

the graphos

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the



Fonz's last year

Memories of Don will linger for a long time

by Scott Stuckey

In a normal person's lifetime, one runs across only a handful of people whom you remember from your high school days. Older folks tell you that some of the graduates may never see their classmates after graduation night. It seems likely everyone will go his separate way. But the seniors of 1977 will always remember a certain person who was always in a good mood, and if he wasn't, you could snap him out of it with a smile or a joke. This certain person is Mr. Don Bennett.

Don has had more nicknames than skippers have pink passes. Some of his most popular names were "John Wayne," "The Superstar," "Crusher," "The Duke," "Big Daddy," "Pistol Don," and everyone's favorite, "The Fonz." It seems as though we knew Donny better by his nicknames than his given name. Don could have become angry with the makers of these special "handles," but The Fonz didn't mind a bit as long as they were used in good natured fun.

A couple of the names originated with the basketball team. "Superstar" and "Pistol Don" were part of the ball bouncers' vocabulary. None of the players will forget the games of "horse" that they lost to Don even though they always complained that Don practiced "too darn much."

The coaches, Mr. Senske, LaPatka, and Hartmann won't forget the times Don helped the team. There was the time at Montevideo before the Region 3 championship game with Renville. Coach

Senske was giving his pre-game talk when Big Don accidentally turned out the lights in the locker room. The lights quickly went back on, but everyone had a good chuckle.

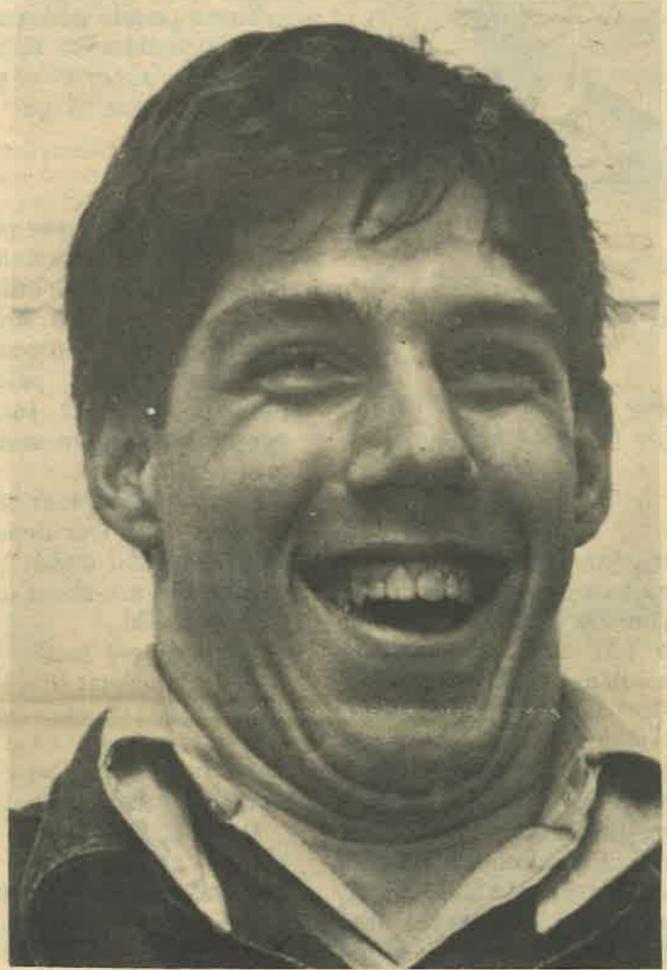
Ask Don about last night's Twins game. He can tell you the score, who got the hits for both teams, and the winning and losing pitchers. Don's favorite sport is baseball.

The records are still being checked, but it is believed that Don set the record for giving away his graduation pictures and nameplates faster than any person in New Ulm High history.

But it isn't any of these things that make Don the person he is. Don gets along with everybody. He always has time to talk, to share a joke, or to visit in the lounge during a free hour. Students, teachers, custodians, and cooks speak highly of Don because he is a special person.

Honesty and an optimistic outlook seem to be Don's strongest qualities. He'll always tell you how he feels about something even if you don't think it is true or right. In addition, Don is probably the most enthusiastic person in the entire city of New Ulm at a basketball game or a pep rally. His school spirit and loyalty are matched by few students. One teacher commented, "Don sure doesn't have it all, but nobody will ever know it, nobody. He's one in a million!"

So when you look back at the "good old high school days," when you are old and gray, remember the senior lounge, the "Jazz" lyceum, the talent shows, and those "slave driving teachers," but always remember the person who brought joy to NUHS, Don Bennett.



"The Fonz," "Crusher," "The Duke," or whatever you wish, Don Bennett will always be remembered for the laughs, enthusiasm, and spirit he has brought NUHS for the past three years.



editorial

For the memories

Thank you, NUHS

New phase of life



by Scott Simkins

Too many people keep looking forward to the good old days.

Arnold H. Glasow

..Seniors, this is it; graduation is less than two weeks away!

..On Thursday, the 26th, Mr. Richard LaPatka and Johanna Johnson will deliver their orations and reflect upon the graduating class' background, achievements, and hopes for the future.

..Maybe we should start reflecting now before it is too late. Almost all of us cannot wait until our final high school class is over. But later many graduates find themselves reliving "the good old days" of high school.

..Those students who were involved in school should be proud of their efforts and continue to take advantage of all the opportunities available. I'm sure your work will reap many harvests in the years to come.

..These people will also have the fondest memories. High school is not the water's edge, but a stepping stone to get you to the other side.

..Whatever is on the other side is not as important as knowing there is something on the other side. Set goals for yourself and stick to them. The commencement speakers cannot paint a rosy picture for your future. Each person is different and knows his own realizations.

..What is important is that there is some goal. Our dependency on "mommy and daddy" is quickly ending. We are about to live in the "real" world.

..High school is the primer for society, and just like high school, life depends on what we do with it. Those who have failed in the past can start again, and those who excelled must continue.

..Our high school days are rapidly coming to an end, and a new phase of life is about to begin. Reflect on the old and see what you can do to make tomorrow better.



by Barb Gitter

If I were allowed only a few last words as I leave NUHS, they would best be expressed by Bob Hope's theme song, "Thanks For The Memories."

Being a senior this year, I take this opportunity to say that these last three years at NUHS have been terrific. I couldn't have asked to graduate from a more beautiful school. The memories that I have of these years will be with me forever. Just as anything dear to me, I hold a special place in my heart for NUHS.

I couldn't start to tell you of all the memories. There must be millions. What is most important to me is that when they are all put together, they form a sensational image of warmth and happiness.

I feel a glow inside me when I think of all the experiences I went through during high school. I don't think I've learned and grown more in any three years of my life than of the years at New Ulm Senior High. The memory of these experiences, some good, some bad, have been such an important time in my life.

It would be virtually impossible to thank any one person for these happy memories. So many people took part in making them what they are.

First of all, I'd like to thank the administration. Their jobs must be the hardest ones in an entire school system. I feel that we have very good people occupying these positions. The memories I have of them are dear to me.

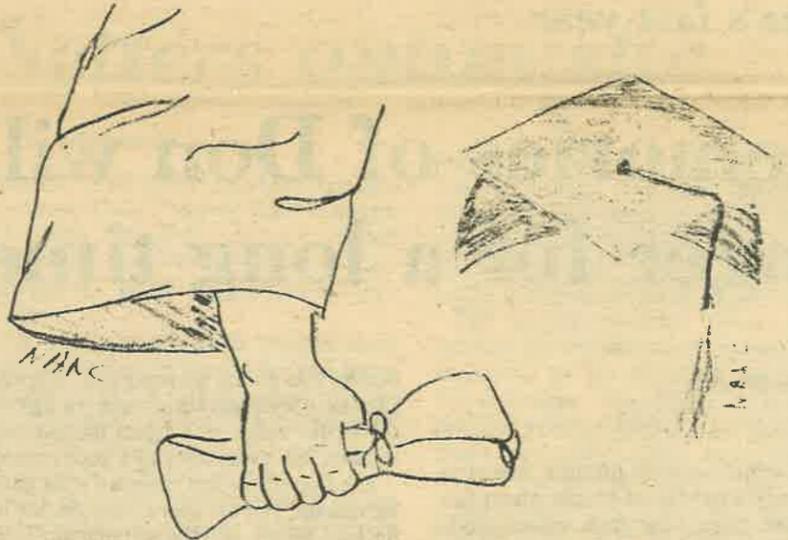
I thank the guidance counselors for being so ready and willing to help me. They both are very sincere and wonderful people. I'll remember always the times I've spent with them being helped with many problems.

I thank the teachers of NUHS. The memories of my teachers are ones that will take very long to fade. NUHS has a great bunch of teachers whom I respect and admire very much.

Most of all, I'd like to thank the students. The memory of every person I've met is with me. Whether it was a first impression or a lasting friendship, your imprint is tucked in my mind.

I hate to leave the origin of my many memories, but the world doesn't stop when I reach grade twelve, so I guess it's time for me to move on. It is very sad to leave NUHS, but I consider leaving as more of a beginning than an ending. My future lies ahead of me waiting for me to step into it. As I take that step, my memories will come with me. And these memories will make it much easier to go.

Thanks, NUHS, thanks for the memories.



Last chance for seniors

Final reflections

by Bernadine Hillesheim

I would like to devote this last little space to some reflections about seniors.

Endings bring out many different things in different people, but I think they bring out a feeling of closeness towards what we're leaving in nearly all of us.

Endings also make me think of beginnings. When I think of graduation day, I look at my classmates and wonder what beginning this ending will bring for us. I think that the individuals we've become in these years won't really show up until we try to make a different start.

I guess my intention for this article is to state a plea. The closeness I feel toward my classmates leads me to wish well on all of them — even those I don't know well. But I'm not talking about the rather empty, "Good luck in the future" comments we write on the backs of pictures. I'm talking about the urge to grab every senior and tell him not to accept anything short of what he is looking for in life. Achieving one's goals may take awhile, but time will move much

slower if one doesn't pursue what he wants in life.

I have to control my temper when I hear a classmate is going to this school or into that field because that is what their parents want or will pay for. Some of the decisions we make will be wrong and maybe we'll have to earn some money ourselves, but I don't think that these situations are sufficient reason to ignore our own feelings. I would rather learn from making my own mistakes.

I don't want to preach. I just want us to get the most out of life. My hope for every senior is that he does what is best for him and never gives up his dreams.

graphos

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Bits of B.S.

LaPatka's lore

by Dave Mildenberg

During a recent session of New Ulm's "Thought for the Day" club, better known as Mr. LaPatka's class, a student made a startling comment. This student claimed she had learned nothing of importance in three years at NUHS. While disagreeing with her contention wholeheartedly, there are several questions concerning our school I have always wanted to ask, and the Graphos has given me the means. If you know the answers, do not be afraid to speak up.

I'd like to know how our basketball cheerleaders made it through the season without falling asleep or changing sides?

Why do students leave half of their car tires on the pavement when leaving school?

Why so few students take advantage of our excellent speech program?

Why liquor is used as a focal point instead of a sidelight at parties?

How Mr. Macho kept so calm while everyone else was in convulsions at our hockey games?

How many people will go to the "home" hockey games when Carter implements his gas tax?

When will our school open a smoking room in order to clear up the bathrooms?

Why pom-pom girls receive academic credit and debaters do not?

Why Mr. Jenson, with his golden tones, is not an announcer for WCCO-FM?

Why so many dropouts circle the school every day in their zoom machines?

Where the days of total authority of seniors over sophomores have gone to?

How I survived four quarters of typing?

Why girls are so nice to guys the month before the prom?

Why Mr. Meyer is not a member of Saturday Night Live's Not Ready for Prime-Time Players?

Why teachers rarely involve knowledgeable citizens as resource persons for classes?

Why girls sit in the middle of stairways, making it hard to walk by them?

What Mr. Trapp's famous sign "You will pass, Will Time?" means?

Why the rock-throwing incident was so hushed up?

Why Jeff Sievert and Randy Pfeiffer do not give workshops on "Winning through Intimidation"?

Why the sophomore class has so many good-looking girls?

How Mr. Weber has so much patience with his Graphos writers?

Why Scott Stuckey does not write a book "How to be a Successful Absentee Student"?

Why our pep fests are similar to the fall of Sioux in 1862-Too many chiefs and not enough Indians?

Why I was so lucky to spend 3 years at a school as wonderful as NUHS?



the guidepost

by Mr. Jim Zetah
Counselor

I have the pleasure of writing the Guidepost article for the last issue of this school year. The Graphos serves as an effective medium to convey ideas, thoughts, messages, and happenings. Ms. Marty Webb and I want to say thank you for this opportunity to share with you each month.

Tempus fugit — another school year has almost been written into history. For you seniors, this passage in history becomes most significant. One milestone has been reached and another chapter in your life completed. I am certain you will be leaving with mixed emotions — happy that this accomplishment has been realized, but sad that the many associations and relationships will be drawing to a close. Many of you will be leaving a dependent and secure status within your family for a more independent one on a college campus, at a vocational school, job site, military base, or private living arrangement. It is my hope that you have prepared yourself to the best of your ability and that you will be successful in your new quest. Seniors, you have made many significant imprints at New Ulm High School — marks which will serve as guideposts to the juniors.

Juniors: I extend to you the challenge of continuing to work to the best of your ability. Work to establish a good academic and attendance record. A recent article in the *Minneapolis Tribune* suggested that the senior year is very important. The senior year record may indicate to college and vocational school officials or em-

ployers that you had the persistence and dedication needed. Begin your post high school planning early. Talk with the present seniors. They will tell you the last year goes by all too fast. There are many things to attend to and many decisions to make. Set up an orderly process and you will truly enjoy your last year of high school.

We encourage those of you in the Class of 1978 who are considering such vocational school programs as LPN, auto mechanics, and other popular technical fields to have your applications available for mailing in mid-August. Pick up the applications in the Guidance Office and return them to us so we can include your transcript in the mailing. Many of these programs rapidly fill up on a first come basis. Please see Ms. Webb or me this spring or early summer for assistance.

Sophomores, hang in there — your day is coming. Stay loose and flexible. Make the most of your summer vacation.

It appears that summer jobs will be scarce. If you currently have a part-time job, hold on to it; there may not be anything else available. For some of you who may qualify because of special needs, the CETA and Minnesota Valley Action Council will be taking job applications about the middle of May.

There is one more ACT test date available this summer. It is scheduled for June 18 at Mañkato State University. The application deadline is May 23.

I have one last note for the seniors. The CLEP — College Level Examination Program — application forms are available. If the college you are attending this fall grants CLEP credit and you feel you could do well on the tests, please see us for the necessary forms.

We hope staff and students will have a pleasant and relaxing summer. Ms. Webb and I will be available for much of the summer to assist you.

Reading between the lines

Feature "fillers" hidden in papers

by Scott Simkins

All of us read newspapers. We read about oil spills, military coups, and the latest Twins game.

But how many of you actually "read" the paper? Those who do will notice that between the stories dealing with the President's latest energy proposals, the advertising gimmicks, and the cartoons, there is also what is called in the journalism field "filler."

If you take a look at a daily paper, you can usually find one or two such short stories. The *Journal* boxes theirs in and gives it a headline — "The Odd Box." If you have read the paper closely lately, you may have noticed these true and real "feature fillers":

Many people criticize Governor Rudy Perpich because of his strict enforcement of the 55 mile-per-hour speed limit, but the governor says, "If you've got a law, then it should be enforced."

So pig greasers and turkey chasers beware. Among the volumes of Minnesota law are statutes forbidding people to grease pigs. That's a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine and a jail sentence. Throwing turkeys in the air and chasing them is also illegal.

It is legal for passengers to get plastered on board a train, but it is a misdemeanor for the RR company to let a drunk off the train unless he is accompanied by a sober person.

People with the flu are under the state's laws too. If you have the flu, stay home; there's a law handing out fines of \$300 and jail sentences of 90 days for persons with contagious diseases appearing in public.

A policeman found a car parked in a no parking zone outside the Hennepin County Government Center. As the officer wrote out a ticket, the owner of the car came out of the center and yelled to the policeman, "I just paid two parking tags and you jerks aren't getting any more money out of me." After the officer issued the parking ticket, the man grabbed it off the windshield and got in his car. As he drove off, he threw the ticket out the window.

The man was arrested and the two men began to fight. The officer arrested the man for assault and littering.

An 82 year-old woman, accused of biting a sheriff's deputy when he came to arrest her daughter, said it wasn't possible. She hadn't put in her false teeth.

The president of Zaire has asked a U.S. supplier to send large quantities of Coke to

go with his troops' C-rations. As an explanation for the request he replied jokingly: "Things must go better with Coke."

In reply to Jimmy Carter's energy saving proposals, United Airlines is saving on its \$88 billion fuel bill by reducing the amount of drinking water it carries on most of its aircraft. The unnecessary weight of the extra water is equal to 830 pounds, the weight of about 4 passengers plus luggage.

The chairman of a federal commission to eliminate wasteful paperwork acknowledged his "profound embarrassment" at learning that a computer mix-up caused the mailing of duplicate copies of his newsletter. What is worse, the problem was caused by a computer program intended to prevent duplication of addresses.

A man in Rapid City, SD, is hoping to get an understanding tax agent to explain why he didn't file his taxes on time.

The man was on his way to the post office to mail the completed tax form when he stopped at a shopping center. In the meantime, someone burglarized his car, stealing the tax forms.

A Baptist Church in Holland, Mich., held a contest for people who arrived for last

Sunday's services using energy-saving transportation methods.

A man arriving in a four-wheeled pedal cart won first prize, but another resident of Holland, watching coverage of the event on television, recognized the winning cart. It had been stolen from him.

The owner is considering whether to press charges against the man who won a Bible.

The government is going to raise the speed limits on the nation's highways next year to 88 or 90. Eighty-eight or 90 kilometers, that is, as the U.S. Highway Department changes road signs to metric equivalents next year.

A recent report on car insurance claims states a parachutist who ended up going through the roof of a car tried to file a claim for damages from the car owner for injuries related to his accident.

And last with the current skate board craze finally hitting New Ulm Senior High, the *Minneapolis Star* published this report: Estimates by the Consumer Product Safety commission show that 27,500 persons were treated in hospital emergency rooms for skate board-related injuries in 1975.

Now aren't you glad you know all these obscure, trivial, and hard-to-find facts?

Annual senior spoof

All in a senior's name

by Marcia Quiggle

DE WANZ was a HANSON BOIE named Rick who was PETER'S OND ELLAN'SON. He lived in a HAAS on BIANCHI drive with his pet BERD AND a DAHLmation.

Early in the morning (That'S WEN SON FILZEN his room and makes it AL BRIGHT) Rick would ROLL OFF his bed. When his feet hit the FLOR he'd say, "BURRIS cold! I'll look in my DREXLER and MI KLASet to SIE VERT I should wear, then I'll feel like a NEU MANN."

Rick had NUPS ON his face so he used his electric SCHAEFER. When he slipped and cut himself, he held a cotton SCHWAB on his chin. DUENOW the BLOED'EL get dull when it's FULL ER TONS of whiskers?

For a quick breakfast Rick went to the FRITSCHEDare refridgSCHROEDER to get some KRAMERY butter for his GULDEN brown toast, but all he found was root beer. Then his toast BURNS BLACK STAD of brown, so, Rick's breakfast was a TOST EN RUD BIER BAUM! (KOKESCH better than root beer, anyway.)

His dog was as friendly as a St. BERNARD. Rick felt a FODNESS for her and didn't want to leave. Rick's mother said, "GITTER some ROYSTON-Purina dog food and PAT TER, SON; then SCH- EIBLE fine while you're at school." "Are you sure?" asked Rick. "Of CORDES" she said, AND ER SON walked down the BLOCK, aKRAUS HINDERMANN bridge, and over FOR BROOKs and FOR STEReams. Rick tried to hurdle his HULKE BODDY over a fence, but there were nails on the GATEWOOD, his SCH- WARZ got STUCKEY, and he was unUBL to get down.

Soon a friend saw him and said, "HEY RICH! HOWK come you're on that fence? I won't laugh at you if you tell me because I'm NONN E MACHER, but FORST I'll get you down." With that she FREIDE RICH. She had DONNER good DIETZ for the day, and Rick ran aRE WITZ ER to school. "The THORS ON

that BREYer BUSH AR Dangerous," Rick warned as the pair BRUNS past.

Rick got to school just in time for chemistry. After watching a movie about the BESEMER converter, he put five GRAMS of compound, a FLECK of dust, and ten MILLERliters of CLEAR solution into an ErlenMEYER flask. Using a RING stand and STEFF Like that, he warmed it over his ACHENBRENNER to see what SHAYd it turned. BACHMAN Turner Overdrive was on the radio. (What did you expect, ZI MMERMANN Tabernacle choir?) Before long Rick had to turn the radio off because there was too much STADICK.

Band was Rick's next class. He greeted his teacher, "aHEU, CHERT." The PFEIFFER and the drummer made beautiful HARMENING together as they played the second VERSCH of a song by Johann SeBASTIAN Bach. Either the HORN ER the saxophone played more of Johann SebaSTEIN BACH's song, and C.I. said, "the BRASS MUSSEN't play so loudly."

Third hour Rick went to Biology where he studied plants and animals. He learned about the red-headed woodBECKERS, king FISCHERS, FALKons, purple MARTENS, cockROEGIERS, MENK, KARP EN, and SQUIGGLE Y ENGLEworms. He'd collect YOUNG BLOMs of many HUGHES and GLUTH THOM THIEDE-looking ones into papers, and then STRING HAM together to make a booklet. He even had to dissect a BURD, ICK! That SOWERS the stomach and it would make anyone RIEGERgitate. Rick's CLASS often went on field trips into steeper and STUEBER hills. The teacher would AHLES say, "Don't damage anything, but leave the HILL E SHEIM way you found it."

In Production and Trade, Rick learned that WEND IN GEReat danger of losing everything, you should get WEISENSEL. He learned all DITTRICHs of de trade and how to SCHAP E KAHMon market. He saw pictures of MADSEN square garden in New York.

By this time Rick was very, very hungry. He BOWARed a dime to call the BERGER Queen to see if they could deliver some food to the school.

"I SEN BERGers and SIM KINS of desserts," the manager replied. Rick ordered a GOGGISBERGer, a KITZBERGER, a KOBERGer, a MILDENBERGER, and a RODENBERGer-all medium WAL DEN. He also ordered an ice cream KOHN, BAKERy rolls, DEMARS candy bars, RISIUS peanut butter cups, and two strawberry pies. "That'll be six DAUERS please," The Burger Queen manager said. "You're quite a BYER!"

After he had eaten, Rick said, "Those were the WURTZ BERGERS I ever had! OSWALD all MAIDL pickles whole." He turned to a friend and said, "You can have HOF MEI STERawberry pies, but only HOFF, MANN! "Thanks," the friend answered. "Half the PIZEL be better than NUN DAHL."

Rick had phys. ed. fifth hour. He practiced the half NELSON and some other wrestLANG HOLZ. Rick came MAN THERd in the regional wrestling meet, but his HIPPERT and he couldn't go on to state.

He was a KIECKER on the Sons of Abraham soccer team-the ABRAHAM-SONS. The aGENELIN started FROEHLING in Rick's veins as soon as he put on his JERZAK and ran onto the field. Other players on the team included the halfbacks, fullbacks, and SUEDBECKs, the GAARDS, the LOKENSGARDs, and the HACKERS. When a tall opponent guarded Rick, his dad HAALad, "KECK EI SON!" The referee blew his whistle if the BRUELS or regulations were broken, so he was called the WESSELMAN. "Yes PEM so HOPPE when we get a point that I can't hide MA GALEE," Rick said during an interview with JOBE Boyle.

Rick passed the GREGG shorthand room where students deSEIFERT their symbols. He waSCH LEUDERING in the hall when someone asked, "Rick will you DO MEI ERithmetic for me?" "Do it yoursALF, SON!" Rick answered. He had

said snide remarks before, but that one was SCHNEIDER than usual. He hurried off to sixth hour.

Rick was tREIN HART to keep alert, but he began to daydream. "MEI DL teacher, DEBOER makes me JANNI. I wish I were on an ice BERG STROMing a guitar, or I wish I RODE WALD horse and when MA HAAs RAN WEILER mane flew out behind her. I wish I were sMULLER again, playing with MARTINKA toys, my LINGENHOGs, and my sailBODE. I wish I could build go-KARTES that look like Mercury-KRUEGERS out of KNUTS OND bolts, with wheels that don't WAIBEL, EN JOHNS OND WINDSCHITL wipers."

Rick's seventh hour class had a Peace KOR MANN for a guest speaker, Mr. WIL FAHRTrum. "Before we could enroll in the corps, we took an I.Q. test," said Wil the Peace Corps man. "I had to SPEL 'BRINK'. They took our PAULS OND our blood pressure, too.

"We BENN ETT Switzerland and WIE LANDED in the ALPATs mountains. We heard a yodeler go VOGEL-a-dee-hoo!" WIE BEN traveling so much we don't know which house key to use anymore!" "WEY, MANN?" asked Rick. "WYC ZAWS KI would you use, the Por-tuGIESEKE, or ZIMANSKI?"

After school Rick walked home. His feet were tired and he thought, "Dr. SCHULTZ foot powder in my SCHUETZ'LE make my feet feel better."

For supper he ate beef strHOGENoff and watermelon. Rick ate so much melon he was crowned the REINKING. After supper, Rick couldn't decide whether he wanted to watch "The WOLTMANS," "Charlies Angels," or Jim Na BORS ON television. He chose the show FARAS YN. Jill was in danger when the robber SCHRAD ER in the back with his pistol. SCHUGEL to the hospital, and she's LIEBL to die unless the doctor can SPRENG ER back to health with his TU GHANDs.

It was a long, hard day, and as soon as Rick KRALed into bed, the SANDSman put him into DOSLAND.

A Last Thought

So many decisions
You now have to make.
What school are you going to
And what will you take?

You are leaving us soon
With both happiness and tears
As you look to your memories
And the future's coming years.

Just remember what it's like
When you leave us behind
Searching for your dreams
That we hope you will find.

by Lisa Hubert



Can you pass the final final?

by Mr. Tom Wilson
Principal

Graduating seniors are about to ride off into the sunset — hopefully to live happily ever after. Sometime around graduation day, someone will remind you that Commencement Exercises suggest that you are commencing upon some endeavor.

If you've learned what your teachers have been teaching, then you know that to commence is to begin — not to finish. Now when you have your mind set to finish and then discover you're only beginning, there is ample reason to feel a gnawing somewhere deep inside.

This brings us to the last question on The Final Test. What are you beginning.

- Marriage
- College
- Vocational School
- Armed Service
- New Job
- Nothing

If you marked "f" on the final final, then you receive an "F" on the final final. And this test is bigger and more important than any test you have taken during the past twelve years.

Seniors, each one of you is a unique person with untapped talents and abilities. The world out there is always in need of people with something to offer who are willing to offer it, and you don't have to be a college graduate or a millionaire to qualify. You can make your contribution by simply making a positive decision and investing copious quantities of work and sweat.

One more thought. Sometimes it's best to make your move before your parents make theirs. If you choose the "f" option and do nothing, you could discover your parents making some decisions for you. When they break your dinner plate, change the front door lock, and reassign your bedroom to your little sister, you will know your time has come.

So go out and give the world all you have to give. If you need help or advice, don't be afraid to ask. Best wishes to all of you from the NUHS faculty.

What if they forgot. . .?

Selecting the faculty speaker

by Kathy Rathmann

Each year seniors at New Ulm High School are afforded the opportunity of choosing a faculty member to utter profound words of wisdom at commencement exercises. One year (which everyone would like to forget), however, the graduation committee forgot to hold the election deciding the faculty speaker. Graduation exercises were going along quite smoothly with the usual amount of flowers, tears, and pomp and circumstance, but when Mr. T. R. Olson rose to introduce the faculty speaker, he suddenly realized one had not been chosen. Frantic looks passed from T. R. to Mr. Wilson, to the school board members and finally to the audience.

The period of uneasy silence was soon halted when the Big Quail, otherwise known as Mr. Qvale, bounded from his seat to the podium, carrying a brown paper sack. He shouted to the audience, "This is my big chance. For months and months I've been telling people about my 'Tonight Show' appearances, and no one takes the time to tune me in. This bag," he said, while displaying his sack to the audience, "contains the materials for the

fantastic Big Q magic show. I'm really hot tonight and I know you'll be amazed at my stupendous talent."

"I think not," interrupted Mr. McLean, who had quietly made his way to the platform. "In fact, I think you're somewhat of a boob." Mr. Qvale humbly left the podium, dragging his magic bag behind. "Graduates," Mr. McLean went on, "being a man of few words, I have little to say except to warn you to watch out for the Communist hoods and head-knockers who are determined to make life miserable for you. Now let's run this show the way I conduct my classes. Teachers, please volunteer to come before the podium to present oral reports, a minimum of three minutes in length. Mr. Weber and Mr. Meyer, begin."

The two English instructors popped up at the platform, still drooling over last Wednesday's episode of "Charlie's Angels." They fumbled to the microphone, unable to mutter anything but a long, breathy "Ffffffarrah."

The Farrah Fawcett fanatics stumbled back to their seats, almost knocked down by Mr. Peterson, who was cheerfully jogging to the podium in sweatsuit and tennis shoes. "I want to see you all yelling at the next wrestling meet," he said while

running in place. "The key to a healthy life is running, seven days a week, ten miles a day. Dedication and sweat will bring you a life of success."

All attention then turned to the sound of Henry David Thoreau quotes being reverently recited by Mr. Jones, who approached the speaking platform. "A healthy body and mind can only be obtained through the consumption of one citrus fruit per day," boomed Mr. Jones, increasing in volume with each word he spoke. "You may even graduate from your wretched urchin state if you memorize the names of the seven chief species of Minnesota game birds and vow to carry a notebook with you for the remainder of your life. However, if you are remiss, don't fret. Remember we're all brothers in old Peer Gynt. Now go out and find your niche in the scheme of existence."

Mrs. Eberhart then took over the podium, placing a typewriter before her. "You know, life is a lot like a typewriter," she said. "There are many keys to strike, but you have to know just which ones to use at each particular moment. True success will be yours if you go about each day with Speed and Accuracy. And above all, smile!"

This fascinating speech brought

beaming grins to all the graduates who were beginning the future. Their smiles were soon erased when a sour-faced Mr. LaPatka took the stand. "Life out there is rough," he shouted. "Not all of you will make it. Don't look at your neighbor; it may be you who fails. There'll be no more betting a dozen chocolate chip cookies and Dannheim's tasty fruit punch. You will have to go on to bigger things, such as juicy steak dinners at the Kaiserhoff and smorgasbord suppers at the Cat 'n Fiddle."

This last statement was quite earth-shattering and brought many of the graduates to tears. Of course, Mr. LaPatka had no mercy. "Well folks," he went on. "That's the way it's gonna be next year. They're not gonna spoon-feed you anymore."

The graduates were now totally frightened and confused, as they thought about the many things they had to remember during the long journey of life.

Just in the heat of battle, Mr. Podolske calmly migrated to the podium with these comforting words: "By this time, you're probably saying to yourself, 'Self, this has become quite a puzzling speech.' Let's call it a day. Say good-bye to your clumsy lab partner and prepare for tomorrow's effort."

Graduation sneaking up

by Naomi Isenberg

The time of "Pomp and Circumstance," diplomas, and caps and gowns is finally here. It hardly seems possible that approximately 265 New Ulm High School seniors of the Class of 1977 will receive their diplomas.

Graduation is more than the receiving of a diploma, however. The day before graduation, May 25, graduates will attend the senior breakfast in the cafeteria at 9:00 a.m. A variety of special awards for several students will be distributed at that time. Graduation practice at Johnson Park will follow the breakfast.

The next day, May 27, is G-day. The

ceremony begins at 7:30 p.m. at Johnson Park if the weather permits. The band and the choir will participate in the graduation ceremony.

As has been the tradition for several years, two speakers, one teacher and one student, chosen by the senior class will speak at commencement. Mr. Richard LaPatka, and Johanna Johnson have been selected.

By now most seniors are anxious to break from high school, but when the senior class meets for the last time on May 26, some graduates may be just a bit reluctant to leave New Ulm High School for the last time.

Birth pains lurk as seniors are "reborn"

by Matt Dahl

Several months ago, you may recall, I wrote about my feelings regarding the approaching end of school for the senior class. I expressed regret for the ending of our high school years and talked of the need to make the best use of the little time left. For the seniors, that supply has been drained almost dry; there is little left except the future.

Jimmy Carter has told us of his religious experience of being "born again." We seniors are about to go through a similar rebirth, one which may or may not cause us some pain. For some of us, the process will be fairly easy; a job, a home, or a mate has already been arranged. Most of us, however, probably feel a little uneasy whenever our future is discussed. For us things are not so certain. An unfamiliar college or vocational school, new friends, a career in the armed forces with all its uncertainties — or no plans at all — may lie ahead. There is the feeling that some "birth pains" lurk in that rather murky future.

Whatever it may hold in store, the future is rushing toward us all-sophomores, juniors, and especially seniors. I've

noticed some maturing of attitudes taking place in the senior class this year as we began to face the future's approach. This maturing will speed up greatly as we begin to see the unpleasantness which the world outside has in store for us. It will take courage to face this unpleasantness as we work toward our personal goals. The words of a popular song, written by Seals and Crofts, have been quoted in many high school yearbooks:

"Like Columbus in the olden days
We must gather all our courage
Sail our ships out on the open sea
Cast away our fears and all the years
will come and go
And take us up — always up"

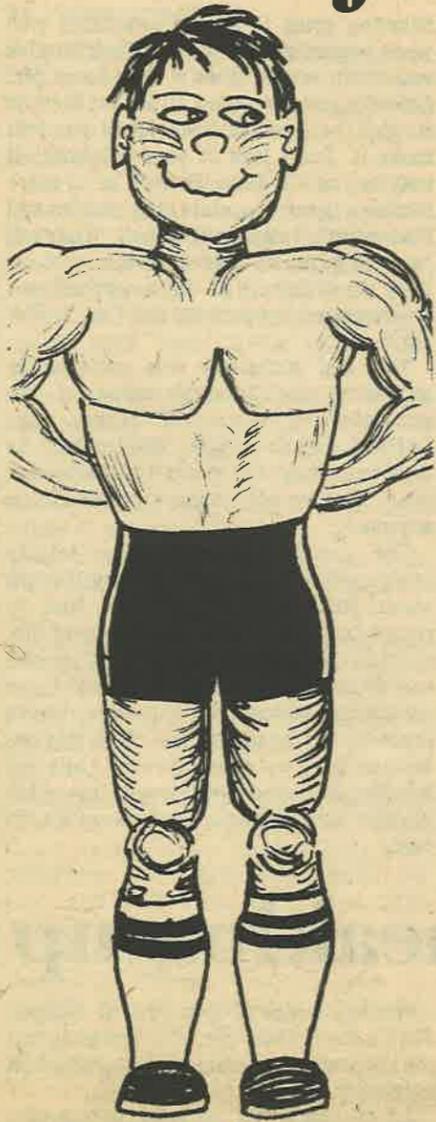
Our goals do not have to be very impressive; they may be as simple as happiness and personal satisfaction. But even these objectives can be difficult to reach and may involve much struggle.

Since this will probably be my last chance to contribute my two cents-worth, I'd like to say that I hope we all find more pleasantness than unpleasantness in our futures. It's not always easy for us to say things like this to others, but I think my feelings aren't too different from those of many seniors. Best wishes and good luck.



They become teachers

Old "jocks" never wear out. . .



BEFORE

by Mark Fodness

Chances are that as the average student attends classes at NUHS he is listening to the teachings of a former college "jock" at least once a day. But can the average student identify these jocks? Probably not. At least not in their present forms. But below are pictures and brief descriptions of these athletes in the days when they were in their "athletic" condition.

All of them agree that athletics was a worthwhile venture and all of them have interesting stories to tell about their various careers.

Study their pictures and read their stories and see if you can guess who these "jocks" are. Then try to match these stories to the pictures on the opposite page. When you've made your guess, put their names on the line below their picture.

When you discover the true identity of one of the athletes, try to refrain from laughing — at least when you're in their class.

Oh, and one word for the teachers. If any student tries to give you grief because you aren't exactly the same person you were when the picture was taken, remember, you should be proud of your past so keep one of your chins up.

Henry Epp

In high school, this outstanding athlete participated in football, basketball, and track. His best sport was basketball where he started his junior year and his team won the state championship. His senior year he played center, and his team got beat in the semifinals of the state tournament.

He attended Mankato State where he started on the basketball team for four years. He was forced to take a break in his college career because of a war. When he returned, his team won two consecutive conference titles, and in his senior year they took second place in the small college

national championships. "Big Hank," as he was known by his teammates, was named all-American.

After college he was drafted by the Tri-Cities, today's Boston Celtics, but he turned down a chance to play pro ball. He did play a lot of independent basketball and played "for whoever paid the most."

Although he tried his hand at high school coaching, he quit when his wife told him "he was such a spectacle on the bench the fans watched him instead of the game."

Don Olson

In high school, this athlete played football, basketball, baseball, and track. He played guard in basketball and started as a junior. As a senior he was named all-district.

He played basketball at Macalester and transferred to Mankato State as a junior. At Macalaster he was called "Laker" because he was from Lake Crystal.

Don Varpness

This terror of the gridiron was named all-conference and all-district and received honorable mention as all-state as a senior. He also participated in track and made all-conference as a catcher on the baseball team.

At Bemidji State he wrestled and played football. In football he lettered for three years and was named the squad's best blocker his senior year. He received a letter from Montreal of the Canadian Football League for a try out. He was nicknamed "Sweeney" by his teammates, but he refuses to discuss its origin. He says "it's a long story."

Rich Peterson

Crewcut and all, this grappler wrestled varsity for three years in high school. His team went to the state wrestling tournament those three years, winning the title his junior year. Although he was a varsity wrestler during the regular season, he never made the actual tournament team until he was a senior.

He attended college at St. Cloud where he wrestled and lettered for four years. He was a team captain his senior year and had a 15-3 record, which qualified him for a national tournament. His team was rated third in the nation his junior year and fifth while he was a senior.

His teammates called him "canvas back" because of the number of times he was pinned "with his back to the canvas." However, he is quick to point out that the nickname "had absolutely no merit, my teammates just thought it was cute."

Clif Anderson

This modest looking gridder actually has a lot to be proud of. Although he participated in basketball, football, baseball, and track, his best sport was football, and he played varsity ball as an eighth grader. His team lost only four games until he was a senior when they went undefeated and won the conference title. He was named all-conference his senior year and received honorable mention as an all-state player. He played in the North-South all-star game as a defensive lineman.

At Concordia College he made the varsity football squad as a freshman and Concordia tied for first place in the conference his first two years before winning the title when he was a junior. As a senior, he was named all-conference.

He also wrestled in college but was forced to quit because of an injury.

After college he joined some teammates in a tryout with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers of the Canadian Football League.

Although he played some exhibition games, he found "you had to be of weak mind and sound body" to play pro football and he decided to go into retirement early.

Dave Hartmann

This lanky cager started on the varsity squad as a sophomore at center. His team won the conference title his final two years and as a senior he was named, all-conference, all-area, and most valuable player in the conference. He also scored 1000 points in his high school career.

He also played football in which he made all-conference both his junior and senior years as an offensive and defensive end.

In track, he took part in the high jump, long jump, discus, and mile relay. He went to the region meet for three years in the high jump and set the school record for that event.

As a freshman at the University of Minnesota Morris he remained in his three high school sports but as a sophomore he decided to concentrate on basketball. He started as a sophomore and as a senior he was named team captain, all-conference, and most valuable player. He was nicknamed "Harty" by his teammates.

Vern Zahn

This jock was limited to participating in basketball because his high school class of 22 seniors didn't have football or baseball teams.

In college at St. Olaf he played football, baseball, and basketball. On the baseball team he was named captain as a senior and called "Zeke" by his teammates. He doesn't know why he got this name but he thought it was because "at the time there was a player in the majors named Zeke Bunora and they might of named me after him. If so, he must have been a heckuva hitter."

Dave Stead

Although he went to high school in Iowa, this athlete still managed to take time from the cornfields to participate in football, baseball, track, and basketball. His best sport was football in which he lettered for four years. As a senior his team won the conference title, and he was named all-state his senior year as a quarterback.

At college at Morningside he started as a linebacker as a junior and senior. He remembers playing games against such Viking greats as Dave Osborne.

Lloyd Marti

This athlete went to New Ulm High School where he participated in track.

He practiced gymnastics a lot at Turner Hall, and when he went to the University of Minnesota, he made the gymnastics team. But the day before the first meet, he broke his ankle and the doctor told him to stay out of gymnastics.

He also made the diving team and as a junior he was tied with a teammate for the most valuable diver on the team.

Earl Neist

This innocent face belongs to a very successful athlete. In high school he participated in track where he won the district pole vaulting competition his junior and senior years.

In gymnastics he was a varsity performer for four years. He was the regional all-around champion for three years, taking a sixth place finish in the state meet his senior year. As a senior, he won the New Ulm Invitational all-around championship.

In college at Bemidji, he concentrated in gymnastics. As a freshman he was voted the most valuable freshman gymnast and became the most valuable gymnast on the team his sophomore year. As a junior he finished seventh in the NAIA and was voted one of the most valuable athletes in the United States. That same year Bemidji finished fifth in the nation. He decided not to compete his senior year because he felt his grades and graduation were more important.

Jim Senske

St. Paul Wilson is where this grinning athlete starred in football, baseball, and basketball.

He won all-conference honors in three sports and his team went to the state baseball tournament twice.

Although he could have attended Macalester on a football scholarship, he chose to go to Hamline for basketball. As a freshman, his team finished third in the national small college tournament. As a starting guard in the following years, Hamline won several conference titles.

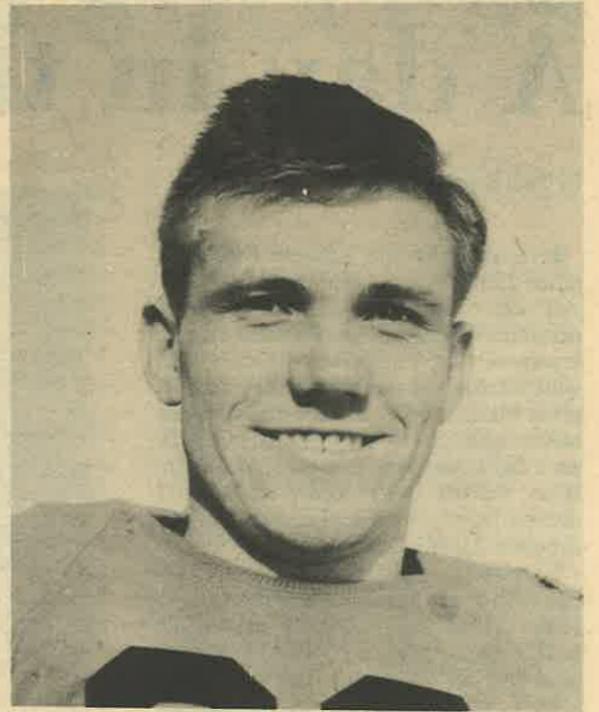
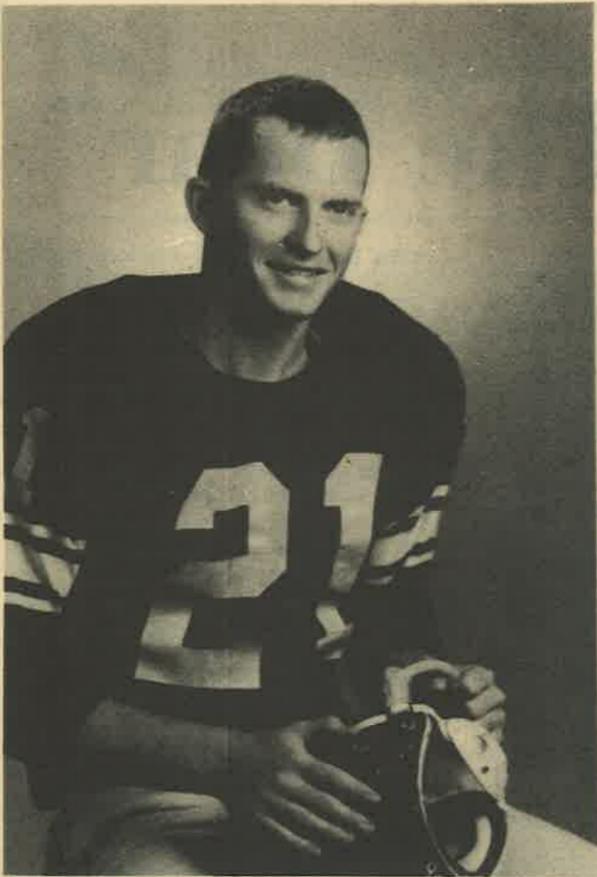
His ability on the court led him to be called "Ace" by his teammates.

As a baseball player, he was starting centerfielder.

He was named all conference, and as a sophomore he was asked to sign a contract by the St. Louis Cardinals. But he "was smart enough to know he just didn't have the ability to play pro ball" so he turned the offer down.



AFTER



Following the "Golden" rule

A day in the life of "The Bear"

by Tom Rodenberg

In passing by the Athletic Director's office during the course of the school year, you may have been puzzled by what is accomplished in that smoke-filled cubicle known as "The Golden Bear's Den." Well, quite frankly, the same thing has puzzled a great many people. In fact, the Graphos has assigned me to trail our fearless A.D. for a day to see what it is that he is up to. What follows is a report of what I discovered about the sheltered life of our dynamic Athletic Director.

I arrived at the Athletic Director's Office at 7:30 a.m. when he was rumored to have arrived. As I patiently passed the time, I stood outside of The Bear's Den and read the results of the 1969 basketball season off a bulletin board entitled "What's New in Sports." Finally he strolled in out of the cold and explained that he thought he would arrive on time when the fourth new moon of the year falls on the eighth Friday in April following a Vikings Super Bowl victory. In other words, stay away until mid-morning if you wish to see our Athletic Director.

His attire was quite amusing on this chilly February morn. He had his cap on sideways, his pants pulled up backwards, his pipe was upside down, and just about everything else that you could possibly imagine was wrong.

The first, and naturally the most important, item on The Bear's agenda for today was his morning coffee. After all, he had just trudged three entire blocks to school and was desperately in need of something to revive him from his state of near total exhaustion. The Bear promptly buzzed Mr. Wilson across the hallway and asked directions to the Faculty Lounge. Mr. Wilson sent a secretary to "do the dirty work."



The Golden Bear, Mr. Vern Zahn, is once more at home in his den connected to his life line.

After he finally located the lounge, The Bear picked up a plastic cup holder and poured coffee through the hollow bottom before Flo explained to him how those tricky little devils work. After dumping in six cups, he started out on some very important business at 9:15. His menial task for this morning involved drawing up a schedule for our swimming team. Really putting his nose to the grindstone, he managed to phone eight other schools and arranged a twelve meet schedule before he realized that New Ulm had no indoor pool. He then considered rescheduling the meets for July, but the other schools seemed to have a crazy notion that they ought to hold

their meets during the school year.

He next scheduled the use of the gymnasium in the afternoon. He called in all the coaches involved, listened to their arguments, researched the situation quite extensively, weighed all of the alternatives, and then sent the coaches back to class telling them to fight it out among themselves.

At 11:30 the phone rings and The Bear talks to an equipment salesman. The man is coming to visit the Senior High School but cannot locate it. The Bear agrees that finding the school is indeed difficult and promises to return the call if he finds the directions.

The Bear then loses fourteen straight games of tic-tac-toe to himself before the phone rings again.

This time it is his wife reminding him that it is "that time again." The Bear steps out into the hallway and tries to locate the cafeteria before the 1:30 closing time. Determined to find it on his own, he arrives downstairs at 1:15. The Bear wonders why the rest of the faculty is back in class teaching. He eats his lunch slowly, just as he does everything else.

The Bear soon finds a note on his cluttered desk which presents him with his greatest dilemma of the day: which court should be used to schedule the girls' junior varsity shuffleboard meet. After prolonged consideration, he decides on Riverside Park. He makes a note to call the Park and Recreation Department tomorrow.

The Bear receives another phone call, this one from an irate hockey fan asking why the team has no home games this year. The Bear says he will get right on it and quickly switches the remainder of the games to New Ulm.

After school The Bear sets out to observe New Ulm's athletic teams practicing, but he forgot that he has every team scheduled for an away meet this afternoon. (The Bus Company will call later to complain that it has no more buses available due to some insane scheduling.)

Wandering back to his office to retrieve his hat and coat, The Bear gets another "important" telephone call. Mr. Neist is calling from Redwood Falls to explain that they will return home late. The meet which The Bear thought was scheduled for 3:30 p.m., actually begins at 7:30 p.m.

Feeling defeated once again, The Bear trudges home and stretches out on the davenport for a pre-dinner nap. "Thank God it's Friday," he muses. "Or is it Thursday?"

Lloyd Marti, art teacher

Staying out of the wet paint



Judging from the smile on his face, it appears that someone has finally told Mr. Lloyd Marti who Farrah Fawcett-Majors is.

by Vicky Helget

Mr. Lloyd Marti, an art teacher who has been teaching in New Ulm for 21 years, is the Teacher of the Month.

Would you believe Mr. Marti was born in the "big" town of Essig, home of the Wagon Wheel West? His parents moved to New Ulm when he was two. Marti attended school in New Ulm, and after graduation, he attended college for seven years majoring in Physical Education. He went on to the University of Minnesota, Mankato State, Colorado, and North Dakota. While going to school in North Dakota he needed some extra credits, so he decided to take a few art classes. "That's how I got interested in art," replied Mr. Marti.

After receiving a degree from North Dakota, he taught at the Red Wing School for Boys for three years. He then came to New Ulm.

Looking at Mr. Marti's past, you will see he went through some trying times. He lived through the depression. "I never realized just how bad it really was because it seemed our family always had enough to eat."

Mr. Marti also served four years in World War II stationed in Alaska and Europe.

As some of you know, Mr. Marti's favorite form of art is ceramics. There is always some of his pottery displayed in his classroom. Although Mr. Marti also enjoys painting, he doesn't do much of it.

Another item always present in Mr. Marti's room is his bike. He bikes to school everyday, so don't let him fool you when he says, "Actually, I carry it because I don't want to wear the tires out."

Marti has presently been working on designing his own home. "It will be an underground home, so it should take little to heat. I hope to start building it very soon."

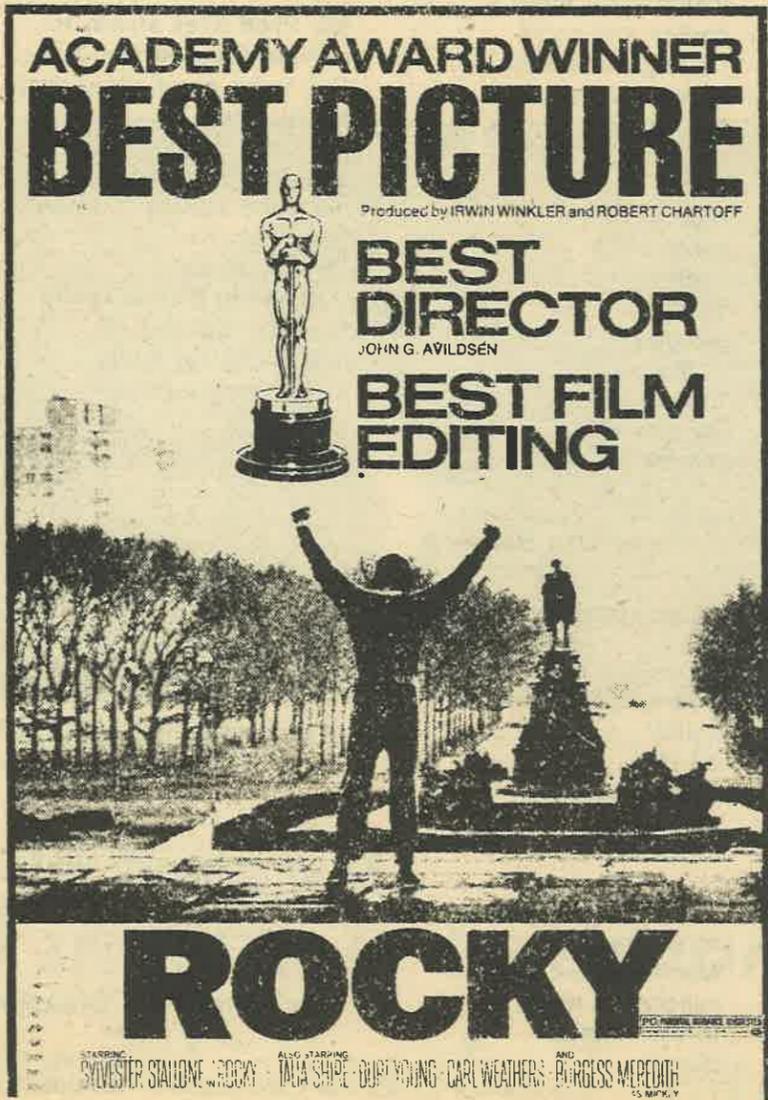
Marti's pet-peeve is "people who ask me what my pet-peeve is." Actually, his real pet-peeve is people who are inconsiderate of others' rights.

Mr. Marti's many hobbies are playing the piano, listening to classical music, reading, and tent camping. "I watch very little TV," he stated.

Those of you who are looking forward to Mr. Marti's art classes should not be alarmed when he says, "Stay out of the wet paint," or "Don't be a fool, you fool." He tells everyone these two sooner or later.

Mr. Marti's opinion of Farrah Fawcett-Majors? All he had to say was "Who's that?"

"Sleeper" wakes to success



by Roxana Peterson

When you think of a movie produced on a budget of only \$1,000,000 starring a virtual unknown and using a script written in only 3 days, you normally don't expect a suc-

cess. However, **ROCKY**, called the sleeper of the year in the movie industry and winner of three Academy Awards, has already grossed over \$40 million at theater box offices.

Sylvester Stallone, author and star, as

well as boxing choreographer for **ROCKY**, admits to basing his main character on his own life while growing up in Hell's Kitchen in Manhattan. His insistence on playing the movie role himself despite pressure from backers to use a better known actor was certainly providential. Stallone knew his character and portrayed him with a rare sensitivity endearing **ROCKY** to audiences nationwide.

ROCKY's plot centers on a 30-year-old second-rate boxer forced to supplement his meager winnings by working as a muscleman for a loan shark. Rocky gets his big shot at success when the world heavyweight champion, Apollo Creed, agrees to fight a virtual unknown in a Bicentennial publicity gimmick after his scheduled opponent backs out of scheduled fight. He decides upon Rocky, the Italian Stallion, who enters rigorous training to prepare for the match.

At the same time Rocky finds love when he meets and woos a shy pet shop assistant. Her devotion and trust help him begin believing in himself, and through intense work and determination, Rocky gives the champ the fight of his life. Although the 15 round decision was against him, Rocky felt he had a victory, for he'd accomplished more than he'd ever hoped to achieve.

Many people are turned off by a boxing story if they aren't fans, but **ROCKY** uses the boxing ring merely as a setting for a great story. **ROCKY** is the story of the American Dream, everyone can become a success no matter how humble his beginnings.

Rocky never had any illusions about himself; he was well aware of his own limitations. Perhaps his lack of self-esteem was his main problem, for he'd simply given up because he felt he was no good and had failed his own high ideals. During his courtship of Adrian, the shy spinster, he told her, "We're a real pair of coconuts. I'm dumb and you're shy." He

felt boxing was only for idiots, and since he wasn't much good at that, he was really a failure.

With Adrian's love and support, Rocky becomes aware of his own possibilities. He begins to gain confidence in himself, and when he receives Apollo Creed's offer, he decides to give everything he's got.

Rocky realizes his potential without overestimating it; he sets a goal on just surviving the fight, and his determination leads to the achievement of his goal.

The movie has its faults, such as poor filming techniques including shots that don't match, bad lighting and a lack of smooth continuity between scenes. The plot is also too dependent on chance to have credibility. The lines and scenes are too familiar, yet the movie is a success.

Much of the movie's impact is dependent on Stallone's boyish bravado as well as his remarkable ability to communicate with the audience. The excellent supporting cast provides a perfect foil to his talents. The simplicity of the plot and the black and white moral choices displayed were a refreshing change from the complications usually preferred by Hollywood. The main contributing factors, however, were the sheer physical excitement of the championship fight, Rocky's childlike innocence, and his simple humor.

The theme of the movie is simple: if you endure and strive to do your best, you will be a victor in your own eyes, and that personal satisfaction is most important.

ROCKY's message pertains to everyone and probably explains its popularity, tense excitement, and cheers of the audience. **ROCKY** sends you home with a spring in your step, a cheerful whistle at your lips, and a warm spot in your heart for the soft-hearted tough guy who proves to himself that he isn't "just another bum from the neighborhood." **ROCKY** reveals the true meaning of winning, winning despite the fact that the world may still see you as a "loser." **ROCKY** is truly a winner.

Breathing fire, spitting blood. . .

KISS embraces fans with rock

by Mike Matz

Many rock groups have risen into stardom in the past decade. The most popular band for many in the sixties was **THE BEATLES**. Possibly the most popular band today, for many young people, is the group **KISS**. For those few who don't know this group, **KISS** is a four-member band which dress uniquely in far-out suits, make-up and high-heeled shoes. While performing, they breath fire, spit blood, burn guitars and provide some of the hottest music around.

The popularity of **KISS** is evident in the enthusiasm of the group's fans. A **KISS** concert was sold out only a half-hour after tickets went on sale. Four thousand **KISS** fans marched on an Indiana radio station because a disc jockey refused to play **KISS** songs. There was a kissing contest sponsored by **KISS** called "The Great **KISS** Off" in a Chicago shopping center. With **KISS** looking on, a couple kissed for 96 hours — a world record registered in the **GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS**. And when **KISS** appeared in Cadillac, Michigan, the mayor and his wife, wearing **KISS** make-up, presented them the keys to the city.

KISS began three years ago when guitarist Paul Stanley and bass player Gene Simmons saw an ad in a magazine. The ad read, "Drummer looking to make it. Will do anything." The two answered the ad and found drummer Peter Criss



and, in turn, the three of them ran an ad for a lead guitarist and found Ace Frehley. The four of them make up **KISS** and together they designed their weird make-up, costumes, and stage play.

Since their origin they have recorded five albums, appeared in hundreds of concerts, and have produced some of the most popular music of the day. Of all their songs, some of the most popular include "Rock and Roll All Night," "Hard Luck Woman," and "Beth."

This summer **KISS** plans a European tour. There is likely to be a new album this summer too. **KISS** has big ideas for its future and one idea is to stay on top. Another is to provide more and better music for fans. "We're putting our effort into the quality of our playing," says Paul Stanley.

KISS never appears in public without make-up, but there is a hint that possibly this summer they will appear in person without make-up. However they appear, **KISS** admirers seem to love them just the way they are — weird.

The **KISS** Army, a fan club, has tens of thousands of members. If you would like to be a part of this club or just write to one or all of the members of **KISS**, you may do so at this address:

KISS ARMY HEADQUARTERS
21777 Ventura Blvd.
Woodland, Hills, Cal. 91364



Next year's editors, Bob Skillings and Mike Matz, scowl at the cameraman and give every indication of being rough, tough journalists.

Good luck, guys

Male editors to add "chauvinistic" touch

by Johanna Johnson

Another school year is coming to a close, and with its closing comes the end of illustrious journalistic careers for super-editors Scott Simkins and yours truly. It has been a very rewarding year, filled with new and valuable skills learned from our beloved advisor, Mr. Ed Weber.

Scott and I will undoubtedly shed a few tears over this last issue. However, the remorse we feel because of the end of our journalistic efforts does not dim our sense of relief. And with this feeling of relief we enthusiastically pass responsibility to next years' editors, Mike Matz and Bob Skillings.

Yes, folks, these two will grace *The Graphos* with provocative editorials and scintillating wit. However, I also fear that they might adversely affect "the great *Graphos*." Can you imagine a paper with no feminine influence? I writhe in bed at night envisioning foldouts of Farah Fawcett-Majors, Male Chauvanistic Pig topics, exclusion of girls' sports, and-horror of horrors!-no spring fashions! Picture the future of *The Graphos* in the

hands of these three, with no outside guidance! It's a truly terrifying thought.

Ah, well, it's too late for change now. Mike and Bob have the job and all of the joys that go with it. Believe me, the joys are seemingly endless. They will become very familiar with Mr. Weber's favorite saying: "Use your own judgement!" In fact, they will probably hear it in their sleep. They will also get the joy of 12-page issues. Mr. Weber does not like 12-page issues. He complains about them for weeks beforehand and for months afterward.

Editors also get the thrill of having their bodies beaten. When our aforementioned advisor is angry, he takes his frustrations out on his editors. Black and blue were never my colors, so I wasn't too appreciative of his ministrations.

There are advantages, however. As there are always errands to be run, Mr. Weber lets you out of class to do them. Besides that, you almost feel kind of important.

Well, that's what Mike and Bob are in for next year. Everybody give them lots of sympathy. Good luck, guys!

Graphic analysis, not golf

Different strokes for different folks

by Deb Bowar

Handwriting reveals much about an individual's personality. The system for studying handwriting is known as Graphoanalysis. It is a science based on the strokes of an individual's handwriting. The actual letter formations do not matter. Only the strokes of the letters are analyzed.

The analysis of your handwriting can reveal your emotions and personality traits. The slant of your letters and such things as the way you cross your t's or the way you dot your i's reveal some of you.

The slant of your writing suggests a person's feelings. To determine the slant of your writing, lay the accompanying emotional chart over the writing sample. The base-line of the chart should also lay on the base-line of the writing. Slide the chart along the writing until one of the lettered lines of the chart line up with the first stroke of an m, n, or the stem of the d, t, or l. The slant tells the amount of emotional expression a person has.

Slant can be interpreted as follows:

1. Vertical writing or slanting from A to B shows judgment. Emergencies can be met with calm control. Unless the situation

is very disturbing, no emotions will be shown. The vertical writer is ruled by head not heart. Writing that slants close to B shows deep feeling without showing how you feel.

2. Writing slanting from B to C shows fast response sympathetically or in emotional situations. These writers do not act without thought, especially if the matter at hand is of some importance.

3. Writing slanting from C to D shows a very prompt and expressive person. This writer may be moved to tears when told a heart-rending story. They act right away and often speak on impulse without thinking.

4. Writing that slants from D to E shows a person who reacts with extreme emotion. He may become exhausted

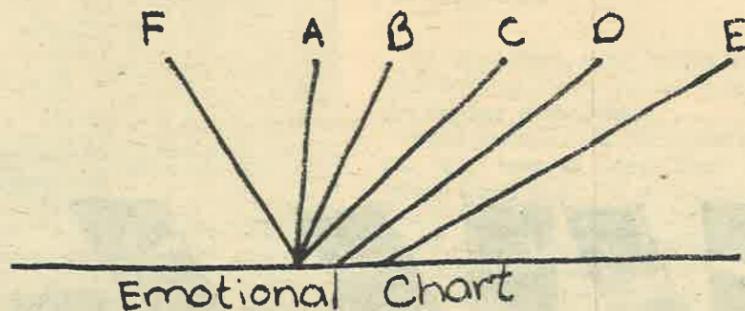
emotionally but is easily returned to his emotional expression.

5. Writing that slants to the left is opposite of emotional expression. This person pulls back into himself.

The way in which you cross your t's may also be revealing. A few examples are listed below:

1. A looped t indicates sensitivity. The larger the loop the greater the sensitivity.

2. A t-bar above the stem shows a habit of building air castles, a light and short bar shows these air castles are visionary and impractical, and a thick bar shows the writer has a purpose in these dreams no matter how far off they may seem.



3. A long t-bar indicates enthusiasm. The longer the bar the greater is the enthusiasm. If the t-bar is thick, the enthusiasm will be backed with will-power.

4. A thick blot or arrow written after the t-stem indicates temper.

5. A crossbar that bends down shows the individual's willpower to gain self-control. This person has attempted and has partly mastered some fault or weakness he has.

6. A t-bar thick in the beginning and thin in the end shows wit or sarcasm.

7. A crossbar written far down on the stem shows a lack of purpose.

The way in which you dot your i's can reveal the following:

1. An i dotted behind the stem shows procrastination.

2. An i dotted with a circle or with an actual dot close to the point of the letter shows attention to details.

3. A missing dot means the opposite, a lack of concern for details.

This discussion has been only a sample of what you can tell about people by analyzing their handwriting. If you would like to learn more about yourself through your handwriting, the library has books to help you with your own handwriting analysis.

Inside or Outside?

Why don't we reach
inside each other's
bodies and souls
finding ourselves
as we really are?
Not as
good
bad
nice
mean
pretty
ugly
serious
or funny.
Classified like
the ads of a
newspaper.

by Lisa Hubert

Superman

There is someone
inside
all the
mild-mannered
Clark Kents
in the world.

They will rebel
someday.
Don't push,
superman hides
in the funniest
places.

by T.A.B.

Wednesday, 1:38 a.m.

My tired eyes strain to
remain focused and open.
But to no avail, they drop
slowly shut.
My head droops wearily
and finally comes to rest
upon the nearly finished
term paper.
Due yesterday,
that seemed so unfairly
to sneak up and
overcome me while
I was unexpecting.

by Lisa Hubert

The Mirror

I stole a long full glance
For what had I to fear,
But my ego quickly shattered
As also did the mirror.

by T.A.B.

An American Disaster

We are the rainbow,
Multi-colored stripes
Thrown together
Only after a storm.

by T.A.B.

sports



Dave Mosen den baffles another batter in New Ulm's 3-2 win over seventh-ranked St. Peter.

NUHS battling in SCC

Winning is tradition for NU baseball teams

by Larry Gluth

Winning seems to be a tradition for baseball teams in New Ulm, and this year's Eagle squad is no exception. The Eagles are surprising quite a few people this season and are presently in a battle for the South Central Conference championship.

Winning doesn't just happen. It takes a lot of work on the part of coaches, but probably the biggest factor in the success of New Ulm baseball is the fine little league program established by the Park and Recreation Department.

The little league program during the summer has been a great asset to this community for many years. It has provided many youngsters with something to do during the summer and has provided an opportunity for kids to get their first real taste of organized baseball. The little league program stresses the fundamentals of the game and tries placing more emphasis on sportsmanship than winning.

As the boys become too old for little league baseball, they may play in the Bi-County League. This league offers the chance to keep playing baseball during the summer after the school baseball program is over.

Many boys have participated in these programs and have gained valuable experience which is a tremendous aid to successful high school competition.

But a winning tradition cannot be established without good coaching. Jim Senske and Stan Wilfahrt of New Ulm High and Cathedral High respectively are two of the most respected coaches in southern Minnesota. Both are very knowledgeable about baseball and have been extremely successful baseball coaches. They use available material and skillful strategy to pull out many close games. Both coaches consistently come up with winning seasons.

As long as New Ulm continues to have this combination of a good little league program and fine coaching, there will continue to be winning seasons at the local high schools.



First baseman Scott Fischer grimaces as he hurls the ball home in a recent NUHS baseball game.

Idiosyncrasies galore

Girl golfers have fun

by Kirk Gregg

If one was to look up the word idiosyncrasy in a dictionary, then examine the girls' golf team, he would find that the team possesses a large amount of idiosyncrasies.

An idiosyncrasy is "a structural or behavioral characteristic to an individual or group." The results of a few interviews with some of the golf members will prove rather interesting.

Beth Dosland is one of those unique golfers. She always means to be serious, but for various unexplainable reasons, everything usually turns out humorous.

When Beth was asked what her reaction was when she made her first putt outside a 20 foot radius, she replied "I've never made a putt outside 20 feet."

Beth's appetite has always been extremely large. Last year the team would bake bars for snacks after the meets. Beth would always be first in the clubhouse and devour three-fourths of the bars before the rest of the team would get a look at them.

Sara Kiecker, another golf team member, added another item to Beth's idiosyncrasies: "One thing about Beth, she always says she hates golf at least two times per hole."

There are other dedicated golfers on the squad too. Dedication can be used to describe an incident that Terri Risius experienced at a St. Peter golf meet which was definitely a crying matter. It took poor Terri 18 swings to get her ball out of a

sandtrap.

This particular golf meet at St. Peter also sparked a number of humorous happenings. Terri remembered, "First, a resident of the State Hospital insisted on having the golf team's autographs." "Then the girls were eating with their coach, Mr. Lowell Liedmann. It was difficult for the girls to understand how coach Liedmann could eat three deluxe huskees, but watching him fish a piece of lettuce out of his beard after signing autographs was a little more than the team's funny bones could handle for one meal.

There is one nickname on the team. Beth Schuetzle was dubbed the "Bag Woman." She went to the conference meet last year as a spectator, and coach Liedmann suggested that Beth carry all the golfing bags for the team.

The whole team admits that the funniest thing that has happened to a member this year involved Beth Rassmussen. Beth always gets nervous for meets resulting in numerous trips to the ladies room. Well, at Winthrop this year, the club house was closed because of remodeling. In the middle of the meet Beth "couldn't hold it any longer." As Beth let nature take her course, Sarah Kiecker took off her coat and provided Beth with a small wall of privacy.

In most cases, the team and their coach are pretty serious and sincere. But if the participants in sports don't have some fun, they most likely won't have fun in life either.



Joel Hartfiel, left, and Dan Walden, right, exemplify tough competition which is necessary for success in any sport or activity.

Walden and Hartfiel

Striving to be better

by Bill Ostrom

Competition is the backbone of athletics. It inspires the athlete to strive for better performances. The competition between Dan Walden and Joel Hartfiel of New Ulm's track squad has resulted in broken and tied records for both athletes.

In the 1976 state track meet at St. Cloud, Joel Hartfiel executed a fine performance in the long jump breaking the New Ulm record with a leap of 21' 11 3/4". The jump climaxed a hard fought battle for first place between Walden and Hartfiel. Practically every meet of the 1976 season resulted in a first or second place finish for either Dan or Joel. The competition pushed them to better their performances. Joel commented, "If it was not for Dan, I would not have achieved the record."

The 1976 season ended and summer vacation began. For most students summertime is a vacation, but for Walden and Hartfiel summertime means hard work. Each lifts weights and runs to keep in shape. They realize that if one does not

work out the other would be hard to defeat in the upcoming season. Dan Walden's desire was to break Joel's record. He knew it would take a determined effort to accomplish this feat.

Time passed quickly for the two tracksters. When the 1977 track season began, Walden was well prepared. It was not long before he broke Hartfiel's record with a leap of 22' 3 1/2". The hard work during the summer paid off for Dan.

Not only is the long jump dominated by Walden and Hartfiel, but so are the 100 and 220 yard dashes. Dan tied the school record in the 100 with a clocking of 10.1 seconds. Dan's inspiration comes from his father, who currently is the co-holder of the 10.1 record with his son. Walden and Hartfiel compete against each other in the 220 yard dash. Dan usually wins this event with Joel a fraction of a second behind.

There is no doubt that competition has been a major factor in the track success of Dan and Joel. They are a valuable asset to New Ulm's 1977 squad and are likely candidates for a berth in the state track meet.

Bits from B.S.



by Brian Shay

It's only appropriate in the last "Bits From B.S." ever to be written that I look at how NUHS fared in sports during the last year.

There were several disappointing seasons, but they were far outweighed by the many bright spots which turned up throughout the year. Perhaps the most disappointing records were turned in by the boys' football and basketball teams, but the prospect of new, younger coaches for next year will generate more enthusiasm. My votes go for Mr. Virg Debban as head football coach and Mr. Dave Hartmann as head basketball coach.

Both are young and enthusiastic and are two of the finest coaches I have ever known. They know the game and have the respect of their players.

The list of accomplishments for NUHS athletics this year is very impressive and impossible to cover completely, but a few of the highlights include a vastly improved boys' gymnastics team led by coach Earl Neist, a young wrestling team making waves in Region 2AA, a steadily improving girls' basketball program, the girls' gymnastics team's South Central Conference win and 2nd place finish in Region 2AA, the remarkable season turned in by our still young hockey team, and promising seasons in track and baseball.

There are no state championships listed, but the many hours of practice and hard work have brought satisfaction and accomplishment which can be enjoyed for years by those who participated.

A special congratulations is in order for Tim Steinbach and Jean and Jane Spelbrink for being selected Athletes of the Year at NUHS for 1977. All three were very deserving of the awards.

I've enjoyed writing this column throughout the year and hope my successor will gain the same pleasure I've experienced. Quite possibly there have been some comments that you disliked, but I guarantee they were not meant to hurt anyone. They were probably just a bunch of B.S.



Displaying keen attention, second singles player, Dana Bloedel, anticipates a serve in a recent match on the new senior high courts.

Netters optimistic

by Tom Wyczawski

The 1977 New Ulm tennis team consists of seniors, Mark Fodness, Scott Simkins, and Dana Bloedel; juniors, Mitch Marquardt and Tony Werner; and sophomores, Mark Stoering and Steve Palmer.

This year's schedule has brought more tournament play for the Eagles and fewer dual meets. The won-loss record has not been good, but if the team starts to gel and get a few breaks, it could become a challenger in post season play.

NUHS is a young team but is not totally inexperienced. A majority of the players have some background in tennis competition.

The Eagles have lost some very close meets. Two of the meets were lost by the score of 3-2, and a third loss was in a 5-4 tiebreaking match. Quite possibly with a

little more experience and some breaks, New Ulm could have won these meets. There is also a large number of students playing tennis in the junior high program. It seems that the Eagles can only get better as the tennis program develops.

The present season seems young because the season was shortened due to the ruling by the Minnesota State High School League. The players have not had as much practice as they have had in past years, and the number of competitive meets have also been cut.

The Eagles will lose the number one doubles players in Scott Simkins and Mark Fodness. Simkins and Fodness have been playing doubles since the eighth grade and have lettered three years in doubles competition. These two players will be a major loss for the Eagles to replace next year.

Golfers best ever?

by Bob Skillings

Confidence appears to be the theme this spring for the New Ulm High School boys' golf team. Six seniors are on the team and all expect the season to end successfully. Kirk Gregg said what the whole team believes, "There is no reason why we should not go to state."

Kirk has been playing golf since he was in the third grade. He has lettered three years in golf, one at NUHS and the others at Sibley High School in Sibley, Iowa. His family moved to New Ulm the summer before his junior year. Kirk is one of the top golfers on the squad.

Brian Shay could be considered the best golfer on the squad. This season will be the fifth year he has lettered in golf at NUHS. He says that golf is his favorite sport and has been playing since he was eight-years old. "Golf is not a physical game but a mental game. It takes a lot of patience. That's why I like it," Brian explained. He

plans to play golf in college, possibly at the University of Minnesota.

Another veteran on this year's squad is Brian Patterson. He will receive his fourth letter in golf this spring. He has also been one of the keys to the Eagles' recent successes. When Brian was a sophomore, he placed first individually in the conference meet. Last year he placed fourth. He would like nothing better than to go to state this year.

The other seniors on the squad are Mark Paulson, Erin DeMars, and Dave Mildenberg. Mark has lettered twice and is playing excellent golf this spring. Dave has been a pleasant surprise this spring, his first year in golf at NUHS.

The squad has one loss to date and is in the midst of the finest season ever by a NUHS golf team. Besides the six seniors, Bill Ostrom, Byron Dahl, Scott Werdahl, and Todd Radmacher are also on the team coached by Mr. Dick Werdahl.



Senior trackster, Sue Albright, concentrates all her efforts on putting the shot. Success has been the word for the girls' track team which has been steadily improving as the season progresses.

Rated as the number one track team in the area by THE JOURNAL, the girls have been providing their fans with much excitement.