

Alice Book

# The Graphos

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY BY THE NEW ULM HIGH SCHOOL

VOLUME XII.

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1928.

NUMBER 13

# Cast For "Grumpy" Chosen

## SOCIAL SCIENCE CLASS HOLDS ELECTION

The New Ulm city elections have been held, but there is another more important election a ways ahead on the calendar. The social science classes are supervising a school election. (Let's hope it won't cause as much trouble as the American supervision of the Nicaraguan elections.)

A number of Seniors, who have entered the grand race for payless jobs, are:

"Fat" Leonard, Councilman, 4th Ward  
Jack Schoch ..... Mayor  
Winnie Hummel ..... Mayor  
Lowell Rieke ..... Clerk  
M. Fesenmaier ..... Treasurer  
S. O. S. Simons ..... Councilman  
Melvin Esser ..... Councilman  
James Beecher ..... Councilman

## CANTATA TO BE GIVEN APRIL 18

The Glee club, assisted by pupils of the grades, will give their sixty-voice cantata April 18. The admission fees are twenty-five and fifteen cents. Everyone be in the high school auditorium at seven-thirty o'clock to listen to these voices.

The mechanical drawing class, under Mr. Dodge, is helping to put the cantata across by advertising it. Posters of all kinds are being made. This shows real school spirit and we hope tickets will be sold at a good rate. Come on you lower classmates, show your school spirit. Do your share and buy a ticket.

## HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI WIN HIGH HONORS

Verna Marie Miller, a student at the University of Wisconsin, who was a member of the class of '25, was made a member of the society Beta Phi Alpha lately. She also was on the Sophomore basket ball team, the school champions. She was chosen as a player on the varsity basket ball team.

Clarence Rolloff, a member of the class of '23, and a member of the state championship debating team of '23, has been awarded presidency of the Minnesota Law Review Board, the highest honor acquirable in the law school of the University of Minnesota.

Roman (Zang) Schaefer, who graduated from the New Ulm High School in '23, has been elected as captain of the basket ball team of the University of South Dakota for the coming year.

## STUDENTS WRITE SHORT STORIES

The Juniors have lately been studying the short story in English class. To get an A one had either to write a short story, imitating the style of some wellknown author, or to dramatize a short story. This is one of the A contracts imitating Poe's style. **THE IMAGE AND THE APPARITION.**

For one brief moment I must have been insane. Then something flashed. I was again aware of my actions.

I looked stupidly at my uplifted arm. My eyes followed it slowly, fearfully, expectantly down toward the hand—stopped at the wrist—went further—and rested upon the hand. I gasped at what I saw—I shuddered. My heart, it seemed, had stopped beating—such was the horror that came over me. The hand—my hand—held an iron tool that dripped with—yes, it was blood! The horror of it almost stifled me. My nerves pricked like a thousand pins stuck into my body. What had I done? Had I only injured him or was he dead? I could not look down, I could not. Yes, I must. With a superhuman effort I looked down at him. The light of the one candle shone full upon his face. Yes, yes, he was gone. Yet, no, did not his eyelid move? No, no, it was but the flickering of the candle light.

His face there in the light of the candle, was the most hideous thing I had ever beheld. It was white beyond belief, in contrast to the red of the blood that flowed from the wound my blow had caused. This in itself was enough to make the face abhorrent, but it was the expression on the face that caused my blood to turn to ice. It was cynical in a maddening way, sneering, cruel beyond comprehension. It had been this same expression that had caused me, in a moment of insanity, to commit this abominable crime. He had worn that same expression on his face when he had said, "If you take my life, I will come as an apparition and avenge my death!" Now, as I gazed upon his face, I had an overpowering, almost uncontrollable desire to smash it with the tool that had already caused his death.

(Continued on page 2.)

## SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE PLANNED

A meeting was called last Monday for all those interested in spring football. Some seventeen boys responded to this call. However, more boys will be out when the grinding begins. Spring football is held every year for the purpose of training those boys who want to play football for the coming season.

## NEW BOOKS ADDED TO THE LIBRARY

The library of the New Ulm High School is going to receive a number of books every six months from the state library at St. Paul. The number of books that a school may have, varies from twenty-five to seventy-five. The coming of this new supply of books will be welcome news to lovers of books.

The following books have already been added to the library:

Disraeli ..... A. Maurois  
Black Majesty ..... J. W. Vandercook  
Great American Band Wagon ..... C. Mertz  
Child Guidance ..... Blanton  
Short Story of Women ..... J. L. Davis  
Dusty Answer ..... R. Lehman  
The Ethics of Journalism .....  
..... N. A. Crawford  
Main Currents in the History of  
American Journalism ..... W. Bleyer  
The last four of these books were donated by Mrs. H. L. Beecher.

## HOODOO VISITS HIGH SCHOOL

The accidents which have befallen the teachers in our High School give evidence of the presence of the "hoodoo."

Miss Steinhauser was kept out of school the first two days of school after vacation by illness. Miss McGee's absence, Monday, was due to a car accident which occurred on the road from Harmony to New Ulm. The library was without its familiar supervisor, Wednesday, when Miss Holzinger cared for her mother, who is ill. Mr. Cunningham was snowed in down in Iowa. This resulted in extra work for Mr. Dodge. Thus he thought that the "hoodoo" had it in for him also. Some students believe that the kind "hoodoo" took over their work of revenging the teachers for lengthening the flunk list.

## SOPHOMORE PROGRAM— 'THE VILLAGE SCHOOL'

The high school students were wafted away to Impossible Land during the Sophomore program. The stage was peopled with strange beings—Sophomores dressed as village scholars (rather dumbbells). Rollin Emerich pleased the assembly as a "hard-boiled" school master. Kiddie cars, roller skates, balls, and jumping ropes were noticeably present. Again the beautiful, gigantic hair ribbons waved like donkey's ears on tousled heads; again stockings rested in unnatural positions; again one viewed long hair. We saw the situation that comes "once in a lifetime."

## TO BE GIVEN AT TURNER HALL, MAY 4

Tryouts for the Senior Class Play, "Grumpy," were held before Easter vacation, and practice is now well under way. Those who will take part in the play are:

Mr. Andrew ..... Jack Schoch  
Mr. Ernest Heron ..... Lowell Rieke  
Ruddock ..... Ruben Glaesmann  
Mr. Jarvis ..... Stanley Simons  
Mr. Isaac Wolfe ..... Walter Epple  
Dr. Maclaren ..... James Beecher  
Keble ..... Lester Karl  
Merriden ..... Harold Feller  
Dawson ..... Earl Schroepel  
Virginia ..... Violet Paulson  
Mrs. Maclaren ..... Viola Buchholz  
Susan ..... Ruth Peterson

The play is to be presented May 4 at Turner Hall. The Seniors are depending on everyone's support.

The Senior class is a class of the high school, so every member of our high school should support the Seniors as loyally as his own class. Come on, Juniors, the Seniors supported your class play. Let's make the Senior play a grand success.

## JUNIOR CLASS TO SPONSOR MOVIE

In order to obtain more money for the reception, the Juniors will sponsor a movie. At the last Junior meeting a committee, composed of Alice Vercoe, Imelda Ochs, Leonard Marti, and Alvin Rolloff, was appointed to select the picture and set the date of the movie. The committee has as yet not definitely decided upon the picture, but they assure us that it will be a good one.

Class spirit among our Juniors is very poor it seems. At our last meeting only twenty-one members of the class were present. Come on, classmates, show your old spirit and let's make this year's reception one of the best ever given. Let's show the Seniors a grand old time.

## WILL HEIDEMANN PUBLISHES STORY

Will Heideman, one of the members of our High School, has had one of his stories accepted by **The Open Road**, a magazine for boys. The story is entitled "The Liquid Soap Company," and appears in the May issue of the magazine.

It will be remembered that Will won first place in the historical essay contest sponsored by the state two years ago. We wish him more success.

Jim: "I'm going to marry a pretty girl and a good cook."  
Charles: "You can't. That's bigamy."



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 Girls' Athletics .....Charlotte Miller  
 Clubs .....Hazel Buchholz  
 Debate and Oratory...Virginia Alwin  
 Music .....Hazel Buchholz  
 Humor .....Dorothy Pfefferle  
 and Marian Pfaender  
 Feature .....Harvey Haeberle  
 Senior Reporter .....Olive Harbo  
 Junior Reporter .....Phyllis Liesch  
 Sophomore Reporter...Renola Frank  
 Freshman Reporter ....Judith Bieber

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1928.

**THE IMAGE AND THE APPARITION.**  
 (Continued from page 1.)

In an effort to control my savage desire, I shifted my glance. In the action, my eyes fell upon a mirror, and by the dim light of the one candle, I saw in it an image! As I had not felt the presence of a third person, I was greatly shocked, and an appalling sensation shook my body. I stumbled forward, halten, then slowly crept closer to the mirror. I could not turn my head, for I was terror-stricken. I had but one glance of that image in the mirror—the face was even more terrible than that of the dead man. It was absolutely indescribable. It seemed like that of a freak—writhing as it did with horror. I made a lunge for the door and fell headlong down the stairs.

There I lay, unable to move, expecting the image to overtake me at any moment. I made an attempt to move, but could not. My body was numbed with terror. I remembered no more.

I regained consciousness to find myself still lying at the bottom of the stairs. My mind was a blank. I rose—then, like a rush, the knowledge of the abhorrent and abominable thing that had happened surged through my brain. I listened for the footsteps of the image. I heard none! He had not followed me; or had he not seen me lying there? For an instant, relief was so great that I could think of nothing else. I was not to be pursued! I was free!

I ran through the doorway, down the narrow paved street. Oh! why could I not run with more silence I could attract attention. Each footfall sounded with a dull thud upon the pavement, and impressed the word, blood, upon my mind!

I ran on! Blood—blood! everything before my eyes looked red—red as the blood that flowed from the wound of the dead man! I made a tremendous effort to cast this from

**FEATURE**

**ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN AND ALL OTHERS.**

(By Dorothy Dicks.)

Dear Miss Dicks: I am a nice young boy with brown eyes, in the Sophomore class, and I want to know if you think it's proper for me to let strange young girls talk to me in the library.—John Mills.

You said it, kid; "strange" is the word.

Dead Dods: I am a sufferer from fallen arches. What do you suggest?—Bernadine McGee.

Me too. I had one fall on me the other day. After they remove the stones and concrete I suggest going to a Chiropractor. That's what I did.

Dearest Dorothy: Do you think it proper—this being leap year—for a girl to propose?—Winnie Hummel.

Propose what?

Dear Miss Dicks: I want to get rid of some of my fat. What do you suggest?—H. Langmack.

Fry doughnuts in it.

Dear Miss Dicks: My son is a poor student, and he wants to leave school. Is there any hope?—Mrs. Prom.

Keep Clarence in school. Hams can always be cured if you take time enough.

This week the prize goes to Laura Celle who thinks the Mexican border pays rent.

For those who walk home from auto rides: Take a pair of roller skates with you next time.

my thoughts, but I could not! I fell headlong. My hands touched something wet on the pavement. Blood! this thought rushed into my mind. Blood! yes there was blood everywhere. I rose and wiped my hands frantically on my clothing.

I ran on! The wind sang around the corners of buildings. To my terror-crazed mind it sounded like the moan of an apparition. Was it coming already? I stood still and trembled in every limb. Wild thoughts surged through my brain. What would it do? How would it do it? I heard a noise! It was as of the clanking of iron on the pavement. I thought of Marley's ghost—I sobbed! In an instant of bravery I turned my head and looked behind. At first that which I saw was hazy—it took form. I saw a face—a face with a sneering, cynical expression—maddening! It blazed out as though the candle still shone upon it. A tremendous shudder passed over me. The form faded—faded—and was gone. My mind was doing strange things, I thought. My hand touched a hitching post, a bit of chain attached to it. This, then, explained the clanking noise. I ran on!

To my abode! To my abode! Oh! if only I could reach it before I attracted attention. It was only two hundred paces now—only one hundred. A door opened! This was too much for my terror-stricken mind and body to endure. I sank to the pavement. Someone came out—looked around, and, in the black of night—overlooked my still form crouching on

(Continued on page 3.)

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**CLASS CRIMES**

**SENIOR NOTES.**

We have just discovered that each of our Seniors represents some kind of cake. The most outstanding ones are as follows:

- Short Cake .....Howard Schroer
  - Date Cake .....Olive Harbo
  - Angel Cake .....Henrik Haugen
  - Devils Cake .....Jack Schoch
  - Sponge Cake .....Joe Vogel
  - Lightening Cake .....Hugo Albrecht  
(Did you ever see him drive.)
  - Pan Cake .....Esther Brudelle
  - Raisin Cake .....Lowell Rieke  
(If he isn't raisin' cane he's raisin' wheat.)
  - Apple Cake .....Walter Epple
  - Light Cake .....Violet Paulson
- The next great event in the history of the school will be the Senior class play. Here's hoping it will be a success. If it is, we will be able to buy a few mouse traps for the girls' cloak room.

**JUNIOR NOTES.**

Swede has his old job back again "trying to take his usual morning nap in English class."

We just discovered that Fat Arndt's motto is to stay at home every time there is a quiz. If Miss Steinhauser had postponed her quiz any longer, Fat certainly would have had a nice vacation.

We like Miss Holzinger best when she is asleep, so we wish she would sleep while we are in the library.

The Juniors have come to the conclusion that a short story is a story that isn't very long.

A bacterium is something you wink at through the microscope.

**SOPHOMORE NOTES.**

English really is entertaining once in a while, especially when the class is informed that photography is an impression of some image upon the brain; then upon second thought we are told that photography is one who takes pictures. These are the essentials of a detective story, according to Viola Wieland:

There must be a crime, or a murder, or something.

There has to be a detective.  
Where does she get the learning from?

We are sure that Inez would like to have the clocks changed at noon, now that she has started to take a pleasure ride at noon every day.

We wish Miss Kearns would help the high school in financial affairs by economizing in yellow paper. It can easily be done for no one is anxious to have tests every other day.

Last, but not least, the Sophomores wish to publicly announce that they do not choose to put on another assembly program for a year.

**FRESHMEN NOTES.**

Richard Hauenstein has been sick with scarlet fever, but is rapidly recovering.

Miss Ritt: "What is an epic?"  
Josephine B.: "An epic is a long, heroic story in reverse."

Some of the Freshmen are wondering if Bob Paulson ran out of gas on the prairie or if he just lost his bearings.

Sarah L. fell asleep in Algebra class one day. Miss Treadwell had to call her twice before she came to.

She almost repeated her stunt in Latin I in the afternoon.

The Freshmen are very proud of themselves. The standard score of the Dvorak General Science test is 80. The Freshman median score is 86½ this year.

**EXCHANGES**

The "Wilahi" states that Willmar won the debating championship of District 2 by defeating Renville. Congratulations.—Graphos, New Ulm.

"The Tiger Herald," Marshall: The Juniors are rehearsing for their class play, "And Home Came Ted." Hope it will be a success.—Graphos, New Ulm.

The High School Drum Corps of New Ulm High School made their first public appearance recently. The Drum Corps is a new organization in the high school. Congratulations.—Ybnac, Canby, Minn. Thank you.

Dawson Gleam, Dawson, Minn.: Your editorial on Class Support is very good.—Graphos.

"Give the principal part of Show." The plot, the actors, and the scenery.—Exchange.

Graphos, New Ulm: We think your paper is well arranged. It was greatly enjoyed. Call again.—Glenonian.

The Glee Clubs of Mankato High presented a musical comedy called "Once in a Blue Moon."

The Otaknam: The letter men of Mankato are formed in a club. They have sponsored a number of dances during the year. This would not be such a bad idea to follow in our school. Graphos, New Ulm.

Little rows of zeros  
Not so very quaint,  
Make your graduation  
Look as if it "ain't."—Exchange.

**THE IMAGE AND THE APPARITION.**  
(Continued from page 2.)

the pavement. He went in and closed the door. I rose and ran on.

I gained the entrance of my home. At once I looked down at my clothing where I had wiped my hands. I expected to see it red with blood but I saw no color. I went nearer to the candle to scrutinize it more closely. It had only been water!

I hurled myself upon the bed and managed, with a superhuman effort, an attempt to think over what I had done. Then the agony of remorse that shook my soul was almost indescribable. "Why," I shrieked, "Oh! Why." My conscience mocked, sneered, scolded at my cowardice. I determined to give myself up to the authorities. To hang, yes, to hang—it seemed as though I had never wanted anything so much as I desired death at that moment. It would be a relief from the torture my soul and conscience were enduring. It would be so much better than to be pursued by the apparition. It would come. I felt sure of that.

I rose from the bed and was about to leave the room to give myself up, yes, to give myself up, that was it. I must die!

Then my eyes fell upon the mirror on the wall. I saw in it—the image! Had it come ahead of me? Oh! the horror of that face—writhing, writhing with a fear as great as mine. I made an attempt to turn my head—to

(Continued on page 4.)

**YOUR HEADQUARTERS  
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Mill Co.**

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FOR SOME

Delicious  
Home Made  
Chocolates

**W. EIBNER  
& SON**

