"

Ft. Leavenworth — U. S. Army

Sherman Hicks — Class of "40"

Fighter Pilot — U. S. Marines

Joe Hammer — Class of "40"

Infantry — U. S. Army

Hugh Irelan — Class of "40"

Aerial Photography, Fort Leavenworth

— U. S. Army

Bill Lucas — Class of "40"

Air Corps — U. S. Army

Paul Riley — Class of "41"

Ft. Warren — U. S. Army

Bill Wallace — Post Grad. "42"

Oil Convoy — Merchant Marine

H. O. Tolbert — Faculty Member

Staff Sgt. Finance Dept. — U. S. Army

M. S. Paul — Faculty Member

Officers Training, St. Louis, Mo. —

U. S. Army

P. M. Simpson — Faculty Member

Sgt. Military Police — U. S. Army

P. K. Farnsworth — Class of "27"

Capt. 775th O. Bn. C., Camp Hood,

Texas — U. S. Army

H. F. Aldrich — Class of "25"

Miami, Florida — U. S. Navy

Father Evans — Faculty Member

Chaplain — U. S. Navy

L. R. Long — Faculty Member

Captain of Intelligence Division —

U. S. Army

## Capt. Barker and Lt. Bernal To Army

UNFORTUNATELY for the school, it has lost two prominent faculty members, Capt. Barker and Lt. Bernal. Capt. Barker, who returned to the staff after thirteen years absence, was called November 17. Lt. Bernal, who came last year at the mid-semester, as our PMS&T and Spanish instructor was inducted on November 19. Capt. Barker has also been most efficient as the history teacher and head of social activities.

## Lt. William Thompson

OUR new mathematics instructor was born at Chesterfield, Texas, on February 23, 1901. He attended Gresham High School in Gresham, Nebraska. After completing high school, he then attended York College, York, Nebraska, where he received his A. B. Degree. He then attended the University of Nebraska, where he received his degree of Master of Arts. Lt. Thompson was a school mate of Major Clem. For a number of years he was Superintendent of several Nebraska High Schools.

St. John's welcome Lt. and Mrs. Thompson and their two children Twila and Dean and hope they will remain with us a long time.

## Junior School Opened

LAST year with sixty-seven Cadets there was plenty of room for both upper and lower school in the main building. Came September 1942 and St. John's with ninety-three cadets enrolled was too crowded. The Board of Trustees renovated the old Junior School and with paint, paper, mouse traps and "S" Club help made it into the snappiest home for our lower form Cadets that heart could wish. Lt. Plantz is in complete charge with Lt. Lehman and Lt. Muse as Cadet officers. The Juniors have their own non-commissioned officers and march over to mess and drill formations in excellent order.

## The Mahoney's Return

MORE of the faculty to return after an absence of a year, are the Mahoney's. Capt. Mahoney is the instructor of the sciences and the school Commandant. Capt., Mrs. Mahoney, and Donnie add much cheer to the School.

## Highest Averages

### Upper School

For Month ending November 7, 1942

Clem	93.5	Muse	87.5
Martin I	93.5	Snyder I	87.3
Orr	93.3	Rohr	87.0
Lindsmith	91.0	Jordan	86.0
Russell	90.5	Lindley	86.0
Vanier II	90.5	Lehman	85.5
Mock	90.0	Pohlman	85.5
Schoeb	90.0	Ellis	85.5
Kline	88.8	Marr	85.5
Kessler	88.3	Penny	85.5
Cameron	88.0	Adams	85.0

### Junior School

Oberhelman	90.5	Mueller II	87.0
White	88.4	Wagner	86.6
Armstrong	87.4	Robertson	85.0

## School Missionaries

IF carrying the Gospel according to St. John's into benighted communities is missionary work, then Major Penny, Lt. Lehman, Robertson and Mueller II are school missionaries. Together with Major Clem they were invited by the Rev. Charles Rehkopf of Trinity Church, El Dorado, to address his parishioners on the occasion of the Church's Annual Parish Dinner the evening of November 10. Each cadet had prepared his speech about some phase of school life or work and each speech was received with much applause. We gather from what happened after the meeting that the older ladies had taken a fancy to Robertson and Mueller II and that the younger ladies liked Penny and Lehman best. Odd, isn't it? We are very sure that each of the four was an excellent missionary indeed.



## St. John's Chaplain, The Rev. Gordon Weeman

TO St. John's as Chaplain comes The Rev. Gordon William Weeman whose ordination was solemnized at Christ Cathedral on September 20. Father Weeman was born at Lynn, Massachusetts, March 7, 1907. He attended public grade school in New York City and Pawling Prep School at Pawling, New York. He holds a Bachelor of Science degree from Springfield College in 1934 and graduated from Nashotah House Seminary, 1942.

Father Weeman has taught Education and coached at Mohegan Lake Military Academy and at Westchester Military Academy both in New York State. He is now Priest in charge of St. Annes Mission in McPherson, Kansas in addition to his duties as Chaplain and Junior School instructor here.

Mrs. Ann Weeman is also teaching in the Junior School. Much as we like Father Weeman one of the best things about him is his wife. She was born in Hartsdale, New York, and attended Yorktown High School. For seven years she was a student of voice under Mr. John Dennis Mehan at Carnegie Hall, New York City.

Father and Mrs. Weeman were married January 3, 1942. St. John's is most fortunate to have this charming, cultured lady on its faculty.

## The Crack Squad of 1942-43

(By Cadet Major Gene Penny)

THE St. John's Crack Squad was re-organized earlier this year than it has been done in the past. At the first meeting, there were ten old members present—six drillers, two buglers and two Junior School members who act as color guard.

The old members selected Penny for their Captain. He immediately assumed his duty by calling a meeting of all cadets who wished to try out for the Crack Squad. The response was very good with forty-two boys reporting for the first meeting.

The prospects are as follows: Penny (Captain), Henderson, Mock, Lehman, Coulter, Frederick, Dennett, Guibert, Lusk, Houston, Lindley, Black, Jordan, Pollard, Spear, Bigley, Olsen, Shore I, Shore II and Robertson.

This squad is unique in that it is composed of boys ranging in ages from nine to seventeen who have trained themselves with no faculty supervision whatever. The rifles which they use weight eight and one half pounds. The squad when fully trained, features perfect cadence of foot steps, body movements, rifle carriage and elaborate manual of arms. The drill is done in double quick time.

In twenty-seven years, the group has made over six hundred public appearances and traveled more than thirty-two thousand miles.

## THE SKIRMISHER

Published by the Cadets of St. John's  
Military School

LT. MOCK ..... Editor  
CAPT. DENNETT ..... Society Editor  
LT. HENDERSON ..... Sports Editor,  
Asst. Business Manager  
P. F. C. GUIBERT ..... Reporter  
LT. LEHMAN ..... Business Manager  
LT. MUSE ..... Photographer  
CAPT. BARKER ..... Faculty Advisor  
MEMBER SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION,  
AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOLS.

## "If I Had A Son"

If I had a son . . .  
I'd want life to be hard for him, to  
temper him like steel.  
I'd want him to be brave and strong  
—brave and strong physically,  
mentally, morally and spiritual-  
ly.  
I'd want him to be tempted, but  
not yield.  
I'd want him to succeed after much  
effort, that he might learn pa-  
tience.  
I'd want him to love, even though  
it cost him anguish, because then  
he would know that through  
love we grow.  
I'd want him to have great decisions  
to make, because then he would  
learn to go to God.  
I'd want him to work hard, to be  
physically exhausted, so he  
would marvel at the greatness of  
his body (Holy Temple)  
I'd want him to face dark hours of  
grief that would bend his knees  
in prayer.  
I'd want him to yearn for the finer  
things of life, but have the cour-  
age to take only what he could  
afford and be happy.  
I'd want him to admire beauty, but  
know how to appreciate its value.  
I'd want him to value honor above  
fame.  
I'd want him to neither look up to  
the rich nor down on the poor.  
I'd want him to know how to play  
as well as work.  
I'd want him to laugh and sing and  
make the most of each day.  
I'd want him to have these experi-  
ences and more, to help him be-  
come a man.

—by Jewel Adams Norman.  
Sent in by Mr. Frank Lusk.

## "Out Of The Night"

IT happened one cold lonely night in  
early October. Out of the still dark night  
came the deafening shriek of the siren.  
The bugler of the day jumped out of bed,  
hurried to his dresser, and grabbed his  
bugle. New boys moseyed down the halls,  
inquiring as to whether the call was  
veille or mess. Cadet officers scurried  
over the floors, rounding up their victims  
like cattle. It was a fire drill.

The drill lasted but a few eventful min-  
utes. The next morning, as a result of  
the alarm, there were two injuries and  
many sleepy boys. The casualties were a  
high ranking cadet officer and a black  
haired, black eyed P. F. C.

The cadet officer was getting out of bed  
when, like a flash, his roommate came  
streaking down from his upper bunk and  
lit on the poor boy's sore toe. Ever since,  
he has been studying his Charles Atlas  
course to see how he can build it back up.

When the siren blew, a dark haired boy  
was lying peacefully on his top bunk in  
C-11. Roused from his dreams, he tried  
a half ganor off the top deck. Our hero  
was found in a heap on the floor out cold  
by an inspecting officer. He has been  
visiting an osteopath, having his neck  
rubbed down, regularly since.

At the end of drill, new boys were still  
in doubt as to what time of day it was.  
One even dressed to go to breakfast.  
Eventually, however, every one went back  
to sleep.

## Books vs "Funny Books"

IF the cadets ever get tired of reading  
"funny books" (which are neither funny  
nor books), we suggest they try some really  
worth while humor. Such a book is "See  
Here, Private Hargrove" by himself. We  
are including a few quotations to give  
you a sample:

"Hargrove," he (the sergeant) said with  
infinite sweetness; "Where is the balance  
of your rifle?"

"This is all the supply sergeant gave me,  
sir", I said; "I thought it was all here!"

\*\*\*

This morning we took the Oath. One  
of the boys was telling me later that when  
his brother was inducted in Alabama, there  
was a tough old sergeant who was having  
an awful time keeping the men quiet.  
"Gentlemen!" he would beseech them,  
"quiet, please!" They were quiet during  
the administration of the Oath, after  
which, they burst forth again.

The old sergeant, his face beaming,  
sweetly purred: "You are now members  
of the Army of the United States. Now,  
blankety, blankit, shut up!"

\*\*\*

"The term 'buck private' was explained  
to us this afternoon. It refers to the Old  
Army Game; passing the buck. The ser-  
geant is first called on the carpet for a  
mistake in his platoon. The sergeant seeks  
out the corporal and gives him a dressing  
down. The corporal passes the buck by  
scalding the ears of the private. The pri-  
vate doesn't even have a mule to kick, so  
he can't pass the buck any farther. He  
keeps it. That makes him a buck private."

\*\*\*

"The Army, I find, has many subtle  
ways to trap the unwary into volunteering  
for work. First, there was a sergeant over  
at the Reception Center who came through  
the recreation hall one afternoon calling  
for "Private Smith". Four men answered.  
All four were put to work picking up cigar-  
ette stubs."

—o—

## Routine and More Routine

LOOK here you Kaydets. I know fully  
well that we are running under a tough  
schedule, but I thought you guys were  
tough, and could take it. I guess I was  
wrong. I know of at least one cadet who  
is cracking under the strain. It's our old  
pal Flanigan.

The other day after noon mess, and  
during Study Hall formation, Flanigan  
was reported absent. "Where is Flanigan?"  
screamed the C. O. D. No one knew.  
"I'll find him," said the officer, and off  
he went.

He found Flan alright, sitting in Lt.  
Bernel's classroom.

"Where in '!'\*—!&.\* have you been?"  
asked the C. O. D.

Flan got red, scoffed his toe on the  
floor, and a very sheepish look came over  
his face.

"Sir," said Flan, "I know you won't  
believe me, but I've been here all the time.  
I thought it was morning, so I came to my  
classroom just as we were told to do."

The C. O. D. shook his head and walked  
sorrowfully away.

—o—

## Halloween Dance

ON the erie night when spooks supposedly  
roam the land, laughter and gayety reigned  
in St. John's.

It was halloween night and the annual  
halloween dance had begun.

The dance began at 8:00 p. m. and was  
held in the gym which had undergone a  
very pleasing transformation. Everyone  
was dressed in his worst and tried to  
look as hayseedy as possible.

The music was supplied by about ten  
of the top name bands of the country  
brought to St. John's by the well-known  
juke box.

Cider and laughter flow freely until  
the stroke of 12:00 midnight brought to  
a close a very happy evening.

I truly believe that everyone had the  
best time of the year so far and that  
the Thanksgiving Dance will prove as  
great a success.

"Denny"

## A Tale of Sounding Fury

OH yes, it's fall again. Trunks, boxes,  
suitcases, golf clubs, litter the front of  
the barracks. "John" is everywhere at  
once; Hart is beaming in the kitchen and  
the Major is taking a nap. St. John's has  
begun.

The third day after classes have begun,  
new boys search for a key to the flagpole.  
The lovely fall weather brings rain. Each  
afternoon, the truck puts out for the  
swimming pool. Life is easy and kind.  
No hooks, no flunked quizzes, all is  
serene.

\*\*\*

Then, through a hot and sultry mid-  
night, when slumber wraps our vine-clad  
walls and only the drilling whine of the  
mosquitoes in the trees points to future  
action—a tapping—tapping repeated 'ore  
is heard resounding on the Captain's door.

"Tis the mad scientist abroad, sir.

Inspired by dreams, I rushed to you, sir.

That we my scheme might now explore."

Sounds most natural rent the night then

Followed by the closing door.

"Farewell electric dream," Quoth the

now sane scientist.

"Never more"

\*\*\*

Now, we are all one happy family.—now  
we are not. Think of it, there is definite  
discord in the "S" Club. One member  
comes back to find a young Hercules has  
beaten his time to his best girl. The warm  
Indian summer of the tower room is chill-  
ed. Friendship is on the rocks.

A week later, philosophy has restored  
congenial relations. Young Atlas calls to  
the Lt. from Denver. "How about lending  
them dove colored britches? I'm stepping  
high tonight." Quietly, with just a touch  
of fading sadness "Can't do it old man!  
T'aint ethical. You dating my girl and  
wearing my pants."

\*\*\*

And can you unravel this mystery?  
Why, I ask you—and I speak for the  
whole, hurt and sad'ened corps—does a  
certain rotund quartermaster insist on  
giving Cadet Major Penny three deck ice  
cream cones? Thanksgiving is coming!  
Did you know that Penny has a sister and  
a brother—but then, this story doesn't  
need the brother.

\*\*\*

And then the swearing stopped in the  
barracks. "I don't believe Mr. Shore,  
that you have quite the power of Cicero!"  
Captain Brown's door closed. With mur-  
der in his eye, Shore regarded the little  
teeny weeny recording machine. "Sir,  
somebody sent this thing to me C. O. D.  
and the office paid five bucks for it. And  
even with my best efforts, my recordings  
sound like Donald Duck."

Two nights before Thanksgiving, a ter-  
rible confusion was heard in the history  
room. Upon investigation, the enlighten-  
ing discovery was made that several intense  
cadets were anxiously shuffling first one  
foot and then the other to the tune of  
Wessendorff's victrola, in an effort to  
learn what to do with those things called  
feet at the coming dance with their first  
dates. They graduated as finished dancers  
that night—finished on one hour's lesson!

## Marymount Capers

THE attendants of Miss Marymount were  
relaxing in conversation with the St. John's  
Cadets after the rehearsal for the Corona-  
tion. Sister Evangeline and Capt. Ma-  
honey were conferring in another part of  
the room. A lovely blond floated up to  
Capt. Dennett. His hand trembled, her  
beauty nearly made him swoon. Clutching  
his bugle he slowly recovered his usual  
nonchalance. Dennett takes everything in  
his stride. Things were coming his way,  
then this ice water. "Who," she lisped, "is  
that cute little cadet in brown?" "Tell, big  
boy, I'm going to have him to our formal."  
Gone was the sparkle from our hero's dark  
Spanish eyes. With a look sad, but dig-  
nified, he answered her "That, my dear  
young Lady, is the Commandant of St.  
John's School."

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Football Season Ends with Marquette Game

THE "42" football season of the St. John's Cadets was brought to an exciting close with the game with Marquette November 13. The Cadets lucky day didn't seem to be Friday the 13th, and although they played their best, luck seemed to be against them and a fumble early in the first quarter deep in their own territory gave the first touchdown to Marquette. Later in the third quarter the ball was fumbled again and another touchdown was scored by Marquette. The Cadets were led on by Captain Frederick, who did all the scoring for them. He made several long runs and crossed the goal line twice for two touchdowns and once for an extra point. The final score was Marquette, 18; St. John's, 13. The Cadets were defeated three times before: by Longford, Solomon, and Chase.

The Cadets were ably coached by Captain Mahoney and all the boys displayed very good sportsmanship in games and daily practice.

Fencing Club

THE Fencing Club this year is the largest that St. John's has ever had, so far. The equipment is to arrive in untold quantities, or which their is enough still left at Lowe Campbells. The equipment includes all types of foils; French, Belgian and Spanish, both left and right handed, many extra blades and masks.

The old members of the "ST. JOHN'S CAVALIERS" who are back this year are:

- James Dennett
- Guy Henderson
- Gene Penny
- Edward Lehman
- Alan Guibert

The "S" Club

WE believe in credit where credit is due and our own "S" Club certainly should come under that department. This organization has been the backbone of the cadet corps.

Socially, it may be credited not only with two dances and a picnic but also with many other planned activities for the near future. Also, the "S" Club has helped the School decorate the "Activities Building" for the Halloween Dance. Economically, it was the "S" Club which helped fix the Junior School when outside labor was not to be had. More power to the "S" Club.

The members of the Club are: President, Major Penny; Vice President, Capt. Frederick; Secretary and Treasurer, Capt. Dennett; Sergeant of Arms, 2nd Lt. Henderson; Members: 1st Lt. Mock, 1st Lt. Lusk, 2nd Lt. Houston, 2nd Lt. Holmes, 2nd Lt. Lehman, Sgt. York, Corp. Krone, Corp. Pade, Corp. Lindly, Corp. Coulter, P. F. C. Olsen.

The new members:

- |           |          |
|-----------|----------|
| Bigley    | Marr     |
| Cornforth | Martin I |
| Dotson    | Pollard  |
| Hames     | Spear    |
| Kline     | Clem     |

Traditional Thanksgiving

EVEN mother nature smiled upon St. John's on Thanksgiving day—Our visitors came, looked us over and, for the most part, approved of what they saw, and left us regretting that their stay was so short. Mrs. Marcita Garrow of Houston, Texas, Wessendorff's grandmother, traveled the farthest to be with us although Cadet Orr's father, who commutes regularly between Washington, D. C., and Denver, probably should have a prize for schedule juggling in order to get here.

The day began with a Thanksgiving Celebration of the Holy Communion in the school chapel at 7:30. Noon prayers were said at 1:15. Many guests attended this service. The Annual Turkey Dinner prepared by our genial chef, Al Hart and his staff was served in the gymnasium at 2 P. M. Places were laid for 170 persons. Mrs. Mahoney arranged the attractive table decorations in the absence of Mrs. Prince who was denied the pleasures of the day because a sudden attack of hives confined her to the hospital.

The Retreat Parade at 4:30 followed quickly after the dinner adjourned and was given in honor of all our guests. Colonel John E. Ray and Capt. Rodney Stone took their positions of reviewing officers. Much credit is due Lt. Bernal and the cadet officers for the very creditable showing of the corps on this occasion. The precision footwork of the platoon made up of the smallest cadets was notably good. In years past the smallest platoon may have deserved the title "Centipede Platoon" but not the current crop of cadets.

The Thanksgiving Dance was a colorful occasion. The music was good, the floor full but not crowded and the girls—Ah! the girls—This reporter is going out on a limb by saying that they were the most beautiful and best mannered ever assembled before under one roof. We give the cadets credit for excellent taste and Capt. Barker praise for his skill in running the dance so smoothly.

During the intermission Cadet Major Penny presented the corps' parting gifts to Capt. Barker and Lt. Bernal. The first public exhibition of the Crack Squad also was made during intermission. The last dance at midnight was the final school activity of the day.

Guest list: Dr., Mrs. and Dorothy Armstrong, Salina, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. David S. Jackman, Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. Marcita Garrow, Houston, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fincher, Salina, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. White, Kansas City, Missouri; Capt. and Mrs. Rodney Stone, Newton, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moore, Salina, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. Ferol Bigley, Arkansas City, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lusk and daughter, El Dorado, Kansas; Mrs. Flossie Vandever, Wichita, Kansas; Mr. R. D. Wagner, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Moreland, Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. J. M. Livingston and daughter, Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. T. M. Burns, Denver, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Penny and daughter, Burlington, Colorado; Mrs. Lorie Winslow and son, Winfield, Kansas; Mrs. Margaret Carroll, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Pohlman and two sons, Natoma, Kansas; Mrs. Blanche Dennett, Kansas City, Missouri; Mrs. Matilda Brosseau, Kansas City, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. N.

H. Orr, Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Frances Sperling, Topeka, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Mock, Arkansas City, Kansas; Mr. E. M. Mitzner, Wichita, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Rohr, Denver, Colorado; Colonel and Mrs. John E. Ray, Camp Phillips; Mrs. Anna L. Lucke, Denver, Colorado; Mrs. Lorena Clark, Wichita, Kansas; Miss Roberta Clark, Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. Frank Dennis, Wichita, Kansas; Mrs. Marie Muse, Kansas City, Missouri; Mrs. George Sanders, Junction City, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. John Vanier and Joyce Vanier, Salina, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. Geis, Wichita, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. Wunsch, Wichita, Kansas; Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Snyder, Holyrood, Kansas; Mrs. L. B. Deitrickson, Manhattan, Kansas; Mrs. Doris Burton, East St. Louis, Illinois; Mr. A. J. Weaver, Lincoln, Nebraska; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Spear, Pratt, Kansas.

See Here Cadet Knucklehead

WELL the uniforms have at last arrived and with them came the most dreaded thing in a cadets life. Full Dress Parade and Inspection.

In winter it's not so bad. You simply stand out on the parade ground and freeze to death while the hard hearted cadet officers freeze with you.

But in summer!! its quite different. Your uniform is tight, its blisteringly hot, your hat bands shrink and tighten around your skull until you think it will be crushed and then they come like horrible little monsters from h—, but here is how Private Hargrove explains it so perfectly.

"The forces of destiny place you in the front rank and you stand at perfect attention for three minutes before the inspecting officer approaches. A fly which seems a little larger than a June bug lands on your forehead. The platoon officer shoots a warning glance across your brow and you decide to humor the fly. It will soon go away, you tell yourself, but you know it won't.

"The Hell sent little beast walks across your forehead and back again. It stops awhile, wipes its shoes and begins to pace back and forth again stamping its feet. Then you nose begins to itch.

"The inspecting officer has not begun his rounds, he is waiting for you to get off guard.

"The fly stepped to double quick time. "Oh if I only had you alone," you think to yourself.

"Then a gnat lands on your nose you look down at it, and it looks up at you. You can just see the little devil laughing. You give the platoon officer a glance as to say "this can't go on much longer, something's going to pop." His return glance is in italicized print it says. "You bat just one eye lash and I'll break your neck." You don't bat the eyelash, the fly continues his exercise and the gnat con-

tinues laughing and you die a thousand deaths."

Well now that I have given you something to look forward too I'll sign off—See you at parade.

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### New Boys of 1942-43

Adams, Charles—Mrs. Pearl Adams, Seville Hotel, 1701 N. Illinois, Indianapolis, Indiana.  
Armstrong, William—Lt. Carrol W. Armstrong, M. R. Station Hospital, Camp Haan, California.  
Bannon, James—R. C. Bannon, 1014 E. Broadway, Newton, Kansas.  
Bigley, William—Mrs. Ferol Bigley, 1307 N. Summit, Arkansas City, Kansas.  
Cameron, William—Mr. A. W. Cameron, 14 Greeley Avenue, Johnstown, Colorado.  
Carlson, Robert—Dr. C. R. Carlson, 3443 "M" Street, Lincoln, Nebraska.  
Clark, Charles—Mrs. Anna R. Lillis, 10 S. 15th, Kansas City, Kansas.  
Deitrickson, Jerry—Mrs. L. B. Deitrickson, 1027 Houston, Manhattan, Kansas.  
Dennis, Frank—Mrs. Frank E. Dennis, 217 S. Crestway, Wichita, Kansas.  
Drake, Gerald—C. S. Drake, 245 Terrace Drive, Wichita, Kansas.  
Flanigan, Daniel—F. R. Flanigan, 1112 East Platte, Colorado Springs, Colorado.  
Hames, William—Mrs. Flossie Vandever, 1015 S. Topeka, Wichita, Kansas.  
Howard, Roger—Mrs. F. L. Darling, 1912 4th Plain Ave., Vancouver, Washington.  
Irwin, Leon—Clinton L. Irwin, 827 S. First St., Canon City, Colorado.  
Jamison, Forrest—Mrs. Forrest Jamison, 114 North Park Blvd., Coffeyville, Ks.

Kessler, Daniel—Mr. Frank L. Kessler, 2014 S. Corona St., Denver, Colorado.  
Kline, Clayton—Clayton E. Kline, 1600 Jewell, Topeka, Kansas.  
Lamkin, Jack—M. F. Lamkin, 215 S. Minneapolis, Wichita, Kansas.  
Lindesmith, Orlando—O. R. Lindesmith, 314 Nebraska Ave. Basic Townsite, Las Vegas, Nevada.  
Livingston, Hugh—Mrs. J. M. Livingston, 323 N. Erie, Wichita, Kansas.  
Marr, Arthur—H. A. Marr, 770 High Street, Denver, Colorado.  
Martin, Joann—H. R. Martin, 302 N. Washington, El Dorado, Kansas.  
Martin, Richard—Mrs. Rosalia J. Martin, 1155 Sherman St., Denver, Colorado.  
Mauger, Baylis—Mrs. E. B. Mauger, 903 W. 14th, Denver, Colorado.  
Mitzner, Moyle—E. M. Mitzner, 929 Woodrow Wichita, Kansas.  
Mueller, Jimmy  
Mueller, Pat—Wilbert J. Mueller, St. John's School, Salina, Kansas.  
Oberhelman, Jerry—Mrs. Ruby Oberhelman, 616 Topeka Blvd., Topeka, Kansas.  
Orr, Newell—N. H. Orr, 404 S. Marion Parkway, Denver, Colorado.  
Peterson, Richard—Mrs. Bertha Peterson, 1234 Clay Street, Topeka, Kansas.  
Pohlman, Frederick—A. F. Pohlman, Natoma, Kansas.  
Pollard, Robert—Mrs. Berneice Douglass, County Attorney Office, Court House, Wichita, Kansas.  
Ray, John Edwin—Colonel John E. Ray, 217 West Claflin, Salina, Kansas.

Rohr, Robert—Harry F. Rohr, 1785 Ivy Street, Denver, Colorado.  
Russell, Harold—H. C. Russell, Box 246, Canon City, Colorado.  
Saathoff, Fred—Mrs. R. E. Saathoff, 670 S. 10th, Salina, Kansas.  
Siwan, William—Mrs. Eva Rhodes, 916 Pierre Street, Manhattan, Kansas.  
Stone, James—Mrs. Rodney J. Stone, 711 Ash Street, Newton, Kansas.  
Tucker, Charles—Mr. C. M. Tucker, Greensburg, Kansas.  
Wagner, Charles—Mrs. R. D. Wagner, 119 Williams St., Colorado Springs, Colo.  
White, Homer—Mrs. Fern White, 103 Ward, Kansas City, Missouri.  
Winslow, Robert—Mrs. Lorie Winslow, 721 E. 6th Street, Winfield, Kansas.

### Romeo and Juliet

IN this column we usually let TRUE love alone but this year there blossoms into view one of the most beautiful cases that I have ever seen. Its between the Romeo and Juliet of modern times. Zeke and Ham. (true names being Bill and Dorothy).

Really fellas I think they should be let alone. We have teased Zeke long enough and he has come through still as much in love as ever. And from seeing that car out in front about every other night, I take it, Ham feels the same, so fellas be humane and let the two alone.

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