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WRECKING CREW WANTED

A "termite battalion" will be formed at the close of the basketball season for the sole purpose of "destruction." Oh, you're surprised! Well, really you shouldn't be.

At the close of the basketball season, the school gym will be torn down; to be replaced by the new mess-hall combination. But it isn't as simple as all that! The lumber and nails must be saved as they are scarce and can not be got easily. Then, all the present equipment must be transferred to a new place.

So, come one, come all! Your service can be used somewhere, either tearing the joint down, stacking the lumber and saving the nails, or transferring the equipment. Major Clem will readily accept all applications presented to him. So shake a leg; pitch in and help out. Here's your chance to do some destruction besides the desks and other furniture.

"HANK"

By York

Henry C. Schulte of the "United States Army Air Corps," is now a part of our school. He comes into our midst with the welfare of the cadets at heart. Even though he is well distinguished from the cadets, we look upon him as "one of the fellows."

The main object of his duties is study hall supervision. Appointments are made with him, and you can discuss your studies, or even your troubles will be given space by him.

Looking back, Hank's record speaks for itself. A Kansas City man, he entered the Army to do his bit and really is doing it, too. He reached the rank of Sgt., as tail-gunner in a B-17, later in a B-24.

But fate stepped in and changed Hank's Army life. After a crash landing while on border patrol, he was just crawling out through the bomb bay when the ship (it had nosed over upon the crash) fell back on its tail, pinning Hank beneath it. From this experience he was excluded from foreign service.

While recuperating in Tucson, he took over a group of boys in the local Y. M. C. A. and the community's juvenile delinquency dropped 25% in eight months.

We know that Hank has quite a knack at handling kids and know that he will be liked by all. He also has an interest in the church, which is all the more reason why he can make a hit with us.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK

By York

During the week, one of the highlights of the school, besides drill and reveille, is the big inspection on Saturday afternoon.

The cadet corps prepare their rooms with great "ego" for the coming crisis. Capt. Barker inspects and really does a thorough job. Not a speck of dirt slips by his telescopic eyes. At retreat formation a personal inspection is held and the "Cadet of the Week" is announced, a coveted honor which each cadet strives to win. To win this distinguished award one must have a neat appearance and soldierly aspect.



WAYNE ALLEN KRONE

Krone, the king of the castle on the third floor, was born in Wichita in 1927 on March 30th. He came to St. John's in 1941. He was made corporal in 1942 and Lt. in 1943. At the present moment he rooms with Dotson in the officers room. Between two they cast fear and trembling into the poor cadets who do not see the tenderness of their hearts under the rough exteriors. Of course, it may be noted that the third floor is anything but a bunch of angels.

Krone is tall, blonde and rangy. His activity at the right end of the football line called forth many compliments from the referees of the last season. He was elected captain for the year after the last game of the season, according to the usual practice at St. John's. This capped a three-year activity as a letterman in football. He had also been chosen to be game-captain for the Solomon game, leading the team to the first victory over them in 18 years. He has been a member of the "S" club in '42 and '43, and he was chosen as secretary this year. Krone also tried his hand at wrestling in his first year at school.

This year he has been adding his wind to the weird noises which emanate from the aeronautics room where the embryo band has been trying to do some fancy 8-to-the-bar. Personally I like Beethoven. How are you doin'?

His roommates have been Gregg and Shore, neither of whom are here any more. This, however, should not be considered as any reflection upon Krone's ability to get along with people. He has many friends and many who will follow his career with interest. One gathers from the handwriting on his letters, some of these friends at least are not all cadets at St. John's school. Many will be the heart-burns of the Salina "gals" who have followed his intricate rug-cutting on the gym floor.

The youngest senior, Krone is in no danger of being caught in the draft at present. We were not able to catch him in a serious mood, so his purpose in life is a bit clouded. We quote, "I want to be a bartender in the Blue Moon."

But seriously, Wayne wants to help his father, Francis Krone, who promotes the oil industry in these parts. His heart's fondest wish is to get into the Air Corps,

"INFECTIOUS QUESTION OF THE MONTH!"

What's Happened to the G. O.?

That's the question that has been asked many times. Could it be that "King John" has not yet willed it so, or is there no officer material left to improve upon?

The Kadets anxiously await the coming of it, as we think only of the betterment of the corps, and truly believe that the appointment of more officers will not only benefit the men who are "gifted" with such, but the morale and spirit of the school will be improved greatly! Also the present officers have high hope in regard to the "coming 'G. O.'"

In closing may I add that I indeed hope our question is answered soon.

Signed: The "Kadet Corps."

EVENING STUDY HALL

Or How to Waste an Hour and a Half

Each evening around 7:30 the bugle blows; study hall for us, lads! This is a time set aside for us to prepare our lessons for tomorrow. (Kind of them, wasn't it?) The course for the next hour and a half might be related as follows:

"There's some pages in Trig. that Lt. Thompson told us to study over. Well, let's see, who's O. D.? Oh, Capt. Mahoney! Well, then I can play around a bit. Ah, here's a good funnie book. And I can read the Trig. in class tomorrow; nobody will know the diff."

Hearing noise down the hall, I quickly throw the comic under my pillow and pick up my closest book. When he comes in to inspect, there I sit, looking as seriously enthralled in my school work as can be. I think, "I wish he'd leave so I could look at my funnie book again." Then finally he leaves and I again resume where I left off. "Gee, I really pulled a fast one on him."

Finishing, I threw the comic on the table and fumbled through my textbook. After this went on for about ten minutes, I get tired of it and get another text. Again, I go through the same process as before.

Then I think of a letter I have to write. "No, I can't think of anything." Getting up, I look for another funnie book. "Who swiped the one I had here?" Upon not finding one, I sneak into the bathroom for a drink, then over across the hall to a friend's room. We shoot the breeze for awhile, but it soon breaks up as we hear Capt. Mahoney coming back around on check.

I hot-foot it back to my room and just in time, too. I no more get a book open and set down, when he pops. I pull my ole "studious look" on him.

WHERE'S ALL THE AMATEUR REPORTERS?

The Skirmisher is sadly in need of more articles and ideas. If anyone thinks he can be of help, please hand your efforts to Fr. Nale, or some member of the Skirmisher staff. Articles on almost anything will be accepted. We'd really like to make this as good a paper as possible. So please try to help, won't you?

but there is a year or so yet before he can make that decision. The Vanier's, from ranch experience, assure us that he can at least handle a tractor. Here's hoping Wayne gets what he wants.



THE REV. PETER FRANCIS

The Rev. Peter Francis, recently ordained to the Diaconate by Bishop Ivins, was a cadet at St. John's school in 1937-38. After leaving St. John's, he went to Nashotah House in Wisconsin where he took his College and Seminary training. He will return to the District of Salina this Spring to take up work in some of the areas where a Priest is needed. Bishop Nichols of Salina has not said just where he intends to station "Pete."

Pete came originally from New York (W. 15th St.) and is a good friend of our own "Brooklyn," both being well acquainted with Fr. Menard, Rector of Joe Hayes' Parish in the town of "dem bums."

Pete is remembered as a huge hulk of manhood that cast fear and trembling into opposing football linemen. He was active in many phases of school life and made good grades. He will be a welcome addition to the clergy of the District, and his former life here will make him a fit pastor.

BOW TO ENTERPRISE

The Bucketeers were defeated by Enterprise, 29-24, in the District tournament, after a nip and tuck game. The lead changed many times. Brown was high man with 11 points. Flanagan was captain, elected before the game as Captain for the year. The score by quarters was:

St. John's	6	10	15	24
Enterprise	3	8	19	29

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Floyd Lee Lotker, Ensign in the Merchant Marines, who has been gone five months, has cabled home that he is "well and still afloat—homeward bound." He has been married six months.

While overseas—probably Tasmania—he saw, standing with a bunch of fellows, a person whom he recognized as Bob Hickman, '41. They were both so surprised and pleased to meet someone they knew so far from home, they could neither speak for a moment.

Hickman is a cadet in the Merchant Marines and it was his first trip. He was on a Liberty ship.

The boys spent that evening and the next together and really had an enjoyable time talking about the good old days at St. John's.

Hickman's ship left after three days, but Lotker plans to look him up at the academy in New York.

Lotker made the remark that he has passed every boundary line in the world now except the Arctic Circle.

This information was called in to the school office today (1/10/44) by Mrs. Lotker, mother of Ensign Lotker, via long distance.

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CHAPEL

A new red dossil now hangs in back of the altar. Late one night Father Nale, who fortunately happened to be officer of the day, with the assistance of Courtney Black, risked life and limb to take down the old dark blue hangings. Armed with needles and thread, they tacked and sewed some red velour so that it more or less corresponded to the original pattern. Late at night they again risked limb and life, and hoisted the new dossil in place. It is hoped that no celebrant or acolyte sneezes too violently, otherwise the heavy curtain will simulate the walls of Jericho. Perhaps it was the fear of this event that drove Black out into the wide, wide world. The chaplain earnestly hopes some proficient seamstress will make a Lenten rule to finish hemming the job. The present effects of the new hanging is to make the chapel much richer in appearance.

A couple of squad boys, Williams and Hoffman, that same eventful night scrubbed, moved furniture, waxed and polished the sanctuary and main aisle of the chapel. The shining surface threatens to catch some unsuspecting server unawares. Perhaps it was the dread of seeing some senior acolyte skid down the steps in a flurry of red cassock and clattering candlestick that drove Hoffman to join Black in their adventure into the unknown. Williams, as yet, has merely taken his A. W. O. L. from squad.

The chapel schedule has undergone a change. The Junior School along with their officers attend morning chapel right after breakfast. This session is more informal than that for the older cadets who make their morning devotions just before school. The Junior School service is a catechism class, and they seem to enjoy the novelty as well as the simplicity of the service. Peterson plays the organ for the younger boys, while Capt. Brown continues his rhythmic and lively accompaniment for the upper school service.

Father Nale is conducting, during Lent, a course of sermons on the basic ideas underlying religion. He is taking up the Ten Commandments and then showing their relation to the teaching of our Lord.

The Tabernacle on the altar now houses the Blessed Sacrament. Also on the altar, is a receptacle in which have been deposited the written rules which the cadets have made for their own Lenten discipline.

Plans are already under way for a dramatic Easter celebration. Could be that there will be an early morning outdoor Mass with picnic breakfast. The usual Holy week and Holy Sabbath ceremonies will be held in the chapel.

The Bishop will confirm a class of cadets on March 26th.

We see that Kline, the third floor pilot, is giving James quite a bit of competition, getting rather chummie with M. Oliver again! After the Krone interruption, things seem to be back to normal. Good going, Clayte!

BIG SHINDIG SPONSORED BY "S" CLUB

The S-Club sponsored an informal dance on February 5th, in the mess hall. The entrance fee was 10c; stags 50c. The reason that they had to pay such a high price is because they weren't wanted very much. In spite of this fact, there were about seven cadets who came stag. They had a very good time.

About twenty couples made up the dance. During the first part of the evening, the school band made their second public appearance, which everybody enjoyed thoroughly. The rest of the music was furnished by the school juke-box. Everybody had a swell time. Dancing was started about 8:00 and ended at 11:00, and the cadets had one hour to take their dates home.

"Tiny" Comstock, who was the doorman, did a good job as bouncer, and kept the party going at full tilt.

WE TOOK TO THE HILLS

By York

A stag party took place on the hill the other night. It seems a certain cadet had a "booger buggy" that night and threw a stag party at his house for some of the fellows.

Well, the party progressed, but rather dryly, so the members decided to have the fairer sex invited in.

It wasn't much trouble to find the lasses.

Then the party boomed!

WHEW!

Wessie and Ruth scratched the linoleum in the basement to the phonograph, while the others chewed the rag. Then the hamburgers were cooked. Gosh! Juicy! The hamburgers, of course.

Soon it came time to get back, so the "booger buggy" was again loaded.

About the time the girls were to depart, Garrow and R. A. O. got in the groove! The "booger buggy" was soon filled with a romantic atmosphere.

Garrow sure hinted for another in the future.

FENCING

By Wessendorff

Fencing is a very thrilling sport. It has been going on here in St. John's for six or seven years. In my five years, I have always gone out for it. The St. John's team is known as the "Cavaliers."

In the spring of '40 the Cavaliers fenced many colleges and maturer teams. They always came back as a victorious team. It was very thrilling.

The next year we were also very victorious. In both years we had matches with Oklahoma U., Lightning Foils, K. C., Mo., Y. M. C. A., Friends University, and some other places in this vicinity.

The first year Fr. Moore was our instructor, and the next year Lt. Long—now a Capt. in the army—then Henderson, who was a former cadet, then Guilbert.

We have already done our best to get some matches with some of our older teams. We have not succeeded in getting any.

Would someone please give the other teams some equipment and a coach, please?

SECOND SEMESTER NEW BOYS

Allen, Robert, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Bennett, Richard, Wichita, Kansas.

Campbell, James, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Cavaness, Gus, Wichita, Kansas.

Chase, Richard, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Ford, J. Martin, Panhandle, Oklahoma.

Lindsey, Robert, Wichita, Kansas.

McCauley, Nicholas, Denver, Colorado.

McCauley, Robert, Denver, Colorado.

Robb, Richard, Denver, Colorado.

Wilcox, LeRoy, Omaha, Nebraska.

Winne, Harold, Walsh, Colorado.

Wood, Sterling, Salina, Kansas.

As we see the new boys, they are as follows:

Allen: The man with the answer to every opinion, "Gee Whiz!"

Bennett II: He made the dance a success for Fr. Nale.

Campbell II: The "Tulsa Kid No. 2."

Cavaness: The sheep in wolf's clothing.

Chase: The womens' whizz.

Ford: The red-headed riot.

Lindsey: The "barrelhouse-boogie" brother.

McCauley I and II: Denver's two exceptions. Shy boys.

Robb: He mooches "Old Golds" and if he buys it's "Lucky."

Wilcox and Winne: Two good non-union barbers.

Wood: The m-m-m-man with the sh-h-h-hort curly h-h-h-hair.

A TRIBUTE TO THE UNSUNG HEROES

Valentine's Day was celebrated in a big way this year at St. John's. It is when all the guys send "hearts" to their "one and only's," but apparently the tradition was reversed since this is "leap year."

Several of the Kadets came to realize that they had some unknown admirers in Salina. You know something like that sure gives a fella a big "buzz." It's really too bad that we can't thank the "Us Kids" and "Me" in person, for their "fond remembrance" of us. We all thought of returning their kindness, but since it was too much like work, we did not want to waste the postage. We had no conception of their identity so therefore dropped the subject without further adieu.

But the valentine was duly appreciated! A genius "work of art." We wish you the best of luck, and sincerely hope you get a "tumble" this year, as it comes only once, every four years, in a short lifetime! Thank you so much.

THE ST. JOHN'S KADETS.

JAM SESSIONS

By Dave Hoffman

A jam session is an informal gathering of temperamentally congenial jazz musicians who play unrehearsed and unscored music for their own enjoyment. It usually takes place in the early morning hours after the participants have finished their regular evening's work with large bands. Five or six men get upon a bandstand, someone calls out a tune and the music begins. With a trumpet punching out the lead, a reed or horn weaving patterns around the basic chordal structure of tune and a rythm section providing a rack-solid beat, the music is likely to emerge as something fresh and unforgettable. It represents the discarding of the shackles imposed by working with a band that plays "You'll Never Know" or "All or Nothing at All" in the same unimaginative arrangements night after night. It represents the final freedom of musical expression.

HOOKS

The hooks this year seem to be piling up on us! We seem to get them by the bushel now, instead of by the accustomed report.

By the looks of things, we cadets just aren't on the ball. There is no real reason why hooks must be turned in. If you do what you're told, whether you like it or not, when you're told, everything will be "jake." The officers over you were put there for a reason, and you can bet that they don't have it in for you in particular. Duty is duty and this is a military school.

Well, how about it, fellers. Let's try to cut down on our kapers and do what's right. For the good of everybody, let's turn over a new leaf and finish this year right. The less squad, the better it is and the happier you are.

Our attention has been called to the seats in the study hall. They are slowly but surely being torn out, one by one! The only way we can see how this is being done, is the games of tag which take place here every day. We wish that the junior school would please confine their tag game to the out-of-doors.

INTERESTING SUNDAY NIGHTS

Capt. Mahoney has started a plan in motion for the entertainment of the corps on Sunday nights. This affair will replace the accustomed evening study hall. Hooray!

The object of this entertainment is to boost morale and bring hidden talent to light.

The cadets are divided into four different clubs: Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Marines. Each club has a Sunday night for which they are responsible for the entertainment of the corps. The faculty have a turn also.

This is for the cadets' pleasure, but no guests are invited as it would complicate matters. Also, it is said that a change in schedule is good for the morale.

I know the cadets welcome this change and look forward to it. Our thanks go to Captain Mahoney and his constructive work for the corps.

MARTIN'S FATAL MISTAKE

Last Sunday afternoon while we were playing a snappy game of Bridge, Martin and Orr bid three hearts, while the other two players (I won't mention any names) bid five diamonds. Martin passed so we played five diamonds out. At the very first my partner counted the diamonds in his hand, and then mine which were down on the board, and said the only diamond that was out against us was the king. It was Martin's turn to lead, so like the smart boy that we all know he is, led the king of diamonds.

LIBRARY

One Saturday night during squad, Cadets Woodruff and Peterson worked in the library. They rearranged the books in alphabetical order and rebuilt some of the shelves, and cleaned up the place in general. The reference books were particularly hard to fix, because some thoughtless cadet or cadets have torn the backs off them. We think they did a fine job of fixing up the library, so let's try and keep it at least half way in order for the rest of the year.

Speaking of amusement, the theatre is a pleasant entertainment; at least Baer thinks so (the Jayhawk, especially). Would Dana Dial know anything about this? Also, we mustn't neglect little Winnie (the pop-corn girl), who is also a featured attraction. Boys, better take notice of her.

BARRACKS CHATTER

"Flash!" York has just secured another pair of shoes. Could it be that he has pull with the ration board?

As yours truly made his rounds, he discovered a new romance had bloomed overnight. It seems R. A. O. and G. W. are hitting it off pretty good from where I stand. "Woo-Woo!"

What's this I hear about Eppie stepping out on our "beloved" Swede? The important question is, will the S. J. M. S. truck cause a menace to the "Public" any longer? It looks like H. Waddell, Bill Case, Gemmill sisters and R. McArthur will have to carry on alone. What I can't figure out is where does Pat Poort fit into the picture?

The call just went through that a good date could be had at "3760." Hm-m-m, who could this be? I'll have to look into this!

We've been hearing so much of "Lois" from a certain cadet, that we decided to take notice. About four times a week, a perfumed letter comes to our "hero" from this "gal." But at last she has come out of hiding and sent her picture to him. From her looks, we'd like to get better acquainted.

What's happened to "Joan & Hugh"? At the last dance they seemed to have made a happy couple! Could destiny have stepped into the situation and taken a hand? Let's ask Moore I about it.

The other night, after taps had sounded and I was up in the "Glory Hole," I heard the hottest piece of news that I've heard in years. Cub has turned poet! He composed a poem, recognition of which I think is due from the school.

Mary wore a little shirt,
So neat, so light, so airy!
It never showed a speck of dirt,
But it surely did show Mary!

After shifting the moth-ball socks around again, we find that "Wolf Fritz" is on the loose again. Girls, beware!

Watching the game the other night out here, I noticed that Jansen could play best when Pat Wymore was around. If this is the right remedy, we should have a winning team.

"Couple of the Month" as pronounced by this column! We select "Flanigan." It seems that Mabel and "Bashful Flan" do O. K. together. Congratulations!

Well, guys and gals, here it's Valentine Day and all the kids are receiving "hearts" from their "one and only's." But one particular heart caught my fancy, addressed to Ladd II. Was it from "Margie" or "Jeanie"? Anyhow, it seemed pretty interesting.

We couldn't go to press without the mention of a feature attraction in our flourishing school. In searching the nooks and crannies we find that Capt. York has kinda held out on us. It seems that he has worn a beaten track to a certain girl's house, lately. Could it be the real thing this time. Ask Madeleine Mesick, she might know something of the situation.

The other night I went down to see the Major about some business. When I walked in, who should I see but Connie entertaining the great "Duke of Ellis." If my information is correct, this is really a flourishing friendship. Good work Duke! And also Connie!

Capt. Barker gave a talk in S. H. the other day about the A. W. O. L.'s coming off around here. Apparently Black and Hoffman got an idea from him, and we haven't heard anything of them in a coon's age. Surely Capt. Barker's ideas aren't a bad influence on our boys?

Him—I'll be frank with you. You're not the first girl I've kissed.
Her—I'll be equally frank with you. You've got a lot to learn.

Gob—Captain, I'm going to be seasick. What'll I do?
Captain—Don't worry, son, you'll do it!

Percy—Ma'm, I've got a headache.
Mrs. Shelton—Have you had any dates?
Percy—No, ma'm.
Mrs. Shelton—Been smoking or walking squad?
Percy—No, ma'm.
Mrs. Shelton—I know what's wrong with you. Your halo's too tight!

I wonder why Joe hasn't seen Audre Olson for quite a while? You know, I saw her up town the other day and she shore is cute. What's the matter here, something afoot?

It seems that little Billie H. is again going around in a happy mood. Apparently he and Betty D. are striking up a fond acquaintance again. More power to you, Billie!

The state of Kansas has just granted two barber's licenses to cadets Wilcox and Winne. We are most fortunate to have in our midst such talent. I'll make a guess that in the future the Kadets will present a neat appearance!

It is rumored that Howard II will come out of hibernation for the coming formal dance. This will be a red-letter day for the women of Salina, as our "bashful hero" seldom gives them a chance. He has to go a long way to catch his little brother, though.

It must be true love between Sgt. Rohr and Audrey Turley, otherwise no girl would trod the beaten tracks to St. John's when it was snowing. My sympathies to them both. May they have many more pleasant "Giraffe parties," oh, excuse me, I mean Sunday afternoons and after evening study hall's.

There sure was some racket around the phone a little while ago. Duck was calling Phyllis Lou and apparently was arguing with her. Surely, our little ideal couple weren't having harsh words? Duck, don't let her reform you, we like you as you are, too.

It is hinted that Ladd II would like to take Shank to the dance. Will he be honored with a date or will she give him a new breath of fresh air?

Each day a certain Pat H. awaits anxiously for the post-man to come. Maybe she is looking for a letter from her "one and only" in Nebraska. It sure would make matters better if he'd come down here, ah Pat? Be less gray hairs and postage!

Doug Wagner is having his troubles, I guess. From what I hear, he's having to fight for his girl, Doris G. A great big Salina Hi Senior told him to watch out, 'cause she was his girl. But we know Doug and he won't back down. Three cheers for Doug!

BAVARIA NOSES OUT ST. JOHN'S 41-36

Downs the Floundering Five in Last Minute of Play

The floundering five dropped their fifth game in a row, when Bavaria fought down a desperate last minute drive to win, 41-36. The game was rather close until the fourth quarter when Bavaria, behind Laas, their star center, went way ahead. Then the "Bucketers" started creeping up, but Laas sank two baskets for a Bavarian victory. Wagner and Brown led the "Bucketers" in scoring. The starting line-up:

St. John's	Bavaria
Wagner, 16	F. Lipe, 1
Brown, 10	F. Tillberg, 4
Flanigan, 6	C. Laas, 26
York, 0	G. Swenson, 4
Williams, 3	G. Daily, 4

Substitutions: St. J. M. S.—Yauney, Hays I, Bannon, Jansen, Haythorn. Bavaria—Stover, Lythle, Bacon.

"BUCKETEERS" FIND BUCKET AND BREAK LONG LOSING STREAK

Kanopolis Beaten for Second Time; "Idaho" Brown Captures the Laurels

The Floundering Five came out of the dumps to upset Kanopolis for the second time this season by a score of 37-25. The cadets were always in the lead and were never troubled. "Porky," as usual, fouled out, this time in the third quarter. "Idaho" returned to form and sank five baskets to lead the team. Flanigan and Jansen were in usual good form.

The Cadets led 7-6 at the quarter, 19-12 at the half, and 33-18 when the fourth quarter began. The team made a total of 14 fouls. The starting line-up:

St. J. M. S.	Kanopolis
Brown, 12	F. Hull, 6
Bannon, 2	F. Jewell, 6
Flanigan, 10	C. Milbrandt, 5
York, 0	G. Magana, 3
Haythorn, 4	G. Svoboda, 0

Substitutions: St. J. M. S.—Wagner, Yawney, Jansen, Williams, Martin. Kanopolis—Morgason, Gonzalez.

CAGEMEN TAKE LINCOLN AND LOSE TO WILBER

Eight men left for the annual basketball game with Nebraska Teachers' H. S. on February 25. The trip this year also included a game with a high school team in Wilber. Leaving shortly after breakfast, Lt. Thompson and Lt. Mueller drove the squad north. They arrived in Wilber in time to do a little sightseeing, impress the girls, and to eat lunch.

They went on the court against Wilber at 2:30 p. m. and ran into a little more opposition than was expected. Flanigan jumped center while Yauney and Wagner played forward. York and Haythorn were in the guard positions. The score at the half was 20-12 against St. John's. The team was a bit clumsy after the long ride, and their shooting was faulty. The last half, however, was more successful, the Kadets scoring 19 points against 13 for Wilber. As a matter of fact, both teams scored the same number of field goals, but the free throws of Wilber nosed the cadets out by two points. In the last quarter the cadets brought up their score from 19 to 31, while the Wilberites were able to bring their's up from 27 to 33.

The cadets were welcomed and shown a good time in the short visit available. They left Wilber about five o'clock, stopped off at Crete, and finally arrived in Lincoln in time for supper and to get settled in their rooms in the Cornhusker. Saturday dawned cold and clear.

The squad dressed early for the game

BENNINGTON DOWNS "BUCKETEERS" 63-24

York is the High Point Man

The Bennington team continued their high-scoring season by downing the "classy Cadets" at Bennington, 63-24. In the third quarter, the Floundering Five seemed to have been charged with electricity, scoring 10 points, but they didn't have much of a chance. Bennington iced the game with 19 points in the last quarter. The "B" team lost its game 53-18. Hats off to York, who, after having made three fouls in the first quarter, was able to play every minute of the game and become high point man. The starting line-up:

St. J. M. S.	Pts.	Bennington	Pts.
Brown	2	Dale	20
Wagner	5	Peterson	2
Flanigan	6	Wilcox	15
Jansen	2	Worhan	6
York	7	Geissert	6

"B"			
Clem	2	Brown	21
Deitrickson	3	Neill	19
Thompson	4	Bancroft	2
Haythorn	1	Haley	0
Marchington	0	Bosten	0

SOLOMON PUTS THE FINGER ON "BUCKETEERS"

Downs the Quins, 33-17; Jansen Leads the Team

The cadets dropped their 7th straight game of the season, losing to Solomon, 33-17. The Solomon team drew further ahead as the game progressed. We lost, so I won't write much about it. The starting line-up:

St. J. M. S.	Solomon
Brown, 4	F. Welsch, 7
Wagner, 2	F. Funston, 12
Flanigan, 5	C. Haddock, 4
Jansen, 6	G. Heidrick, 0
York, 0	G. Lahey, 4

"B"			
Clem, 0	F. Riordan, 21		
Saathoff, 0	F. Clark, 0		
Mauger, 0	C. Vaupel, 8		
Deitrickson, 0	G. Corcoran, 0		
Haythorn, 2	G. Mattison, 0		

and had a little practice in the huge Coliseum of the U. of N. The floor used for the game is fully twice the size of any gym which the team has used this year. The team, however, was right at home from the very beginning. Brown and Wagner raced off to an early start, sinking shots from all angles. Flanigan had no trouble getting the jump every time. Jansen, in defense quarterback position, kept the defense on their toes. Haythorn played in the "hole" and, by his brilliant defensive work, made it possible for our attack to go on without stopping all through the game.

The score by quarters tells the story: 11 to 0, 14-6, 20-10 and, finally, 38-16. Bannon and York and Yauney held the fort without scoring while the other men rested from their long dashes up and down the court.

The team won for itself a new self-confidence and they look forward eagerly to the coming state tournament. After a season of discouraging losses, it is nice to look back upon one good, solid game.

St. J. M. S.	Pts.	Teach. H. S.	Pts.
Brown	12	Cade	4
Wagner	11	Stevens	2
Bannon	0	Hamilton	10
Flanigan	12	W. Link	0
York	0	Herburt	0
Haythorn	0	C. Link	0
Jansen	3		
Yauney	0		

LENT

Lent is a name for the church season which comes just before Easter. The word itself is an old English word which means lengthen. This is applied to this season of the year because the days are now lengthening. All of the church year has a close relation to events in our Lord's life. Lent is the time when we try to identify our own lives with His temptation in the wilderness.

Our Lord's temptation lasted, of course, for 30 years. But the crisis of the whole battle which He waged with the forces of evil, occurred in those forty days which just preceded His active ministry. He met and conquered the three great temptations which are common to every son of a woman. The first of the three great temptations was to take advantage of His divinity, using it as a means to satisfy a purely physical and human need. Satan tempted Him to turn the stones into bread. Jesus refused to do so, knowing that were He to do so He would be denying what He knew to be true about God, His father; that whatever was allowed to happen to Him, even death from physical hunger, was and always would be the best possible expression of His Father's love for Him.

The second temptation was for Him to adapt the ways and means of the world, the spectacular approach rather than the hidden, hum-drum way of showing what goodness really is. Satan tempted Him to leap off the Temple and to allow the angels to bear Him down unhurt. Our Lord knew it was perfectly possible, and yet He refused because He knew that no one is ever truly converted by grandstand plays.

The third temptation was the most difficult. He was tempted to use evil means to accomplish a good end. Satan showed Him "all the kingdoms of the world" and promised Him kingship over them if he would only offer a momentary gesture of worship. Our Lord firmly turned him away with the scathing rebuke that "God alone is to be worshipped." This last temptation is the most difficult because there appeared before the Lord two choices: On the one hand He could accomplish His work quickly and with no danger to his followers. On the other hand He saw the long drawn-out process of converting the world, a process which we have been witnessing for nineteen hundred years.

He made His choice because nothing, not even the chance of losing some souls to God, would ever justify His doing what was fundamentally wrong.

Lent offers us a chance to enlist in this war with Satan. Victory is not a matter of time or guess. It is assured for us in our Lord's own triumph. He won. So can we.

PADE LEAVES SCHOOL

By York

Eugene Pade, a cadet of seven and a half years, left last month for the Merchant Marines. He hails from McCook, Nebraska.

Pade entered St. John's in the lower school, and progressed up through the grades to his junior year of high school. Then, because of his reaching eighteen years of age, making him eligible for the draft, he dropped out to take up the fight in the Merchant Marines.

We can look back on his past record and from it we know he will make good. He was commissioned a second lieutenant while only a junior, a rare honor as it doesn't happen very often.

So long, Eugene, we'll be seeing you after it's all over, and best of luck. We know you'll really carry the fight to 'em!

EXPEDITION TO LINCOLN

By Scrobo Jansen

The basketball trip to Lincoln is just over. From the standpoint of both players and coach it was very successful. Our first game was with Wilber, Nebr., High and we took a beating by only two points. Wagner made a bucket in the last minute to end the game with a thrill. The last quarter was played very well by the whole team. Before the game the cadets took a tour of the high school and the court house. Bannon, Flanigan and Jansen were very interested in the guides, who were good looking cheerleaders.

The team then went on to Lincoln where we stayed in the Cornhusker. We spent a quiet (ha, ha) night at the hotel and the next morning we met Governor Griswold and went thru the capitol. At three we played "Lincoln Teachers," and this turned out to be a very good game. We won very handily by a score of 38-16. Brown, Flanigan, Wagner and Jansen were the only ones able to score, but everyone played a good game. After the basketball game Father Nale lost a hard-fought handball game to the Teachers' coach. We spent another "quiet" night at the hotel and returned to dear old S. J. M. S. late in the afternoon on Sunday.

NOW YOU SEE 'EM,
NOW YOU DON'T

The Lost Sixth; those twenty young gentlemen, who have departed this military life, represent one-sixth of the starting line-up for the school year.

The reasons for leaving are varied and "sundried," and the withdrawals have been gradual. It may be interesting to see the whole picture by looking at the names that follow:

Nichols, the victim of the Junior School pogrom.

Adams, the lad that never seemed to get going.

White, erstwhile roommate of Mouse, Logan and Bur-head.

Leamer, the second time of A. W. O. L. took.

Dillenbeck, went out in a blaze of glory, after blowing up the fish in the park stream.

Stigler, who worried everybody by getting lost on Xmas furlough.

Pollard, the star full-back.

Hays, just where is that warm-up from Bavaria?

Fleming, the man nobody knew.

Black, what will the band do now?

Hoffman, can now wear colored socks to his heart's content.

Dennis, the Junior School loses another officer.

Fincher, we miss the savoir faire.

Winslow, the Winfield warrior.

Wigle, Daddy of the Junior School.

Coulter, the draft got him.

Snyder II, was SO eager to enlist.

Piper, now a sturdy student at Hays, Kansas.

Pade, a merchant-mariner, by gum!

Cameron, wonder what he's worrying about now?

But the empty places in ranks have been almost filled. From the long waiting-list have come to us a group of other cadets, and they seem to be filling up these places very well. 15 new cadets came in, so that we are only short 5 of capacity. We welcome the following:

Wood, Tatro, Winne, Wilcox, Robb, Brown II, McCaully I and II, Ford, Lindsey, Chase, Cavaness, Campbell II, Bennett II and Allen.

We are living in days of rapid movement. Let's all keep up the spirit of calm confidence, rejoicing that St. John's is such a school that can adjust itself to these changes in personnel.

WRESTLING

The annual state wrestling meet was held in Salina this year at Memorial Hall. Wichita High School East won. North High of Wichita is second, Oberlin third, Norton fourth in the tourney here in Salina. The fellows who participated from St. John's were: Lassen, Sperling, Siwan, Lindly, Lindesmith, Orr, Hames, Christensen, Olsen and Foster. The first day of the meet, Lassen was beaten 3-0, Sperling was beaten 5-4, Siwan was pinned in 1 min. 30 sec., Lindly was beaten 1-0, Lindesmith won his match 3-2, Orr was beaten 2-1, Christensen was beaten 4-0, Olsen won his match 1-0, and Foster got a bye to the consolations. Then on Saturday Lindesmith was beaten, and took fourth in his weight. Olsen was beaten by a fellow from North in Wichita, and then conquered two men, one from Oberlin and the other from St. Francis, and took third. Foster was beaten twice, once by a man from North and the other time East. Swede Olsen got a very nice medal out of the deal, and we all feel proud of our own little Swede. The season as a whole was a big success.

Captain Mahoney is to be congratulated for the good job of coaching.

BISHOP NICHOLS WILL CONFIRM
CADETS ON PASSION SUNDAY

The Rt. Rev. Shirley Nichols, Bishop of Salina, will be at the school to confirm the class which has been taking instruction since before Christmas.

The Confirmation will be held March 26th, Sunday afternoon, at 4:30 p. m., in the School Chapel. The Bishop will be at mess that evening after the service and preside over the table of the newly Confirmed.

The class is composed of several elements. Most of the men are from other church affiliations, and that has necessitated a little longer period of instruction than is usually required, in order that they might be completely at home in the Angelican ways of worship and prayer before they are confirmed.

Several of the parents are planning to be present, and it promises to be a festive occasion.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

By C. Clem

On February 1, Kansas and the United States lost one of its greatest sons. Since he began his journalistic career in 1890, he has constantly advocated changes which he thought were needed, not locally, but all over the United States through his own small newspaper, "The Emporia Gazette." Many of the larger papers daily published his editorials, the most famous of which was probably "What's the Matter with Kansas," written in August, 1896.

He never gave up his simple life in Emporia to live luxuriously in a big city, but preferred to remain in obscure surroundings where he thought he could best help the people.

He was born at Emporia in 1868. He received a good education, and was graduated from Kansas University in 1890. He was employed in newspaper work for a while, and then, in 1894, he purchased the Emporia Gazette. His editorials soon gained him nation-wide acclaim. Some of the most famous were: "The Real Issue," "The Courts of Boyville," and "God's Puppets." He ran for political office but once, in 1924. He ran for a local office to stamp out the Ku Klux Klan, but was defeated; however, he finally got rid of them through his paper. When he died, he received a simple funeral, which was attended by most of the Emporians and many journalists.

He was undoubtedly a great man, and he set a fine example for future generations of Americans. Such a man was William Allen White.

HONOR SOCIETY FORMED

Under the leadership of Lt. Thompson, the top-men in the scholastic attainment list have been formed into an honor society, associated with the National Honor Society. At the present writing they have not as yet been fully inducted.

A ceremony is planned wherein they will receive their full membership. A speaker will be on the program and the society will take its proper place in the scheme of things. Lt. Thompson is to be thanked for his earnest interest in this area, as our studies really do constitute our major "worry." It is right and proper that those who garner S-pluses should be given their proper adulation.



By Siwan

(This was the cut made for the Minstrel Show poster. It still is possible if some director with PLENTY OF TIME will offer his services) —Ed.