

The Graphos

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY BY THE NEW ULM HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME XIII.

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1929.

NUMBER 11

N. U. WINS DISTRICT CHAMPIONSHIP

HIGH CAGERS LOSE PAIR ON ROAD

Boys Receive Double Setback at Lambertson and Tracy.

Travel may be healthy and educational, but, oh, my, not so good for basket ball records. This is the conception one may get when he refers to the New Ulm high school's basket ball trip of last week. The boys were going on in great style, until they bumped into Tracy and Lambertson on foreign fields. But, after summing up the details, we may justly say that it wasn't all the team's fault.

Lose to Lambertson, 18 to 9.

The Red Flashes encountered their first first snag at Lambertson, on Friday evening, when they took the short end of an 18 to 9 score. Relatively speaking, a defeat of this sort has no direct bearing on a team's ability as the Lambertson court is of such minute dimensions that team play is impossible; while on the other hand it is beneficial to Lambertson's type of play. It's extreme narrowness permits a five-man defence to form a human chain across the floor, and furthermore, breaking chains while playing basket ball offsets the scoring power of a team.

Defeated by Tracy, 24-16.

On Saturday the New Ulm quint completed their disastrous trip by losing to Tracy 24-16 in a very interesting affair.

Tracy's quint averages six feet and better, and by resorting to a tip-off play, keeping the ball out of the New Ulmites' reach, they obtained a flying start, looping four baskets in very short order. The New Ulm boys took time out, and revamped their lineup so as to cope with their height. This proved successful, as they made a spirited rally with the shifted lineup, but the loss of Stelljes, Gislason, and Jim Emmerich via the personal route, proved too great a barrier for the boys to hurdle; and consequently, they took a 24-16 beating.

The game was a knockout throughout, and although the boys went down in defeat, they made a good job out of it.

A Student Definition of Love.

It brings heaven down to earth and raises hell.

Hugo A.: "I ran into a friend of yours yesterday."

Minnie: "I hope you apologized."

Bugga: "Now, listen, Frosh, you are big enough now that you're in high school, so we want you to go out for something."

Billy Milkey: "Yes, sir, just a minute, till I get my coat and hat."

DEBATE TEAM DEFEATS SPRINGFIELD

Last Monday, New Ulm overthrew the barracks of precedent, which surround Springfield's debating team. The debate was the most exciting and thrilling one, held in New Ulm this school term. The fact that both teams were so nearly matched in sound arguments made it difficult for the audience to tell exactly which team would win. Springfield has of late years enjoyed district, regional, and state championship titles.

Mr. A. Pfaender, acting as chairman, introduced the speakers, and explained the rules of the contest.

Mr. Nydal, replacing Mr. A. B. Morris of the State Teachers' College at Mankato, Mr. C. C. Aird, instructor at the Mankato Teachers' College, and Supt. W. H. Detamore of Blue Earth county, acted as judges. Two of these judges cast their votes for New Ulm, one for Springfield.

The New Ulm team, consisting of Virginia Alwin, Margaret Galloway, and Marion Pfaender upheld the affirmative side of the question: "Resolved, that the U. S. should cease

to protect by armed force domestic capital investments in foreign lands without a formal declaration of war." The negative was upheld by the Springfield team, including Mona Anderson, Elaine Hartwick, and Albert Prahl.

The district debates include a series of three debates between the four schools of this district. At each debate there are three judges' votes. After this series of debates the school having the largest number of votes to its credit wins the district championship. New Ulm had eight votes, Springfield had six. This gives New Ulm the championship title with a lead of two votes.

On the fifth of March, the local debating trio will go to Worthington to participate in the first set of the regional debates. In this debate, the New Ulm team will uphold the negative side of the question.

Our debating team has made notable progress this year and certainly should be congratulated on winning the district championship.

RED FLASHES TAKE FALL OUT OF SLEEPY EYE

Spirited Last-Minute Rally Turns Defeat Into Victory.

In what was easily the most thrilling game of the season, the New Ulm high school basket ball team nosed out its traditional rival, the Sleepy Eye quint, 19 to 20, on the local Armory floor, Friday evening. The game was marked with thrills, a last-minute rally saving the honors for the locals.

Sleepy Eye Takes Lead.

Chiefly through the shooting ability of Fischer, Sleepy Eye's guard, the Orange and Black cagers took an early lead, which they maintained to the last minute. Piling up a 13 to 7 advantage in the first half, the Sleepy Eye cause looked rosy, as it meant that New Ulm would have to overcome a six-point lead to even the count, and New Ulm, on the other hand, seemed capable of anything but that.

The second half found both teams fighting at a frenzied pace. The Red Flashes, led by Regelin, seemed to have hit their stride, and gradually crept up on the Indians. Baskets by Gislason and Regelin put the team on firmer footing, but not yet at the desired height. Just as New Ulm would be about to take the lead, Sleepy Eye would either sink a pair of gift shots or loop a goal, consequently, the nervous tension of the crowd was accommodated to full capacity. With the score 18 to 19, and the Red Flashes trailing, with but less than a minute to play, "Jimmy" Emmerich, lanky guard, dribbled up to the free throw line, measured the distance, and "wham," the net snapped and the game was saved, 20 to 19.

This game went to prove that the New Ulm quint is all there in a pinch. Starting out in a loose, ragged manner, the local quint's teamwork smoothed as the game progressed, and they easily outclassed their rivals in the latter half.

Regelin was the big scorer for the winners. His collection of four field goals and two free throws for a total of ten points, had a vast effect on the score.

Fischer was the best bet for the losers with a total of eleven points.

A sausage is as strong as its strongest link.

Alice: "But I don't kiss men."

Bugga: "That's all right, I'm only a boy."

Miss Kearns, innocently: "What's wrong with this sentence? 'She asked him for a kiss but he told her he wasn't that kind of a boy.'"

DISTRICT TOURNEY AT REDWOOD FALLS

Stovermen to Clash With Redwood Falls on Opening Night.

The battleground for the determining of the Twentieth District championship, will be held at Redwood Falls on March 7, 8, 9, according to the decision handed down by the district athletic committee. The following schedule was adopted and the pairings by lot followed:

Winthrop vs. Fairfax, first game, Thursday at 6 o'clock.

Winners of Department School vs. Springfield—7:00 o'clock.

Sleepy Eye vs. Gaylord—8:00 p. m.

Morton vs. Lambertson—9:00 p. m.

New Ulm vs. Redwood Falls—10:00 p. m.

On Friday, the respective winners of Thursday's contest clash in the semi-finals. On Saturday the finals will be played. A consolation tournament has also been arranged.

Each team will be allowed eight men, with the exception of the teams which must play two games on Friday; these will be allowed nine men.

The officials of the tournament are Harold W. Rogers, and J. C. Henderson, both of Minneapolis.

The New Ulm boys will need plenty of support in this strange territory, so let's see everybody up there cheering the locals to victory.

FOUND GUILTY LAST FRIDAY

Harold Stelljes Sentenced to Penitentiary for Grand Larceny.

Last Friday, in the assembly, the trial of the State vs. Harold Stelljes, came to a grand climax by the reading of the verdict. In the course of the trial, the court was adjourned once.

Harold, better known as "Bugga," Stelljes was accused in the indictment of stealing jewels, valued at \$2,200, from the home of Miss Virginia Alwin of this city, while Miss Alwin was "throwing" a party. Mr. Stelljes pleaded "not guilty" to the charge. The county attorney, Mr. John Pfaender, upheld the state's case. Miss Margaret Galloway was the defense attorney. After numerous witnesses were called on both sides, the attorneys rested their cases. The jury, in charge of the bailiffs, were out three minutes. The verdict was read: "Guilty of Grand Larceny."

Miss Alice Vercoe, the judge, read the charge. Mr. Stelljes was sentenced to be in the charge of Miss Alice Olson for six months. After this period of time, he was to report to the judge, who would reconsider his term in the penitentiary.

This all sounds serious, but it was only a mock trial held by Seniors. (Continued on page 4.)

The Graphos

MEMBER MINNESOTA PRESS ASSOCIATION

Entered at the Postoffice at New Ulm, Minn., as second-class mail matter. Published every second Wednesday of the school year by the students of the New Ulm High School.

Subscription Rates—To subscribers in New Ulm, \$1.00 per annum. Mailed subscriptions outside the city, \$1.25. Single Copies10c

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1929.

MUSIC NOTES.

Of course, everyone knows what music is, but have you ever stopped to think of when it first existed. This is a question which came to my mind. I pondered over it for a long time. I thought of the early composers and musicians; the characters, such as David, mentioned in the Bible as having some musical instrument. I thought of Pan and his pipes. But— is there really any specific data—or even decade when music was first begun? Of course not. Music has existed as long as the earth. There was the wind blowing through the trees and the rustling of leaves and rushes; the wind whistling around a cliff; the birds of the air. Were not all these things music then as they are today?

Everyone of you has probably heard "Water, water, everywhere," etc. I think it would be very fitting and proper to change it to "Music, music, everywhere." We cannot get away from it. Not everyone cares for classical music, nor does everyone care for jazz. But that makes no difference. Each one has some music in his life, even though each has his own ideas. An American, hearing the music of the natives of India or Africa, is tempted to not class it as music. But to the natives it is beautiful. The weird noises appeal to their nature. Music is usually defined as a series of sounds which are pleasing to the ear, or something to that effect. I hear an objection to my previous statement. Perhaps you are right, but remember that not everyone finds jazz pleasing. Nevertheless, it cannot be or is not classed as noise.

The barefoot boy (with shoes on) doesn't think of his whistling as music. He calls his dog by whistling—he expresses his joy by whistling—he impresses his superiority upon the mind of his sweetheart by showing her how well he can whistle. Isn't whistling music? Of course. But don't tell him or he'll lose a great deal of the joy of his life. Most children in grade schools think of music as long hours of tedious practicing on the piano. They are not ignorant or

EXCHANGES

'Twas the Night Before Report Cards.

'Twas the night before report cards,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring except
Billy Clouse.
He was studying hard, and
While he sat on the floor
He hoped that his grades would be
ninety or more.
His brothers and sisters were like-
wise engaged,
For they also hoped that their
grades would be raised.
While mother and dad were asleep in
their beds
The kids were trying to get some-
thing in their heads.
They worked for a while with
many a wail,
But finally the effort seemed to be of
no avail,
So, one by one, they bid Billy good-
night,
Until the poor boy was left alone with
his light.

But he worked on his lessons till half
past one,
When he discovered that his les-
sons were done,
So off he went to his little bed
With the lessons for the morrow well
packed in his head.

But lo! On the morrow when his
cards he did see,
He was stricken with joy and
smitten with glee.
So homeward he comes with his
cards in his hand,
Feeling so glad, he could fly o'er the
land.

But his brothers and sisters different
fortune had met,
And when they come, with fears
are beset
For Billy's average was ninety-
four,

While that of the other kids was sixty
less two or more.

Of moral, dear children, you should
well take heed,
If it is your wish that you shall
succeed;

Those who study hard good grades
shall make,
But others will the worst consequen-
ces take.

So make it your practice to study,
too,
And you'll soon see that you will im-
prove. Ex.

stupid. It is just human nature to
hear the babbling brooklet or the
twittering birds, and not to think of
them as music.

Whenever you begin to think of mu-
sic as being a dry thing—just try to
imagine this world without it.
Wouldn't it be monotonous?

HELEN KROOK.

Mushy: "I think that a horse un-
derstands more than a dog."
Herb: "I don't."
Mushy: "I was speaking of a horse."

Fat Arndt drove up to the filling
station. "Two quarts of oil."

"What kind, heavy?" asked the at-
tendant.

"Say, young man, don't get fresh
with me," was the indignant and
haughty reply.

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CLASS CRIMES

SENIOR NOTES.

Our court case was a big success, but we were rather surprised when the sentence was read. We didn't think the case would go so far as to parole "Bugga" in Miss Alice Olson's care.

Imelda and Abbie are very efficient stenographers. Imelda can speak and think much faster than the person on the platform, so she just imagines what he will say and has her notes completed before he is half through speaking.

Interesting conversation overheard in the assembly:

I. Person: "Is that letter from your sweetie?"

II. Person: "Um hum."

I. Person: "Has he dark hair?"

II. Person: "Um hum."

I. Person: "Has he dark eyes?"

II. Person: "Um hum."

I. Person: "Is he tall?"

II. Person: "Um hum."

I. Person: "Has he nice lips?"

II. Person: "Um hum."

We are wondering how the Freshies are getting along with their play. We hope they'll put it on soon.

JUNIOR NOTES.

A Junior's Prayer.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
In my little bunk;

I hope I die before I wake,
And thus escape a flunk!

We hear that the Freshmen are putting on a play with the idea of having a better play than "The Dead of Night." You'll have to work, Freshies. We wish you good luck.

Tuesday, when Mr. Dirks spoke to the Assembly about Lincoln's birthday, Fat Arndt wanted to know if we

were going to sing a hymn. He didn't sing then, but how do we know he didn't sing a hymn after eating that blueberry pie, sixth period?

"What sort of an audience did Wilson have?"

Albert Berndt: "Smart guys."

Miss Ritt: "What, I didn't understand you."

Al. B.: "The intelligent people."

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

How did Charles get that artistic cut under his eye? Maybe a very good friend of his did it. But, that's another mystery.

Well, I'd say we were doing quite well for Sophomores. Let's keep it up and beat the Seniors.

Can anyone suggest a comedy for John Z.'s sleepiness in Modern? Maybe music would do it.

The drum corps is picking up.

The art exhibit was enjoyed very much, although we were disappointed when we heard that it would be a day late.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

Have you Freshies watched your step? Some of the tests are passed, but others are yet to come.

What is Mrs. Chiggerson Boggs' scheme? I wonder. Come to "The Little Clodhopper," and find out.

That was a splendid trial the Social Science class gave us, wasn't it? Whoopee! I hope they give us another soon.

You'll laugh till your sides will ache, Giggle till your nerves will shake, Roar till your feet will quake, And then you'll laugh some more.

Come and see this crazy comedy and get your money's worth.

way about it, no matter where I have had to sleep. A big family needs much room; and when there isn't enough sleeping room, in case of company, the baby is most easily stuck away somewhere. A little tot isn't very particular. She will sleep in the bath tub, on the shelf, or on two chairs, and never notice it.

No matter where I have had to sleep, in a basket, a crib, a few inches of space between two big sisters, a bed of my own, a smile of infinite content crosses my usually frowning face, when I think of sleep.

My bed is my most understanding confidant. When I must practice debate or declamatory speeches, I address my bed post, for it issues nothing but silence. My alarm clock times me as I speak. But it is not understanding, as is my bed post, for it continues to nag and grumble through the entire performance.

Mr. Caveman was really an ambitious sort of fellow. He believed in leaving one's bed at an early hour. But like all women, Mrs. Caveman resented the idea. She would not get up until the morning was at least grey.

When Mr. Caveman brought in some dry leaves that autumn, Mrs. Caveman made a bed out of them. After that she wouldn't rise till the east was rosy. Then when she conceived the idea of a fur covering and a head rest, she wouldn't rise till the sun was above the horizon.

(Continued on page 4.)

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PEN AND INK

ON MY ENEMY.

(Virginia Alwin.)

Perhaps I have some dangerous enemies of which I know nothing. Perhaps they are planning some act which will provoke or harm me. Perhaps some of the people, who profess to be my friends, really hate me. I have no way of knowing. I have, however, one enemy that I know about; one enemy that I hate; one enemy who does something to provoke me every day. Yet, I will continue in the presence of my enemy and fear no evil.

Imagine a very round, pale face, fat body, extremely short legs, arms of uneven length, an ability to scold and nag, and you have an idea of what my enemy is like.

I sat upon a flower-decked, upper floor balcony. There were red roses in my hair. Romeo stood upon the terrace below, singing love songs. He went down on his knees, and—a most hideous noise broke in upon my dream. My enemy, the alarm clock, was responsible.

I must rise every morning at the call of my alarm clock. I have left my bed every morning for many years. But has it become a habit? Have I

become used to it? Oh, no! It is more of a trial every morning. My alarm clock scolds every morning, and each morning I hate it more.

I have not much love for any type of clock, for they always tell me such provoking things.

My alarm clock shocks me with, "Get up, lazy bones."

The kitchen clock nags at me with, "Hurry with your breakfast. Why did you get up so late?" This is echoed by mother.

The church steeple clock stares at me with, "Run, or you'll be late to school."

Don't clocks talk? They say too much to me.

Eve lay upon the soft green grass under the fatal apple tree in the Garden of Eden. It was early morning. The serpent whispered into her ear, telling her to get up. Eve turned her back. Like every woman since, she loved her morning nap. The serpent coaxed her into getting up by telling her of the beautiful, juicy apples growing on the tree just above her. Thus the serpent tempted her into rising. So must I be tempted or scared out of bed each morning.

I really have a very warm affection for my bed. I have always felt that

ON MY ENEMY.

(Continued from page 3.)

What could Mr. Caveman do when his wife could sling a rock as well as he? Now, some women because of silken coverings and a hundred pillows, don't rise until noon.

Man's first clock was the sun. His first alarm clock was the cock. Later man made the sun dial. And, when during a period of food scarcity, man found it necessary to eat Mr. Cock, he was forced to invent a different type of alarm clock. So time has passed, clocks have developed and with them came the hideous alarms.

I am positive that Japanese women rise later now than they did when wooden pillows were the prevailing custom in Japan.

My dislike for the alarm clock varies with the seasons. In summer, I don't use it at all, so it is not an enemy of mine at that time. In the spring and fall, I merely dislike the

creature. It is in the winter that my dislike grows and grows, until it is a burning fire of hate. Each winter morning, as I move my one foot from beneath the warm blankets to see if my bedroom is cold, I have an almost uncontrollable desire to raise the foot a little higher and kick my enemy off the table.

And all day long, I sing a song:
"Oh! how I hate to get up in the morning,

When the sun begins to shine,
At four, or five, or six, or seven,
In the gold old winter time."

FOUND GUILTY.

(Continued from page 1.)

who are taking social science. The Seniors believed they could learn the steps of court procedure better by seeing an actual trial. The case was educational as well as interesting to those of the student body and faculty, who had never seen a regular trial.

AS WE LIKE IT

HOW SCHOOL CAN EARN MORE MONEY.

Wouldn't it be much more sensible to sell candy bars, gum, etc., instead of pencils? I'm sure Miss Holzinger would become rich. Why isn't it possible to satisfy that incurable hunger of the fourth and fifth periods with candy instead of imagination. I'm sure that facilities for buying candy would do away with much embarrassment, caused by trips to the store. Consider what I've said and see whether you don't agree with me.

Some of the students feel hurt when they are not asked to be in as many activities as others. They complain about having only the most popular people in everything. Well, the only way to be popular is to do things when asked. It isn't always the big things of life that count. They, people who are wanted, are those who are willing to start from the bottom and gain a higher place by taking one step at a time. Do your share even though it's only cheering at a game (not merely in the assembly). An orchestra can't be made up of only first violins. It takes the blending of all the instruments—including the second violins as well.

Jus' One of Our Fellow Classmates.

STUDENT OPINION.

We Seniors wonder whether the Frosh really appreciate their social standing in N. U. H. S.. They are not at all molested by the upper classmen—why, some even speak to them. They have four glorious years of high school before them. Their lessons are easier. They have the only warm part of the assembly. And 'ast, but most important—they are so young they don't have to take measures to make them appear young. Nor do they have to act their ages—they can creep and no one thinks it funny. Miss Take.

WHERE ARE THE BOYS?

Where are the BOYS at the basket ball games? During the assemblies the boys are there with a lot of noise. At the games there are two boys yelling. Is that good sportsmanship? NO! All we hear about this school spirit is just a lot of bunk when it comes to a show-down at a game. The boys certainly ought to be ashamed of themselves for this lack of school spirit. Let's see the boys turn out a 100% strong for the next game. Come prepared to yell! You won't strain your vocal chords any more than the girls.

A GIRL.

A LETTER AS WE'D LIKE TO WRITE.

Dear Mabel:

I really am writing to answer your dumb letter in hopes that I get a Christmas present from you. I showed your letter to all the gang and they surely got a big laugh out of it. It proved your ignorance. If I were your dad, I'd take you out of school instead of wasting money. Your joke surely was a flop—everyone really felt sorry for you instead. I met a little blonde last night, and I think she's much better looking than you are. I can't help comparing you to her every time I think of you. Her little feet are so much nicer than your big clodhoppers. She's got eyes that shine like stars compared to your measly little ones. I'm closing now because I don't care to write any more for I'd tell you all the horrid

things that I think about you. I do hope I'll get a present from you.

Hopefully,

JERRY.

P. S. I.—Has your old man kicked off yet? I could make use of his red scarf down here.

P. S. II.—You needn't bother sending the present until very near Christmas, so that I can say that it was too late to send you one. Jerry.

Literary Lamentations.

When in doubt,
She sends us out.

Marion: "Do you know the latest dance?"

Peggy: "Varsity drag."

Marion: "No, the Salvation rag."

Peggy: "How do you do that?"

Marion: "Dance on your heels and save your soles."

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