

Teacher Begins New Life

By Jane Zupfer

Miss Mary Kayser, teacher, department head and friend to many students and faculty members alike, is retiring after thirty years of service to New Ulm High School. Over the past thirty years, she has not only taught English to a variety of classes (some of which included our parents), but also served as GRAPHOS advisor. In the school systems in which she taught before coming to New Ulm she has directed choir, taken charge of school plays, and coordinated details for several Junior-Senior proms besides teaching English, Latin and Biology.

Looking back on these years and this list of accomplishments, she feels that one of the greatest benefits she has derived is the ability to remain "young in mind," and "flexible." She also recalls that the reason for her many varied responsibilities was the shortage of teachers in many schools in which she taught. During her teaching career, she has also had the chance to observe students for several generations; and while many of us like to feel that we are extremely individualistic, Miss Kayser has come to the conclusion that "all students are basically the same." And while she has sensed more sophistication in the last several years, she feels that most interests and feelings of today's youth have not drastically changed.

Regarding the school system in general, she feels that the school is "headed in the right direction" in its attempt to bring "the community into the school and the school into the community." She also maintained that it is wise to "give students more responsibility for their actions."

Miss Kayser's plans for the future include more time spent on two of her favorite hobbies — reading and foreign cookery. She has travelled considerably in the U.S. and Europe and expressed the desire to continue her travels.

In stating her general philosophy toward teaching and her own career, she hopes that she has instilled in many of her students "and interest in reading and good



Mary Kayser

literature," and that she helped them by always being willing "to listen without judging."

On behalf of both her former and present

students, we would like to wish Miss Kayser much happiness and enrichment in her new life and thank her for all her efforts.

GRAPHOS
 MAY 25 1973
 NEW ULM SENIOR HIGH

On Seniors Graduating

By Barb Schwartz

"So long, it's been good to know you! . . ."

The winds of time have blown swiftly by for the graduating class of 1973 and soon we will be booted out into a vast world of new experiences and challenges. High school went by unbelievably fast. It may not have seemed so as each individual day drudged by, but collectively speaking we all must admit that those years literally flew by. So where do we go from here?

Some of us are going to college and vocational schools to further our educations. Others will become part of the working class. Still others will get married and live happily ever after.

No matter how much a lot of us want to get out of these beige walls and forget about high school, all of us have learned valuable lessons here in NUHS which will stick with us throughout our lives.

High school has been a place not only where we got those nasty report cards, but somewhere to meet and get along with people. No longer will our days be spent saying "hi" two hundred times a day to casual friends but we will make other friends outside of these walls. Friends are what people need wherever they are, and high school had a wide variety to choose from.

High school has also taught us who we

are by developing our personalities and interests.

It is sad to leave the "old" behind and yet the future is ours to mold into happy productive lives. It, of course, is a little scary to graduate for our life styles will be completely changed. Humans adapt quite readily to new situations though so we shouldn't be afraid to forge ahead wherever life takes us.

Will you miss us next year, underclassmen? Of course you will. The graduating class is always missed to some degree. People miss the clowns of the senior class and other confident people who gave the school personality.

It's kind of spooky to think that twenty years from now our graduation pictures will look faded and funny in the pages of some mildewed yearbook. But that's the way life goes, isn't it? Every senior class is kind of possessive. At the time it feels on top of the world. The teachers, the events such as sports and the class plays are of prime importance in the community at the time. Every senior class has its day. Ours happens to be almost over.

I hope we all turn out for the class reunion years from now. I hear it's quite a shock to see how drastically people change. Oh well. Good luck Senior Class of 1973. We're the best class that ever inhabited NUHS, right?!



Now on sale in the electronics room is the N.U.D.E. Cube, a variable flash strobe light (\$10.95) and also the N.U.D.E. Color Organ (\$11.25). Both have a long life guarantee. For more information see the sixth and seventh hour classes in the electronics shop.

Time For a Change

By Tom Dickey

In the recent election for class president and vice-president I chose to leave my ballot empty. The reason for this decision was that none of the candidates were representative of the student body. I took into consideration the fact that these officers would be on television and in the community view as examples of the type of people at New Ulm Senior High School. They would be seen as typical students-which they obviously are not. These candidates are the "prize specimens," so-to-speak, of the senior high. All have excelled in one or more activities or aspects of school: athletics, music, speech, academics. All were exceptional and therefore could hardly be representative of the student body.

Another aspect of this situation

is this: The only "campaign" posters which I saw were put up only one day before the election. I think you'll agree that one day is not enough time to make a wise choice among the candidates, and knowledge of any of the choices came only a few days earlier.

This entire election process is in my estimation little more than a farce and hypocrisy. It provides only for the selection (and a hurried one at least) of the best products of the high school and fails to give a true perspective of the students. I do not believe that an above average student can carry out the duties of these offices while they are removed from the will of the average student. They cannot, as experience in all political processes shows, truly want the conditions and policies which the student body desires.

OPINION

By Barb Schwartz

I want to say a little something about honor students. We were honored at a very nice banquet by the Rotary Club some time ago and it was fun. But I couldn't help feeling a little guilty being there. I feel I worked pretty hard during my high school years for the grades I received, but so did a lot of other students who were not at the banquet. I feel education is changing and is stressing an individual's accomplishing personal goals more than report card grades such as learning how to

become a good mechanic or becoming a fine musician to name just two. Even though grades mean a student has successfully completed classes well they do not measure accurately how much a student has really "learned." People can get good grades without really learning anything. Therefore I hope students who have worked for and completed personal goals feel proud of themselves. I wish there was a banquet to honor all these people who also deserve recognition.

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Ode to a Misplaced Porkchop

By Denise Tøstenrud

You see them out there every afternoon in their high-fashion, unmatching, crusty sweatsuits (held together by the sparse remains left by a band of psychopathic moths) and bargain basement runners (tenna shoes). Dedications clouds their eyes (or is it the dust kicked up by the runner up ahead?) as the phrase "mind over matter" resounds among them in three-part harmony. "Tired" and "pain" are only fignewtons of the imagination, as in perfect formation, they drop off, one by one, on the wayside during the first lap of the 100-yard dash. If you haven't guessed by now, these are none other than the NUHS track girls warming up on a typical day of the first interscholastic season of their career.

Every practice begins with warm-up exercises, and coaches EB and EM keep the girls on their toes (sometimes for hours; these girls moonlight as ballerinas) as they run through the traditional routine, ranging from "apple pickers" to "helicopters" and "grasshoppers," alias: "mountain climbers." If you listen closely, you may catch fragments of an unrehearsed, unscheduled, twenty-minute anatomy lesson (discovering which ligament Achilles' hamstring was attached to when she got shin splints doing circuit running, under threat of death by jumprope lashes) or the final tally of votes from the official election held to decide whether they should bob to the left side first or the right. Then it's only a matter of synchronizing the uninterrupted counts, as "one--two--three--hold--it--that's--much--better--now--stretch--four--you--can--do--it--three--four..." makes for a few red and blue faces in the crowd. Following warm-ups, sometimes a surprise, such as running out to the brewery disguised as icicles, may be in store. As a means of

insuring safe arrival, each runner is required to count the deer and report back. Some make wild guesses, counting anything brown in sight, while scores of others remain til after dark, having traumatic experiences, as the insane little deer keep moving, and they lose count for the twelfth time.

Another possibility is an adventurous workout using the universal gym, where three "sets," six "reps" each, could be Greek for all they know, but, to be sure, is even more than Jack LaLane and his sidekick dogs could handle in one sitting. So they conspicuously hang around the weight room, waiting in line, never making it to the head, somehow, until finally they are forced to throw themselves at the mercy of the mechanical wonder.

All this physical activity serves an end

that is realized only as they load the bus (for the fourth time in ten minutes) and settle back in their seats to eat garbage on the way to their first "away" meet. Everything's under control as they arrive late, rush off the bus and miss their first events in order to preserve battled-for positions in the long line leading to the "little white building." Later that same day, as they once again board the bus for home, muddy runners and dingy, dirty, dishpan knees (from the track which became a swamp when a waterpipe broke) multi-colored bruises (achieved by perfecting the favored high-jump technique of hurling oneself at the crossbar) and bedraggled bodies, are the trophies they take home; along with experience to chalk up on the blackboard of life and a handful of mental notes, reminding them not to go

out for track next year, as a means of preserving remaining sanity and physical well-being.

And they look to next year as a test of their desperation, pondering the male prospects who may present themselves by way of the new "rule." As of yet, they haven't decided whether they should go along with it and allow male members to attempt to count deer at the brewery, participate in grasshoppers and applepickers, or start them off right by showing them the brand new, official, team uniforms (which were designed in the height of fashion) and let them decide from there. If they make it that far, the final test involving solving the case of the missing porkchop will insure true selection. No male of the species will survive!!!



P r o m



Prom-goers relax in the pleasant surroundings of the Cat 'n Fiddle Supper Club during a break in the dance.



Mike Konakowitz, Ron Steffl and Sue Anderson visit while waiting to eat during the prom banquet. But what is Mr. Voves doing?

1973

A people's navy: consider the possibilities

By Denise Tostenrud

Navy: anchors, ships, water, sailors, swab the deck, batten down the hatches, secure the hold, full steam ahead. These are typical associations with the word and what it stands for. Many of these were my associations with "Navy" until a few weeks ago when I visited the largest naval base in the world in Great Lakes, Illinois. Like so many, I never looked beyond the surface: the uniforms, the salutes, titles of address, and Navy jargon, to see the real value of our country's naval programs. I wasn't interested in joining the Navy when I was given the opportunity to visit this base, and after my experience there, I still do not see myself as fitting into the Navy. But that doesn't bother me because I was able to look into it, check out what's really happening and form my own opinions. What does bother me and what was behind the main purpose of the trip are misconceptions of the Navy in general that turn so

many people off. Many of these same people have the potential to excel in what the Navy has to offer or could really find something for themselves in its programs that, possibly, they could find no where else. Which leads to a frequently asked question, one that plagued me from the moment I arrived at the base: Why would anyone want to join the Navy?

A large part of the answer was found as we toured several of the specialized schools on the base. By far, I was more impressed with the quality and depth of the educational facilities and techniques I discovered here than by any other part of the trip. Each school has actual equipment and machinery designed to prepare students for off-shore duty, in an atmosphere similar to that on a ship; in a "learn by doing" situation. Of these excellent school facilities, the ones our group toured included a medical school, electronic, radar, and boiler technicians schools, and also the gunnery school; each

school was specialized and very thorough in its programs.

Other plus factors include generous benefits in the way of dental and medical care and housing provisions. Also, the Navy is similar to any other job in that, other than the regular eight or nine hours that you are on duty, your time is your own. You're not "tied down" to the base twenty-four hours a day. Women, also, are becoming more and more a part of the Navy and are finding a place for themselves among their male counterparts.

To gain first-hand reactions to the question of a reason for joining the Navy, I was able to talk to some recruits as we ate with them in their galley while at the base. Boredom in general was a common response, as was the educational factor. One recruit said he thought the Navy could teach him something in the way of self-discipline and forming more mature attitudes. The boots seemed to realize that although recruit discipline is extremely

rigid, it's preparing them for later on when the slightest slip out of line could cost many lives.

Overall, in seeing the Navy first-hand, I've found that it isn't the separate, perfect little society of neatly uniformed men and women who do nothing but follow and give orders all day that we sometimes think it to be. Rather, it is a cross-section of our present society, with all the problems (drug abuse, alcoholism, racism, violence) of society, but on a much smaller scale. (There are many programs to deal with these problems within the Navy just as there are outside the Navy.) And, after speaking with and listening to Rear Admiral Draper L. Kauffman, I have found that more than anything else, the Navy is people. People who are serving their country, receiving an education, and doing something they enjoy all at the same time. They make it what it is. Maybe you could be one of those people; a part of a people's Navy. Consider the possibilities. . .

The Last Concert

By Colleen McLean

Brat High School was giving its last band and choir concert of the year, and the big performance was only moments away. We students were all talking, laughing, and discussing homework assignments like other normal teen-agers, when Mr. Alex Harmony, the choir director, began clapping his hands wildly from a corner of the practice room, and madly shushing us up.

He was a skinny, high-strung little drip of a man who seemed terribly afraid of the band director, Miss Rhonda Volume, a big, big woman who was constantly plagued by phone calls from circus managers who needed new overweight freaks.

"Pupils! Pupils!" screamed Mr. Harmony, "Miss Volume here wishes to have a few words with you! Please! Give this woman your undivided attention!"

Harmony flashed the large band director a weak, sick sort of smile, and came out a little from his corner. Miss Volume promptly glared back, and I think I heard her mutter something like, "Back in your corner, you little rip!"

Then she boomed, "OK, you juvenile jerks," (She always insulted us when she was too keyed up.) "Get out there and do your stuff! Bring down the rafters! Kids, let's prove to the adults that the teens of America can sing and make music!"

Some idiot started a "fire up" cheer, and from the students a victory cry arose. I didn't think we could ever be so ridiculous.

"Follow me!" bellowed Miss Volume, "and Alex Harmony get over here!" She grabbed little Mr. Harmony by his coat and dragged him off like a desperate old maid hauling some reluctant little fellow down the aisle to the altar.

As we band members arranged ourselves, we realized that since 1952 the school's concerts had been nothing but smashing failures. To put it bluntly, the music department stunk quite badly.

Miss Volume made her entrance and the whole stage shook with each step. There was a smattering of applause from the audience.

The band started in with the "Crashing Overture from Rocky Mountain Avalanche." "Rocky Mountain Avalanche" is a horse-filled Western

movie dotted with cowboys. The story was written by a dude who witnessed a rockslide in the Rockies from a helicopter. He was filled with emotion and inspiration to write a book when he saw a necking couple forced to evacuate their little spot under a pine tree, leap upon their mule, and take off to avoid the avalanche.

The crowd responded badly to the number.

"Sleeping Beauty's Slumber Song" was played next, a syrupy tune complete with snores by the unoccupied percussion players. It was a rather sick piece, and the applause was horribly small.

Courageously we went on, and played some hits from a recent three and a half hour John Deer Bandwagon special called "Farm Out." Everyone felt a bit foolish playing such a thing except Miss Volume, who did a little polka thing as she directed and made a complete fool of herself when the podium she was bouncing upon collapsed. The song sort of faded away into nothingness as we watched Miss Volume make great efforts to remove her body from the wreckage.

In spite of all the struggles to clear herself from the mess of broken boards, Miss Volume couldn't make it. So she directed the final number of the band from the heap of wood.

It was a catchy little piece called the "New Doublemint Gum Theme Song" in which the band softly, in a sad, out-of-tune sort of way, accompanied the twins, Jack and Mack Same, who blatted in a weird manner on their trumpets. How fitting for Mack to get gum stuck in his mouthpiece. By this time poor Miss Volume was sobbing.

Well, the first flops of the program all kind of blew over, and soon the choir milled in onto the risers to do its thing with Mr. Harmony.

We started off with a fast, fun, but dumb song called, "Yodeling Yokels of Yugoslavia." A tenor was supposed to yodel in various parts, but no tenor was capable of yodeling so Mr. Harmony had Ricardo De Taco sing the word "yodel," instead.

Well, Ricardo blew it. The song went faster than usual, and poor Ricky got

confused and had a memory lapse. He couldn't remember the word "yodel." He sang "ladle," "model," and "yo-yo," and finally settled for "noodle," to the horror of Mr. Harmony, the entire choir, and his mother.

We were all beginning to experience feelings of acute nausea.

We thought we heard applause from someone, but it turned out to be some irate mother in the crowd giving her son a few good smacks. A real letdown. . .

And then, the big number began, "God Bless America." We thoroughly wrecked that one. We got way off tune, and it got so bad that no one knew the words, or where in the world we were in the song.

But Harmony went ahead anyway and shrieked to the cold, bored, apathetic audience out there, "Ok, folks, join in on the chorus!"

To our horror various parts of the crowd began singing "My Country Tis of thee," and other sections were blaring out the "Star Spangled Banner." "Were we that off" I asked myself. And then some loudmouth in the crowd bellowed, "What is this? A round?"

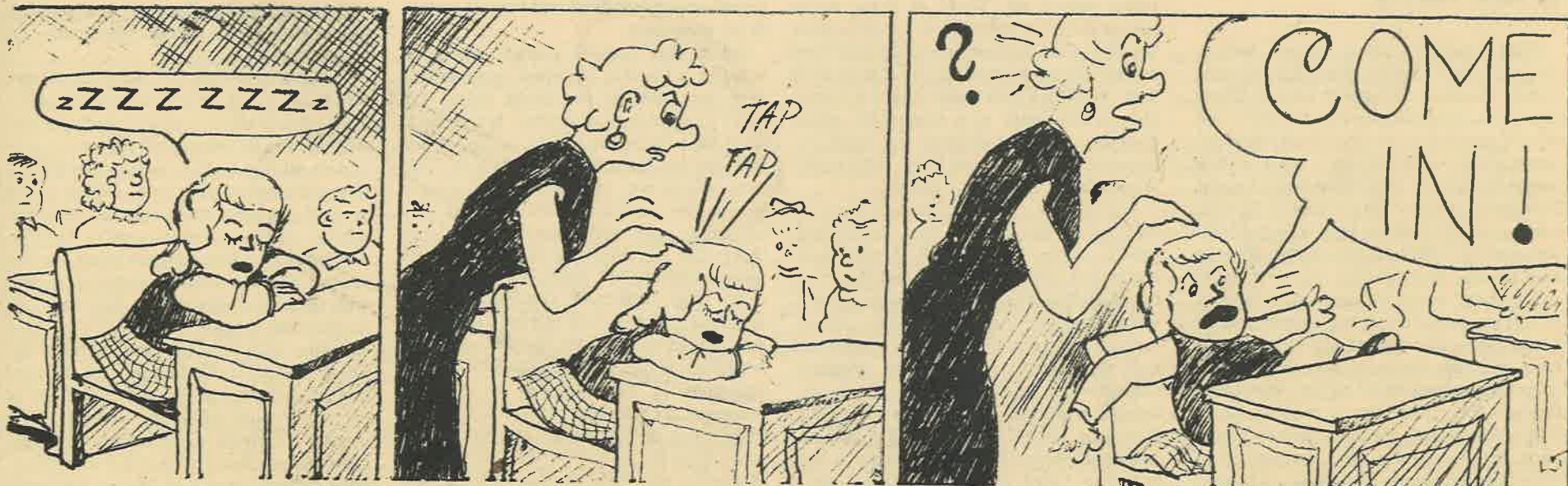
The choir was sickeningly flat, and Mr. Harmony started to scream, "Choir! Sing, higher! Higher!"

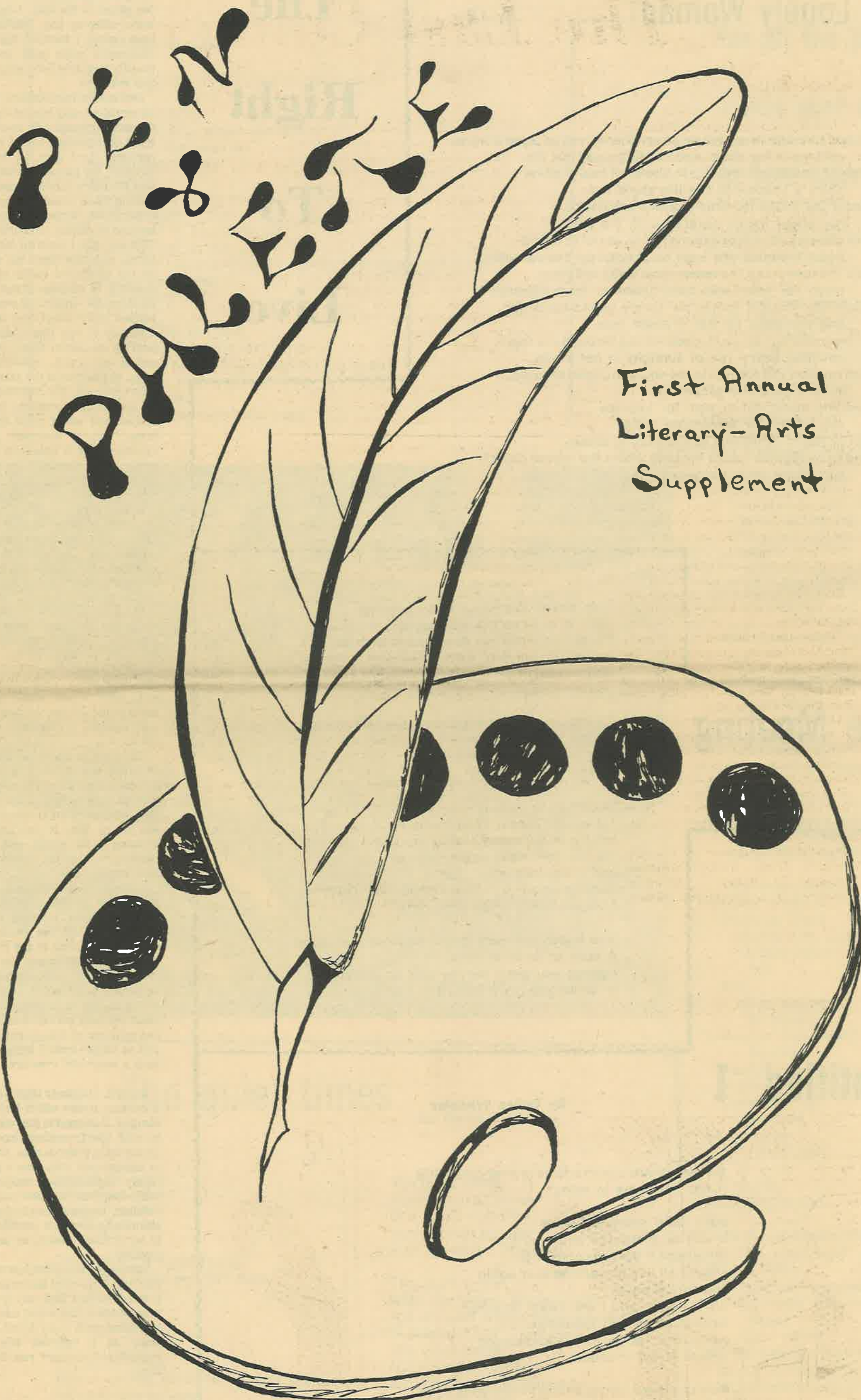
And then utter chaos. Some misunderstanding woman in the audience cried, "He said 'Fire!' Fire! Fire!"

You never saw such a mess. People were shoving one another and hollering "Fire!" It was mass hysteria. Even Mr. Harmony took some screaming man's advice to get out before the building collapsed, and we watched our choir director leap into the mad mob. Miss Volume, who had long since broken free from the podium wreck, bounded after Mr. Harmony, shouting, "Come back here, you little whipper snapper!"

In no time the entire auditorium was empty and silent. We choir members stood shocked and a bit appalled until a couple of crabby janitors starting pulling the risers from beneath our feet and ripping down decorations.

One smart-alec custodian remarked, "You really got everybody 'fired up,' huh, kids?"





First Annual
Literary-Arts
Supplement

Teach

The Lonely Woman

By J.B.

There's a room in my house where there lives an aged woman,
rocking in her chair, and knitting away her life.
Though she doesn't realize it, she's not really alive;
she's a shadow of the life she'd led,
And if she'd take the time to look she'd notice,
her slight frame covered with the past.
Her dreams she keeps around her so as not to forget
those thoughts she kept so precious stored within.
And it's funny, but she never recalls the sad times
when her heart was torn, chamber from chamber.
When she thought tomorrow surely would be better
and somehow for her it never was.
In the morning her youth goes sailing through my room
catching every ray of sunlight in her smile
And by noon she turns into the young maiden she was,
suitsors gallantly proposing.
And she never did accept, for you see
she waited for something better
But he never came, and so she's left to dream.
And so by nightfall she's the lady whom the mirror depicts
and I think not of the gain in time, but of the loss.

The Right To Live

Filled with the excitement of the upcoming deer hunt, I woke up a half hour early that morning. Not wishing to disturb the others in the tent, I remained in my warm sleeping bag. Thinking over some past events, I recalled that many of my classmates were quite envious when I proudly told them I was going deer hunting this weekend.

Dad and his two brothers, Jim and Bage, all had previously hunted there with great success. Although this would be my first try at deer hunting, I felt I was thoroughly prepared. Last July, on my seventeenth birthday, my parents presented me with a new Browning semiautomatic, .30-06 rifle. Having fitted it with a low-power Weaver scope, I had, through extensive practice, become a highly proficient marksman. With my rifle, I could hit bottle caps at 100 yards, and, nine times out of ten, I could hit the cardboard center of a tire rolled downhill. In addition to this, I had done a considerable amount of reading and had learned much about deer hunting.

Finally it was five o'clock, and upon hearing the alarm clock, we all crawled out of our warm, comfortable sleeping bags. In addition to the alarm, Jim cried, "Everyone up; it's morning!" However, we needed little prodding, for we were all enthusiastic about what the day would bring, and so everyone got up quite readily. After a breakfast of bacon and eggs cooked on a small propane stove, we set out for a prime area in the woods, one which Jim had previously selected.

It was a perfect day for hunting. The morning of November 15th was cool and clear, with the fresh crispness of an autumn day. The leaves of the trees had changed color, and at the crack of dawn the entire woods looked quite serene and picturesque.

The way in which the hunt was to be conducted was by means of a drive. Essentially what it consisted of was that one person, namely me, was to be positioned at one point in the woods, and the other three, starting at the opposite end of the woods, would begin walking towards me driving the deer before them and hopefully giving me a shot at a fine buck.

The place of my stand proved to be an excellent one. It was a tree stand about fifteen feet off the ground, and since deer seldom have need to look up, they rarely do. Upon taking my position in the stand, I discovered that it overlooked a small clearing in the woods, and I noticed the clearing was at the intersection of two deer trails.

Feeling quite confident in my new position, I waited. Finally, after about thirty minutes, I heard a deer come crashing through the woods. Then, with my heart pounding in my chest, I looked over to the clearing and saw an enormous fourteen point buck, panting from its desperate run from the men who were trying to kill it. Looking at the buck, I could not help but be awed by the beauty and splendor of this magnificent animal, and no longer could I bring myself to kill such a wonderful creature.

Instead, I began to take a different view of hunting, a view which I now hold today. Hunting, it seemed to me, was man killing, in cold blood, animals innocent of any wrong doing towards man. Animals, which in comparison with man's powerful and highly sophisticated weapons, are virtually helpless and powerless. To me, this ruthless, barbaric murdering of helpless animals by men who consider themselves to be civilized cannot, by any means, be justified.

Carefully aiming five feet away from the clearing, I squeezed the trigger in an effort to warn the buck that very soon the danger from which it fled would soon reappear. I was filled with a joy I had never before know as I watched this noble and magnificent creature run free, free and alive.

Lonnie Hulsey

The Meeting

By J.B.

This day reminds me of something,
what it is I can't quite recall.
the sky, a flawless, deep shade of blue;
tall grass, waving in the breeze.
And I, lying in the midst of it all,
getting stoned on its beauty.

You know, we were gonna have this meeting,
a year or so from then,
And try to pick up the pieces;
start all over, again.

So came I to the appointed place on the chosen date.
I'd waited longer than I should have,
for I guess I came the wrong day.
So, the next day, again I came.
and every day after, too.
But I suppose by some strange coincidence,
I wasn't there when you came.

You know, we were gonna have this meeting,
A year or so from then.
I guess you were maybe sick or something,
or could you have forgotten me?

Untitled 1

By Debra Schaefer

they say there comes a time in everyone's life
it has not come in mine

but i shall know this time
it will be fresh and new and free
i shall call it the time of my life
and i shall live it over and over again
and thrive on it
till the time and i are swept together
beyond today and tomorrow
we will be happy in our knowledge
joyous in our moment

they say there comes a time in everyone's life
and it shall come in mine

Precious Faces: From a Senior's Point of View

By Colleen McLean

Precious faces that I want to remember
forever,
but I can never
keep track of a whole world, can I?
What is it that makes
people have to say
good-bye?
I feel the closeness and warmth of
all the people I love,
and I want to hug them all,
and tell them to stay.
But we can't defend ourselves against the shears of the future
that cut the bonds
of friendship
and love.
So I will look at them,
we will embrace one last time,
and then the heavy winds start to blow us apart.
I will try to keep track of them.
I love them so. . .
At least God can hold them close. . .



The quiet times

By David E. Brown

Sitting on a hill
or in a meadow
or by a river
alone.

These are the quiet times.
The times when one can think
and question,
observe
and pray.

The quiet times
when I, alone, solve the world's problems
but still cannot cope
with my own.

The quiet times
when the true beauty
of a small butterfly
seems to be greater
than the entire universe.

The quiet times
when life seems to stand still
and one can let his mind wander
to places it has never been.

The quiet times
are essential to life
and they must be enjoyed
and cherished
as long as one lives.

Song

for all the people
I was ever madly
in love with

By Jan Kohlhepp

In all the years
that I have been me,
I wonder
how many times
I have been only
an inch
away,
from making a
life-long, beautiful
friend.

How many times
I walked by someone
dying to say "Hi,"
but not saying
it
because maybe
they wouldn't have said
hi back.

But maybe they wanted to say
hi.
How many times
I was madly
in love
with someone,
but looking
the other way
and pretending I didn't
care,
so I wouldn't be hurt.
Maybe they were madly in
love with me.
Maybe they were hurt.

How many times I
wanted to run to a friend
and hug them,
saying with a smile,
"I love you!"
but
but
never saying it
because
I thought they might have
laughed.
Maybe they were
aching to be hugged,
Longing to be
reassured,
Dying to be
cared for.

Maybe,
just maybe.

All the unknown friends
That could have been.
All the times
I could have reached out
and made someone
happy.
But I failed.
All the people I was ever
madly in love with.
But I kept it a secret.
Maybe,
just maybe
. . . they would've
loved me, too.

An answer to a question

By Jan Kohlhepp

There are
Some people you are
so happy to have met,
Some events you are
so happy to have known,
Some emotions you are
so happy to have felt.

High school is all of these.
A secure little world
with
people of its own,
events of its own,
a language of its own.

A world that revolves around
lockers, assignments, study
halls, cafeterias, textbooks,
notebooks, games, dances,
meetings, hall passes, and
special friends in certain
classes.

A world that is all I have ever known.

It has been fun.
Every dazzling,
carefree, dancing
moment.
It hurts to think of it all
being gone.
But the testing of this
world
is yet to come.

Perhaps
it has taught me
how to deal with
someone or something
that I will meet
later on;
perhaps it has not.
I do not know.

At any rate,
it has kept me here,
given me something to do,
something to wonder about,
something to look forward to.

I guess what I'm
trying to say...
is that I have liked
it here.
And really,
hasn't that been
the purpose of it all —

to be taught
what I believe in,
to learn to
form my own ideas,
to decide
what I like and
what I don't like,
to discover
who I am?

Well, I have discovered it.
And discovered many other
people, while discovering
myself.

Many, many people
who have become
so very special
to me.

I won't forget them.
The jokes, the good times
all the sharing,
will remain in
my life
for many years.

And the language of
high school?
A language that is
made up of the words of
friends and good times
and learning about
life 'n people
and serious thoughts
about the future.
It is a language that
I have learned to
speak fluently,
A language that I
will speak for
a long, long time
to come.

Untitled

By Kathy Fodness

As I sit in Silence,
and listen to you talk —
I reach out for the meaning of your words.
How easily it would be to fall deeply in love with you.
I really feel your presence when you are around.
I really do get excited at your touch.
You think I'm happy all the time?
Well, you are wrong.
There are many days when I will sit and listen to the beating
of my heart and feel as blue as a dreary, rainy day.
I hunger for your face, your voice, your passion.
Please, come to me.



I Gave Up Laughing

By D.L.

As I see the world about me,
I dream of how much I'd
love to be with you.
And as I wander through
the days,
I think of the many ways
I need and want you.

I see you often and you're always alone.
Sometimes I feel like walking
right up and talking to you.
But I don't.
I'm afraid that I'll say something wrong.
You know, like I did before?

I guess you're probably sitting there
laughing but
I'm used to that too.
I guess you don't know,
You see. . .



Those Were The Days, My Friend

Remember when **HIPPIE** meant big
in the hips,
And a **TRIP** involved travel in cars,
planes, or ships?
When **POT** was a vessel for cooking
things in,
And **HOOKED** was what grandmother's
rug may have been?
When **FIX** was a verb that meant
mend or repair,
And **BE IN** meant simply existing
somewhere?
When **NEAT** meant well organized, tidy,
and clean,
And **GRASS** was a ground cover,
normally green?
When **GROOVY** meant furrowed with
channels and hollows,
And **BIRDS** were winged creatures like
robins and swallows?
When **FUZZ** was a substance, real fluffy,
like lint?
And **BREAD** came from Bakeries —
not from the mint?
When **ROLL** meant a bun, and a **ROCK**
was a stone,
And **HANG UP** was something you did
on the phone?
When **CHICKEN** meant poultry and
BAG meant a sack,
And **JUNK** was trash cast-outs and
old Bric-a-Brac?
When **SWINGER** was someone who
swings in a swing,
in a swing,
And a **PAD** was a sort of a cushiony
thing?
When **TOUGH** described meat too
unyielding to chew,
And **MAKING A SCENE** was a rude thing
to do?
And words, once so sensible, sober,
and serious
Were not making **THE FREAK SCENE**
like **PSYCHEDELIRIOUS**.
It's **GROOVY**, man, **GROOVY**, but
English it's not.
Methinks that the Language has gone
straight to **POT!**

. . . Author unknown

I Guess What I'm Trying To Say

By David E. Brown

I was talking to a friend
in a quiet place.
It was by a river
and I asked him a question.

"Do things ever change?" I asked.
"The day always brings night,
and night always brings day.

"This river keeps on flowing
and children keep on growing
into adults
who eventually die.

"The seasons change
but they always change the same
So, when one thinks about it
seasons don't really change
but go in cycles.

"There has always been love
and hate,
and war,
and happiness.
Does anything ever change?"
"Only one thing," he replied,
"ever changes. And that,
my friend,
is people.

"We are all individuals
acting our own way,
thinking our own thoughts,
being our own selves.

"For that is what life
is all about.
To be an individual
to be different
to have a change
from all others.
To be you."

Saying good-bye

By David E. Brown

The drops of rain,
slowly ran down my face
mixed with tears.
There was lightning and thunder
but my eyes were blind;
my ears deaf.

I could not enjoy this thunderstorm.
I cried.

I walked down the street aimlessly
Nothing to do, nowhere to go.
People stare at me
thinking me insane
because I walk in the rain,
while they stay in the warmth of their houses.

They do not know of such things
as tears — and rain.
For these two things are alike.
And when tears dry up and rain clouds
are no longer around,
everything is all right
except for memories of water
streaming down my face
and saying good-bye.

Remembrance

By Kathy Fodness

I remember winning a smile on your face:
but I really haven't won, have I?
You're gone and all I've gained is pain and sorrow:

I remember a time when I grew so close to
you I could reach out and touch your
happiness. But all I really touched was a false surrendering
to contentment.

I remember thinking how alike we were,
how many things we had in common. But all we really had in
common was a desire
to find love.

All these things I remember because they
made me believe we could fit together—
make our two worlds one. But it didn't work,
I'm not blaming you—you tried. It's so
hard for me to now say "Let's be friends."
So if I don't seem to want to talk or even
walk by your side, it's because I'm scared
that I will fall back in love with you.
Understand me.

Who am I . . .

By B.S.

Sometimes I honestly think I don't know who I am. I guess I don't think about it enough. My attitudes and feelings towards myself change as fast as my moods do.

I am an individual. No one on this universe can create the exact same thing as I can with my own hands. No one can ever feel the same emotions the way I feel them. My reactions to different people and things I encounter in my life can never be the same as anyone else.

I am a person filled with emotions. But I keep them under control. I am afraid to show my true emotions many times. I don't want to hurt or embarrass someone else or myself.

I am unpredictable. I change so much every day. Sometimes even I don't know what to expect of myself.

I am afraid of what life holds for me. I am afraid I'll mess up my life.

I am living on this earth to reach the goals I have set for myself. For without goals there is nothing to live for. A person can't just live day by day and do nothing and expect life to be good to him.

I want my life to be a happy life so that when I die I can leave this world peacefully and without regret. If I live a long life, I want to be able to look back on many happy experiences.

There are so many things to do in this world, it's overwhelming; but when it comes time for me to pick what I want to do, I get all mixed up. I am afraid I'll pick something and then find out later that I hate it. Then I'll have to find myself all over again.

If God has a special plan for me, I'm the one who will have to find it. I'll know that I have found it when I'm truly happy with living. While I search for my happiness, I'll experience all the ups and downs of life and feel the love, hurt, and sorrow all at the same time. All I can hope for is that I experience many good things in life before I die.

A girl daydreaming is the way my self-portrait illustrates my life. That girl is me. I am dreaming about what I want in my life. It's early in the morning, and I'm thinking of what today holds for me and what I will experience. I wanted the picture to be beautiful and peaceful because that's how I want my life to be.

By M.V.

I am a thousand different parts which make up a unique whole. I can look at myself and see my family, my friends, people I admire, books I've read, songs I've heard, and an ideal for which I strive.

I am influenced by other people and sometimes worry what they'll think of me. Yet I do consider myself an individual, for I believe every separate being is an individual. Even the strictest conformists are so different by the way they try to conform that they are individuals.

There is a part of me distinctly my own. It was there at the moment I was conceived and was me until the time I was born. At that moment I was no longer myself but a confusion of everyone I came in contact with. There was still me, though, and I have been growing and developing and trying to figure who me really is.

Why am I living? After pondering this question for quite awhile, I can honestly say I don't know yet. I'm not trying to get out of anything; I just don't want to speculate on that subject until I know.

I have always thought that some people, the lucky ones, find out why they exist. But others strive their whole life and die not knowing. I really don't want to be like Peer Gynt and today say I'm something and that's why I'm here and tomorrow change my mind. Someday, I hope, I'll find I was meant to be for a purpose.

I have led a very sheltered, protected life so far. I have a lot of growing up to do outside of the confines of this town and my family. There are too many doubts clouding up my mind to be terribly sure of anything. That's why I think it's a little unfair to ask that question of me now. Maybe in a few years. . .

Why am I Living . . .

Thoughts: 11:30 P.M.

By David E. Brown

I sat in the room
thinking.
No one was outside
and it seemed
like I was alone.

I sat in the darkness
and thought of the walls
as my friends.
They gave me security.

I watched the street light
and thought that if it would go out,
I would feel lost.
I need that light
to see myself.

I thought of why
I tried to write poetry
and tell others of my feelings
and thoughts
and dreams.

There are so many people
I would like to know
but they seem so cold.
Maybe I am that way too.
I hope not.

A car went by.
Silently.
At least I know
people are still around
and I am not living
in a Twilight Zone.

The night passes slowly
but, like everything else,
it ends.

The day finally comes
and the loneliness felt
the night before
gives way to happiness
and a realization
of how nice it is
to be alive.



Golden Boy

By Colleen McLean

Peaches and cream man
who looks good in blue and makes me blue.
Confident man who knows he's a
winner and steps into the light for those who adore
to see him.
Golden boy. . .with those eyes. . .
I pretend I don't care.
But he's messing me up and making me do such
stupid things.
Gentle boy. . .He's polite and can talk with everyone,
but he's hurting me. . .so bad. . .
Steady man
who never loses sleep because it's under his thumb.
Loser me. . .
Sometimes I wish he knew I cared.
Maybe he does know.
Then I wish he cared.

Untitled - 1

By Sandy Schleif

Untitled

All my dreams.

They seem to be related somehow,
but yet they are entirely different.

I dream of castles with tall turrets and
shining moats, then I dream of their stately
Kings and beautiful Queens, and their manner
of life and living.

I dream of birds and the swift, laughing
air currents that lift and surge and caress
the small warm bodies as it carries them
to parts unknown.

I dream of heaven, of hell; of laughing
and crying. Of drawings and music, and of living and dying.

Now do you understand? I dream of each, and every, and
they are all separate, yet one.

All different, but somehow brought together
by time and life.

just like you and me. . .

On Communal Living

By Barb Schwartz

One ramshackly barn where
a grams and a gramps used
to hang their dirty overalls
on the stalls where the
feeder sows snorted
indignantly.

Heretofore shared unobtrusively
by five hippy-type women sagging
with babies slobbering unleavened
bread all over their
necks.

And by eight men who couldn't
find themselves in Yale, in the
government of the United States
of America, or in the New York
Stock Exchange.

A garden growing ungratefully
without DDT while the bugs gnaw
holes in wind-blown
leaves.

Ratty clothes on ratty people with ratty babies.

Who will be the Gerber image of 1973?

Babies — Who's Who in America?

"A man shall leave his home
and shall cleave unto his
wife and a woman shall do
the same."

Working together
growing together
in one useless
clump of unusable
clay.

LIFE IS A GAS.

Power to the people
living one reckless
happy-go-lucky
hayday life.

Untitled - 2

By Debra Schaefer

I have become a victim of speed
Hurrying from destination to destination
As if I am running out of time
Looking at my watch
Sighing, "Where does it fly?"

Trying to find a place to sit down
But never sitting down to find it
Forever going somewhere
Yet always getting nowhere
Constantly in motion

And when I do find a rare moment
To slow down and relax
And look at what I've accomplished
I cry into void
And start all over again



Here's to you

How can I thank someone as great as you? You have been everything to me these last few months. When I needed a friend, you were always there. You taught me how to love and how to share. You are the kind of person I have always wanted to be, yet I know I can never be everything you are. The sun hadn't shone in my world for a long time, but you brought it back. You helped me with a lot of my problems even if it was only by listening. Your constant smile and laughter made my world a brighter place to live in. Your happiness and alertness woke me up to the beautiful things in life — things I had been missing for so long. You taught me to love all that has life. You taught me to be tolerant. You taught me right from wrong — that's a lot to learn. You filled my life with happy moments and countless memories to treasure. The beautiful summer nights and the warm, cozy winter evenings all became real with you. Your hand on mine, your shining eyes, make me sigh with the remembered beauty of it all. The joy that I felt because of you and the love that I feel for you, is unspeakable. You'll never, ever know how much I have loved you. You put the zing back into my life and even if I never know another happy moment, you have made it all worth it for me. You can know, at least, that one person has become a better person because you have lived. You have opened my eyes to the world around me and you have opened my heart. I sit back now and sigh with the wonder of it all. You know, you really are quite a person.

Why, then, did you leave me?

Those intimate tricks of the "Newspaper Game"



I'm sure all you people out there in "Graphos-land" are just dying to know the deep, dark secrets of how the Graphos is put out each month. You know — all those intimate tricks of the "newspaper game." So this month, for your entertainment and useful knowledge, we proudly present "A month in the life of the Graphos staff!"

To begin with, it is a miracle that the Graphos ever comes out at all, with all the mix-ups and messes that we have. I know by now you are all groaning and shrieking to yourself, "The Graphos a miracle?? Forget it!" But that's beside the point. The month starts out with a meeting of the editors at Mr. Weber's house some night after supper. The purpose of these meetings is to make assignments, but they usually end up sitting at the kitchen table gobbling down Mrs. Weber's cookies and trying to smile politely when Mr. Weber asks how they taste. After we are done gagging on the cookies, we begin to go to work. The assignments are eventually completed, though we have to wrack our brains to be able to think up enough stories for our numerous reporters. (After all, now that the war is over, what else is left!) We do have fun inventing such things as the sky-rocketing crime rate in the thriving city of New Ulm, the earth-shaking problem of people whispering in the school library, and book reviews of books that have never been read. Then there are our basic "hot scoops" such as the home ec. class' project of sewing underwear, and an evaluation of every church service that is ever held in New Ulm.

The next step in "Project Get-The-Graphos-Out" is trying to coax people into picking up their assignments. After the announcement appears in the 3rd hour announcements for 23 consecutive days and no one comes to get his assignment, Mr. Weber begins to corner people in the halls. The reporters, however, are very alert and when they know it's assignment time, they warily keep their eyes peeled

for a large man sneaking down the hall in plaid pants and a blue vest. When they see him coming, they either leap into the nearest locker "or" take off down the hall. But Mr. Weber, after 7 months of practice, is usually able to get them to his room for their assignments. They immediately begin to make horrible, wrenching noises, clutching at their throats as they scream, "I have to do a story on that?? Ugh!!" Mr. Weber grits his teeth and patiently reminds them that they were the ones who volunteered to be writers for the Graphos. They either plead temporary insanity or say indignantly, "I did nothing of the sort!" Mr. Weber wipes the sweat off his forehead and calmly opens a new package of Tums.

After everyone has picked up his assignment, there is a period of relative peace and calm, lasting about 2 weeks. During this time there are only minor upsets, like the time Mr. Marti was sent to a meeting to get a picture for the Graphos. He went to the meeting place and after sitting there for 2 hours alone, he decided that the meeting was not going to be held there, and went home. The Graphos staff got a big laugh out of it, but if you've been wondering why Mr. Marti doesn't take pictures for the Graphos anymore, now you know. Outside of this, and a few other minor incidents, things run smoothly. Just as Mr. Weber's ulcer is starting to heal, it is time to start forcing people to hand in their assignments. This is about as easy as getting Billy Graham to join the Mafia. However, with the help of 2 able-bodied strong men, plus threats of not being allowed to graduate and great bodily harm, the assignments are collected, sometimes only as much as 12 days late.

All the copy (that's newspaper talk for "all the stuff") is then sent to the Journal to be typed. It comes back with only 16 mistakes in every paragraph. It is sent back to the Journal 5 or 6 times, maybe 4 in a good month, to be typed again with fewer mistakes. It never does end up right, but

Mr. Weber finally gives up in disgust. Thus you have the reason for all the mistakes in the Graphos. And here you thought it was because the reporters couldn't spell!

The next task is the lay-out and paste-up. (For all you dirty-minded readers, it's not what you think.) All the articles are glued on sheets of paper in a horrifying mess that resembles nothing anyone has ever seen. When most of the articles are put on upside down and two-thirds of the picture captions are under the wrong picture, the Graphos is sent to the Journal to be printed.

All that is left for the Graphos staff to do now is sit back and listen to the comments when the Graphos is distributed. Most of these are unprintable, but you get the general idea. We see our stories that took 20 hours of hard work and research, lying on the floor in shreds. The photographs (it took a bribe of 20 pairs of sparkling new scissors for Mr. Marti, to get him to take those pictures) stare at us out of trash cans. We see people scratching their heads and trying to figure out the so-called poems by our great so-called poets. And we see people shrieking with laughter at our sports editor's prediction that N.U.H.S. will win its next 6 basketball games. By the time the Graphos comes out everyone has forgotten who was on the basketball team, much less if we won or lost.

The editors begin to invent another series of earth-shaking news stories for the next issue and the whole sickening cycle of sappiness starts all over again. Now that I have thoroughly frightened next year's editors into resigning before they even start, and have given away all the secrets of the Graphos, I will end this article. I leave you with this touching thought: Maybe the budget will get cut and the Graphos will be the first thing to go. Miracles do happen, ya know!

By Jan Kohlhepp

Everybody Likes It

By Lonnie Hulsey

Chess is one of the oldest games known to mankind, and yet it still remains one of the most popular. One reason for the popularity of chess is the fact that it can be played by people of all kinds and of all ages. People from grade school age on up play chess, and although some people regard chess as a game for intellectuals, the truth of the matter is that almost anyone can play it. Chess has become increasingly popular since the Spassky-Fischer tournament held this summer. Many store owners have reported that while chess sets and books just sat on the shelves previously, after the tournament in Iceland some stores actually had difficulty keeping enough chess sets and books on chess in stock. Here at the senior high chess is also quite popular, and if you look around long enough you can probably find a game going on in the hall, a classroom, or most anywhere. Earlier this year a chess tournament was held, and I believe that the winner was Mark Seifkes. Perhaps one of the most remarkable characteristics of chess is the fact that once you truly become interested in playing it, chances are pretty good that you will remain that way. In conclusion I'd like to quote an amusing story which I think illustrates the fierce hold that this popular game takes on all who play it. Two chess players are deeply immersed in their game. Suddenly one of them looks up and says, "My wife threatens to leave me if I don't give up chess."

"Terrible, isn't it?" his partner murmurs sympathetically.

"Yes, isn't it?" the first player replies casually. "I shall miss her dreadfully."



Mr. Wilson and Lonnie Hulsey match wits as Bruce Wieland and Mr. Schmidt watch.

The Ending

By Ann Berle

Graduation — the day that has both happy and sad sentiments — is undergoing some changes this year. In past years the commencement speakers have been distinguished men from various colleges or businesses. This year, however, the seniors wanted to have some of their

classmates address the graduates and the audience at the commencement ceremonies. Chosen by ballot vote to give their thoughts upon graduation were Steve Franta, Bob Siegmann and Mr. Dick LaPatka. It is hoped that in this way the ceremony will contain more meaning and be remembered longer for all those involved.

Seniors are not required to attend classes on May 29 and 30. On May 30,

Wednesday, they will be served breakfast in the school cafeteria. A short entertaining program will be presented at the breakfast. Afterwards, rehearsal will be conducted for the commencement ceremony that will be held at 8 P.M. May 31 at Johnson Field. If the weather does not permit, the gym will be used with the proceedings on close circuit TV in the lecture theatre and the cafeteria in order to handle the overflow audience.

1973-74 Cheerleaders Chosen

By Mona Mansoor



New Ulm's 1973-74 varsity cheerleaders.

If you noticed that the halls were unusually quiet April 20th, it was probably in anticipation of hearing the names of the new cheerleaders announced over the P.A. system. Tryouts had been held the day before, and everyone was anxious to hear who had made it. Then — if CAME!! First, the ten A-squad cheerleaders were listed, in alphabetical order, no less! "Barb Altmann, Lynn Baloga, Deb Blackstad, Kris Blackstad, Steph Johnson, Eileen Lowinske, Sherri Marston, Kathy Wieland, Jackie Winter, and Mary Beth Wyczawski." Then B-squads were named. "Cathy Backer, Lori Bensen, Tammy Blackstad, Yvette Blomquist, Renee Buck, Leslie Johnson, Deb Poehler, and Sue Voves."

Maybe some of you noticed the cheerleaders were chosen in a different manner. I asked Karen Eberhart, the cheerleading advisor, to identify some of the reasons for the change. She said that this year's method was catching on in more and more schools. Last year, the cheerleaders were chosen by the students. This year, besides the student body voting, there was also a selected committee judging the tryouts. This committee consisted of coaches, two athletes from each major sport, three Rat Pak members, Mrs. Eberhart and four faculty members.

They ranked their top ten choices in order and compared their lists to the students'. Then the top ten of the two combined lists were the cheerleaders selected. (We're the only school Mrs. Eberhart knows of who had judges and students vote. Most schools just have a committee do the selecting.) This new system was tried not only as a change but also as a means of reducing the possibility of the election turning into a popularity contest.

The way the squads' cheering will be done next year is also different. The girls will be split into two groups of five to cheer during the winter sports. For the cross-country team, there might be five or ten girls, but most likely five. Football, since it is a large spectator sport, will have all ten girls cheering. This division will ensure that cheerleaders will be at all athletic events, even in case of conflicts. For instance, if there's a gym meet and a wrestling meet scheduled for the same night, there will be five cheerleaders at each so no one sport will be overlooked. Mrs. Eberhart feels that with the smaller groups, the girls will be able to do more complex routines. They'll have more time to practice and will have a smaller group with which to work out their cheers in more detail.

I think we're all pleased with the results of the voting. Congratulations to all the new cheerleaders, and we're all looking forward to seeing our new system of cheerleading in action next fall.

Golfers Having Winning Season

By Jim Abraham

The NUHS golf team is having a fine season. There are many reasons for its success, but when you look at all of the reasons it all boils down to the people on the team.

Kevin Patterson and Steve Wyczawski have been the steadying forces on the team. Kevin, playing as first man on the squad, has had many outstanding rounds this year and usually comes in with a 36 or a 37 score for nine holes. His consistently low scores show that he is one of the top golfers in the region. He has also been medalist in just about every meet this year. Steve has also greatly aided the team. Steve has had many fine rounds and his scores have counted towards the team score in just about every meet.

The rest of the varsity lineup usually consists of Bob Johnson, Doug Berentson, Dave Loucks, and either Jim Abraham or Brian Shay. Sophomore Dave Loucks was a very pleasant addition to our squad. Not much was expected of Dave but he has had many fine scores and usually plays 3rd or 4th man on the team. Another bright light in our season was Brian Shay. Just an eighth grader, Brian shows great promise for the years to come.

As for the tournaments, the team expects to finish very high in both the conference and in district. Although New Ulm is not favored to win either, the team feels that it is strong enough to take both tournaments and maybe the region tournament to win a trip to the state meet.

A Roller Coaster Season

By Steven Penrod

Our NUHS tennis team has had its ups and downs this season in compiling a 3 wins 4 losses record so far.

The team consists of Joel Groebner, first singles; Rich Van Voorhis, second singles; Steve Prange, third singles; Bob Lindemann and Mark Wolf, first doubles; and Doug Krause and Dale Winch, Second doubles.

The team started off well with a 4-1 victory over Morgan, who will be the Eagles' opponent in their last meet of the season, but a loss to tough Luther and a win over Glencoe followed.

After losing badly to Fairmont 5-0 in the next meet, the squad went to St. James and pulled off a close 3-2 victory. Joel Groebner and both doubles teams were the winners for the Eagles. The Eagles then registered two straight losses, one to Hutchinson and one to conference favorite, Blue Earth.

Coach Poncin feels Blue Earth will be very tough to beat for the conference title. In the district contest, which we have won 2 out of the last 3 years, he feels we should have a chance at the title but feels second

or third place sounds more realistic. In Region Three Hutchinson, Madison, Redwood Falls and New Ulm should be the top contenders.



Joel Groebner

CARTHEY'S CORNER

GOLF

"This caddy of mine is a thief. I'm afraid he'll swipe this new golf ball of mine."
"I wouldn't putt it past him."

Golf widow — "You think so much of your old golf game that you don't even remember when we were married."

Bug — "Of course I do, my dear; it was the day I sank that forty-foot putt."

Golf Pro — "Tee the ball."

Beginner — "Sure, I see it, but why the baby talk?"

"Does he play much golf a day?"

"Oh, thirty-six holes, roughly speaking."

"And how many without cursing?"

Track

"How's Smith in the high jump? Any good?"

"Naw, he can hardly clear his throat."

Tennis

A man wandered into a tennis tournament the other day and sat down on the bench.

"Whose game?" he asked.

A shy young girl sitting next to him looked up hopefully.

"I am," she replied.

BASEBALL

Coach — "What this team needs is life."

Manager — "Oh, no, thirty days is enough."

An irate enthusiast, who had watched his home team go down in defeat, stopped the umpire as he was leaving the field.

"Where's your dog?" he demanded.

"Dog?" asked the umpire. "I have no dog."

"Well," said the grouchy fan, "you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a seeing-eye dog."

"It is awful, Mrs. Smith, the way sports are degenerating. My boy was dismissed from the ball team because he was too honest."

"What was the matter?"

"He wouldn't steal bases."

Today's Bad Pun

A professional hockey goalie took his father and son out to dinner. So sitting at the table they were father, son, and goalie host.

Girl's Sports are Off and Running



Deb Lindstrom bends around the bar during a recent home track meet.

By Sue Lang

Girls are by no means inactive sports-wise during the spring months. Interscholastic track, extramural softball and four intramural sports are offered at NUHS.

Miss Beug, assisted by Miss Mueller, coach the track team which consists of both junior and senior high girls. They have been training since the latter part of March. Their first meet, on April 24, was held here against Lester Prairie. We outran them 81 to 48. Two days later the team traveled to Glencoe for a seven school meet. New Ulm placed fourth. The

meet scheduled for May 1 against Hutchinson was postponed until May 14 because of rain. Five other meets are scheduled.

Extramural softball started April 20 with three games scheduled. They will be played May 7, 21 and 24. Mrs. Fritz, a Phy. Ed. teacher at the junior high, is the coach.

For those not interested in playing other schools, intramural sports are offered one night a week. Golf is held at the junior high little gym. Mrs. Dannheim is in charge. Mrs. Eberhart heads softball, archery, and tennis every Wednesday at the senior high.

Cindermen Live Up to Expectations

By Bud Apitz

The New Ulm High School track team started its outdoor meet season on April 12 with a home meet against Madelia and Fairmont. The Eagles won the meet with 73 points compared to 62 for Madelia and Fairmont's 31.

New Ulm was paced by eight first place winners: Hendricks in the pole vault, Royer in the 120 High Hurdles, Tobias in the 100 Yard Dash, Voves in the 180 Low Hurdles, Mark Stoltenburg in the mile, Rogiers in the 880 Yard mile. One of the better times was Steve Quiggle's 53.9 in the 440.

The "B Team" won its meet scoring 58 points to Madelia's 51 and Fairmont's 48.

The Eagles won another home meet the following day in a convincing manner. New Ulm scored 87 points, Wabasso 45, and Lambertson 34. New Ulm had several first place finishers, winning eleven of sixteen events.

First place finishers include two double winners: Rod Tobias in the 100 and 220 Yard Dashes and Scott Voves in the 120 High Hurdles and 180 High Hurdles. Hendricks won the pole vault, Galen the long jump, Mark Stoltenburg the mile, the 880 Yard Relay Team (Tobias, Pederson, Hanson, Roiger), the 440 by Quiggle, the Sprint Medley Relay Team (Hanson, Roiger, Apitz, Isaacson), and Dave Stoltenburg the two mile.

The "B Team" won again by topping Wabasso's 26½ points and Lambertson's 6 with an outstanding 107½ points.

After having its April 16 dual meet with Waseca cancelled, New Ulm had a home meet against Mankato and Glencoe the following day. The team lost this meet with Mankato scoring 74 points, New Ulm 57, and Glencoe 36. This was the Eagle's first regular season track meet loss in two years.

However, the team had two things to be happy about in this meet. The team beat Glencoe, one of the two teams that had defeated them in the South Central Conference Indoor Meet, and Mark Hendricks set a new school pole vault record of 13-5.

New Ulm's other first places include Voves in the discus and 120 High Hurdles, Tobias in the 100 Yard Dash, and Mark and Dave Stoltenburg won the mile and two mile respectively.

New Ulm's "B Team" also lost to Mankato. The "B Team" scored 59½ points compared to 69½ for Mankato and 29 for Glencoe.

On April 24, the Eagle track team

traveled to Winthrop for a meet. New Ulm took second place for the second straight time, losing to Redwood Falls in a close contest. Redwood scored 85 points, New Ulm 82½, Renville 38½ and Winthrop 25.

The loss was a great disappointment to the team, and the Eagles would get a chance for revenge at the Redwood Falls Invitational the following Friday. The Eagles were missing Jeff Madsen, Scott Voves, and Steve Quiggle, three varsity regulars.

New Ulm's first place winners were led by double winner Mark Hendricks in the pole vault and high jump. Mark Stoltenburg won the mile, Royer the 180 Low Hurdles, Tobias the 220 Yard Dash, and the two mile by Dave Stoltenburg in the excellent time of 9:58.4.

New Ulm got its revenge against Redwood Falls at the Invitational but lost the meet to Glencoe. The Eagles had just beaten Glencoe ten days earlier so the loss was hard to swallow. There were ten teams competing in the meet, scoring went as follows: Glencoe 68½, New Ulm 60½, Redwood 50, Gaylord 39, Lambertson 13, Morton 9, Wabasso 8 1-3, Sleepy Eye 3 1-3, New Ulm Luther 2 1-3, and Winthrop 1.

Rod Tobias was New Ulm's only double winner with good times of 10.3 in the 100 Yard Dash and 23.5 in the 220 Yard Dash. Other first place winners were Hendricks in the pole vault, Voves in the 120 High Hurdles, Mark Stoltenburg in the mile, Madsen in the discus, and Dave Stoltenburg in the two mile.

On May 3, the real New Ulm High School track team proved itself once again. The Eagles won the New Ulm Invitational for the fourth year in a row and earned the title of Indian givers from Don Brand. The victory was a sweet one as the Eagles "ran up" 77 points compared to Redwood's 67, St. Peter 34, Montgomery 33, Wells 32, and Slayton 11. St. Peter was the other team that had beaten New Ulm in the Conference Indoor Meet.

Several meet records were broken, most of them by New Ulm runners. Mark and Dave Stoltenburg lowered their records in the mile and two mile. Mark won in 4:36.9 and Dave in 9:59.8. Rod Tobias tied the 100 Yard Dash record in 10.4 and lowered the 220 Yard Dash record to 23.4. A new pole vault mark of 13-0 was set by Mark Hendricks. The only first place for New Ulm that wasn't a record was by Voves in the 180 Low Hurdles.

New Ulm has beaten every team it has

faced, except Mankato, at least once. Even though the team has lost some meets, it has beaten those winners in other meets.

There are three individual Eagles who have yet to be beaten in their specialties. Mark Stoltenburg is undefeated in the mile, Dave Stoltenburg in the two mile, and Mark Hendricks in the pole vault.

The Eagle track team has five meets remaining. Only home meet left is the South Central Conference Championship on May 18. New Ulm won the meet last year for the first time in 25 years and is rated as one of the favorites to win this year.



Mark Stoltenburg

Runners

Wanted

The New Ulm Cross Country team, Region III champions 1970, 1971, and 72, is Looking for runners for the 1973 squad. Graduation losses have been heavy. The harriers have five runners back who were at the state tournament last fall, but more runners are needed to make this squad as strong as past New Ulm teams.

If you're an average or better runner and are willing to pay the price of extremely hard work, then you can be successful in cross country.

There will be a sign up for cross country during the last week of school. At this time more information regarding cross country will be given. Mr. Peterson and Mr. Pytleski are the cross country coaches and information concerning cross country can be obtained from them.

We need a few good men.

Eagles

Get Ready for District

By Larry Jensen

Although the NUHS Eagles baseball season has been somewhat disappointing so far, the team is looking into the future very optimistically. By the time this issue appears it will be time for the district tournament. That is when another season begins.

As the regular season stands after 15 games, the Eagles have a 9-5-1 record. The ball players feel that they easily could have won the five games they've lost because they have beaten themselves. Each one of those ball games was lost by Eagle miscues and mental lapses. Probably the best example of this was the loss the Eagles suffered in Hutchinson. New Ulm was ahead by the score of 10-4 going into the last inning. That is when the roof caved in. Everything happened that could possibly have happened and New Ulm ended up losing 11-10.

But that's all behind the Eagles now. The team is getting ready to go after its eighth consecutive District 10 championship. The favorites to win the title are New Ulm, Gaylord, and Sleepy Eye. If New Ulm plays the kind of ball that it is capable of playing, they should once again walk off with all the marbles.

So far the leading hitters have been Bill Olsen, batting .341; Bryan Boelter, hitting .324; Bruce Wieland, hitting .323; Joe Carthy, batting .308; and Terry Johnson hitting .306. The team's total average is a very respectable .250.

The Eagles top pitcher has been Dan Hirth. He has an excellent earned run average of 1.27. The total pitching staff's ERA is 1.93, which is also excellent.

New Ulm has not been beaten in the last seven years in district play and they don't intend to get beat this year. If you want to see some good baseball played, get out and back the Eagles. They'll give you what you are looking for.



Mark Hendricks successfully clears the bar in this attempt. Mark's best effort is 13' 5", the second best mark in the state.