

The Skirmisher

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY SCHOOL, SALINA, KANSAS

Vol. V.

MAY 15, 1922

No. 8

TO CAMP AT LAST

Weather finally clears and Cadets March Out in Martial Glory

As April approached its end everybody began to wonder when it would be time to go to camp. The wet weather, that had prevailed the greater part of April, continued most of the time during the first week of May. One clear evening, just as the cadets were about to leave the dining room, Major Ganssle got up and announced that on the morrow the advance guard would be sent out if the weather cleared. Alas, on the following day our good friend, the south wind, brought one of the worst rains of the season, which continued about forty hours straight.

Clear weather finally came and the advance guard was sent. On Thursday night, the fourth, Major Ganssle got all the cadets together in the study hall, for the purpose of talking over the problems of camp. He told them what clothes to take, what medicines to have, and the rules and regulations that would be observed while in camp. One interesting thing noticeable at the meeting was the various questions asked by the cadets.

Every one was in a high state of glee at breakfast, for in two hours he was going to bid goodbye to textbooks, etc. for a season. At nine o'clock sharp the bugle corps, the members of both companies with their guns, and the infant cavalry corps, were in line. "Forward march!" was the raucous command given by the mammoth major. Out of the campus and down Santa Fe marched the battalion to the martial strains of the bugle corps. Even Scouty was excited and accompanied the battalion clear to camp.

As the battalion passed through town lots of spectators gathered on the sidewalks and remarked what a fine appearance it made. Even a Salina paper was curious enough to telephone and ask what it was all about.

As the parade passed up Iron poor



A BUSY MOMENT IN CAMP LIFE

Billy lost his bridle and had to hang on by grabbing his animal around the neck. Not so fortunate was poor Gaume. His animal simply would not obey and ascend the hill just before reaching camp. So poor Gaume had to remain behind and let him munch until some one came to the rescue.

Towards the end the smaller ones began to tire of the journey of six miles, so part of them was picked up by the truck. In a short time the rest was hauled to camp. Soon every one had unpacked and settled down to an open life of two weeks.

The utility officers of camp are as follows: "Buck" Burkhart, cook; Winger, mess sergeant; Freeman, supply sergeant; Spoelstra G., stable sergeant; Linville, truck sergeant; Putnam, chief of kitchen police.

During camp cadets are allowed to come to town by special permit, but so far there has been a great deal to do to keep every one busy. The most important problem at present is to get the cadets in shape for target practice.

MacCracken: You know what they do with fellows like you in the army?

Lichty: Yes, they give them a commission.

Advance Guard to Camp

Encampment necessitated the usual advance detail to prepare the camp sight and have everything in readiness. Heretofore only old boys have been granted the privilege of going on the detail, but this year, however, the restriction was modified and the privilege granted with regard to scholastic standing and military conduct.

The duties of the advance guard were not as easy as might be imagined; on the contrary they were very tiresome and fatiguing. The target pit, which had become pretty well filled up during the winter, had to be dug out; as a result of this very strenuous and hot work there were many sore arms, legs and backs around camp for a few days. The tents had to be pitched and pegged in true military fashion. The ropes that hang over the river for the swimmers had to be wound, knotted and tied safely in the trees.

Just fair weather favored the guard this year. The sun shone at times but the abominable south wind moaned and raved most of the time, making the pitching of tents very difficult. At night the damp ground and the chill of the wind made it somewhat strenuous for the cadets that had been used to all the comforts of indoor life.

Those that went with advance party are Smith D., Pattison, Lippincott, Freeman, Hyde, McWhinney, Pickering, Woulfe R., Linville, Snedden, Condon, Kirkpatrick, Wood, McDonald, and Shaffer.

Two Strange Air Hunters

Two young men were staying over night at a hotel in a little village in Tennessee. Neither of them had ever seen a firefly. During the evening the mosquitoes began to get very hungry. Finally one of them said:

"Say, pal, if we turn off the lights they can't find us."

A few moments later the other replied:

"It's no use, neighbor, they're hunting us with lanterns."

CAMP NOTES

Many relatives and friends of the boys have been out to camp on Sundays. On Sunday, May 7th, the following were visitors: Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hiller; Maj. and Mrs. Roy Perkins; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Putnam, son and daughter; Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Clark; Miss Gladys Pratt of Lucas; Mrs. Ganssle and Joyce; Mrs. Allen and Mary; Mrs. Shideler and Raymond, and Mrs. Wier. On Sunday May 14th, the camp welcomed the following: Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Clark; Maj. and Mrs. Roy Perkins and children; Lieut. and Mrs. Russell Cravens; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown; Mrs. Ruhl; Miss Margaret Harmon of Ellsworth; Mrs. Connly and Miss Connly; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Putnam and children; Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Benner, Miss Evlyn Benner, Albert Benner; Miss Marjorie Housel; Mrs. Ganssle and Joyce; Mrs. Allen and Mary; Mrs. Shideler and Raymond, and Mrs. Wier.

The shooting began on Monday, May 8th, and has been progressing satisfactorily since. The target is located at the base of the hill on the east and the marksmen's tent is situated about 200 yards to the west. Squads from the two companies are selected for the morning and afternoon. Different groups are chosen for pit service. So far the following have scored high records out of 150 shots: Hoskinson 138, McDonald 132, and McCracken 124. Soon the cadets will start on the rapid fire shooting.

Winger and McCracken are the Izaak Waltons of camp. One evening they put out a line and then went to their bunks, trusting to luck. The next morning they came back and found the line being drawn hither and thither. They both tried a hand but the obstinate denizen of the muddy stream would not budge an inch. In his wanderings he got safely lodged among some branches. Mac jumped in, pulled and dangled until he brought a nice eight pound carp to shore. Every one in camp was in rapture over the catch and talked about it for the rest of the day. Horace gave it to Bobby to bring back to school for Mrs. Mercer, who prepared it in delicious fashion. Since then Winger and McCracken have caught several good strings.

"Buck" Burkhart is serving his second season as cook at the camp. "Buck's" activities are by no means confined to the kitchen. He is the best jumper and run-and-broad jumper in camp. Besides he is probably

the best pistol and gun shot. During the war he was on a receiving ship in San Francisco. His home is in Salina, where he runs a very successful lunch room.

Keith Wildes visited his brother Cadet Wildes the early part of the week.

The Phi Delta Sigmas gave the first degree to Grant, Linville and Smith E. and the second degree to Shiney, Poin-dexter, Aldous and McCracken last Friday evening. Lippincott, Hill, Pattison and Carl Johnson are the only old members in School. Bruce Johnson, a member of the fraternity and a graduate of two years ago, came out to witness the initiation. Smith E., how far was it to the water?

Snedden, you should use your long distance glasses when you see a Marmion car coming.

Exciting boxing contests between Moe and McMurtrie and Moe and Pratt were held. Moe was declared the winner in each contest.

Ralph Hiller and J. W. Brown came out to shoot Saturday evening. Mr. Brown hit the bull's eye for five straight.

Mr. K. P. Mayer, a large manufacturer of Denver, came out last Thursday evening to call on Cadet Aldous.

Major Wier: "Where is What's His Name?" All: "We don't know."

Harris K. returned from Kansas City last Friday, where he was called on account of the illness of his brother John. We are glad to hear that John is much improved and that he will probably return next year.

Mr. W. O. Armantrout of Wichita has been spending the greater part of the week with his son Orris. In camp Orris pines for Wichita and the S. P. D. man.

Dr. McKnight failed in his efforts in counteracting the cold effects of the east wind Thursday night and consequently sought the warmth of "Buck's" fire at five o'clock. Use paper under your bunk, Doctor.

Much to the surprise of every one Schlesinger has shown himself to be the Jack Demsey of the camp. It is said that Jeff has a strong uppercut.

Several kinds of fests prevail in camp at various times. Before inspections and at meals it is gabfest between Shiney, Winger, Putnam, and others. During leisure moments it is talkfest in the pit, down at the rope and in the tents. And before taps it is songfest with the raucous and melodious voices of Shiney, Aldous, Putnam, Shields, Kirkpatrick, Winger, McWhinney, and McCracken leading.

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The camp has been pitched on the South side of Smoky Hill River on Bob White's farm. On the east stand the tents of the faculty members and the commissioned officers; the tents of Company A face south and the tents of Company B face north.

Smith D and "Buck" had a heated argument the other day. It ended with Smith joining the K. P. squad.

Major Wier (to a stranger that has suddenly appeared before the pit while the squad is firing): "Get thee home, Bruno!"

A service was held by the boys last Sunday evening. Doctor McKnight spoke on the meaning of Mother's Day. At the close the cadets and visitors sang the St. John's song.

Lippy has been quite attentive to a nice looking girl that lives on the hill. Lippy doesn't seem to have the nerve to saddle a horse and ride off in that direction alone.

Lippy (to Bobby): "That's a mean saddle you have." Bobby: "Mean? I don't understand." Lippy: "Why good." Bobby: "It's mean on the horse."

Bobbie was immensely delighted last Sunday afternoon. The wonder is how Bobby can get along without the telephone.

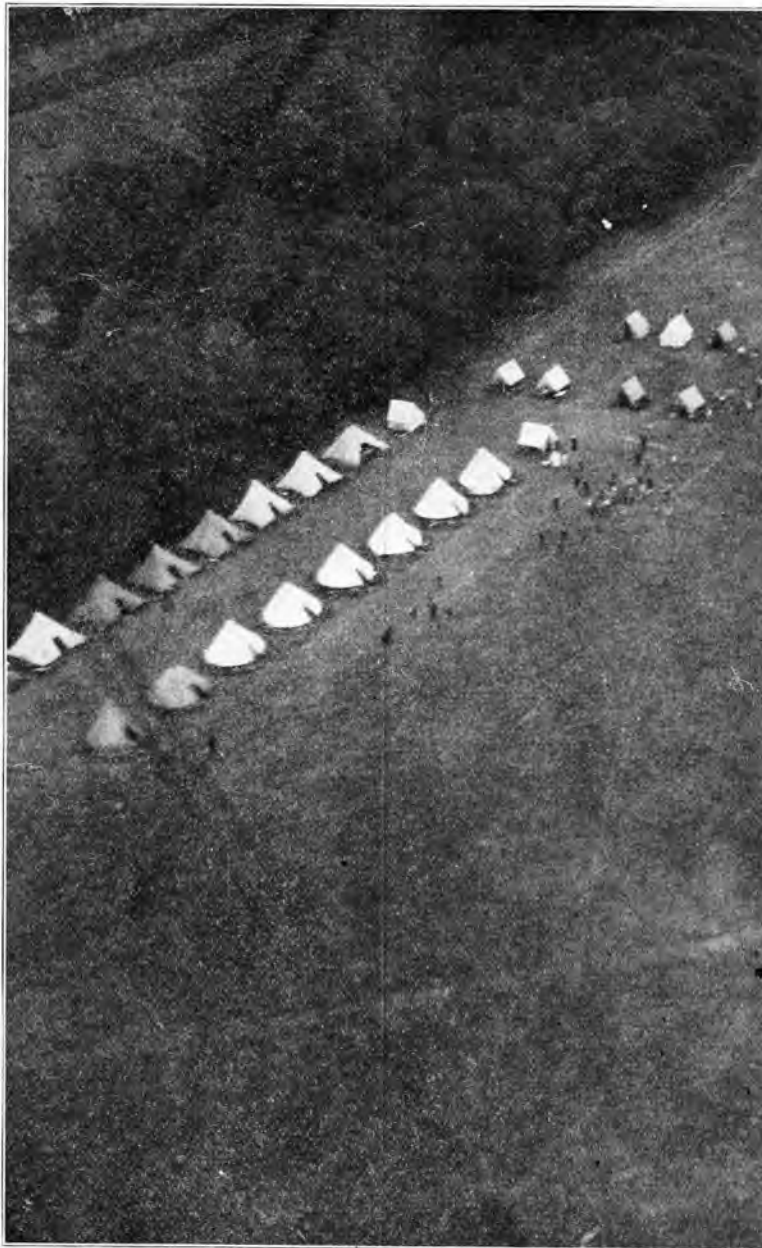
The radio set was installed in the tent south of Major Ganssle's, but so far there has been too much static for connecting in with the outside world. Before going to camp Captain Bernard was fortunate in connecting with El Dorado. He heard Manion's father remark: "Talking in one of these things is like talking to the whole world."

Captain Howes and Pooley have made the highest score so far. Each has drawn the red flag five times. But has Kirkpatrick done much better?

Wright, Crooks, Frederickson and Ginden were out in the wheat field the other evening, which is off bounds, having the time of their lives. Suddenly the eyes of the major wandered in that direction and saw them just as they were trying to drop down. They were marched in and sentenced to K. P. duty over Sunday.

Lichty had been searching long and patiently in his tent for a towel and swimming suit. Everything had been piled pell mell, but the desired articles could not be discovered. In sheer disgust he burst out:

"Well, in this tent it's a clear case of the survival of the slickest."



THE CAMP PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AEROPLANE

Those who wish to be placed on the regular mailing list to receive the "Skirmisher" throughout the year will kindly sign and mail the slip hereunder, enclosing \$1.50 as their subscription.

.....1922.

To the Editor of The Skirmisher,
St. John's Military School, Salina, Kansas.

DEAR SIR:

Enclosed please find.....for \$1.50 as my subscription for the "Skirmisher" for the current school year.

The Skirmisher

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St. John's in District Meet

On Saturday, May 6th, the district meet was held on the track of Kansas Wesleyan University. There were fourteen teams entered representing this district. The track was in good condition for the meet, and fast time was chalked down for every race. A record was broken in the mile run. In the field events several records were broken—the javelin, shot and high jump. The mile relay at the end of the meet was the most interesting event of the day. A Salina High School man led the race until within two feet of the finish tape where he fell. Abilene was running second, but the runner finished in the wrong lane. McPherson won the relay because Salina did not finish. The relay was the deciding event of the day, and McPherson took the meet by a narrow margin.

St. John's took 8 points. Pattison for St. John's took first place in the 50 yard dash and finished second in the 100 yard dash by about 1/2 inch. The other St. John's man showed up well, notwithstanding the fact that practically no training was possible before the meet because of the rain. Lippincott in the high jump went 5 ft., 4 in., which was 1 inch higher than his previous records.

No Cooked Windpipe.

A certain cadet was invited out for lunch. One of the courses consisted of chicken and macaroni. The boy ate the chicken with great enjoyment but never touched the macaroni. Finally the hostess asked him if he didn't care for it. He replied: "No thank you, we don't cook windpipe over at our house."

Qualified

Artist (to applicant for post of model)—But do you think you can remain in one position for an indefinite period?

Applicant—Oh, yus, sir.

Artist—What's your occupation been?

Applicant—Bricklayer, sir.

—London Mail.

Flapper Talk

According to a good many articles that have appeared in our daily papers in recent months, fathers and mothers will have to learn flapper talk, if they want to understand some of the terms used by their sons and daughters. A good deal of this kind of talk has sprung up since the close of the war, and perhaps the greater part of it has been made in the United States. Undoubtedly like all slang talk of the past it will soon lose its novelty and fall into disuse.

Here are some definitions that have been copied from the flapper lexicon in the New York Sunday World:

Cake-eater. A small salaried male person who frequents teas and other entertainments and never makes any effort to repay his social obligations.

Darb. A person with money who can be relied on to pay the bill.

Flat-wheeler. A young man whose idea of entertaining a girl is to take her for a walk

Goofy. To be in love with.

Finagler. A young man who stalls until some one else pays the bill.

Wind-sucker. Any person given to boasting.

Lense-louse. A person given to monopolizing the conversation.

Crasher. Any one who comes to parties uninvited.

Tomato. A pretty girl who can dance like a streak, but is otherwise a dum-dora.

Mad-money. The money a girl carries in case she has a row with her escort and wishes to go home alone.

Necker. A person of either sex given to cheek-to-cheek dancing.

Grease-ball. A foreign cake-eater.

Monog. A young person of either sex who is goofy about one person at a time.

Jane. A girl who meets you on the stoop.

Strike-breaker. A girl put in to take the place of a young's regular girl when she is away.

Finale-hopper. A young man or woman who makes it a business to appear late at dances after the ticket takers have gone.

Close to It

"I'm afraid our boy Josh is a lounge lizard," said Farmer Cornfossel.

"He ain't," replied Josh's fond mother. "He's only a plesiosaurus."

"How do you make that out?"

"I happened to see in the dictionary that 'plesiosaurus' means 'near lizard.'"—Washington Star.

Doings in the Camp Zoo

Every year at camp a zoological collection of snakes, owls, turtles, possums, and birds is made, especially by the younger boys. Up to the present time a big mud-turtle has been corralled and kept prisoner in a tent, but, safe to say, at a good distance. His chief delight to the boys is the way he will snap off the heads of baby blue racers.

Farley's pet is a little baby blue that he captured among the rocks on a hill around camp. In a quiet stealthy way he dangled it over the head of a lounge lizard in one of the tents, who lost no time in being on his bipeds and doing a jazz ballet to another corner.

Poor Elmer, in his efforts to secure a zoo recruit, was scared out of his wits by a jab from a bull snake, which luckily is not dangerous. A healthy application of first aid and the fatherly care of a faculty member soon restored him to calm. Boys, be sure to let your zoo companions seek their primitive habitats before you break camp.

Wood's Poetical Flight

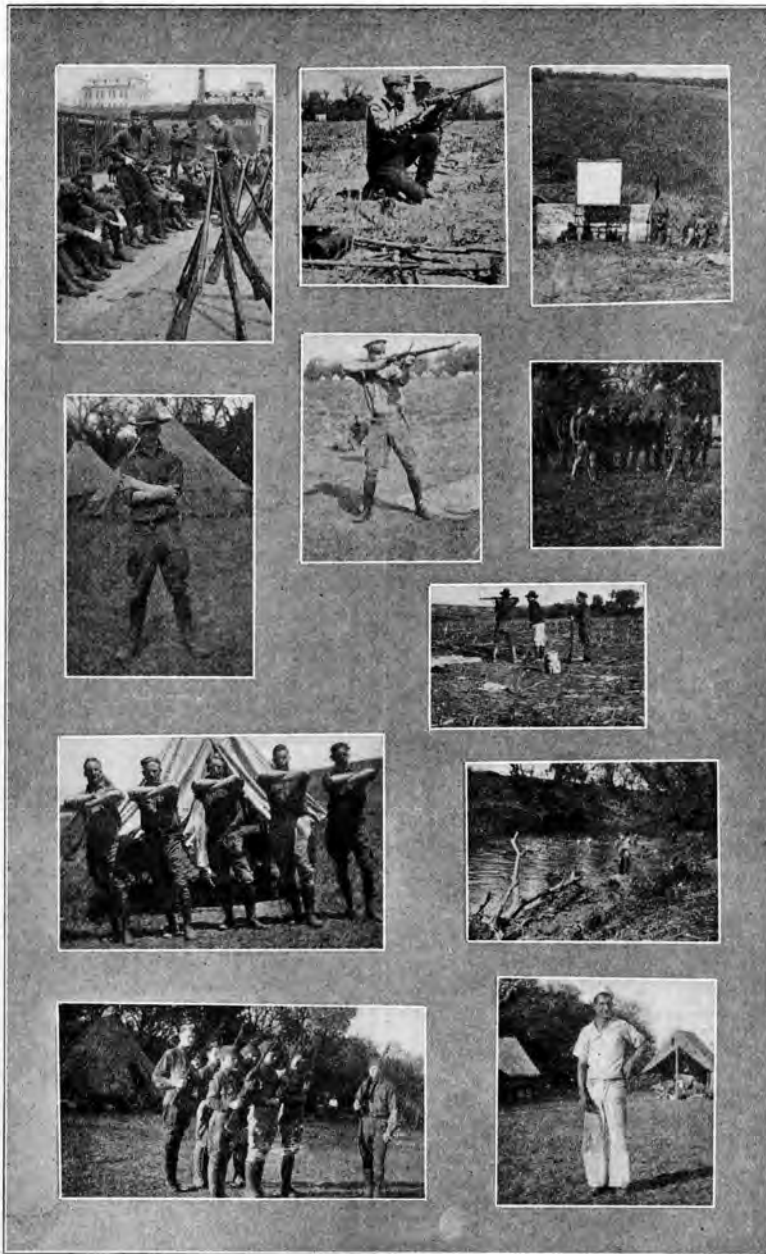
Wood's poetical fancy led him over the hill back of the White home. For a moment he stood with his arms resting on a fence. Perhaps he was thinking of the failure to receive any answer to his add in the Skirmisher or the proper word and color of his next squib. All at once he discovered a nice vegetable patch, and in response to the suggestion of his spasmodic urge he vaulted the fence and began turning aside leaves and plants for something to munch. This was rather abruptly halted by the bark of a healthy bull pup, that was coming with a speedy bound over the patch. There was no time to muse or munch now. The lithe and graceful Wood made a bee-line for the fence. Here his motor apparatus went wrong, for he was unable to execute his vault stunt. Safety was secured but at the price of a big patch mounted on a barb and two deep incisions in the right leg. Now Wood prefers to commune with his muse in a lizard pose.

Captain Bernard; Greer, what is your favorite pastime?

Greer: Chewing the gizzard of a chicken.

Winger: "I'm chilled to the bone."

McWhinney: "Why don't you wear a heavier cap?"



SCENES FROM CAMP LIFE

Here or Hereafter

Judge—Rufus, you've heard the charges against you. Are you guilty or not guilty?

Rufus—Ah 'fuses to ansah, on de ground Ah mought incinerate mahself. —American Legion Weekly.

Buck was back of the firing squad and was watching with the rest the members of the pit who were lounging on the concrete wall. Finally in disgust he exclaimed:

"What're they doin' settin' there, that ain't no business."

The Bridge of Sighs

Wife (awakened)—Why so grumpy, Tom? Didn't your host have a congenial gathering?

Tom (sighing)—Yeah; there were several men present with rather winning personalities.—Judge.

Heavy Burden

"You're looking worried, old man."
"I'm feeling that way."
"What's on your mind?"
"A piece of my wife's."

—Boston Transcript.

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Strawberry looks a gentle mare,
Her back's so plump and round;
She chews her cud with easy air,
When she's loose on pasture ground.

But woe be he who takes her mane,
And leaps upon her back;
He'd wished he'd never felt such pain,
Of this equestrian rack.

So never thought four lusty lads,
Who approached this coy mustang,
But they felt like four young foolish
cads,
When they spilled off with a bang.

First comes the strong and mighty
Gus,
Who is up like young Apollo,
Now, look, how he does fret and cuss,
When his mane in mud must wallow.

With pride of an ancient Scotch,
Comes the lank and canny Mac,
But the wily mare keeps careful
watch,
And sprawls him on his back.

As if in a game of pool,
Comes the cereless happy Put;
He too feels like a poor blamed fool,
When the ground collides with his nut.

Last comes our youthful Princeton
Dick,
To mount this eel-like steed;
He too feels quite sore and sick,
For their faults he does not heed.

So, boys, now come and lend your ear,
Just listen to my prattle;
You'll suffer like poor bootleg beer,
Unless this mare you saddle.

—Anonymous.

Understudy to Professor's Son

A young boy was invited out to the professor's house for dinner. As he had never been out before he asked the professor's son what he should say.

"You say everything as I say it," was the reply.

The meal went on in fine shape, and when all were through eating, the hostess passed the cake around, her son being the first.

"No thank you, I have dined bountifully."

The guest was the next. Misunderstanding what was said by the son, he replied:

"No thank you, I have downed a bellyful."



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Donald and the Leading Lady

Donald was in the audience,
Sitting in the parquet;
When to the leading lady,
He was asked to present a boquet.

Up sprang Donald, nothing loath
To prove his gallantry;
A remnant of the old regime,
A flower of chivalry.

With head erect and courtly grace,
Lightly o'er the rail he sprang;
His foot slipped—a box o'eturned
And Donald lit with a bang.

Like unto a young ox was he,
As he galloped gracefully on.
His heart—it thrilled in ecstasy,
His voice—it was completely gone.

And now at times in study hall,
Donald sits with a vacant stare;
His mind's enjoying a sweet recall,
Of the lady so juicy and rare.
PUTNAM.

It Happened After Taps

At taps the soldier's day is done,
But not so with three chaps;
They had decided to take a run,
You know the results perhaps.

They ran around the foot-ball field,
And they seemed to be having great
fun.

They heard the major and away they
heeled,
As if they were shot by a gun.

They were caught and into the office
led,
The door was slammed and locked.
We guess they wished they'd stayed
in bed,
As the office swayed and rocked.

At last the door was opened again,
The major came out with a stick;
Also three boys came out of the den,
They looked quite pale and sick.

And now my friends before you go,
Just think before you leap;
For the aftermath you ought to know,
Will make you dance and weep.
POOLY.

"Fo'd Dem Dice"

Two negroes were shooting craps.
One had shot three naturals straight,
when his worthy opponent said, "Fo'd
dem dice! Fo'd dem dice!"

"Niggah, what you all mean by 'fo'd
dem dice'?" asked the winner curi-
ously.

"Doan yoo knows wat dat means?
Why niggah it means shake, rattle,
and roll."

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