

The Skirmisher

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

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No. 5

19 - COMMENCEMENT - 47

About St. John's School

Bishop Elisha S. Thomas may well be called the founder of St. John's School. Soon after taking up his residence in Salina as Bishop Coadjutor of Kansas, he was inspired with the idea of starting a church school similar to the Shattuck School in Fairbault, Minn., with which he was more or less familiar. He interested a number of prominent citizens and soon the school was incorporated. The incorporators included: Bishop Thomas, The Rev. E. P. Chittenden, W. D. Christian, Joseph A. Antrim, Arthur M. Clafflin, Hugh King, J. H. Prescott, E. W. Ober, and William Hogben. Money was secured or the erection of the building by the sale of lots outside of town where the school was to be located. Late in 1887 Bishop Thomas H. Vail of the Diocese of Kansas laid the cornerstone.

Though still under construction, the school opened its doors in September, 1888, with thirty-six students, of whom only six were boarders. The next year the enrollment was more than doubled.

Bishop Thomas was the president of the Board of Trustees until his death in 1895. He was also Rector of the school except for a short period when the Rev. E. P. Chittenden assumed those duties.

Upon the death of Bishop Vail in 1889, Bishop Thomas assumed that office for the state of Kansas. Though he changed his residence from Salina to Topeka, he still came to St. John's at frequent intervals.

After Bishop Thomas's death Bishop Frank R. Millsbaugh took an active interest in the school. Then in 1901 after the Diocese of Salina was established, Bishop Sheldon M. Griswold assumed the supervision of the school until his transfer in 1917 to the Diocese of Chicago. Then in fair succession the position of superintendent passed through the hands of Bishops John C. Sage and Robert H. Mize who served the diocese of Salina until 1933.

Much can be said in praise of the many heads of the school and the members of the faculty who so unselfishly and tirelessly worked for its advancement. To Bishop Mize goes the credit for the longest tenure of service of any of his predecessors. Col. W. L. Ganssle served as superintendent for some seven years and was responsible for the development of the rival intra-mural clubs and the crack-squad. St. John's owe much to Colonel Roy W. Perkins who gave the last years of his life in service to the school. Mr. Newell A. Barker was the outstanding man of all faculty members of all time for his loyalty and untiring efforts.

At the present time Col. R. L. Clem has served in the capacity of superintendent since 1933. Major Paul Simpson has a distinctive tenure record of some seventeen or eighteen years. The one man who is credited with the longest period of unbroken service at St. John's is Mr. Al Hart whose position for some twenty-two years has been that of dietician and chef and who has endeared himself to the hearts of every cadet who has attended St. John's in all that time.

When the school opened it consisted of just one building, known as Vail Hall. In the years following two gymnasiums have been built and in 1904 the barracks were added to Vail Hall. In 1922 the

Junior School Building, formerly St. Barnabas' Hospital, was annexed and more recently a new and modern mess hall was erected on the site of the former gymnasium. This year the new John Bradford Armstrong Chapel was placed in location on the campus and by the opening of the new term of school it is hoped that a new gymnasium will be in location and ready for use.

—By Staff.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 10

St. John's, March 13

The Athletic Board of Control, this Headquarters, has awarded the following Cadets the official school letter for participation in Varsity Athletics for the 1946-47 school year:

FOOTBALL

Brennan, Thomas	Logan, Robert
Ensley, Richard	Miller, Robert
Estep, Ralph	Nordell, Bennett
Goodhart, Richard	Oberhelman, Jerry
Hanson, Charles	Peach, John
Lassen, Buster	Wilcox, Leroy
Livingston, Hugh	Comstock, Richard
Nite Ardon	Rood, Victor

Woodruff's Visit

St. John's, March 26—Parents and relatives of Cadet Woodruff, including Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Duncan, aunts of Cadet Woodruff, were early spring visitors at St. John's Military School.

This visit proved to be quite an auspicious occasion in more than one respect. Mr. Woodruff is, in a manner of speaking, a colorful individual whose experiences have been both bazaar and unique.

At the age of twelve he was known as the boy wonder and toured the United States as a concert pianist advertising a make of piano.

At fourteen Mr. Woodruff decided to become an artist, attempting various kinds of canvass but finally adopted still life as his medium. He is a self-instructed, self-made artist and is now known as America's premier still life painter. Through the help of Mr. Woodruff an art exhibit will be held at St. John's during commencement week.

The painting for this showing will be those of the Palmer House Exhibit of international reputation, and the agents contend that their desks will be the largest

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

May 12-19—The Palmer House Art Exhibit.

May 17, Saturday:

0930—Athletic Field Day.
2100—Senior Dance.

May 18, Sunday:

0800—Holy Communion.
1030—Baccalaureate Service, Grace Cathedral.
1430—Military Field Day.
1715—Final Retreat Parade
Presentation of Commissions
1800—Buffet Supper for Cadets, Alumni, and Guests.
2000—Commencement Exercises.
Presentation of Diplomas, Honors and Awards.

May 19, Monday:

0800—Last Formation.
Presentation of Warrants.
Lowering of Colors.

New Wrestling Coach

St. John's, March 31—Supplying one of the positions left vacant by Captain Mahoney's departure last year, Mr. Sam Green, former assistant coach at Salina High School, assumed the Mentor duties of the S.J.M.S. wrestling team for the 1947 season.

Mr. Green is the first professional wrestling coach to be employed by the school dating from the time the present Sgt. Aronis, one of Salina's World War II heroes, served in the capacity as director of the local grunt and groaners.

Sam Green is a graduate of Salina High and former student of Kansas Wesleyan where he distinguished himself in football. Later he graduated from college at Friends University, Wichita, but continued the study of special physical training courses at Lake Geneva and Estes Park, Colorado.

Mr. Green received his initial coaching experience at Wesleyan Business College, Salina, then a separate department of the college. He next served as physical director of the local Y. M. C. A. and was later transferred to Wichita to resume the same work there. After this came several coaching jobs for independent teams in various sports.

Mr. Green is one of those unique characters commonly known as "A Job of All Trades," which in this case is definitely complimentary since the man is really good in his various activities. The experiences of Coach Green include employment as a member of a comedy acrobatic team for Wiggly Brothers, stunt man on a 100-foot high tower fire dive, professional wrestling, newspaper advertising, and at present the operation of a private investigation agency.

—By Meyers.



MR. SAM GREEN



GLORY PORTAL

BASKETBALL

Bauman, Reed	Lassen, Buster
Capps, Wesley	Livingston, Hugh
Galbaugh, Peter	Scott, Robert
Goodhart, Richard	Rood, Victor

WRESTLING

Andreen, Mayo	Jackson, Richard
Carson, Roger	Lassen, Buster
Duvall, Stanton	Logan, Robert
Hanson, Charles	Martin, John
Hegstrom, William	Meyers, Jack
Howard, Roger	Nite, Ardon

ATHLETIC MANAGERS

Howard, Roger	Football
Schneider, Dudley	Basketball
Campbell, James	Wrestling

—By Staff.

and best of anything of its kind ever held in Kansas.

—By Glassen—Woodruff.

Congratulations

To St. John's and the Skirmisher staff for successfully obtaining the showing of the Palmer House Art Exhibit during the calendar dates of May 12-19 as a major feature of the Commencement Week activities.

KENNETH R. JONES,
Jo-Mar Dairies,
Salina, Kansas.

THE SKIRMISHER STAFF

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	Oberhelman
	Illustrator
	Carroll
	Ass't Illustrator
	Galbaugh

Prepared by The Staff

ALUMNI NOTES

J. B. Mourning, class of 1926-'27, is now employed as a masonry worker, Wichita, Kansas.

Jack Firstenberger, class of 1930, is a top ranking Geologist for Phillips Petroleum Company. He is solely responsible for having located several of the largest oil wells on record. Mr. Firstenberger is married, lives in Midland, Texas, and is the proud father of a promising young son.

Allison McClure, class of 1929, is manager of the Boulevard Theatre, Wichita, Kansas.

Ralph E. Hartman, class of 1929-'30, is a partner in the C&H Flying Service with offices at the Wichita Municipal Airport. Mr. Hartman is married and the proud father of two children.

Mr. Albert L. Poggeman, instructor for a number of years at S.J.M.S. is the Principal of the John Marshall Intermediate School, the newest educational plant in Wichita.

LeMar Chamberlain, cadet in 1927-'30, passed away in 1946 from the effects of throat infection.

Wayne Krone, class of 1944, has been recently released from the Army and is now attending business college in Wichita.

—By Livingston.

SUCCESS STORY FROM TWENTY YEARS AGO

Just a very few days ago the school received a letter from a friend whom they had not seen nor heard of in twenty years. Exactly twenty years ago this individual was a new boy in the Cadet Corps of St. John's. Here he performed many menial tasks such as shining shoes and making beds the same as today's cadets of similar status. While attending school, he was a close friend of another cadet who is now a member of the faculty, Lt. Niles Moffat.

This graduate, Mr. John J. Myers left St. John's in 1929 and, at the beginning of the following school year, enrolled in Westminster Junior College in Salt Lake City. A year later Mr. Myers attended the University of Utah where he graduated with a degree in Geology in 1933. At that time jobs were extremely difficult to find in this field due to the reduced schedule of some mines and the total stoppage of others. The requirements for a job such as Mr. Myers sought involved the status of being a college graduate, ten years experience in this particular field, all for a salary of \$80 per month. Most of those who had graduated with Mr. Myers could fulfill the requirements except the second. John covered the states of Utah, Idaho, Montana, and Nevada in search of employment but all in vain. After failure to find a job he entered the Safety field, one which at that time was gaining prominence.

Mr. Myers remained in the Safety field until the Germans moved into Poland, beginning the Second World War. At this time John was employed as a Safety Engineer for a mining company in Idaho. He left this employment for a job in the quartermasters corps where he was hired as an Inspector of Construction. Shortly afterwards he was promoted to the position of assistant to the project engineer. John's superior was in complete charge of scheduling men and materials for construction of a 37-20MM shell loading plant. This job, however, came to an end as all construction jobs do.

Following this, Mr. Myers, thinking of a better future than that of construction, went into the operations field for the Remington Arms Company. John went to the head offices of the company two days after Pearl Harbor. He was put in

charge of all expediting for the Utah Ordinance Plant having all heavy equipment, machine tools, and raw materials under his supervision. Because of the fear that the West Coast would be attacked, Mr. Myers was given orders to get equipment to Utah. Completing the job at Bridgeport, John was transferred to Utah where he was given the job as Engineer in the Planning and Scheduling section, allocating men and materials in the electrical department.

In June of 1943 Mr. Myers was offered a job with the Hanford Engineer Works in Pasco, Washington. The only information given him about this was that the plant is a subsidiary of the DuPont Company, the work was a long term construction job, and only his immediate family would know his location. Mr. Myers accepted.

John arrived in Hanford on November 9, 1943 and did not leave the locality for four and a half months. According to him the job was pretty big but the saga at Hanford, the construction town, will never be written.

Hanford was the fourth largest town in the state having a population of 65,000. There were seven mess halls, each seating 3,000 at a whack. Although the town was in the middle of the desert, the people had all the conveniences of a complete and modern community (thanks to the project.) There were stores, drug stores, theatres, a large recreation hall, an auditorium seating 5,000, barracks space for 27,000 men and 15,000 women, and a trailer camp that contained over 11,000 people, all with the best sanitary conditions possible.

Some of the men with Mr. Myers were given a thorough going over by the FBI and those who were passed were instructed to forget what ever they were to see or hear. No one knew what he was building.

Mr. Myers was placed in charge of all Safety Equipment used on the job and had a fair chance to see all the buildings being built and much of the equipment and machinery that was being put into them. Here no one knew what his neighbor was doing on the job. Probably the fear of 30 years or 10,000 dollars had something to do with the secrecy.

After the construction work was completed Mr. Myers was transferred to the operating end of the project and was assigned to what is known as the Health Instrument Group. This group is charged with the responsibility of keeping every one from getting injured from radiation. This work is still highly restricted as far as information is concerned but from time to time the workers are allowed to pass out small pieces of info.

When the bomb was dropped on Japan, Mr. Myers said that those who knew what they were building gave a sigh of relief. The families who had followed the men for a year and a half were finally able to disclose to friends and relatives their location.

Mr. Myers now lives in the town of Richland, which is several miles from the actual operations. Every inhabitant of this modern town works for the project and the place seems to be a dream come true. There are no slums, no unemployment, there are good schools, and the only bad feature is that the town is very far from any big city.

Here Mr. Myers lives with his wife whom he married in 1936 and the couple's two children, a girl, age ten, and a boy, eight.

—By Staff.

THE PALMER HOUSE EXHIBIT
ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL
MAY 12-19



INTERIOR VIEW—JOHN BRADFORD ARMSTRONG CHAPEL

The Memorial Chapel

The first services in this most important addition to our school facilities was held Thursday evening, 13 March, in the last chapel service before the Homing Sunday Furlough. The entire cadet corps with the faculty and the Bishop of Salina were in attendance. The sermon was preached by the Rector, who spoke of the many consecrated Christian lives which were the outgrowth of the old chapel at Camp Phillips and after the war the chapel for German Prisoners of War.

Since being placed on its present foundation, the interior has been completely redecorated and the chancel and sanctuary recarpeted. Installation of two large Chrysler Air Temp heaters and ventilators will assure comfort in both warm and cold weather.

The chapel is known as the John Bradford Armstrong Memorial Chapel, because it was through a generous gift of this aviator's aunt, Miss Eleanor Davis, of Buffalo, New York, that the project was made possible. Bishop Nichols has asked that dedication and consecration be deferred until a later date.

—By Pierson.

New Recreation Room Complete

One of the most popular projects undertaken at the school in recent years was completed in February when the new cadet recreation room, which occupies the full basement of the mess hall building, was opened for use. The room is 45 by 70 feet in area and has a wide appeal to both the younger and older cadets. Spare time is no longer dull time at St. John's because our personnel now has an inviting and attractive center for entertainment. Along the south side of the room are to be found the ping pong section and the club dance area where some of our group dances are held. Around the main area of the room on the north and the west are attractive, built-in booths and tables where refreshments can be enjoyed. A soda fountain and candy bar offer attractive wares at prices the cadets can afford to pay. Two pocket billiard tables are steadily in use during the times the room is open and the array of coin machines which have been keyed for pennies rather than nickels challenges the skill of our youthful operators. One of the most important aspects of the room is that it provides a suitable place for parties. The school welcomes the young lady friends of our cadets during certain evenings of the week and since the area is competently but unobtrusively supervised, both the cadets and their ladies find it an exceedingly attractive solution to the entertainment problem. You will recall that the initial impetus was given the room by generous donations from our patrons on Thanksgiving Day. Come and see it some time.

—By Brennan.

REFRESHMENT CENTER
"SPECIALISTS"

NEW POLICY

"We want a better school" was the unanimous cry of three weeks ago by each and every cadet of St. John's.

To better some things is an up-hill job, but in this case, it was simply a matter of getting on the ball. Ninety-five percent of all the cadets were behind the

officers and sergeants when they began their designed program for improvement in matters in general.

The program consisted of a single objective when it was first set up, namely to pull the school out of a steady decline in morale through the institution of a policy that every cadet and faculty member could be proud of.

The campaign was launched and with but few exceptions was a success. The exceptions mentioned were mostly due to the misunderstanding on the part of one cadet officer; however, the matter was soon adjusted, and the program has sailed on, so far, uninterrupted.

This may sound laughable, but we beg of you to take into serious consideration that we, the cadet corps, can have one of the best schools of its size in the country. Why? For the simple reason that if it is possible for the cadet officers and sergeants to maintain this purpose and leave an example for next year's men to follow, the trend upward will start right there. The officers of next year will add to this program whatever they deem necessary for the continued improvement of St. John's. If they will throw out personal feelings toward any outbreak that might be harmful to the over-all plan and take firm steps in any such case, they will have done their part. A continuation of such procedure by each succeeding officer groups will restore to St. John's a rock-bound and substantial policy. It all works on the same principle as rolling a snowball.

One may say "Yea, that's fine but what about all the playing around on the part of the officers and sergeants?" And look at all the mistakes that are made in performing their duties. This is true and there is but one answer for it. A problem of this nature is up to the cadets. For instance, the following is an example.

A cadet officer never wears an overseas cap to formation; never has his jacket buttoned; and gets out of chapel whenever possible. There's not a thing the average private can do but gripe, which he does. The officer who conducts himself in this manner should not be where he is. But there is still nothing the private can do as an effective remedy.

If all the cadet officers would kindly ask this problem-child to straighten up and fly right, he might do it but on the other hand if he chooses to be contrary then the commandant should be informed by some so-called "chicken" who at least has guts enough to be interested in the welfare of the school as well as his own best interests.

What the cadet officers are asking of all is best illustrated in the words—use your head. More than likely the cadet

(Continued on Page Five)

Senior Class Prophecy 1947

Those reading this tale must bear in mind that all incidents and dates are approximately placed at the time when most of the class are reaching the age of forty. With this thought in mind we will begin one of the strangest accounts and prophecies of all time.

Many many years ago in a small town in the state of Kansas (Salina by name) there was a distinguished graduation class the year 1947 from that nationally famous St. John's Military School. It is about this class and their many friends and interests that this story centers.

Having been members of this group we the co-authors of this tale will establish ourselves in one of the largest of the chemical manufacturing plants in the world. It is the home of TAKE-NOT PRODUCTS, INC. Here, two of Capt. Thompson's prize chemistry and physics students have astounded the world of science with their startling discoveries and their practical applications to make some of the most difficult jobs easy. It is here that Mr. Logan and Mr. Livingston have made a name for themselves.

To continue our story the two forementioned men decided to make a nationwide tour to relax from the chores of reconversion following the war with Russia which we barely won, by the way. We left one morning on the "City of Wichita" west-bound on the best and fastest streamliner in the world. While dining in the new ultra-modern lounge car, there appeared one who seemed quite familiar. Closer observation disclosed none other than Leroy Wilcox, President of the Omaha Railroad Company Ltd., that renowned industrial giant of railroad fame. A lively visit ensued without interruption until our arrival in Denver at which point there was to be a 12 hour layover. We scanned the list of interesting things to do and decided to attend the A. A. U. finals being held in Denver's new \$60,000,000 Municipal Auditorium and here were two of the strongest teams in the land since the days of Phillips '66" Oilers, battling for \$1,000,000 in cash and a free weekend in New York. A closer view of the programs startlingly revealed the name of Bob Scott, coach of the "Agate Kids," and subsequent inquiry led to "A-gate" himself. Just before the game, there was a speech by the president of A. A. U. International who also seemed vaguely familiar and in answer to our question Scott informed us that it was none other than Reed Bauman, one of our gang, who had now risen to the most prominent figure in the field of sports, being also high commissioner of baseball. After the game which the "Agate Kids" won by the amazing score 101 to 63, we retired for refreshments and to talk over old times. The owner of the small bar which we had entered turned out to be that indomitable fellow, Roger Howard, and it was also learned that he owned 17 other such places in the city as well. Howard set up the drinks even though it crimped his pocket as usual. Our time was about up so we hurried to the depot to continue westward. Boarding the train, we turned in for some much needed sleep, and the next night about six o'clock we arrived in Los Angeles and went directly to our hotel. It was a swanky deal and one of the finest in the west. We cleaned up and decided to go to the hotel night club known as the Penguin Club for an evening of fun. Almost at once we became aware of a familiar tempo of the music and asked the waiter whose outfit it was. He replied, "That sir, is one of the finest. Tommy Brennan, his Drums and Orchestra." The waiter delivered a note from us to the Maestro and soon Tommy had joined us. He said that he had enjoyed a fair degree of luck and now had the No. 1 band in the U. S. The next morning in the hotel lobby everything was in a bustle, and the clerk told us that a foremost milling magnate, Mr. B. B. Lassen and wife were due any second. He is reportedly a multimillionaire owning from coast to coast. About that instant the doors flew open and in buzzed B. B. Lassen and



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1947

1st row—from left to right: Logan, Brennan, Mueller II, Roope, Glassen, Howard.
2nd row: Meyers, Myrick, Ensley, Hanson I, Peach.
3rd row: Stafford, Bauman, Goodhart, Walker, Scott.
4th row: Heine, Livingston, Rood I, Pierson, Oberhelman.
5th row: Nordell, Wilcox, Carroll, and Miller.
Those not appearing in the picture include: Comstock and Pade.

Wife, the former Arleen Brasch with a train of assistants a mile long. We joined them over eye openers in the lobby bar and had another heart-warming chat about the old days. It was now time for lunch after which we visited a local casino for another eventful evening. We arrived at this spot about 9:30 p. m. and were greeted by the manager. We had our first fling at the roulette wheels to try our luck. Mine was bad as usual, so we, in due time, visited the manager's office to cash a check. Behind the desk sat the slickest card shark in all America, better known as Vic Rood. He quickly cashed our checks and all too soon it was time for fare-wells to be in order since we planned to leave the next day. We decided to take the southern route on the return trip touring Texas and Oklahoma. In Tulsa we chanced to meet Tony Hanson, one of the richest men in the oil industry, who by this time had accumulated something close to \$1,000,000,000. At this point another interesting visit was in store. Then came the departure for Wichita where we visited the Blue Goose, now owned and operated by William Walker. We all went to his club for a night of relaxation in the typical Walker fashion. The next day we were on our way to Salina to see the old homestead. Arriving there we found the school was one of the finest in the world with a cadet enrollment of over 900. A call at the Superintendent's office disclosed James Mueller I to be the head of the school believe it or not. This necessitated another long gab-fast, and then James introduced the commandant who turned out to be Romer Stafford, who was only a five star field Marshall in spite of all the brass. A tour of the old revealed that all the rooms we used to occupy were now assigned to the maintenance employees. The Superintendent was interrupted by the president of the Peach, Piauch, Poach, Pooch Typewriter Company, leading sellers of typing equipment and supplies in the world. Peach himself strolled up and lazily inquired as to how we had been. We all said "QIAUSCH" at the same time and he threw fits. We departed for town and on the way via cab had a wreck with a car that had "press" plastered all over it and out jumped Nordell and began snapping pictures. When he recognized us he gave us a lift into town

where we visited Miller's Dictionary Store only to find that it was owned and operated by Major Bob. He gave us each a Dictionary and let loose with a volley of words too big for anyone to understand and immediately "bummed" a weed from me. It brought back old times. Our next hop was to Lincoln, Nebraska, to see whom we could find there. Going to the leading hotel the boss and a whole chain of such places of business turned out to be old John Heinie in the flesh who provided us with a nights free lodging. We ate in a sharp Mexican cafe called John's place, and since the boss was supposed to be someplace around we looked him up only to find scatter brained Jack Meyers talking "politics" with some local yokel. We had a free meal (tortias and beans) and plenty of chops, then concluding our round up stopping in St. Louis because the train had hit a car load of pin ball machines belonging to Jim Mueller III. We found him raising holy heck which was only for effect, and all of us hustled off to town "toot Sweet." Jim the IIIrd. promised to show us the town; so we left immediately for a hotel in order to get ready.

When everything was in readiness we decided to go to the local amusement park called Pastime Gardens on the outskirts of town. Upon arriving, Jim told us he had a surprise in store and straightway led us to the manager's office where we found Jerry Oberhelman sitting in the driver's seat. Jerry hadn't changed a bit being strictly an all out anti-any-thing. The next night found us in Chicago where we ran into Daryl Pierson who was the leading manufacturer of automobiles in the country. During our conversation he informed us that R. E. "52" was established in Kentucky as president of one of the leading cigar manufacturers in the country. Incidentally, his special oddly enough was called "52" Deluse. He is rapidly becoming quite wealthy. Our long drawn-out confab with Pierson caused us to miss our train so we visited the Athletic Club arena to see the world's champion boxing match. We entered the arena and heard the announcer saying "in this corner we have the World Champion, Masher George Glassen who will defend his title for the 1,000th time." We about fell over, and later had the chance to exchange a few words with

George before he hurried away to sell advertising which was one of his side lines. Another shock of the evening was experienced in a top notch night spot where the featured singer proved to be "Kilroy" Tom Roope who gave a gargled impersonation of Sonatra, Crosby, and Durante of another day. Later in the offices of a large airplane company we found Clarence Marchington who had made of himself a veritable Czar of the air lanes. At about this moment we heard a bugle in the dim distance and became lazily aware of our-square nook environment, plus the fact that we had been reclining up one of those famous double-decker bunks, and the year was 1947. Ain't it queer what a piece of cold mince pie, and six vanilla ice cream sodas will do to a guy if eaten just before going to bed.
—By Livingston—Logan.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of St. John's of the year 1947, being of sound mind and body (we hope), do hereby attest and bequeath the following articles, whether immaterial or otherwise, to the underclassmen of this institution.

To Stanton Duvall, Brennan leaves his hair in hopes that someday "Stoodie" will have something besides his ears to keep his cap on.

To Capps and Galbaugh, Pade leaves his good old Buick for them to use at their convenience for trips to the State Lake. Along with this goes Goodhart's Mobilgas credit card.

Oberhelman leaves his fair city of Topeka to anyone who will take it, although there is a rumor that he will have a hard time palming it off.

To the boys in B-5, Howard wills his technique for smuggling contraband liquids into the barracks.

To the unsuspected recruits of next year, "Doc" Nordell leaves his dress uniform in the hope that they will have as much fun with it as he did in Denver.

"Bus" Lassen leaves his "long-way round" touchdown making plays to "Laramie" Rediesal of the Junior School, hoping that he can use them at the right moment in the games with Hope in the seasons to come.

Livingston has but one thing to leave, and that is Carol Bass, but the lad is not willin'.

To Gilmore of the Junior School, "Tiny" Comstock leaves his (ahem) story telling qualities. Not that Gilmore needs them at all.

Daryl Pierson wills his fair city of Winfield to anyone who in the future is disgusted with where he's been and is looking for a place with plenty of peace and quiet. Pe-Pe also leaves his cane to all those who break their legs in the first day of football practice.

Miller leaves his much used dictionary to anyone who becomes afflicted with that terrible yearning for knowledge.

To Hanson II, Tony Hanson leaves his revolutionary speech habits in the hope that somebody he will recognize his partners in crime as "Boommate."

Meyers leaves all his knives, razors, swords, and other dissecting instruments to anyone who in the future has a quarrel to pick.

To "Puder" Luder, Vic Rood leaves all of his poker tricks with which the young lad may someday break the bank at Monte Carlo.

Bob Logan wills his height to Jerry Jones so that Jerry at some future date will be a "big" boy like "L."

To all those fellows from that fine town (?) of Wichita, Reed Bauman generously leaves his immortal Denver as a fitting example of what a good city should be like.

Ensley wills that wonderful organization known as C floor to Charlie Wade that he may continue the good work which the officers of that fine group have started this year.

"Poothbert" Roope leaves his wonderful deportment to the Missouri boy, Bill Bullington, for numerous reasons.

(Continued on Page Four)

1947 Commencement Week—May 17, 18, 19

Commencement Speaker:

The Honorable Frank Carlson, Governor of Kansas

All "Old Boys" and Legionnaires Welcome

Why not have some class reunions



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

(Continued from Page Three)

Romer Lee Staford, The Hoisington Kid, was going to cede the Bus to someone, but since he is returning to drive it himself next year, he has but one thing left to donate and that is his old "Twin-City" that is down on the farm.

Somewhere in the state of Colorado is a town named Agate, and the metropolis Bob Scott leaves to the one person whom he thinks deserves it most. Well, figure that out, dear reader.

To Jon VanWormer, Bill Walker leaves the most stupendous bequest of all. Namely, his unusual auditory organs, although there is some apparent doubt as to VanWormer's actual need of them.

Peach leaves ——— (period).

To all those young, industrious students in the future classes of Captain Thompson, Jim Mueller leaves his many weird and mystical methods of cluttering up the lab.

The wrestling teams of the future can easily count on championship qualifications from now on, since "Mouse" Marchington wills his mighty biceps to that department.

Master George Glassen would gladly will his well-known "E———Er" to someone except that poor George couldn't possibly get along without it.

Myrick has hardly anything to offer except a hole in the ground known as the Cave of the Winds and he's not too sure that he can give that up since he might need something to crawl into one of these days.

Heine concedes his job as postman to anyone who is unlucky enough to draw that assignment.

To anyone interested in boxing Carroll will draw a "rough" sketch of how not to become an expert in that field.

Last but not least (we hope), the whole senior class leaves Leroy Wilcox to the highest bidder. And with this bargain (?) goes this wonderful city of Henderson, Nevada, at no extra cost. Of course, one is not to be had without the other!

If you think the Cadets are half-way crazy, you're just all Cadet. Why, dear reader, these lads are completely gone as the following labels will indicate:

Andreen—Gangreen.
Schneider—Cowboy Joe.
Howard—Bur the Cur.
Harvey—Hick Harvey.
James—Frauline.
Wilcox—Shaky, Shabby, Greenie, Bingo.
Guimarian—Shawnee Pride.
Hanson I—Tiger Tooth.
Duvall—Squinty.
Martin II—Hazy Hosey.
Stafford—Hoisington Hick.
Peach—Pooch-Peach-Pooch-Piech.
Livingston—Floyd, the Barber's Kid.

1946-'47 In Review

We have reached that point in the school year known as evaluating-time, when a lot of personal bookkeeping is involuntarily done.

What has happened in this year 1946 and '47? At first the individual is inclined to say—not much. But wait a minute. Let's take a look at the calendar.

In the first place there have never been so many new faces at any one time on the staff. These include: Captain and Mrs. Guernsey, Lieutenant and Mrs. Houser, Mrs. Sommers, Miss Rathert, and Mr. Sam Green, all of the teaching faculty. Many other personnel changes in other departments have marked the year's progress.

During the football season we went like great guns knocking the daylights out of our opponents in three league games; then came that enigmatic experience of when is a football game not a game in which the appropriate answer concerns a trip to Denver.

The Thanksgiving season was a double success with the largest turn-out of guests in a long time and the arrival of the chapel on location.

The basketball season was so-so, neither good nor exactly bad. Then came an upsurge in morale that started the track and baseball events with a bang. This new flavor in affairs was backed also by the fact that Col. Clem gave us strong assurance that a new gym for St. John's was a certainty for the fall of 1947, not to mention several other new buildings secured through Army Surplus.

One of the greatest opportunities that St. John's has had in many years is the showing of The Palmer House Exhibit which will be open to the public on our own campus May 12-19.

Well, there's been a little activity this year after all.

Those names appearing on the Rector's Honor Roll for the sixth grading period include:

Brennan	Jackson
Engel	May
Holm	Mueller I
Nemser	

Lt. Moffat: The old editor is bothered by the undue amount of interest the Senior class has shown in journalism as far as English and Literature is concerned.

Captain Smith: The Hill City rug cutter is sportin' a new 1946 Henry.

Cadet Best: "You're a cheat."
Cadet Moreland: "I am not."
Cadet Best: "You are too, I know danged well that I never dealt you that ace."

SMOKY HILL TO BE SCENE OF CAP CADET ENCAMPMENT

Arrangements have been completed for the Civil Air Patrol Cadets of Kansas to hold their encampment at the Smoky Hill Army Air Base this summer, according to an announcement made today by the CAP Wing Headquarters in Wichita.

Smoky Hill is an active Army Air Base and this year's encampment is expected to be the largest and best Cadet encampment ever held in Kansas. Some 300 Cadets are expected to enroll in the camp which will be held from June 8th to June 22nd, inclusive. Cadets will be quartered in special barracks and will be under the supervision of their own camp commander, and his staff who are experienced CAP officers and will include among others a Medical Officer.

Training facilities and equipment of the Air Base will be available to the Cadets on an optional basis. This equipment includes a Link trainer and pressure chamber. In addition there will be courses in physical fitness, pre-flight aeronautical ground training, marksmanship, basic military training and drill, also arrangements are being made to allow each Cadet a flight in any army plane piloted by army pilots. Recreational activities will include swimming and field sports. Training officers will be appointed from active AAF personnel on the base. Lt. John S. Fitzpatrick of Wichita is Assistant Wing Training officers in charge of the CAP Cadet Training program.

Civil Air Patrol Cadets are young men 15 to 18 years in age who are interested in basic military and aeronautical pre-flight instruction. Year round training is available to them in their home town squadrons and flight groups by trained CAP senior officers.

—By Staff.

Col. Clem: "Why did you leave your last job?"

Cadet Trams: "Illness."

Col. Clem: "What was the trouble?"

Cadet Trams: "The boss was sick of me."

Capt. Guernsey: "Do you remember your first spanking?"

Cadet Gilmore: "Do I! I can remember every one of them."

Capt. Guernsey: "Oh, so you were spanked before?"

Cadet Gilmore: "I've been spanked as far back as I can remember."

Mrs. Meadows: "You seem to have worries, Mr. Hart. What's cookin'?"

Al: "I've swallowed an unopened egg, and now I don't know whether to sit still to keep it from breaking, or keep moving so it won't hatch."

Pat Mueller: "I saw you winking at the girls on South Santa Fe today."

Jim Mueller: "I wasn't winking. Something just got in my eye."

Pat Mueller: "She got in your car, too, didn't she?"

Mrs. Guernsey: "Is your Colorado cabin modern?"

Major Simpson: "No. Just five rooms and a path."

Dean Thompson: "Why do you say that mother's evening gown is like a balloon?"

Capt. Thompson: "Because neither has any visible means of support."

Capt. Smith: "Are you writing a letter home?"

Cadet Anderson: "Nope, I'm writing a letter to myself."

Capt. Smith: "That's interesting. What are you going to write to yourself?"

Cadet Anderson: "How should I know? I haven't received it yet."

Captain Mueller: That five o'clock shadow has become a blue flash.

Wilcox: "Honest guys, I saw a real ghost and it looked just like a donkey."

Hanson I: "Aw, that wasn't a ghost—all you saw was your shadow."

Lt. Moffat: "Who can tell me if 'trousers' are singular or plural?"

Cadet Mueller I: (after much silence) "Well, sir, I'd say that the top was singular and the bottom plural."

Buglar Garber: "Say, Mac, that clock on the wall is fast isn't it?"

Lt. Macauley I: "Of course it is you dope, if it wasn't it would fall down."

Scott: "I'll admit that she's a little bit snobbish, but she is mighty pretty."

Meyers: "She's the village belle alright, but she shouldn't have been tolled."

Macauley II, after explaining how to clean a rifle: "Hipp, in cleaning your rifle what is the first thing that you would do?"

Cadet Hipp: "Well, the first thing I'd do is make sure that it was my rifle."

Wilcox (to class of young boys at St. Faiths): "Can anyone tell me what weapon Samson used to kill so many Philistines?"

1st little boy: "A sling shot, sir?"

Wilcox: "No. No." Then pointing to jaw, "What's this?"

2nd little boy: "Oh, I know. The jaw bone of an ass."

Campbell I: "Say roommate, where did you get that black eye?"

Logan: "You know that lovely dance we had last night; well I was struck by the beauty of the place."

ST. J. M. S. CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

NEW POLICY

(Continued from Page Two)

officer will seemingly do many things that will appear as a direct cross of regulations, but just what person isn't guilty of similar actions. There will be plenty mistakes made by the cadet officers and many others in the next two months, and in this respect it is well to remember that three is but one Perfect Man.

The success of the new policy requires the cooperation of every faculty member; every cadet officer; every sergeant; and all others. Each one owes it to himself to allow self-reflected credit to make St. John's a credit to each individual.

Baseball News

St. John's School, Mar. 24—The school baseball squad reported for the first practice on Friday, March 21, which appropriately was the first day of Spring.

The practice got under way with the usual pre-season exercises consisting of a few "pepper" tryouts and numerous games of catch.

Some faces that appeared on the diamond were returnees from last years season including: Scott, Miller, Goodhart, Galbaugh, Peach, Bauman, Estep who is back after a year of absence, Marchington, Livingston, Carroll, and Rood.

Some of the newcomers were Jackson, Guimarian, Woll, and many others whose names will appear later.

The 1947 season is looked forward to with much anticipation even though the Smoky Valley League has decided to drop competition in the sport. All games will be scheduled by Arch Stuck, and we feel sure that the team will have the privilege of some good competition. If all goes well the season should be successful and we feel certain that the whole school extends the best of luck to the ball club.

—Goodhart

New "S" Club Pledges

St. John's, March 25—The portals of that mystery of mysteries, the inner sanctum of the "S" Club opened momentarily of recent date to admit eight guests from among this semester's lettermen who by special invitation were induced to take that precarious step of becoming pledges to St. John's ancient and most honored fraternity.

Since fourth floor Vail Hall is now off bounds, there was no choice but to hold initiation in the History room on first floor Vail Hall which hindered some of the effectiveness of the usual ritual. However, even with the shortened form of the official ceremony the emphasis of the proceedings were duly satisfying, and the events of the night promised to be such that would long be remembered.

The noteworthy guests on this occasion and the activities in which they distinguished themselves include: Howard, equipment room and football manager; Carson, wrestling; Martin, wrestling; Jackson, wrestling; Duvall, wrestling; Hegstrom, wrestling; Estep, football as well as basketball of '45; and Gerber, track.

The new pledges are true examples of good athletes and typical cadets. Howard, the Vancouver kid, doesn't know when he's well off. (Leaving Washington to attend school in Kansas.) Carson, the boy whose haircut is a dead give-away of his personality. Martin, "Jose" from south of the border and strictly a border-line case. Jackson, fresh off the reservation. Duvall, better known as "Squints" or "Owl Eyes." Hegstrom, the guy who's in love with "Sioux City Sue." Estep, the Rockin' Chair champion of the Ozarks. And Gerber, the track flash who never feels like running but always places.

—By Vic Rood.

TRACK NOTES—OR THE SCANTY PANTS CREW

Always at about this time of year there are some of the darndest sights to be seen about the various campuses that by all rights should be reserved for only the wildest imaginings of the most hopeless D. T. maniac.

To this end St. John's is no exception. Each afternoon, not to mention other occasions, there are any number of ghost-like characters cavorting about on the East grounds of the campus. In spite of all laws of decency, these would-be imitations of the human race wear less than enough to flag even a switch donkey in a stone quarry.

Well, all this adds up to that affair known as track. Those dog-faced "gents" who are abusing the privilege of the "strip tease" include: Gerber, Campbell II, Wilcox, Mueller II, Hip, Nemser, and Ensley who at the present are classified as dash men, which is only true of course where food is concerned or some good looking "fluff" happens to be around.

Next in this line-up of international freaks are to be found such monickers as: Bullington, Pierson, Short, Luder, Myrick, and Nite. All so-called distance men, but we have a hunch it's long distance and mostly by telephone at that.

There is that part of track activity known as field events for which most cadet personnel feel more than adequately qualified but not in any athletic sense. A lush field in June on a moonlight night would certainly be a fit setting for such young heroes as: Guimarian, Huffman, Hegstrom, Harvey, James, Schmidt, Van Wormer, Rood II, and Mueller III.

The travesty of this whole situation is that a mild mannered, innocent child such as Wade has been drafted into the job of managing this monstrous menagerie in a "let's you and him fight" combination with "Tiny" Comstock as chief coholder. Then to give the organization that note of austerity and authority, Colonel Clem has assumed the mentor duties, and it is rumored that the Colonel's presence has resulted in an unexpected bit of economy since it is only necessary for him to step up to the starting line of any event and straightway there is no need of a starter's gun.

From this assortment of wierd facts, it would be utter folly to attempt any predictions except that the best man will probably be caught asleep under the East hedge, the dash men will all develop housemaid's knee, and all others will become fit applicants for some psychopathic ward.

—By Nordell.



TAKING A "FLYER"

Cadets Make Good Showing in First Outing of Season

St. John's, April 2—The 1947 edition of the St. John's baseball team made a fine showing in the first play of the season, taking on a crack Kansas Wesleyan squad which was far superior. The Cadets in spite of an 8-0 score, made a fine showing and hopes are high for another undefeated season this year. The cadets infield play in the four inning fray was flawless and their outfielders made some fine catches. Their main trouble seemed to be at bat as they only got four hits. These were collected by Livingston, Scott, Goodhart, and Bauman.

Scott made a good showing in the pitch-



A "CASEY" HOPEFUL

er's box and with a few days more practice on accuracy should be able to hold his own against any opposition we encounter this year. The Wesleyanites had some very fine players who knew how to hit. Being college boys, most of them vets, they were far out of the Cadets' class. If the weather holds out to give the Cadets some good practice they will be on top by graduation.

In the various depts., the cadets are three and four deep in manpower. At first base, Miller is the returning letterman, but he will undoubtedly do some pitching; so he will be backed up by Goodhart who will take over in the former's absence. At second base it looks like an out and out duel between Jimmy Campbell and Peach. I make no predictions here. At short there is Pete Galbaugh who is the returning letterman and is very well situated for now. At third is Reed Bauman a letterman from last year's team. If he can raise his batting to a higher mark, he will be one of the best in these parts. In the outfield we have three returning lettermen in Marchington, Estep, and Hanson I. Marchington held the highest batting average most of the season last year and he seems to still have his eye. Estep returns after a year's absence. Hanson played in left field last year and wielded a pretty fair stick at the plate. Catching going to be pretty close, with Rood I who is a letterman from last year. Livingston who was an understudy last year is much improved after playing all summer. This should be interesting to watch. Scott will return to pitch this year. Here again a summer of experience has done wonders and he will be tough. Miller and Galbaugh will undoubtedly back him up. The prospects as a whole look bright indeed and the Cadets' first game April 10 will show us what to expect.

The starting lineup for the cadets' first game follows:

1b Goodhart
2b Peach
ss Galbaugh
3b Bauman
lf Estep
cf Marchington
rf Hanson I
c Livingston
p Scott
Subs: Lassen, cf; Miller p.
—Livingston

LAME-HALT-BLIND COLUMN

Those non-conforming members of the royal order of the Sons of Daughters of I Will Arise who have had to rely on the solace of the infirmary since the last publication:

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5. "Parasites often catch on to you before you catch on to them."

"This is my work; my blessing not my doom; of all who live, I am the one by whom this work can best be done."

—Al.

HUMOR

Ginmarion: "Chee, de boids choip pretty."

Howard: "Those aren't 'boids' they're birds."

Ginmarion: "No foolin'. Chee, dey choip just like boids."

Cadet Best: "My grandfather lived to be 98 years old."

Cadet Fowler: "Gee, that's goin' some. What finally got him?"

Cadet Best: "Plot number 6, section 13, of Everygreen Cemetery."

Col. Clem: "Have an accident?"

Lt. Moffat: "No thanks, just had one."

Capt. Mueller, to Mueller I: "If you had hugged your side of the curve you wouldn't have had that smash-up."

Pat Mueller: "He was hugging a curve all right, but it wasn't in the road."

Bishop Nichols, to new young father of triplets: "God has indeed smiled on your happy household."

Young Father: "That was no smile. God just plain gave me the horse-laff."

Elaine: "I wish I knew how many men will be made wretched when I marry."

"Dorothy: "Why! Are you thinking of becoming a bigamist?"

Wilcox, announcing drill session: "The crack squad will hold a practice drill tonight at 7:00 p.m. sharp, with only their caps and rifles."

Seen in church news: "Two ladies sang a duet, 'The Lord Knows Why'."

Capt. Smith: "My wife often compares me with Adonis."

Capt. Guernsey: "But there is no comparison."

Capt. Smith: "Yes, that's what she says."

Judge: "Did you ever see this prisoner before the bar in your life?"

Bob: "Sure, that's where we always meet."

Dentist: "You have acute pyorrhea."

Miller: "Save the compliments, Doc, and look at my teeth."

Sgt. Nite: "What blankety-blank-blank put these flowers on the table?"

Pvt. Hanson II: "Maj. Simpson did, sir."

Sgt. Nite: "Purty, aren't they?"

Pvt. Carson: "Sgt. Livingston talks to himself all the time."

Pete Galbaugh: "So does Sgt. Hanson, but he doesn't know it. He thinks we are listening."

Maj. Simpson: "What has twelve legs, a green body, pink eyes, and fuzz?"

Pvt. Schnieder: "I don't know, sir. What does?"

Maj. Simpson: "Well, I don't know either, but it doesn't look becoming on your neck!"

Capt. Smith: "I ordered apple pie, waiter. This looks like peach to me."

Waiter: "What does it taste like, sir?"

Capt. Smith: "I'm not sure."

Waiter: "What difference does it make?"

Maj. Simpson, sniffing at bottle suspiciously: "Al, are you sure this horse-radish is fresh?"

Al Hart: "Of course I'm sure. I only killed the horse this morning!"

Capt. Guernsey: "What must a man be before he is accorded a full military funeral?"

B. Lassen: "I believe he must be a captain first, sir."

Capt. Guernsey: "Wouldn't it help if he were dead first?"

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Lt. Houser: Getting along top-hole as a night owl, and believe-it-or-not the Missis says nothing of his running around 'till all hours.

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