

# The Senior Graphos

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NUMBER 16

## SENIORS PUBLISH LAST WILL

### SENIOR REVIEWS

#### CLASS HISTORY

In the year 1925, a bunch of seedy looking Freshies were welcomed to this high school. That was a very trying year for us, as it is to every Freshman class. We all witnessed a part of the "soaking in" process which was exercised by some of the upper classmen. When the Seniors gave their assembly program, we all marched up, like nice little girls and boys, to receive our peanuts. No one knows how appreciative we were, because it was the best that they had treated during the whole year. During the spring months of that dreadful year, a bunch of the kids were attacked by spring fever or hay fever. (I don't know which), and just automatically ceased to attend school. The rest of us, who are still left, often wish that we would have followed the same example; then there wouldn't be any class of '29 worrying whether or not they'd get our diplomas.

Our Sophomore year was the great tragedy. We shall never forget those famous quotations, "Rise, please!" and "Let us assume." We used to think that Modern History was the most "terrible stuff" that was ever given to us to be absorbed by the process of osmosis. But let me kindly assure you since we've taken Chemistry we've entirely changed our minds; we have decided that it was only kindergarten stuff after all.

We were very sociable (tried to be, I mean). At least we formed societies; the Fine Arts club was the most popular. We gave a banquet in honor of the class of '30, and, I guess, we had one business meeting after that. You see, we were very determined in our purpose.

Well, I guess we'll just travel on to our Junior year and let the others "rest in pieces." As you see, it wasn't all very pleasant. By this time, we all considered ourselves slightly more than the ordinary. And I'm sure the faculty agrees because we certainly were extraordinarily noisy, dumb, and all the other adjectives that follow.

Oh, I forgot to mention that meanwhile Virginia A. was such a dumb sudent that we all feared she'd drop out of our class by graduating until years later. The rest of us spent all of our time worrying about her so that accounts for our brilliant marks.

English III was a subject which was awfully hard to digest. In fact, we had indigestion the whole year from it. We made great attempts at debate and salesmanship: "Lady, I have here a very fine article to sell cheap, useful, handy—" Bang, went the door right in our face.

The Junior Prom. Let me impress upon you the brain-racking task that

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### JUNIORS RIFLE SAFE

Sssssh! Walk on tip toe. Don't talk above a whisper. Have you a flashlight ready? I think I know the combination for the safe where they put the papers this afternoon. We'll see that the Seniors leave something for us, too. Aha! Here it is! Now—L. 20-50-55-63, R. 5-10-12-20. Open at last. Are the papers there? Oh, yes. Now hold that light here so I can see. They must have left a lot because there are enough papers here. Let's see what the Class of '29 has left to leave behind.

This is the last will and testimony of the Class of 1929. They do hereby bequeath to N. U. H. S. all of their best wishes. (Methinks they're getting generous!)

Lincoln Mueller doth hereby bequeath to the Freshmen Dramatic Club, his rare collection of ties. (Boy! Maybe we can use them for costumes for our follies).

Lillian Huelskamp doth bequeath to the typing class, all her partly used sheets of typing paper.

James Emmerich doth bequeath to his dearly beloved brother, "Mushie," the sole rights to the inquiry of the Negro Problem. (Maybe it will be solved at last. But why bring that up?)

Raymond Gislason doth hereby bequeath to the members of the faculty, the members of the school board, the student body in general and all others who may be concerned with the case, his empty gum wrappers. (Hey! Hold that light still. How can you expect a feller ta see?)

Helen Krook doth generously and unwillingly bequeath her knowledge of Domestic Science to the Home Ec. Dept. (What a gip!)

Virginia Alwin, in that last will and testimony, doth bequeath her opinion with all her self respect to Miss Kearns. (No wonder Ginna couldn't say, "I have no opinions.")

Harold Stelljes doth bequeath to the dumbest Freshie, his new derby hat. (G! You're lucky!)

Alyce Lindmeyer bequeaths to Johnnie Mills her romantic moods. (Gosh! Why wasn't I born a girl?)

Alfred Tietl bequeaths to the good of the school his ability to hold his tongue quietly when his teachers seem to disagree with him.

John Pfaender doth bequeath to the Freshman classes of the future, his book on "How to Use Cave-Man Tactics."

Imelda Ochs doth bequeath to Har-

vvy himself all of her oldest pieces. (G! I'd keep my good ones too.)

Philip Zeise doth bequeath to Miss Holzinger his book on "Why Be Good?"

Ruth Kretsch unwillingly and self-sacrificingly bequeaths to her kid brother's friends, her methods of self-defense.

Leonard Marti does hereby and by there leave his false teeth, glass eyes, stone heart, ivory head and wooden leg to the school museum. (G! What is he gonna do with his iron constitution?)

Margaret Galloway doth hereby bequeath to the thinnest sophomore her knowledge of "Why Girls Walk Home." (My, but she's considerate.)

Byron Anderson bequeaths to the student body at large, his compliments. (Well—at least I'll get something.)

Adaline Moll doth bequeath to the most handsome boy, her new "15x29 mirror. (Thanx, Adaline! I knew you wouldn't desert me!)

Lucille Nagel in her last will and testimony (probably some new lingerie) doth hereby bequeath to Miss Kearns, her book on "What's Wrong With This?" (I wonder if that pertains to grammar or Fords.)

Alvin Rolloff doth bequeath to Miss Kearns and Miss Ludwig his worn-out spare tires. (Alvin has a Ford, too.) "Hot stuff."

Norman Herrian doth bequeath to the juniors those "Roses of Yesterday."

Charlotte Miller doth bequeath to the music department that "Lost Chord."

Phyllis Liesch to the Class of '32, doth bequeath all of her pencil stubs. (How about joining that class?)

Marian Hintz doth bequeath her last year's straw toothpicks, and her crocheted salt shakers to all future Junior classes for their receptions.

Viola Kienlen doth hereby bequeath to N. U. H. S. rare collection of collar buttons. (I wonder how many are mine, and how many she found under the dressers in hotel rooms.)

Thelma Ahlness does bequeath to Mr. Stover, her "A's" for future use.

Alice Bong doth hereby bequeath to Harvey's Follies her last year's overshoes.

Philip Broste to the future class

(Continued on page 4.)

### CRYSTAL GAZER

#### PROPHEESIES

Life is a gamble. The hand of fate is ever at work. And so it was that the class of '29 were widely dispersed over this old world of ours.

I had been a missionary to the heathen in Africa for twenty years. During all this time I had not one word from any of my classmates.

After having been parted from my classmates for many years, I decided that it would be worth while looking them up.

"Seek and ye shall find" is the old motto. I looked and I found.

Before I boarded the steamer, I decided to visit a museum in Cairo. I came upon a mummy. As I looked, it winked its eye at me. I jumped and then I looked again. "Sh!" it said, "I'm Raymond Gislason. Don't you remember me. I used to be a magician in a circus. I changed imitation pearls to diamond necklaces with five large drops in front and one pearl clasp behind. But that was such hard work that I found myself a lazy man's job."

The next day I took the steamer home. The captain of the ship was Norman Herrian. He said he'd only had five ship wrecks.

I stopped off at Paris first. There I found Lill Huelskamp and Alyce Lindmeyer on the stage. I told Alyce about Ray's lazy job. She wept bitter tears of disappointment and said she couldn't understand why he hadn't become a great architect like Leonard Marti. Lill told me that Jim had become a great doctor and was studying in Austria. Just the day before he had taken some baby's tonsils out.

Then these two girls took me to see the grand cathedral that Leonard Marti had built. It rivaled Notre Dame. It even had a hunchback. We went up to the hunchback and found him to be Philip Broste plus a lot of makeup.

"Why, Philip," I said, "Can't you do more profitable work than this?"

"Well," he answered, "I used to be butler at the White House over in the U. S., but since John Pfaender became president, they couldn't use me any more because of my Norwegian accent."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "Whoever elected him?"

"The Class of '29," they told me.

I asked them who the first lady of the land was, but they said there wasn't any. Johnny was a bachelor. He had several members of the Class of '29 over at Washington, D. C., though. Marion Hintz was cook; Charlotte Miller was chambermaid; Philip Zeise was house detective. Right then and there I determined to visit Wash., D. C.

As soon as I arrived, I went to the White House. They wouldn't let me

(Continued on page 2.)

### DEDICATION

As we dedicate our vacated fields to new endeavor, so do we dedicate this paper to greater achievement. Don't step into our shoes. They're old. Get new ones to tramp undiscovered fields.

**The Graphos**

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FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1929.

**SENIOR CLASS MOTTOES.**

Byron Anderson: Be good and you'll be happy.

Adaline Moll: All good things come in small packages.

Agnes Korslund: There are exceptions to all rules. (See above.)

Lincoln Mueller: There is plenty of room at the top without pushing anyone off.

Margaret Galloway: The world was not made within a day.

Leonard Marti: An ounce of performance is worth a ton of complaint.

Alice Vercoe: Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye diet.

John Albert Pfaender: Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.

Ruth Kretsch: A good book is the best companion.

Phillip Broste: Be pleasant until 10 o'clock and the rest of the day will take care of itself.

Imelda Ochs: He who talks fast can say most.

Phyllis Liesch: Diet, and the world diets with you; eat and you eat alone.

Philip Zeise: Say it with tender words.

Norman Herrian: Say it with flowers.

James Emmerich: 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than not to have loved at all.

Lillian Huelskamp: Censored.  
Alfred Tietl: A word in time saves nine.

Lucille Nagel: He who inhabits a crystal structure shall not cast rocks upon the dwelling place of another geological specimen.

Charlotte Miller: 'Tis easier said than done—therefore do not practise what you preach.

Raymond Gislason: If ignorance is bliss, and 'tis folly to be wise, 'tis best not to show partiality.

Thelma Ahlness: If at first you fail, try again.

Harold Stelljes: It is just as well to forget your troubles. There are a lot more coming.

Viola Kienlen: See appendix; article 31495, column 10.

Alvin Rolloff: A favor done grudgingly draws no interest.

Alice Knutson: Yield not to flirtation.

Alice Bong: There are always two sides to every question—the wrong side and our side.

Katherine Bobsin: Don't give up the bottle.

Virginia Alwin: All in life is not play.

Marian Hintz: Actions speak louder than words—But first, "Gimme that powder puff."

Alyce Lindmeyer: All that glitters is not gold.

Helen Krook: Noah didn't wait for his ship to come in; he built one.

Luella Schaeffer: Trust thyself. It's safer than trusting someone else.

HELEN KROOK.

**CRYSTAL GAZER PROPHECIES.**

(Continued from page 1.)

in at the front door, so I went in through the kitchen. Marion Hintz gave me something to eat. While I was eating Marion told me that Pres. Pfaender was going to marry Luella Schaeffer.

Marion said that the President would soon be ready to see me. He was having a conference with Senator Galloway, who was trying to make him issue a proclamation stating the superiority of women over men.

Soon John came in. He couldn't remember me, but I asked him to finance my mission just the same. I think he would have done it, but he only had 2½ cents. I had that much myself, for way back in 1929, one of the teachers had given it to me.

Then I decided that I would go back to Minnesota. People dug deeper into their pockets there. I went by airplane and Alwin Rolloff, world-famous aviator, was the one who took me. He told me that he had flown to Mars once, but the women there had kicked him out. On his way back, he had had an accident and were it not for Adeline Moll and Dr. Byron Anderson, under whose care he was, he would have died.

We stopped at Chicago because I had heard that Phyllis Liesch and Alice Bong were singing in an opera.

Finally I came to New Ulm, Minnesota. I found New Ulm enjoying a circus. As I walked along and looked at the side shows, I saw the words, Lenny Mueller, prize fighter. A little further on I saw Orpha Kiecker as a palm reader, and Thelma Ahlens as a dancer. I spoke to Thelma and asked her where Alice Knutson was. She told me that she was a movie actress in Hollywood.

In the crowd at the circus I saw Edith Evans. She told me she was raising things, such as chickens, pigs and children. Agnes Korslund was the teacher at the little red school house that Edith's children attended.

Edith and I went into a side show and were entertained by Bugga Stelljes, comedian.

This entertainment was more than my tired brain could stand so I left the circus grounds. Some one passed me in an automobile and picked me up. It was Alice Vercoe. I asked her what her profession was. She merely pointed to the back seat. There sat 4 little boys.

I asked her to tell me about the other members of our class. She told me that Kathryn Bobsin was Pres. of Columbia University, that Alfred Tietl worked in the gold mines of Alaska, and that Imelda and Ruth were the world's most famous human speedometers.

All this information was enough to bring my exhaustion to completeness. I was very glad to be brought to my own door.

VIRGINIA ALWIN.

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**ENGLISH IV, EXAMINATION.**

**Authors.**

What man is food for the body and food for the mind?—Bacon.  
 What man has the name of his nationality?—Scott.  
 What man would appreciate Unguentine?—Burns.  
 What English author could live in a cold climate?—Hardy.  
 What English author resembles a corn field?—Masefield.  
 What man was a living head of Catholicism even though he was not of this religion?—Pope.  
 What poet reminds one of the fall?—Robert Frost.  
 What prose writer is the result of a tight pair of shoes?—Bunyon.  
 What poet is a somber color?—Thomas Gray (or Browne).  
 What early English writer is like an old maid?—Crabbe.  
 What English essay writer is the product of iron?—Steele.  
 What English author reminds you of a bus?—Beebe, Wm.  
 What English poet is stream of water?—Rupert Brooke.  
 What man is a synonym for clamor?—Alfred Noyes.  
 What man is what you get when you do something you hadn't ought to do?—Dickens.  
 What man is the masculine of duck?—Drake, Joseph Rodman.  
 When a lion comes home to his lair after a rain and finds it isn't damp, what author does he think of?—Dryden.  
 What man's name can apply to a happy person?—Gay (John).  
 What man's name is an adjective generally applied to freshmen?—Greene (Robert).  
 What man's name added to an article results in an egg?—A Henley (Hen lay).  
 What author's name is what every one wants during a life time?—Holmes (Homes).  
 What man reminds one of a young baby?—Howells (Wm. Dean).  
 What essayist reminds you of the shepherdess Mary?—Lamb (Charles).  
 A man's works burn upon my brain as his name added to a word of three letters does upon my flesh. Who is he?—Sinclair Lewis (Lewis Lye).  
 What caustic describes Sinclair Lewis' works?—Lewis' lie.  
 What author reminds you of the Masons?—Lodge (Thomas).  
 What author reminds you of lace on a wedding gown?—Lovelace (Richard).  
 What man reminds you of Raphael, Da Vinci, and other master artists?—Masters, Edgar Lee.  
 What man reminds you of a fountain pen?—Moore (Thomas).  
 Abie (calling central): "Will you gif me the correct time, please?"  
 Central: "We are not allowed to give correct time."  
 Abie: "Well, what time would it be if you were allowed to give correct time?"  
 Jim: "Hey, John, whatcha gonna do after you graduate?"  
 John: "I'm gonna teach."  
 Jim: "You can't be a teacher, you're too dumb!"  
 John: "I ain't gonna be a teacher I'm gonna be a college professor."  
 "Do you ever hope to marry?"  
 "I'll propose to."

**COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.**

Ladies and Gentlemen and Otherwise:  
 I might as well begin by being frank. I don't care particularly about speaking tonight, but I came anyway because I didn't care to have my colleague gain the honor.  
 Next year you dumbbells will be cast upon the world. The poor, innocent, unsuspecting world will be the object of misfortune. How you ever were graduated is a mystery to me. As I look upon your faces, I see only expressions of supreme stupidity. The valedictorian and salutatorian look like graduates of kindergarten, as far as intelligence goes. The good gods save me from hearing them speak—it's bad enough listening to myself, although I am rather good!  
 Times have changed. When I was in school, we had an intelligent class. You see, I was the intelligent part. To tell the truth, I had so much intelligence that the others in the class didn't need any. My teacher said I was her sun. If I didn't rise in the east in the morning and set in the west at night, she couldn't live. (The fact is, I didn't rise in the east, because I always slept in my own home, which was decidedly south. Furthermore, I never set in the west. I prefer chairs.) But, you pupils know, teachers do say peculiar things at times. Believe me, I never know how to take them, but I guess they don't know themselves what they mean. Isn't that true? They are good at heart.  
 First of all, children, be wise. Be wise as I was. When I was in the Sahara desert I made sure that I was always in reach of a spring. Impossible, you say? Not at all. My watch was in my pocket.  
 Girls, be careful. If you should be predestined to be married, take care of your mind. If you give your husband "a piece of your mind" always be sure you get as much in return—I mean the peace of his. Girls, always be like a promissory note. Be settled when you arrive at maturity. Remember, that it is up to the girls of America to set a good example. The boys will automatically follow. Remember that there is one chasm which will perhaps separate you from your friends. That is Sarcasm. Never use cold cream if you expect to get married because it keeps off the chaps. Another thing, prevent love from becoming a deformity—all of it on one side.  
 Now, boys, pay attention for a few minutes. Never be chicken-hearted enough to be henpecked. When you watch for a wife, be sure she's a lamb attended by "Mint" sauce. Money is the language of love. When you have a wife, stick to her. There is only one man who can marry a thousand girls and get away with it—and that's a clergyman, so watch your step. When you do become married, don't be like a candle—go out at night when you ought not.  
 Now to be serious. Life is like a chess board. It is chequered. We move to defeat or failure. Sometimes, life is dark. Fame seems distant. But, remember, the glowworm shines best in the dark, great men are the shining results of adversity. Never be like the letter P—first in pity and last in help. Be the letter R—first in rescue, last in slander. Remember, the largest room in the

world is open to you, the room for improvement. Never expect too much of life. There is no such a thing as true happiness. The only place it is found is in the dictionary. As to character, there is only one thing I can say. Keep your musical instrument yourself—always on the note of B natural.

MARGARET GALLOWAY.

**ONE-ACT PLAY.**

Scene: School Hall.  
 Characters: Jim E., Bugga.  
 Jim: "Are you out there still?"  
 Bugga: "I'm out here yet but not still."  
 Bugga: "Did you hear about our great musician?"  
 Jim: "No. Tell me all about it?"  
 Bugga: "He was almost killed last night."  
 Jim: "Oh! How terrible! How did this happen?"

Bugga: "He played in the wrong flat."  
 Jim: "You don't mean at Alice's when you were around?"  
 Bugga: Silence.  
 Jim: "Well, last night I took out Lil."  
 Bugga: "What's so unusual about that?"  
 Jim: "Well, she wore a dress that cost \$15 a yard."  
 Bugga: "Gosh, I bet it was an expensive one."  
 Jim: "Expensive! Why, man, she told me it cost her only one dollar and ninety-nine cents." (Exit.)

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# PARTING LAUGHS

## Anybody Feel Flattered?

Bobby: "Daddy! A boy at school told me that I looked just like you!"  
Dad: "That so?—and what did you say?"

Bobby: "Nothin'. He was bigger'n me."

## Lil's New Song.

Bump along, bump along,  
Rattle o'er the road.  
Oh! what fun it is, to ride  
In a four-door open Ford.

Lincoln: "There was a big run on the banks this morning!"

Mr. Dirks: "Heavens! Which bank?"

Lincoln: "Both banks, the river overflowed."

The proof of this Graphos is in the waste basket.

Ray: "Really, Alyce, I dream of you day and night."

Alyce: "No wonder you look so sleepy."

Miss Ritt: "Use the right verb in this sentence: 'The toast was drank in silence.'"

Bugga: "The toast was ate in silence."

If Plato could Charleston, could Aristotle?

Marian H. (translating Latin): "Then the heavily armed soldier stood up on one hand, and sat down on the other."

She tightly clings about him,  
The dainty, slender thing—  
For he is just a wooden top,  
And she, a long white string.

Miss Kearns: "Decline 'love,' Raymond."

Raymond: "Decline love? Not me."

Mr. P.: "Who established the law of diminishing returns?"

Bugga: "My laundryman."

Jim: "Do you think you could care for a chap like me?"

Lil: "Oh, I think so—if he wasn't too much like you."

I call my sweetheart cornmeal because she's so mushy.

The teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity."

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But, please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed."

"And when the one great Scorer Comes to write against your name, He writes not that you won—or lost But how you played the game."

An American colonel during a hot engagement in France, saw a colored man running from a very close situation.

"What are you running for?" demanded the disgusted colonel in a stern voice.

"Law-a-massy," panted the black boy, "I'm runnin' cause I caint fly."

## New Menace to Health.

Aunt Prudence: "Keep away from the loud speaker, Denny. The announcer sounds as if he had a cold."

One day the teacher told little Johnny to find out how much was a million dollars. Johnny came home from school and asked his pa, who wasn't in very good humor.

"It's a hell of a lot of money," replied his father.

The following day Johnny came home crying.

"That wasn't the right answer, pa," he said.

It always makes me laugh,  
So wonderful a treat,  
To see an athlete run a mile  
And only move two feet.

## SENIOR REVIEWS CLASS HISTORY.

(Continued from page 1.)

it was. We all had a slight tinge of white in our hair when it was all over. Decorating the gym proved to be a much more difficult problem than decorating our books with "Open all nite," "It's the bunk," and all other cartoons and pictures.

We will proceed to that last grand and glorious year. "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? And I don't mean 'maybe.'" We all exercised our authority as much as we could, but it didn't work all the time as was proved on Feb. 22. And would you believe it. Virginia Alwin is valedictorian in spite of the difficulty she had. Perhaps it was due to our great efforts to help her. (That we willingly took the low marks so that she could get the high ones.)

Several students joined us this year from some of the neighboring towns. Thanks to them or else we would have been so few that the rest of the students might have refused to recognize us as the "superior ones."

Last but not least. When we have been graduated (as we all hope to be) we will join the "Cradle Roll Department."

Our diplomas will be in answer to a maiden's prayer.

ADELINE MOLL.

## SENIORS PUBLISH WILL.

(Continued from page 1.)

plays doth bequeath solid milk for butlers to carry.

Agnes Korsland doth bequeath to the faculty and school board her knitted wash tub.

Katherine Bobsin doth bequeath with great pleasure, her Christmas cards to the school for further decorations.

Alice Knutson doth bequeath some of those laws of hospitality that she was always breaking in "Mrs Goringe's Necklace."

Alice Vercoe doth bequeath to Joan of Arc her best wishes for a warm Christmas vacation.

Hey! Turn off that light. Put those papers in here. Someone is coming. Hide in this corner. (13 minutes later.) What a narrow escape. G! But I'm glad those Juniors didn't catch us.

HELEN JO' KROOK.

## SPORTSMEN'S PARADISE

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