

**AH REVENGE!**

Mankato Plays Here Next Saturday and St. Peter the Saturday Following. They Beat Us Last Year—But Watch Our Smoke.

# The Graphos

**LET'S GO**

To Lambertson and Help Our Team Win. Get a Flivver and a Gallon of Gas. Let's See You There. We're Out For Victory.

VOLUME VI.

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1921.

NUMBER 2

## COACH CHURCH TALKS TO HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

**Wants More Boys Out For Football Practise.**

Last week one day Mr. Clark announced that all the boys should be at school that noon at one o'clock. No one could surmise what the meeting was to be about. As it is usual each year for the boys to be called together, either for hazing the Freshies or for raising a rough house in general, most of the fellows went, ready to receive "Cain." They did, eventually, but not in a way they expected.

**"Mickie" Takes the Floor.**

The boys showed up en masse at 1 p. m. sharp. The girls in the assembly were dismissed with apologies. Mr. Church then "took the floor" and told us the reason we lost the Sleepy Eye game. He said he was partly to blame, which was entirely incorrect. The team was given its share of the blame and the rest of the blame, about 99 per cent of it to be exact, (Mr. Church didn't give these figures, but they were supplied by the editor), was put on the shoulders of the boys as a whole. What's the matter with some of you big fellows? Come out and practise. Positions on the team are still open—that is some of the weak places can easily be changed. As Mr. Church said, "The best coach in the world couldn't make a football team unless he had the men." Now, we have one of the best coaches obtainable. But no matter how hard he tries, unless material is out for practice, a winning team cannot be produced.

**Several Volunteer for Scrimmage.**

Mr. Church, or "Mickie," as we all know him, requested that all boys, who were willing to come out and scrimmage against the first team should raise their hands. Good! There were quite a number. And that night there was quite a number out for practise, enough to put up a good fight against the "varsity."

**FAVORED, IF NOT FLAVORED.**

Angry diner: "See here, waiter, what's this collar button doing in my soup?"

Waiter: "Not so loud, sir, please. Don't let that gentleman at the next table hear you. He's dined her regularly for two years and we've never thrown in anything extra for him."

Miss Russell (in English IV): "Name some of the works from which Shakespeare received his ideas."

Senior: "Plutarch's Lives."

Bright Senior—otherwise known as "Silly": "How many lives had he?"

## ELEVEN DOWNS ST. JAMES 13-7 LOSES TO SLEEPY EYE 35-6

### SLEEPY EYE HOO-DOO OVERCOMES OUR TEAM IN FIRST GAME OF SEASON. WE RETALIATE ON ST. JAMES

#### IMPROVEMENT SHOWN IN SECOND GAME

**SLEEPY EYE GAME.**

The first quarter started with New Ulm receiving. Three plays were called and then Sleepy Eye recovered a fumble on our 40-yard line. By straight football they ploughed the line for a touchdown. The locals again received and this time were held on downs. Sleepy Eye made their downs four on an end run and another touchdown resulted. They repeated their tactics and scored again. Goal was kicked for each one and the score was 21-0 when the period ended.

**Locals Tighten Down.**

In the second quarter the locals tightened down and began to gain on Sleepy Eye. The climax came when McHale intercepted a pass and ran 40 yards for a touchdown. No goal was kicked. The half ended 21-6 in favor of Sleepy Eye.

The third period was up and tuck, neither side scoring and the ball passing back and forth.

In the last period McHale was hurt and taken out. Current was substituted. The locals took long chances with their passes as the score was  
(Continued on page 4.)

#### SEVERAL NEW STATE ATHLETIC RULES.

As you all know the State High School Athletic Rules govern athletic games played between High Schools in the state. This year there are several new rules.

In order to be eligible to engage in Athletics a Senior, Junior or Sophomore must have made at least three credits the preceding semester. The Freshmen do not come under this rule because they have not heretofore taken High School subjects. Also, a student must remain above grade in his monthly marks. If he is not above grade he is not allowed to play. A rule, which applies to everyone (girls included), is that the student must not have used tobacco or intoxicating liquors since the beginning of the present school year. Every contestant must sign a card which states that, on his honor as a student, he has complied with the above rule.

We are sorry to say that a few students are ineligible to play for one or the other of the above named rules.

**ST. JAMES GAME.**

The locals received and carried the ball to the 35-yard line. First down was made and the ball carried to St. James' 40-yard line. Here it was lost and St. James began to advance it. They made their downs and on a pass slipped over for a touchdown. They also kicked goal.

**Fritsche Makes Touchdown.**

In the second period the locals were within scoring distance, but lost the ball. St. James carried it to New Ulm's 20-yard line and here the locals recovered a fumble and Carl Fritsche ran almost the length of the field for a touchdown. Schueller kicked goal and the score was 7-7.

**"Pat" Scores.**

During the third period the ball went back and forth until New Ulm punted. The ball went over the goal line, was touched by a St. James player and then McHale fell on it for a touchdown. No goal was kicked, score 13 to 7.

The locals were the aggressors during the last period. They worked the  
(Continued on page 4.)

#### BIG SOPHOMORE MASQUERADE PARTY ON HALLOWE'EN

**SOPHOMORE PARTY.**

Say, kids, do you know what's up? Well, you'd better fish your duds out of the attic 'cause the Sophomore class is going to give a Halloween Masquerade dance, and you will not be admitted unless you are masked. This dance is to be given at the Turner Hall Gymnasium on the 29th of October.

**First Party This Year.**

This is the first party of any kind to be given this year, so come out and support it. Here's a real chance to get acquainted with the Halloween spirits, don't miss it. The admission is \$.35. You Freshmen had better start saving your pennies, so your papas and mammas will let you come. Dancing will begin at 8 o'clock. The committee has engaged Fletcher's Orient orchestra to furnish the music and a good time is guaranteed by the Sophomores. They have done their duty to make this dance a real success, so can you, by coming. Let's go!

## PEP FESTS HELD BEFORE GAMES

**Players Called on For Speeches—Yells Given.**

The day before the Sleepy Eye game the Assembly period was taken in tow by our cheer leader, Sylvester Wellmann. First of all the ceiling was torn off by a rousing "Lavender and White." Captain Fritsche was then called upon to speak a few words about the coming game—especially to the Freshies. Carl has become quite an orator lately. We wonder where he acquired this art, for an art it is to get up on the stage and spin them off hand over hand the way he did—(with apologies to Carl). A cheer for Carl was then given.

**Players Called On.**

Joe Schueller, alias Joe Stadulski, and a dozen other handles, then put in a word or two. Joe promised to handle the other fellows quite roughly. His talk made us think that stretchers would be in order after each game. Not quite that bad, we hope. Another cheer, this one for Joe, lifted the ceiling a little more.

Several other players were then called on. Some responded, while others let "stage fright" have its sway. The cheer leader led through a few more yells, raising the ceiling 100 per cent more. A "Lavender and White" finished up the yells.

"You may pass to your first period classes," brought the ceiling down with a bang of gloom, from the lofty altitude the yells had raised it.

**JUST A SLIP.**

Tommy (saying his prayers sleepily): "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Mother (prompting): "If—"

Tommy (almost asleep): "If he hollers let him go, eeny, meeny, miny, mo!"

**NOTHING TO BRAG ABOUT.**

Jack: "Dad, what are ancestors?"

Dad: "Well, my boy, I'm one of your ancestors. Your grandfather is another."

Jack: "Oh, then why do people brag about them?"

Teacher: "Jones, name me a unit of electricity."

Jones (Just waking up): "What?" (Watt.)

Teacher: "Right."

"If there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would be left?"

"One," answered a bright boy, "the dead fly."

*6-Carl*

# The Graphos

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1921.

### A THOUGHT ON OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

If we were the inhabitants of the jungles of Africa, or cast-aways on some forgotten isle, our actions and manners would be judged by our surroundings, our educational advantages and our own personal characters. We would not be expected to be polite, to possess a little poise or even to be just plain decent.

Yohé, for instance, one of those frousy beaded blackies, dressed in a snake skin and a string of claws, with a stick thrust through his nostrils, is a good example. His kind are picturesque, no doubt, but what would we say if they came into our High School, with wild antics, gesticulations and loud coarse voices?

Well, we are judged the same way. Our advantages, in comparison to these humans, are many. But how often don't we feel like "showing off" and come into Assembly with the last bit of a loud conversation on our lips, an ungraceful, affected walk, designed to imitate a late dance craze.

Now, we can't blame the jungle men for being uncouth. It's their style! But we aren't jungle men. We can improve our actions and manners, and thus beautify our environment.

Let's be free in our actions and our speech, but, by all means, let's not be offensive.

### BETTER PREACHERS NOW.

On the 17th day of April, 1725, a certain John Rudge bequeathed his local parish in Staffordshire, twenty shillings a year for the employment

of a man to go about the church "to keep the people awake."

### PERCY MANAGES AFFAIR.

Mrs. Clyde-Colburn paced her daughter's room in a high state of perturbation. "She's gone!—gone!" She wailed wringing her hands. Then, as her roving eyes fell upon the picture of a sweet girlish face on the dresser, she cried, "Oh, Bernice! Bernice!—That it should have come to this!" and wept hysterically. "She's eloped with a beggarly poet!—a vagabond!"

The young man, who had been chosen by Mrs. Clyde-Colburn as a suitable fiance for her daughter, Bernice, stood regarding her from the doorway, his brow furrowed in consternation. "Oh, Percy, Percy! What shall we do?" she questioned him in a wail.

"My dear lady, first of all you must calm yourself," he replied. "Detectives shall find them!"

Mrs. Clyde-Colburn was horrified. "The notority would kill me!" she moaned. "No, no! It must remain secret! I couldn't bear to have my friends gossip about the disgrace that has fallen upon us—Bernice eloped with a beggar!" She seemed on the verge of another collapse.

"Now! now!" said Percy soothingly, it's alright! No one shall know! Let me manage here!

Leaving Mrs. Clyde-Colburn to give vent to her grief in distracted tears, he left the house and drove speedily to a secret detective agency. After having been informed that the most competent detective was "out" and was expected back in about an hour, he left the Clyde-Colburn address with instructions that the detective be sent there immediately upon his return.

Percy spent a nervous hour in the Clyde-Colburn living room. At last the door bell rang and the maid announced a caller. The young man who entered glanced questioningly at Percy for a moment and then said, "I should like to see Mrs. Colburn."

"No, she isn't in a condition to see anyone. And anyway, I'm taking charge of this affair for her. Sit down, and we'll get down to business immediately," the young man replied.

Percy drew a breath and reflected a moment. "I'll have to tell you the whole story," he said, "it may help you to find clues. My name's Morris—Percy Morris, and I—" he hesitated and turned red, "I am, that is, was—engaged to Bernice Clyde-Colburn, that's Mrs. Clyde-Colburn's daughter, you know. This morning she went in her daughter's room and found that Bernice was gone. We know that she eloped with a scamp of a poet."

At this point a light broke on the caller's face. "Wait a bit, won't you?" he interrupted, and drew from his pocket a pad and pencil. He scribbled busily away for a few minutes, after which he said, "Alright! Go on! What was the poet's name?"

"His name was Vincenzo Giotto. We know that she must have eloped with him because she had twice

threatened her mother that she would. That's all we know."

The caller again busied himself with a pad and pencil for a few minutes, and then asked, "What course do you propose to take in discovering the pair?"

Percy regarded him with surprise. "What course do I expect to take?—What course do you expect to take? Why do you think I hired you anyway?"

"I'm sure I can't enlighten you Mr. Morris," spoke the caller, rising, "but thank you for the information."

"You can't enlighten me, eh?" repeated Percy, a little impatiently. "Aren't you a detective and weren't you sent here for the purpose of enlightening me?"

The caller, who had reached the door and stood, with hat in hand, ready for departure, laughed, and said, "I'm sorry, but I'm not a detective. I'm the reporter from the "Morning Star." I came to interview Mrs. Clyde-Colburn about the new society of which she is president. Didn't expect to get all this information, but thanks—awfully. It'll make a fine newspaper story."

### NORMAL NEWS.

"Aint we got fun?" Friday, Sept. 30, the whole Normal bunch went out into the country to see what a country school teacher's life is like. They visited four different schools, one of them was way out near Hanska.

And Eats!! This was the most important thing, and, of course, everyone had a big basket full of delicious things along. They had dinner on the roadside. Before they started for home, they had a big marshmallow roast on the schoolgrounds of the last school they visited. And the ride home!

It won't take very long and the girls will be regular "schoolma'ams," because they are all teaching arithmetic now in the different buildings.

"Do you notice any change in me?" "No, why?"

"I've just swallowed a nickel."

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### EXCHANGES.

The Exchange papers are beginning to drift in, and after being looked over and otherwise maltreated by the other two hundred and forty-nine students, occasionally reach the exchange editor. Foremost among the survivors is the "West High Weekly" of West High School, Minneapolis. This paper has appeared two or three times since school started. There's so much to the paper, that it would be next to impossible to review it all. Somehow the "portraits" on the front page of the first issue seemed to fit several New Ulmites.

"The Breeze," of Center City, Minn., reports the Seniors have secured a Lyceum course for their town. Good work. The jokes on the back page are no better nor worse than the average. A good number considering that this is the first issue of the year.

"The Ypsi Sem" from the town-with-the-funny-name, Ypsilanti, Michigan, is an exceptionally well written paper. It features a continual story, which leaves the hero and readers very much in the air—the hero just about to be boiled alive by a fat china-man. It would make a good movie serial. It is interesting.

A late arrival is the "Karux" of Phillipsburg, N. J., up to its usual standard. The literary department contains another movie story, this time one of those Alaska affairs; and this, too, is interesting. The Karux seems to know where to get its jokes. However, some of them are a little too old. Anyway, we like the Karux.

### LOCALS.

The cheer leader got the whole team on the stage last Friday so we could look them over. Some bunch, we'll say.

Crank your Ford and flivver over to Lamberton for the game tomorrow. It isn't so very far and besides, the team will need your support.

Last Friday the football fellows and several others adjourned to the football field and fixed up the grounds. The field was marked and the goal posts set.

"Buy safety matches!" So quoth Mr. Clark. Yes, it was a speech on fire preventions and it was an exceedingly good one. We hope to hear more of them in the future.

Now that there are only two minutes between classes there's some hurrying and scurrying in the halls, because if you're late to classes you must trot back to the office for a permit.

Advertise our football games so we get the crowd. We need the money. When tickets are for sale take a couple of dozens and tackle everybody. That's the way to get rid of them.

An outsider coming into school before classes at noon or in the morning, would be apt to think that an epidemic of mumps had broken out among the pupils—but no, it's only jawbreakers.

High School spirit was shown by the large crowd of rooters that attended the football games thus far, but say, boys, the girls are the ones that back up the team every time.

Next time show them that your lungs are equal to theirs by joining in with the yells and watch the results.

The High School Orchestra is going to put up a fine showing this year. Besides having an alumna, a former member, consent to play again this year, they have two members of the Crystal De Luxe orchestra from the Crystal theatre. Miss Mac Farlane is a good director, so they have every reason to say, "Watch our smoke!"

What's the matter with the Sophies? In every corner of the building one comes in contact with a buzzing bunch of them, excitedly discussing something. What's it all about? Why, a party, of course. They intend to give us a gala evening at Halloween, and according to the good time they showed us last year at their "Hard Time Dance," one can expect something exceptionally good this year.

Several of the High School students have "performed" at the Crystal theatre recently. Florence Schneider, Blanche Huelskamp and Howard Haling have appeared at different times. All of them entertained the audience by singing. Frances Arndt gave a demonstration of some of the new dancing steps, and Robert Fisher did some "sleight of hand" tricks one night. I am sure everyone appreciates the endeavor of Mr. Gould, the theatre owner, to bring out the local talent of the community.

In a certain coal mine each man marked with chalk the number on every car of coal mined.

Ole, having filled the eleventh car, marked it with a one and after hesitating a while let it go at that.

Another miner noticing the mistake called Ole's attention to it. "Yas I know," said Ole, "But I can't tank which side the odder number wan go on."

### PARODY ON "THE DESERTER'S VILLAGE."

Sleepy Eye, darndest village of the plain,

Where we cheered our team to vict'ry in vain,

Where with smiling face our thirty-five cents we paid

Hoping that the football game wouldn't be delayed.

Sleepy Eye started to buck our line with ease,

And the New Ulm tacklers seemed hard to please.

Oh, how we yelled at the old "Green!" Who were fumbling the ball—Man what a scene;

How oft they passed, but a sudden charm

Took the ball past our receiver's arm.

But the New Ulm players were hopeful still.

'Twas their first time in the mill;

And when an intercepted pass in Pat's arm stayed,

New Ulm's only touchdown was made.

And "Gee" how we waited the coming day

When our team showed St. James how to play;

And each and all of us a football sport

Came out and gave the team our best support.

**SLEEPY EYE GAME**

(Continued from page 1.)

big and the time short. None of them worked, however, and Sleepy Eye scored twice, the score being 35-6 when the game ended.

**N. U. Line Mostly New Men.**

Sleepy Eye won the game by straight football, but it was in the first quarter when they won. The locals had six practically new men in the line, some of them never even having seen a game. This was an important factor in the game as can be seen that after the first quarter they knew their business and held their own.

**Lineup.**

Left End ..... Spaeth  
Left Tackle ..... Franta  
Left Guard ..... Lippman  
Center ..... Wellmann  
Right End ..... McHale  
Right Tackle ..... Thies  
Right Guard ..... Williams  
Quarter Back ..... Amann  
Full Back ..... Schueller  
Left Half ..... Schleuder  
Right Half ..... Fritsche  
Sub: Current for McHale.

**ST. JAMES GAME.**

(Continued from page 1.)

ball up to within 8 yards of the goal and here an open pass failed. St. James took possession of the ball and went up into the center of the field, where they were when the whistle blew; the score still being 13-7 in favor of New Ulm.

**Line Improves.**

The line deserves credit for its playing, showing up like more of a line and not a sieve. The fellows are learning the business and doing it right.

Left End ..... Spaeth  
Left Tackle ..... Franta  
Left Guard ..... Lippman  
Center ..... Wellmann  
Right End ..... McHale  
Right Tackle ..... Thies  
Right Guard ..... Williams  
Quarter Back ..... Amann  
Full Back ..... Schueller  
Left Half ..... Schleuder  
Right Half ..... Fritsche  
Subs: Rieke for Thies; Thies for Schleuder; Schleuder for Rieke.

**WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.**

"He called me a rhinoceros two years ago, Your Honor," said the prisoner.

"Well," said his Honor, "Why did you wait two years before resenting it?"

"I never saw wan of the tings till yesterday, Your Honor."

John: "What is it that stands on eight legs and sings?"

Sam: "Don't know."

John: "A male quartet."

"Isn't our pitcher grand?" said the enthusiastic young lady at the ball game. "He hits their bats no matter where they hold them."

"Odd, isn't it?"

"What is?"

"No matter how hungry a horse is he can't eat a bit."

**BLUE MONDAY.**

Isn't it hard in the morning  
When you're cuddled up in bed,  
And you'd love to lie a-dreaming  
To get up for school instead?

Then your shoes they need some  
polish

And your stockings have a run,  
So in haste you turn and mend them  
Thinking, "now I'm nearly done."

And you've got two minutes left  
In which to comb your hair,  
Then you start a looking for your rats  
They simply aren't there.

So you comb your hair without them  
And they really look it too,  
But you don't worry about this:  
For now you're nearly through.

Glancing at the clock you see  
It's nearly time to go,  
You can't find your English then  
And let the household know.

Mother says she saw it last  
Upon the big desk chair,  
Of course you go and look for it  
Though you know it isn't there.

Then sister, dear, informs you  
That you'd soon better go,  
For the clock in the kitchen  
Is at least ten minutes slow.

On the way your filled with gladness  
Thinking in school it's warm and nice,  
And then when you arrive there  
You find it cold as ice.

Then I fumble through my classes,  
Though I don't know a thing;  
The last one was the worst one  
For in it I called Harding a King.

Then when I come home at last  
I think what a fool I've been anyway,  
But then again at second thought  
It's just been "Blue Monday."

—M. Y. Head.

"Heah, conductah," yelled the infuriated Southerner, "That was my station, sub! Why didn't you stop theah, sub?"

"We don't stop theah no moah," said the conductor. "The engineah's mad with the station agent."

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