

UPPER CLASSMEN MAKE STARTLING DISCOVERY

SEE "UP IN THE AIR"

Has anyone seen Juniper Johnson? That person has been evading us for weeks, now; and we don't seem to make any headway in discovering who he is. Every time we think that we have a good clue, as to who he is; it turns out to be a false one. However after long hours of concentration, we at last think we'll be able to catch him. Promise not to tell anyone! Since you've all agreed not to say a word about it we'll tell you what it is. Next February 6th, let's all meet in the high school auditorium and surprise him. How many will be there?

Have you all bought your tickets for "Up In the Air?" If you haven't, get one this very day without further delay. You'll certainly regret it if you don't go to see this production. Any member of the Glee club will supply you with tickets. Be sure and get them, now!

And all the things you will see! Oh! Oh! You will certainly not expect such snappy numbers—especially the one that is going to take place between acts. But that isn't all—oh! my no! Thrills will be supplied by parachute jumping, and a certain person is going to make his stage debut as the N. U. H. S.'s greatest hero and lover. (This is told for the girls' benefit.) However, we wouldn't be surprised if the boys wouldn't be a little anxious to see him do his stuff. (You'll find that he is a second Rudy Vallee). Of course, there is singing and dancing—but if we'd go on much longer, we'd spoil your entertainment; and that would be a calamity!

Remember! This great event is going to take place February 6th in the high school auditorium.

Let's go!

INTER-CLASS CONTESTS

STARTED IN B. B.

The inter-class basket ball struggles began a week ago, Monday, when the Sophomores and Juniors and Freshmen fought for honors.

The Soph-Junior game was the hardest fought of the two, ending in a victory for the Juniors of 15-14. It was a close fight to the finish, and the Juniors were never sure of the outcome.

The Freshy-Senior game resulted in a show-down for the Freshies, as the Seniors snowed them under 35-11. Still, those Frosh have a nice little lineup, and very promising.

The ultimate end of all the contests is very doubtful, as the Sophs, Juniors, and Seniors, have all excellent teams.

Judge: "Are you trying to show contempt for this court?"

Lawyer: "No, I'm trying to conceal it."

MORTON FIVE RECEIVES WHIPPING GOES DOWN UNDER SCORE 26-6

Last Friday our little quint traversed the long distance to Morton and inflicted a severe beating upon that five, 26-6. The result was more or less surprising, as Morton has always had an excellent team. However, there is no doubt that our boys enjoyed beating them thoroughly; enjoying also, no doubt, the entire trip and stay at Morton.

"Schnubby" and Marks scored high points with 8 points each. "Sinna" and "Mushy" did some remarkable guarding, and Herb and Jinx came in for their share of neat playing. Coach Harman has a method—whatever it is—that baffles the opposing team completely. It's almost infallible, so far.

Don Orth starred for Morton, making all their points, and demonstrating some fast playing. He and his mates got very few chances to score, owing to the rigid defense of the Harman men.

The summary:

New Ulm—		FG	FT	FTM	PF
Regelin	3	0	0	2
Schnobrich, lf	4	0	1	0
Marks, c	3	2	0	1
Gag, rg	1	0	0	1
Emmerich, lg	1	0	0	0
Kretsch	0	0	0	0
Gaut	0	0	0	0
Morton—		FG	FT	FTM	PF
Orth, rf	2	2	3	0
Graves, lf	0	0	0	0
Daby, c	0	0	0	0
Brooks, rg	0	0	0	2
Greenslit, lg	0	0	0	0
Stephens	0	0	0	0
Weltsch	0	0	0	0
Chapman	0	0	0	0
Suffon	0	0	0	0

New Ulm has a double schedule over the weekend, playing Redwood Falls, there Friday night, and Lambertton here, Saturday night.

P.-T. A. MEETING

We probably would have had a great time watching our parents and
(Continued on page 4.)

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

At last we had an assembly program last Friday. Mr. Harmon and
(Continued on page 4.)

CANNOT GET EAST BY GOING WEST

How two young people can be so engrossed in each other as to lose entirely their sense of direction will probably always remain a mystery.

Nevertheless, this is what happened and more. Light hearted, two of our sedate upper classmen boarded the 1:55 last Friday, going west. Only when they laid their eyes on the too well-known Village of Essig, and the conductor cried out his last call for stops here, did they realize they would never get to Minneapolis on that train and going in that direction. Of course, these two people wouldn't have minded going on around the world and finally landing in the Cities, but one must live to learn.

SIEGEL TROPHY CONTEST

On Thursday evening, January 16, the Siegel Trophy contest was held in the N. U. H. S. auditorium.

The first section was oratorical. It consisted of one contestant, Richard Lindemann, who gave "The Death Penalty."

The next section was dramatic. In it was:

Laura Loeffler (Sophomore)—Selfish Giant, 3rd place.

Marion Pfaender (Junior)—The Lion and the Mouse, 2nd place.

Marguerite Haynes (Senior)—Peg O' My Heart, 1st place.

The last section was the humorous
(Continued on page 4.)

N. U. H. S. HALL OF FAME

What They Think They Are.	What They Really Are.	What They Hope To Be.	What They're Going To Be.	
Bill Oswald	Mama's boy	Teacher's pet	Carpenter	Toothpick manufacturer
Erma Dietz	A vamp	Broomstick	Dancer	Burlesque singer
Erv. Hamann	A giant	A dwarf	Boxer	Bell boy
R. Wicherski	Elite	Stuck-up	Dancer	Washwoman
W. Bianchi	He-man	Sissy	Farmer	Candy kid
Harvey H.	Musical	Ivory tickler	Musician	Street cleaner
Jeanne Milliman	Hot	Luke warm	Policewoman	Dairymaid
"Georgie Fisher	Big	Sawed off, hammered down	President of U. S.	A bum
Hilary Opp.	Harry Lauder	John Bluehm	Doctor	Chiropractor
Babe W.	Funny	Noisy	Trombonist	Blowpiper
Harriet Fisher	Sweet	"Georgie's sister	Writer	Dime novelist
Sinna G.	Basket baller	Billiard champ	Preacher	Waiter
Mushie E.	A big shot	A Senior	A coach	Flagpole sitter
"The" Riekes	A couple	Missing links	(?)	Mistake
Johnny Mills	A scientist	Bug house	An Einstein	Dizzy
Gene S.	Sheik	Overgrown	Millionaire	Beauty specialist
Lee G.	Tall	Washed out	Grown up	Moonshiner
Swede	Senior	Sour	A graduate	Elevator boy
Snubby	Fast	Human talking machine	Public speaker	Ash man
Herb.	Capt. B. B. team	A joke	Something	Nothing
Alice Olsen	A flirt	Absent	Prima Donna	Inventor elec. scrub brush
Dannheim	"It"	The "T" without the "I"	Ford salesman	Corset salesman
"Vernee" B.	Unusual	Tiny Tim	Giant	A dwarf
Marion P.	Literary genius	Soap box orator	A "star"	Dishwasher
Dirks	Principal of H. S.	Overgrown Boy Scout	Superintendent	Forgotten
Marks	A "bull"	Stuffed up	9-letter man	Bootblack

The Graphos

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1930.

EDITORIAL EFFORTS

Men can be divided into three classes. First, there is the machine type of worker. This man works hard enough with his hands, but does not work with his brain and eyes. With him, a job is a job, something to be done over and over again in the same way. At seventy, you'll find him on the pension roll with a record of fifty years of faithfulness behind him. Yet in a sense, he gets nowhere.

The second type is the man who has everything that the first one lacks, but is without the one quality the first possesses. He has ambition, brains, and vision, but he doesn't like work. The first taste of work dulls his ambition.

The third man not only sees and thinks, but he works. However, he subordinates the necessity of work to seeing and thinking. You hear men say, "Work is the big factor in business." It isn't. Some of the hardest workers are still in overalls. You hear others say, "Brain-power is the big factor." There are thinking men who never will get out of the employe class, but no man who has combined work and brains and vision hasn't gone up to leadership.

SOPHOMORE ISSUE.

An explanation might be made for this issue of the Graphos. It has been issued by the Sophomore class as the first series of class Graphos which will be put out by the respective classes. The purpose of this is to give members of all classes a chance at editing. The more trained at it, the better paper we will have in the future.

Support your class paper, please!
REGULAR MANAGING EDITOR.

A man was standing disconsolately on a station platform. On being asked by a friend why he looked so miserable, he replied, "I've missed my train—and by half a minute."

"Good heavens!" said his friend. "Cheer up. Anyone would think, to look at you that you missed it by half an hour."

Harmon to Geometry class (explaining a problem): "Now, watch the board while I run through it again."

I HEAR

There was a tea party for "Jinks" and his little sister, Gretchen. A certain Sophomore girl was responsible for it. What's becoming of poor Elmer?

Marvin K. is chief cook and bottle washer at home. He's even the fireman. How about a chicken dinner, Marvin?

The seats have been changed. Some of us have been put in gloomy corners and others where they can see mama or papa go down town or see the snow plow plowing behind someone.

E. Rieke has appointed a supervisor over Grace S., in the form of Mae Jule to reconcile.

Jeanne M. was home Sunday night. Number 5 must have been busy. You know the laundry is very busy now.

Billy E. sent birthday greetings to Marion P., Sunday night.

Harvey and Marion P. went to the Cities by way of Essig. Ask them, they will be glad to answer all questions regarding it.

Lee Gaut has stopped growing—at least he thinks so!

June Peterson is letting her hair grow because that's the only part of her that does.

Two-year-old sweethearts were brought together by the change of seats. The girl answers to the name of Mutzie and, of course, the young man is none other than Willie Fritz.

Laura L. is following Elmer Marks. We think the purple sweater is to blame. Well, here's to good luck for you, Laura!

That some of the mamas were waiting patiently for the little B. B. players to come home. Mushie, Sinna, Snubby, Marks and Gutn had dates. Somehow Mr. Harman and the boys had a disagreement and the boys didn't have dates after all. However, we wonder what Mr. Machula did. Oh! oh!

THINGS IN SCHOOL SINCE XMAS THAT Increased

Red decorations on reports.
Carelessness.
Love for home and our dear classmates.
Gum chewing.
Jeanne M. notes.
Love affairs.
Basket ball games we win.
Black lists.

Decreased.

Our good disposition.
Our old-maid chats.
Our finances.
Vittles from Home Ec.
Tardinesses.

Mr. Dirks: "What happened to Babylon?"

Richard L.: "It fell."

Mr. Dirks: "What happened to Tyre?"

Richard: "It was punctured."

The new motto for the N. U. H. S. is: "Nothing at times is more expressive than silence."

Harvey: "Do you know, only two things prevent your becoming a great dancer?"

Mae Jule: "Really? What are they?"

Harvey: "Your feet."

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SENIOR SINS.

It won't be long now—till graduation.

You should have seen the work of all our enterprising Senior poets—we did Bobbie Burns up in great style. Bet his ears would "burn" if he were here to see how we murdered the good old Scotch dialect.

The Semester exams were—well, we can't take any chances of having the Graphos censored.

We are all very satisfied with our new seats—and how?

The Seniors are anxiously awaiting the Freshman's issue of the Graphos! It is going to be printed on green paper.

JUNIOR JOTS.

In Biology class the other day Miss Steinhauser said that black walnut was very common when the settlers first came here. They even used it for fences. Virginia said: "Was it polished?"

And it is so interesting to know you can go to Minneapolis by way of Essig. (Overheard while at operetta practice.)

Francis Ahrens (singing): "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

Malke, H.: (listening and rising): "Is Miss Laurie in the audience?"

Did you hear the latest?—Charles Poynter wanted to go down to the Black Sea to fill his fountain pen.

Miss McGee: "What do you mean by saying that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"

Bright Student (probably myself): "The book says after his exile he spent the rest of his life in abasement."

SOPHOMORE SNICKERS.

One of our classmates shows remarkable ability as a writer. However, he's so modest he doesn't want

us to reveal his name. Here is one of his greatest works:

The Eve of St. Agnes.

It was the night of the annual Celestial ball. St. Peter was there in all his glory. Never had he been such a perfect bouncer. St. Patrick and his band had never been so hot. Never before had there been so many beautiful angels present.

St. Vitus had come stag. He was having a glorious time. Never before had he met so many beautiful cherubims, seraphims, or what have you. All at once he noticed one beautiful angel standing alone in a corner. He started elbowing his way through the crowd. Finally he reached her side. Just as the music started, he slipped his arm through hers. She became nervous, she trembled, she fairly quivered. "This," said St. Vitus, "is my dance."

Of course, we'll have to admit we were defeated in the Sophomore-Junior game, but we won't let that happen again. We can't get the breaks all the time.

FRESHMAN FOLLIES.

What a relief! Exams are over. **NOTICE! Upper classmen!** Don't you bother us. Our temper is up because our seats are changed.

We are proud of our basket ball team because they played such a good game against the big Senior boys.

Although Willibald B almost broke the floor, we think he will be our star when he grows up.

We are proud of the fact that we have a Prima Donna in our class. Let's all go to see her first appearance in "Up in the Air."

We are so sorry Geraldine has left us, but we hope she visits school when she comes to visit Jane.

We are all sorry for Dorothy Fritsche, because she is in the hospital.

A man running after a taxicab, panted to the driver, "How much to the station from here?"

"Fifty cents," replied the driver.

The man continued to run and, having covered another stretch, inquired breathlessly of the driver, "How much now?"

"Seventy-five," retorted the driver. "You're runnin' the wrong way."

Teacher (to Italian boy): "Nick, the word 'semaphore' is a railroad term, and I want you to show the class how you can put it into a sentence."

Nick: "A nice-a-girl I take for a walk. I say, 'Have-da-soda, Marie?' She say 'Sure-a, Mike, make me sundae.' I say, 'Semaphore me.'"

"Do you know," said the Superintendent pompously, "that I began life as a barefoot boy?"

"Well," said the fireman, "I wasn't born with shoes on either."

Our memory goes back to the time when, if a neighbor woman told how many quarts and pints she had put up, you knew she meant fruit.

"How's your new Sheba?"

"Oh, nothing to ride home about."

The world's meanest man: He was deaf and never told his barber.

STUDENT OPINION

The history classes have resolved to be very, very good so we will not ruin Miss McGee's disposition further. She is very concerned about it lately—so cooperate!

Some Brite History Students.

We want some more assembly programs. We suggest Harvey, Swede and Babe play again. We certainly enjoyed them!

Snappy Sophs.

Now, about the new seats. They're all right except the location (of some).

The Clicky Clicks.

THE BARE FACTS.

Walking is good for the health, but it causes many people to get run down.

A canoe is like a small boy—both behave better when paddled from the rear.

—And Hilary was fired as floor-walker from the five and ten cent store because he couldn't remember the prices.

Bill: "What is a waffle?"

Babe: "A pancake with cleats."

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Lavender Laughs

George: "Kick me will yo', Sam?"

Sam: "What fo'?"

George: "Dat fat gen'man forgot to tip me, an' when Ah axed him, 'Aint yo' forgot somethin,' mistah?" he looked around and picked his pocket-book off'n de seat and says 'thank you' and walked out."

Erma D.: "But what makes these Western prairies so flat?"

Native: "Well, stranger, we think it must be because the sun sets on 'em every evening."

Says Jeanne Milliman.

It really is an awful waste
To use lipstick at a dance;
Unless you're dancing all the time,
It simple hasn't got a chance.

Edwin Hage (to irate farmer, whose pig he had just run over): "Sir, I will replace your animal."

Farmer: "Sir you flatter yourself!"

Teacher: "What's the common impediment in the speech of the American people?"

Irma: "Chewing gum."

In the life of Pepys, the washing of his feet was such an event that he recorded it in his diary as having occurred in May 30, 1663.

Mr. Dirks (to tardy student): "What are you late for?"
Swede W. (sleepily): "Er— class, I suppose."

Latin is Latin,
Greek is Greek,
But to get my English
It takes a whole week.
(Mushie's Lament.)

What are Freshmen? Green.
What are Sophomores? Nuts.
What are Juniors? Jokes.
What are Seniors? Mistakes.

Snubby: "D-do you play the piano by ear or notes?"
Harvey: "No, I get down and play it by brute strength."

"Johnny," said Mr. Dirks, "What is your greatest ambition?"

John M.: "To wash my mother's ears."

A stranger, upon arriving at a famous city, walked up to an "information" window in a hotel and inquired:

"Have any great men been born in this city?"

Clerk: "No, only babies."

"Brethren," exclaimed the preacher as he came across a portion of his flock engaged in pursuing the goddess of chance: "Don' yo' all know it's wrong to shoot craps?"

"Yes, pahson, admitted one parish-ner sadly, "An' believe me, ah's pay-in' fo' mah sins."

The Wise Parent: "Son, you'll be running a car one of these days... now, the first lesson to learn is that you can't knock these babies off the track."

Harvey: "They say if there's anything in a man, travel will bring it out."

Hilary: "You tell 'em! I found that out my first day at sea."

Two little urchins stood with their noses pressed against a barber shop window, watching the white-coated attendants perform their mysterious rites.

"Gee, Mickey, look at that one!" said one, pointing to a barber, who was wielding a singeing taper: "He's lookin' for 'em with a light!"

She: "Jack, don't you think you ought to find out which train is yours? You've kissed me goodbye for six wrong trains already!"

That guy's so lazy he can't decide whether to stay in bed all morning or to get up early so he'll have a longer day to loaf.

Babe W.: "Have you a little fairy in your home?"

Wayne W.: "No, but I have a little miss in my engine."

Billy B.: "Dad, what are the silent watches of the night?"

Dad: "Those are the ones which their owners forgot to wind, Billy."

Same Chance as a Zebra.

"Say warden, what's the chance of gettin' a suit with up and down stripes—these make me look so darn short."

On Giving and Taking.

Slathers: "I understand your daughter is taking great pains with her singing."

Bangor: "'Taking' is not the right word. 'Giving' would be better."

P.-T. A. MEETING.

(Continued from page 1.)

teachers at P.-T. A. meeting last Monday, for we hear that they played games and had exercises under the direction of Mr. Hein. After refreshments were served, the members danced in the gym. Music for the dance was furnished by Babe Wagner, Harvey Haeberle, Gene Schmidt, Virgil Wagner, Lester Schroeder.

LONG LOOKED FOR ASSEMBLY PROGRAM.

(Continued from page 1.)

Mr. Machula spoke about the Morton game. Carol Larson gave two piano selections. Ellen Janni gave two delightful violin solos. Evelyn Larson, freshman, gave a dramatic reading, entitled, "Swedish Girl at the Telephone." Another reading by Alice Pufahl called "Honor of the Family." Virginia Frenzel gave the "Wedding of Miss Bray."

Why not do as we did last year—each class show its abilities and give a program. The Seniors showed their stuff at Christmas time. How about the rest of you?

SIEGEL TROPHY CONTEST.

(Continued from page 1.)

section, which was the spice of the program:

Evelyn Larson (Freshman), 2nd place—Norwegian Woman at Telephone.

Irene Altmann (Junior), 1st place—Und Simon's Wife's Mutter Lay Sick mit ein Fever.

Gretchen Kretsch (Sophomore), 3rd place—Tommy Stearns Scrubs Up.

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