

Harman's Cagers Defeat Morton

The season has at last opened for Coach Harman and his basket ball boys, but not too successfully. The first two games were disheartening, to say the least: In their initial battle, with Winthrop, the boys lost, 12-9, and although they defeated Morton, Wednesday, 17-15, it was not an overwhelming victory for them.

However, the only thing that can be gleaned from these two games is just whom and what we have on this year's team, and what promise they show for the future.

Every one of the men who played in these two games are capable veterans, each having seen at least one or more years of service on Squad A. In the Winthrop game, Wagner made high points, playing an excellent game at center. Poynter and Spaeth played forward positions with not a little skill; and guarding was done by Preuss and Emmerich in good style. Nevertheless, the boys were at a huge disadvantage because of the size of Winthrop's floor, which is merely a cheese-box of parts. For this reason, the game was a battle royal which took on the appearance of a football game. In this game, Strate and Mather also had a chance to prove their mettle, and did so ably.

The summary of the Winthrop game:

New Ulm—	FG	PF	FT	FTM	TP
Poynter, rf	0	1	2	1	1
Spaeth, lf	0	2	1	1	1
Wagner, c	2	2	2	1	5
Emmerich, rg	0	0	0	0	0
Preuss, lg	0	2	1	1	1

Mather	0	1	1	1	1	10
Strate	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	2	9	7	5	9	

Winthrop—	FG	PF	FT	FTM	TP
Braun, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson, lf	1	3	2	1	3
Larson, c	1	1	0	0	2
Haaheim, rg	2	0	5	1	5
Neubarth, lg	1	3	0	0	2
Totals	5	7	7	2	12

HARMAN'S CAGERS DEFEAT MORTON.

In the game with Morton the following Wednesday the boys had a little more luck. The Morton men held a steady lead for three quarters, which almost threatened to undermine the spirit of the team. But late in the last period of the game Morton tired slightly, and New Ulm took advantage of every inch they were given, and grabbed a small margin of 17-15. Marks played for the first time in this game, and made 8 points himself, all in the last half. Otherwise the lineup was practically the same, with Wagner shifted to forward with Spaeth, and Poynter, Preuss and Strate alternate guards.

Summary of the Morton game:

New Ulm—	FG	PF	FT	FTM	TP
Spaeth, rf	1	1	3	1	3
Wagner, lf	1	1	2	1	3
Marks, c	3	2	5	2	8
Poynter, rg	0	1	1	1	1
Preuss, lg	1	3	1	0	2

COMMERCIAL CLUB MEETS

The Commercial club held a meeting last Tuesday after school. The following program was arranged:
A Talk—Mr. Stewart.
A Talk on, "Business Etiquette"—Marion Pfaender.
Violin Solo—Ellen Janni.
Samples of pins were shown to the members of the club, but no selection has been made.

Strate	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	6	8	13	5	17

Morton—	FG	PF	FT	FTM	TP
Daby, rf	1	2	2	2	4
Greenslit, lf	0	1	0	0	0
Welsch, c	0	3	1	1	1
Orth, rg	2	3	8	6	10
Brooks, lg	0	3	0	0	0
Sutton	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	3	13	11	9	15

Neither of these two games is anything to boast of; but really nothing can be judged by them. The Coach has some good material to be trained, and when they've been worked up, they should be good!

Bill E. (with hands over eyes): "If you can't guess who it is in three guesses, I'm going to kiss you."

She (most likely the "secret passion" from Winnebago): "Jack Frost, Davey Jones, Santa Claus."

PLAY WELL ATTENDED

Thursday night, December 4th, was an important night at least for some of the Juniors. Of course, that was the night of the Junior class play, "The Swan."

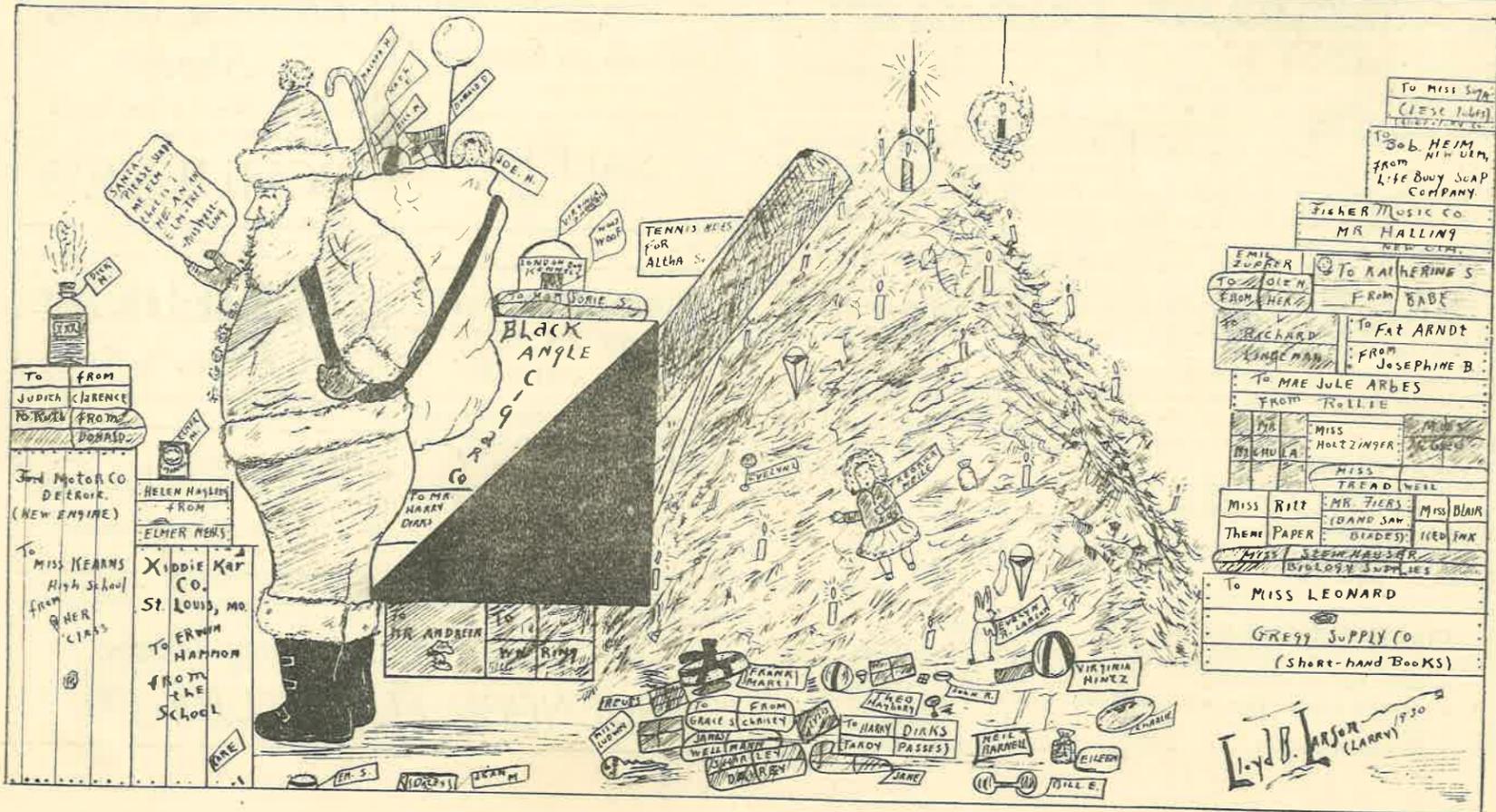
As the cast saw the assembly hall becoming more and more crowded, they got "cold feet," and some of them (maybe Vernon) wished they had studied their parts better. However, they all did better than they expected to.

We never before knew that we had two "little Lord Fauntleroy's in our school or any such perfect servants as we saw in the play. And who would have thought we had a monk in our midst!

Of course everyone enjoyed the play very much and is looking forward to the Senior class play. The Juniors also report that they have made a large sum of money on their stage production. We suppose this means a good Junior-Senior prom.

GRADE PUPILS ENTERTAIN ASSEMBLY

Last Friday we again enjoyed an assembly program. The first number was a toe dance by Anita Grus- (Continued on page 4.)



The Graphos

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1930.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

The old-fashioned Christmas is gradually disappearing. People no longer give gifts with the same spirit as they did in the time of our grandmothers. Christmas should be nothing more than the joy and fun you get out of doing things for someone else. Strangely enough, in many places the real meaning of the day is lost, spoiled by the spirit in which it is kept. Certainly it is a day for the giving of gifts. But gifts from the heart not merely from the purse. The use of a little more common sense and a little real thinking will make Christmas the day it should be.

EXCHANGE.

When praying for good weather so that her grandmother's rheumatism would get well, a little girl said, "Dear Lord, Please make it hot for Grandma."

"Dear me, I've lost another pupil," sighed the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.

Saints' Reporter.

How the Day's Were Named—

Monday was a day sacred to the Moon, when the satellite was worshipped by the ancient Saxons. It was first named "Moon Day."

Tuesday was day of Tim, Saxon God of war, first known as "Tim's Day."

Wednesday was named from Woden, the Scandinavian God of War.

Thursday was Thor's sacred day.

Friday was the day of the northern Goddess of Love, Frea, commonly known as "Freia's Day."

Saturday was named after Seator, who ruled the planets. It is sometimes identified with Saturn.

Sunday was the day of the sun. First known as "Sun's Day."

The Glenconian.

THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS.

"Twas the night before Christmas, and through the schoolhouse,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a louse;
Bill Rauschke had left it.

The seats were all bare—
But Erv. Hamann remained to give Santa a scare.

Out on the roof there arose such a clatter;

Erv. ran to the window to see what was the matter.

In Santa came through the library door,

Dropped his pack on the big hall floor;
Out rolled a drum, so big and blue,
That, Elmer Marks, was all for you!

For Jimmy some checkers,

For Bunny a sled,
For Babe a squirt gun, painted red;

For Blanche a rag doll, awkward, but cute;

For Schmitt a horn that goes "Toot, Toot!"

And then came a bulldog, he was real!
Won't that make Miss Frenzel squeal?

For Dick there were countless bottles of beer—

(That's his idea of Christmas cheer!)
Next in line was a huge yo yo,

For John Richard, of course, and for Senior Joe, a brand new top for her old Lizzie,

And 10 gallons of gas to keep it busy.
Erv. crouched in the corner;

He saw nothing for him—
So he started to cry—what an awful din!

Santa got scared, and away he went—
Erv. felt quite badly, for he hadn't meant

To frighten old Santa Claus that way,
And leave stockings empty on Christmas day.

So Erv. took the pack and played Santa Claus.

It was a hard job and he didn't pause,
Till all good children that go to school there,

Had nice new presents
Instead of the air!

SANTA'S MAILBAG.

Dere Santy:

Plese sent me a new spellin bok.
Miss Ritt says I knead it.

Luv,

LLOYD MARTI.

* * *

Dear Santa:

Please send me a handsome he-man!
There's one on Center St. that is to be picked up cheap!

R. WICHESKI.

* * *

Dear Santa:

My wise crack supply is nearly exhausted.
I want a book, one like the one Pfaender gets hers out of.

FEHLHABER.

* * *

Dear Santa:

Please bringing me an enlargement edition of a boy like Chuck O'Mally.

JANE MUELLER.

* * *

Dear Santa:

Please, can't I have a nice big distillery?
The Minnesota river is very valuable since last Fri. nite.

MARKS.

* * *

Dear Santa:

I want only this!
His name is "Gis."

MARION.

* * *

Dear Santa Claus:

I have been a good boy. I didn't kiss no girls or kill no frogs. Can't I please have my old girl back?

JIMMIE ARBES.

(Continued on page 4.)

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FRESHMEN FOLLIES.

Freshman Howard A.: "What a foolish idea! Of course Santa Claus won't hurt you."

Harold H.: "Well, I heard he might give me a sock in the fire place!"

Last Saturday Marvin E. found a cat sleeping in the coal bin. He is so kindhearted to animals that he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal.

Two dogs were heard talking to each other, one said, "Who's the pup following you?"

The other replied, "Oh, he's my private secretary. He goes around with me and remembers where I bury my bones."

Jack J. who always sleeps with a pistol under his pillow awoke one night to find a hand resting on the foot of his bed.

"Take that hand away or I'll shoot," he called, reaching for his gun. "Take it away or I'll shoot."

The hand remained. He fired. P. S.—Now he's minus two toes.

Waiter: "Are you Hungary?" Customer: "Yes, Siam."

Waiter: "I'll Russia to a table and Fiji."

Customer: "All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill."

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

Mrs. Ruggles' children were all assembled to greet Santa Claus.

Santa Claus: "What will my little Janey girl have?"

Janey: "I want a doll, a mesh bag, a powder puff, a dress, skates and—"

Santa Claus: "Why, you can't have all that!"

Janey: "Why, Santa, I haven't started yet."

Santa Claus: "What does little Frederick freckle face want?"

Frederick: "Gee Whiz, Santa, quit your kidding. I want a hat, cane, and gloves; besides Grace said that my freckles were cute."

Santa Claus: "Well, if Grace said that it's all right, I nearly forgot, my sugar lump."

Grace: "I want an alarm clock with a bell that shuts off by itself in case I don't want to wake up when it goes off."

Santa Claus: "What does my blue eyed cutie want?"

Alys: "I told you I wanted one boy friend, and look what you sent me—three of them."

Stanley: "Santa, I've been waiting a long time. I want something too. I want something to put on my hair to keep it from curling the way it does, because so many girls fall for me. They keep raving about my pretty hair; so, you see, I can't study."

Santa Claus: "Well, my children, I must be going, but I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

It was Alys Pufahl's first basket ball game of the season. She got so excited that everytime the gun went off—she nearly hit the ceiling—"the balcony stopped her upward flight," she explained.

JUNIOR JOTS.

Worry about this for a while—

1. What becomes of laps when we stand up

2. What becomes of a shout when it is shouted?

3. What becomes of a sunbeam after it's through beaming?

4. Where does our money go when we go Xmas shopping?

I dreamt—

1. Elmer M. got a new set of rules for B. B. for Xmas.

2. Eddie Schneider got a new girl friend—(and not a Freshie) for Xmas.

3. Jeanne M. got a wireless to send "notes" with, for Xmas.

4. Emil Z. got a new accordion for Xmas.

5. Doyle got a seat near Helen's in the assembly.

6. Joe B. got a camel so she wouldn't have to walk home nites.

7. Ammy P. got a kiddie car because he cried over the loss of his B. B.

8. Gretchen K. got a bottle of cod liver oil to make her grow.

9. John J. got a new "line" to spring on his classmates after Christmas.

10. That teachers didn't give any more assignments for the rest of the year.

That I had a bad conscience about writing this and quit.

The Juniors have behaved very well the last six weeks and hope Santa will bring us all good report cards.

SENIOR SAYINGS.

Says Loyd Larson, "I've always believed in Santa Claus, and I know, that if I'm very good, and don't fall asleep during the next week, he will surely bring me a new briar pipe, or maybe a way to shield myself, when I'm caught snoozing."

We heard Malter and Donald wishing for a new supply of wise cracks. That's going to be quite a job for the dear, old-fashioned fellow, but maybe his gnomes are quite clever.

We have heard that various nobilities of the Senior class have formed a "boxing club." We haven't all the details, but we hear they were applying for sparring partners. Good chance for some of our hefty girls.

It was overheard that Marion claims to be getting the best Christmas present, and we have heard snatches of, "It won't be long until Xmas, then my Gis 'll be Home," being hummed.

Jean has been complaining because she's afraid she'll have to hibernate on the farm especially when the roads get blocked, and won't allow a little Ford to pass.

Ruth and Virginia were walking down the avenue when Ruth said: "Please leave now, Hintzie old Sock, I'm going to buy your Christmas present."

"That's O.K.," said Hintz, "I'm going to Tiffany's myself."

Dick H. has had a worried look on his face the last few days, so a few of his classmates persuaded him to tell the cause of his low spirits. When asked, he replied that Santa had just passed a law saying that he was forced to cross out all speedsters, hunters, and generally bad boys from his list. Poor Dickie boy has our deep-

(Continued on page 4)

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GRADE PUPILS ENTERTAIN ASSEMBLY.

(Continued from page 1.)

sendorf and Lois Backer, with piano accompaniment by Myrtle Grussendorf. This was followed by a violin solo by Clarence Radl, who was accompanied on the piano by Judith Bieber. The last number was a play entitled, "The Ruggleses' Christmas Party," which proved to be amusing. The characters were:

Mrs. RugglesElsie Olsen
 Sarah MaudeByrll Edmiston
 PeterErvin Christianson
 KittyJean Veeck
 SusanVerna Wolf
 PeoryDoris Dahl
 CorneliusArnold Gulden
 ClementAlan Fliers
 EilyCarol Marti
 LarryG'enn Christianson

The eighth period was omitted to the joy of certain English II pupils.

SANTA'S MAIL BAG.

(Continued from page 2.)

Dear Santa:

I don't care if you bring me anything nice for Christmas at all. Just so Helen gets something nice. I'm broke—

SPOT.

* * *

Dear Santa Clause:

If I can find a new girl in my stocking on Xmas day, I'll be the happiest boy in all New Ulm.

CHUCK.

* * *

Dear Santa:

Do you know what an option is? If you do, please give me one on Xmas morning. I have been trying for a long time to obtain one on Katherine.

BABE.

* * *

Dear Santa Claus:

Will you come to our house for dinner Christmas Day? I'm wondering if there really is a you! Of course, I'm easily satisfied. Bring me anything you have left over in your pack.

V. HINTZ.

* * *

Dear Santa:

As you have not yet paid for last year's damage, let me repeat the amount:

Aerial, knocked down by reindeer	\$10
Holes put in roof	50
Street cleaner's service	15
Broken chimney	100
Home (ignited by burning beard)	30,000

Total\$30,175

To show you my appreciation for last year's gifts, you may deduct two cents.

Sincerely,
 RICHARD HAUENSTEIN.

SENIOR SAYINGS.

(Continued from page 3.)

rest and most heartfelt sympathy.

An old friend of ours, Sis Ahrens, came to visit us last week. The boys were all so anxious to converse that they all rushed to the library, from which they were duly kicked out, only to find safe refuge in the hall.

Merry Xmas and Happy New Year everyone. Toodle doo! Till next year!

Billy Bockus, translating Latin: "The boy holds the letter by the left hand, which had been given him by his sister."

Our candidate for the So-Dumb Hall of Fame is Izzy Dumb. He thought 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' was a humming bird's egg. He wrote to the Secretary of the Interior about his appendicitis. He thought foils were made of barbed wire, because they were used in fencing. And last but not least, he was so uninformed that he thought Chic Sale was a poultry auction.

We know a girl who swears she's never been kissed. Can't say, we blame her; we'd swear too.

Miss Holzinger: "I'm sorry but we're closing the library for convocation; is there anything you'd like to take out?"

Hilary O.: "Well, how about that tall blonde?"

Employee: "Mr. Eigan, I should like very much to have an increase in wages; I was married yesterday."

Employer: "I'm sorry, young man, but we can't do it. The company is not responsible for accidents which happen to employees outside the factory."

John Rich H.: "I want a pair of corduroy pants."

Clerk: "How long?"

John Rich H.: "How long? I don't want to rent them; I want to buy them."

A traveler relates that he recently came across some African natives performing weird dances, yelling, and banging long clubs on the ground. Golf is played almost everywhere now.

Spot: (at Blue L.): "What does this mean? There's a fly in the bottom of my cup!"

Helen E.: "How do I know? I'm a waitress, not a fortune teller!"

If all the saxophone players were laid end to end, they would still insist on playing the "St. Louis Blues."

Mother: "Wake up! Wake up, Sammy, and see what Santa Claus brought."

Sammy: (age seven): "Merciful Heavens! How many years must I keep up this fearful hypocrisy?"

There's only one thing more to be feared. Warner Brothers and the Sunshine Biscuit Co. might combine to make talking animal pictures.

Gretchen K.: "You know that old vase, Mamma, that you said had been handed down from generation to generation?"

Mrs. K. (anxiously): "Yes, what of it?"

Gretchen: "Well, this generation has dropped it!"

The minister would have been immensely pleased with the hundred dollar bill he received through the mail on Xmas morning, had not the sender unfeelingly written "Please remit" upon it.

Sarsaparilla Soprano Sophie will now render that little ditty entitled, "When It's Springtime in the Rockies, It's Three Hours Before Noon Here."

Then there was also the Freshman that wanted Santa to bring him a Stetson radiator cap.

Miss McGee: "Tell me what you know about the Mongolian Race."

Leo S.: "I wasn't there, I went to the Cubs' ball game."

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