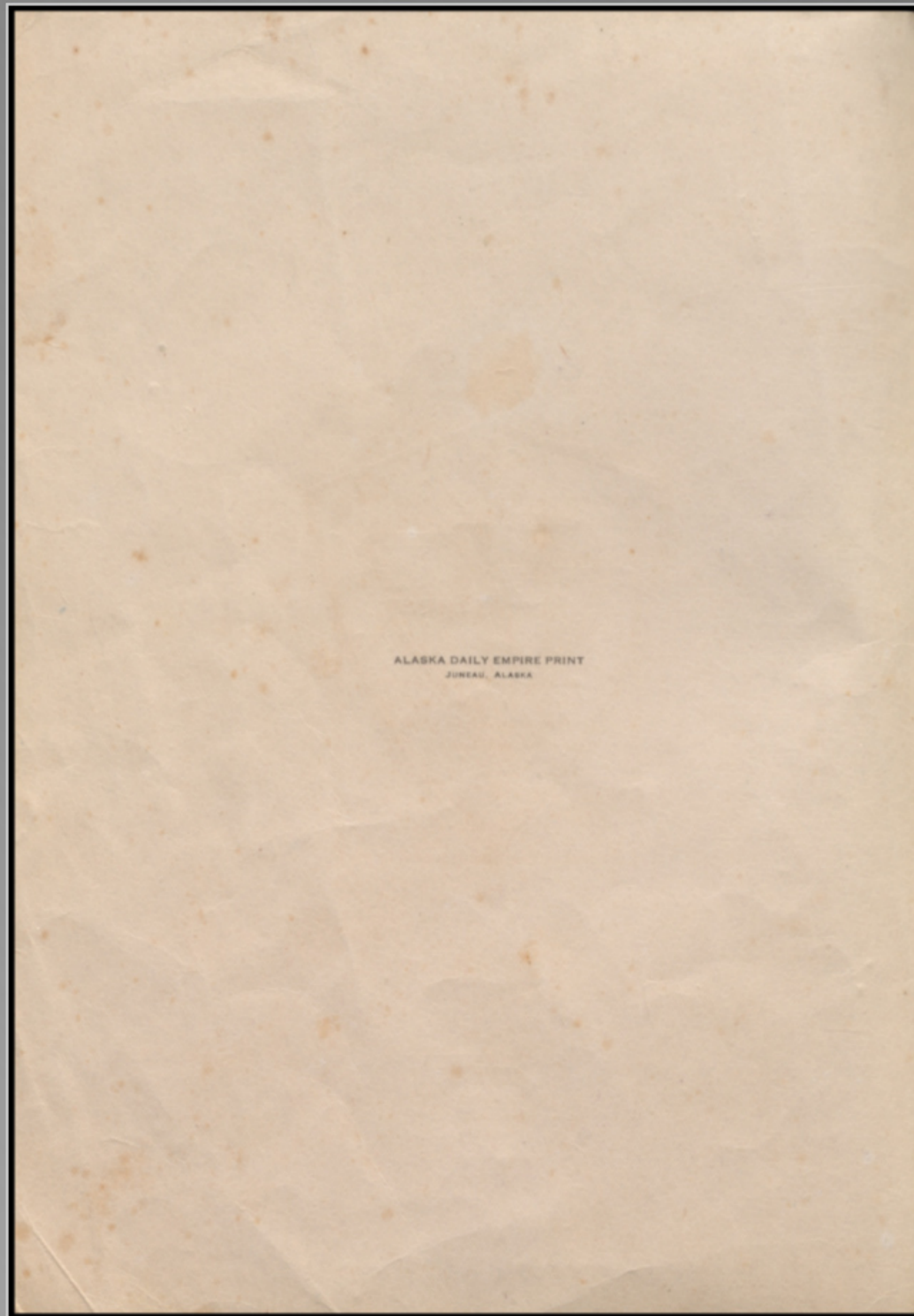




FIRST ANNUAL
*Issued By the Students
of the*
DOUGLAS HIGH SCHOOL
Douglas, Alaska
1917



DEDICATION

*We respectfully dedicate our first
"Taku" to Miss Floy Tracy, our
principal; in appreciation of her un-
tiring efforts in our behalf.*

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DOUGLAS PUBLIC SCHOOL

Facts

When Built	1902
Number of Teachers	8
Salaries	\$8,310
Total Enrollment	255
High School Enrollment	80
Number of Books in the Library	1,030
Value of Equipment	\$19,200
Number of Feet in Campus	200 feet square

	H I G H	MISS FLOY TRACY, Ph.D. Superintendent of Schools Principal of High School Teacher of English
	S C H O O L	MISS ISOBEL WILSON, A.B. History and Mathematics Physiology
	F A C U L T Y	MR. JOE M. SOWERS, B.S. Science, Manual and Physical Training
	1 9 1 7	MISS MARION MCKINNION, A.B. Home Economics, German Latin



The Wind

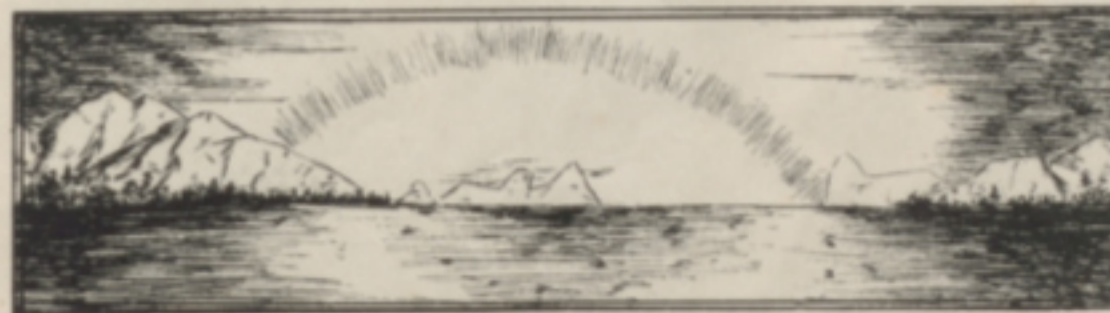
Oh, Taku, so strong and old,
Oh, blower, are you young or old?
You ruffle up the water so,
And make the forest bow down low.

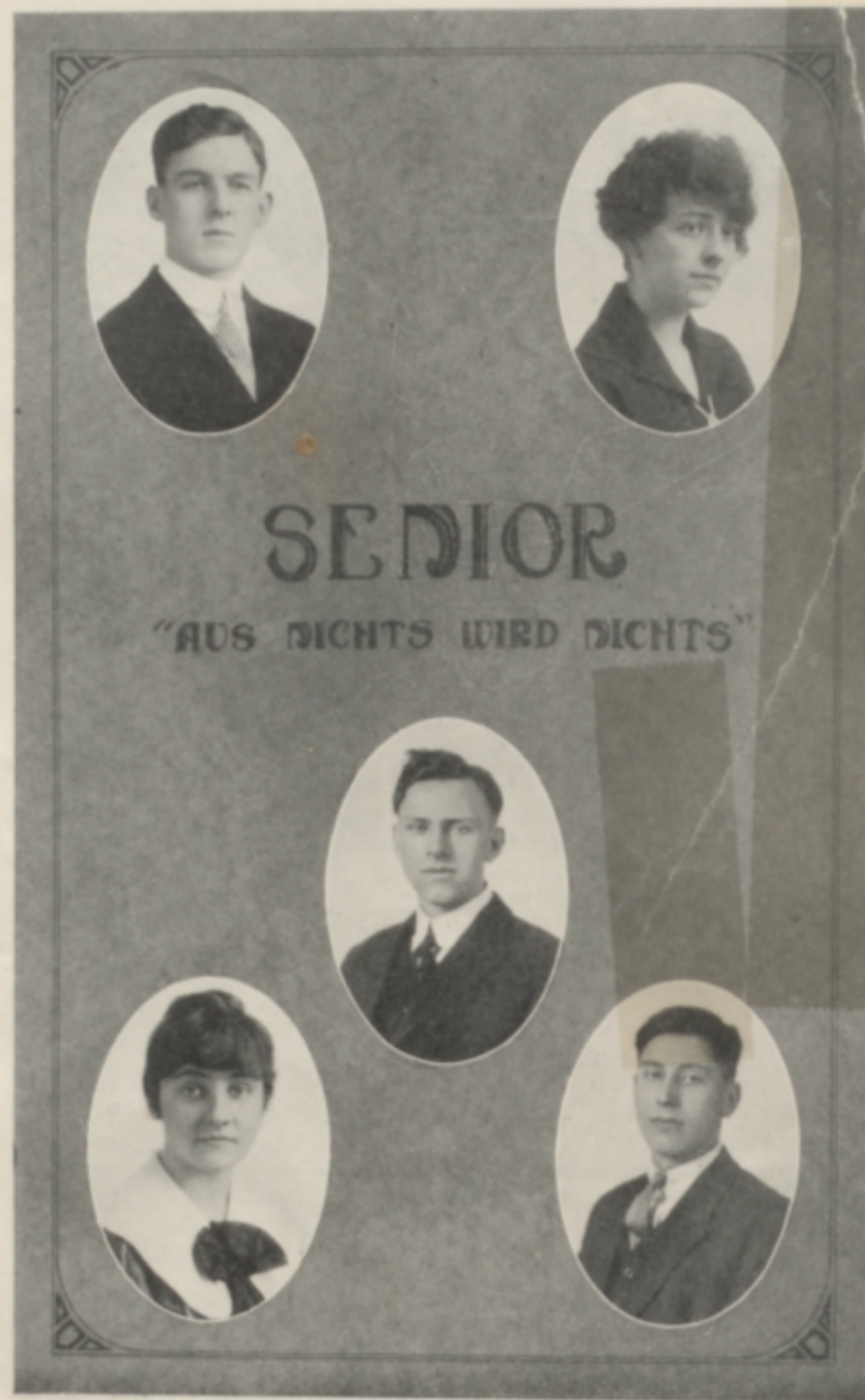
You pile the snow in such wonderful heaps
And tossle the drifting sand on the beach;
I love to watch you chase the stars,
The Sun, the Moon and even Mars.

Oh, how you roll the clouds along
They jumble and tumble and bump together;
At night you sing a fearful song,
In winter and in stormy weather.

Oh, wind that blows when e'er you will,
Why are you never still?
Will you always, always blow
And drift the white and crispy snow?

ALICE BOLLINGER, '17.





Juneau-Douglas City Museum

ARTHUR C. OLSON

Baseball—12-14-15-16
Football—16 Manager
Kamera Klub—15-16 First President
Fy-Ty Club—16-17 Charter Member
Editor-in-Chief—Taku, 17.
Gym Class, Basketball—17.

ULA BECK

Basketball—16-17, Captain
Penelope Club—16-17
Fy-Ty Club—16-17 First Sec'y-Treas.
Art Editor Taku—17
Library Class—16-17

JAMES A. FITZMORRIS

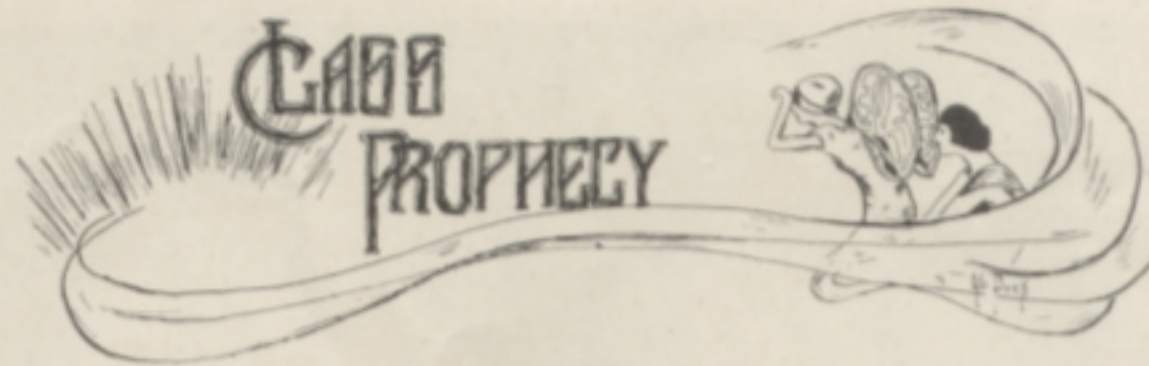
Baseball—12-14-15-16, Captain.
Basketball—15.
Kamera Klub—15-16
Fy-Ty Club—16-17
Yell Leader—16
Class President—17

ALICE BOLLINGER

Basketball—16-17
Penelope—16-17
Fy-Ty Club—16-17, President
Debate—17
Library Class—16-17
School Reporter—16
Assist. Editor Taku—17

ONNIE MARKKANEN

Baseball—12-14-15-16
Football—16
Basketball—14-15
Kamera Klub—15-16, 1st Sec.-Treas.
Fy-Ty Club—16-17, Charter Member



One night I went to see a Gypsy
Who told my fortune clear.
I only wanted to ask her
The future of my classmates, dear.
She began right in with Jim,
Our class president so full of vim,
He was now in far-off Spain,
A famous bull fighter with everlasting fame.
Oh, Alice now was happy, residing by the sea,
With her white apron and cap.
A nurse which she had always wished to be.
Now we come to Ula, who had in high school won,
A very good reputation with her rod and gun.
Off in ancient Rome,
With her brush and paint
She sketched the scenes all so old,
And many very quaint..
For she is an artist and loved great renown,
Her name had spread from Egypt clear to Puget Sound.
The ever-popular Onnie, famous for his smile
Was now a plantation owner
And owned land for many a mile.
His life he spent in Hawaii with a charming bride
Who shares his cares and worries and is ever by his side
Now comes the sad part of this story
For most of the high school class
Were really as lucky as could be
But red-haired Arthur who always wore a frown
He now slept in Morningside
There on the sanitarium couch.

A. C. O., '17.



HISTORY

Yell

Lots of pep,
Lots of steam,
D. H. S.—'17.

Class President—James Fitzmorris.
Class Motto—"Aus Nichts Wird Nichts."
Class Colors—Crimson and Grey.
Class Flower—Violet.

We, the graduating class of this year, are only five, but our class is the life of the school, especially when it comes to making noise, or starting something, or disturbing the perfect harmony, and quietness of the study room.

And, sorry to say, we have not very well upheld the dignity which is supposed to be borne by stern, studious Seniors.

A brief sketch of our members is given:

ULA BECK (Becky) has attended school in Douglas just the past year, came to us from Oregon. She is contemplating studying art, and will probably attend an art school next fall. Miss Beck has demonstrated her ability in drawing and cartooning quite proficiently the past year, and her work for the Annual is praiseworthy in the highest degree. Ula has been a prominent member of school activities, too. Having been a member of all the different organizations, and taken a part in all affairs.

ALICE BOLLINGER (Ignatz), the only other girl in the class, is also a new member of our bunch, having arrived from Portland, Oregon, just before the school term opened, she formerly attended Jefferson High, of that city. Alice is quite interested in nursing, and, although she wants to go to University of Oregon, may enter some hospital for training. Alice is also well represented in school life, and her work in connection with the "Taku," in the capacity of assistant editor, shows her literary genius off to a good advantage, she was also school reporter for the first semester, and her work would make many a reporter sit up and take notice, she has also shown her great executive ability as president of the FyTy Club.

ONNIE MARKKANEN (Honey) has grown up with the school, having attended it from the seventh grade. He finished school at the end of the semester, and will receive his diploma at graduation. Onnie is one of the most popular boys that has ever attended High School, and it would hard to imagine Onnie looking dignified in a cap and gown. He is a rather accomplished musician. Onnie is figuring on attending a business college later on.

JAMES FITZMORRIS (Spitz) is another of the oldtimers, entering Douglas High School before Onnie, being a classmate, all through school life. He felt lonesome when Onnie finished and one day packed his books, and forgot to come

back. Jim is also a crude specimen of a senior, for he couldn't be serious on a bet. James likes Pharmacy, and will, if possible, take a course in this business at some college.

ARTHUR OLSON (Ole). As he is writing this history, he is in a rather embarrassing position, but will try to be as modest as the law permits. He entered High School in January, 1914, after working two years. He contemplates entering the University of Washington this fall where he will prepare to study for his lifelong ambition, to be a journalist, and in some future year to edit the Douglas Island News (?).

This is a brief outline of the Senior Class who on the fourth day of this month will receive their sheepskins, with a crimson and gray ribbon, and with the presentation of the diplomas, they will leave Douglas High School, never again to enter as students. But though it is hoped that a bright future awaits these five, a warm spot will always remain in their hearts for Douglas city, Douglas people, and Douglas school, as they think of the many happy hours of school-day life.

The Seniors have received their class pins and are proudly displaying them to the envy of the lower classmen. The pins are of a gold background with a raised —D— in the center. Above three tiny pearls are set which present a very neat and handsome little keepsake. This is a most opportune time to wish all the students and teachers of Douglas School a fond "Adieu" and to wish good luck to the next Senior Class, that of 1918.

ARTHUR OLSON, '17.

THE MOON

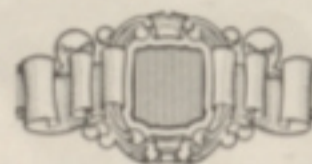
The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
it looks and it stares and it follows us all,
If we look, then he looks, if we stare then he stares;
Oh, moon, you're so happy and I'm so full of cares.

Oh, moon, do you see little fairies in the hills?
Do you see the little fish that play in the rills?
Do you see the little elves that play by the streams?
Oh, moon, how bright are thy beautiful beams

Do you see little fawns by their timid mothers stand?
Do you see little ants trudge along in the sand?
Are you merry, are you sad, are you good, are you bad?
Or are you just like me, half merry, half sad?

Oh, moon, as I lie in my bed at night,
Through the window thy beams shine clear and bright;
In the morning I awake all merry and bright,
You've gone and left along with the night.

—WILLIE NIEMI, '21.



Class Will

We, the members of the Senior Class, being in our right mind (or as nearly so as we have ever been or ever hope to be) do solemnly bequeath our title to the Juniors. Three cheers for the 1918 Seniors; bless their little hearts. With our honored title must naturally go our dignity.

It grieves us one and all, but as we have to part with everything in this vain world sometime, we leave to the Sophomores the time-honored privilege of attending an 8:15 class (woe is to the faculty changing said time part of the program).

To those who need it most, do we pass on our ability in that "gift of gab" best known as the "art of bluff." And here's hoping it works better for them than it did for us.

And here we think it is only proper and fitting that we should give some valuable advice to the Junior High School. Hail to the class of '22. Never bring gum to school, as surely as you do Miss Wilson will be your enemy. She herself at one time was addicted to the gum chewing habit and when she sees one enjoying its thrills, she is at once filled with pangs of jealousy. It really would not be proper for her to indulge, you know.

When you move about in the room where Miss Tracy is holding class just take your time. Miss Tracy does loathe a lack of "pep" so. Make a noise to let her know you are alive. If you are agile or calisthenically inclined see if you can jump over three desks in a row. If you are heavy, jump about the room with a vim, the plaster falling from the ceiling of the room below, will just add a bit of spice to the lives of the pupils there.

The very best time to hold a committee meeting is while Miss McKinnion has charge of the study room. She will always be ready with useful suggestions.

If you have any secrets of T. L.'s for your best friend, just save them until you are in one of Mr. Sower's classes, he surely does appreciate a social atmosphere.

A good time to tell jokes to your neighbor is while Miss Wilson is taking the roll, of course, if you don't tell them loudly enough she may not get the point.

As you all know "Dutchy" Martin has a wonderful sense of humor, and he surely does appreciate some of the pranks played on him. If for any reason you want to get on the good side of him, just hang on to the bell rope about 12:45.

Now comes the sad part of our tale. After so many years of practicing to make perfect the art of throwing books, ink-bottles and making complimentary (?) remarks, Arthur is forced to surrender the use of all these perfected attainments to Jake, these honors are regretfully given. (Jake, your desk is a good place to throw from.)

To anyone who wants it, Ula gladly leaves the privilege of urging the girls to perambulate to the "Nat" for basketball practice. To Bob she reluctantly grants her power of starting an argument and keeping it "sehr heisz."

Jimmie wills his license for cutting samples of the girl's hair to Earl Manley (now, Earl, don't be fickle). To Elmer Palmbom he leaves his ability to perform upon the violin. Of course Elmer will be expected to join the orchestra and give Alex a lift. To Walter Jackson he respectfully gives his love for German.

Onnie is so tickled to death to get rid of his official duty of winking at the girls, pulling their hair, and getting married, that he said anyone might take

his place. He suggests that Cecil is most suited for the responsibility of so great a task.

With a broken pair of heart strings and in a sobbing, weeping-willow voice, Alice does not will but only lends her affection for Victor Hewitt, until future use to Hilda Newman, and to Etta Brown she solemnly turns over her position as "Chief Talker about Everyone Else, Behind His Back."

Last, but by all means not least, we give "The Box" to the Juniors. It is up to them to decide to whom it shall be personally entrusted and it is of course understood that it must be left to the next class.

We truly do hope that our advice and bequest will be used to the best of advantages.

—A. B., '17.

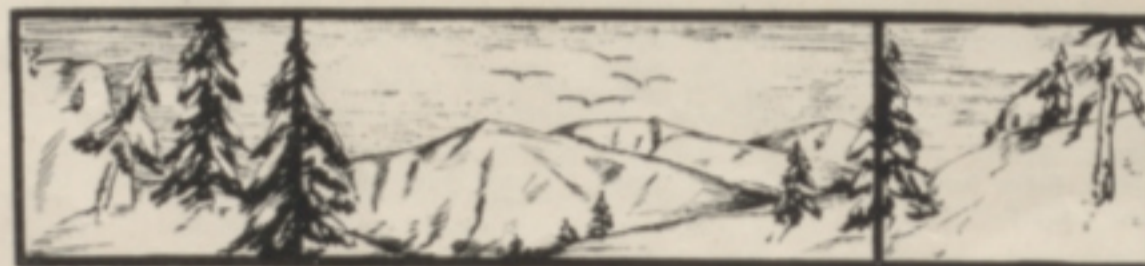
SPRINGTIME

The snow is melting upon the hills,
Filling streams, creeks and rills;

Waking the flowers from their winter sleep,
Who fill the air with their fragrance sweet,
The robins from the south have come,
Bringing with them the warm summer sun;

The fruit trees are beginning to bloom,
Shaking away winter's dreary gloom;
Wild animals come out of their dreary nests,
And wander aimlessly, without any rest.

—ELMER JACKSON, '18.



JUNIOR



It was 5 a. m. and a beautiful morning when we six were going on our long and much-planned fishing trip. The party consisted of two boys and four girls. The girls were Bob, Betty, Bill and Gina, and the boys were Jake and Alex.

We were bound for Hilda Creek and Young's Bay, on board the "Marguerite," which we had chartered for two weeks, and which was decorated with our class colors: "Maroon and Gold." We reached the other side of Marmion Island and we were encountered with a slight breeze, and by the time we reached Hilda Creek, everybody on board was feeling disgusted with him or herself. The girls were getting sick by the way the trip had started and we boys tried to console them, by telling them that it was all in the game.

At Hilda Creek we immediately proceeded to build a fire and get something to eat, as the wind had given us quite an appetite. Right after we had lunch we took out our fishing tackle and made ready to go fishing, but to our horror, one of the girls had left her boots at home, and Jake and I had to take turns

carrying her up and down the creek, where she could not walk without getting wet.

The last day we stayed at Hilda Creek, Jake was carrying her, and a string of trout, and he stepped on a boulder which rolled out from underfoot, and much to the discomfort of both, they got wet and lost their fish in the bargain. They did not suffer any harm from their involuntary bath, though. We left that afternoon for Young's Bay. Here we found good fishing both in the creek and in the bay.

Bob was the lucky one, for when we were out trolling, she caught the largest halibut and a 57-pound King salmon, but this was just tenderfoot's luck. Jake was the best trout catcher in the group as he had to his credit one that was twenty inches long (but we think he shrunk the ruler as it did not look that long to any of the rest of us.)

We were packing up and preparing to leave for home when, just by luck the Captain, Jake and I were cleaning his gun when what did he see but a black bear and three half-grown cubs. The three of us instantly loaded up and started firing at the bears. The Captain accounted for the mother and two cubs and Jake and I fought it out to see who had shot the fourth one. The Captain stopped the fight and said that we both had a hand in shooting it. When the skins were cured, we made a presentation of the largest one to Bob, as she was our class president, the other three we gave to Betty, Bill and Gina. To Jake, our secretary-treasurer, we gave an enlarged colored picture of the trout he said he had caught.

To give our readers an idea of our class history, we proceed:

We were the largest class to be promoted from the Eighth Grade into the High School, in the past but now there is only three of the old members of that mighty class left. These are Virginia Laughlin, Elmer Jackson and Alex Sey. Roberta Coryell joined us in 1915, coming from Portland, Oregon. Elvera Wiltanen who was to have been graduated a year ahead of us stayed out of school for a year, but joined us again at the beginning of the past school term.

Elizabeth Shiels joined us in February, coming from San Francisco, California. Elmer is a native of Alaska (not an Indian but a Swede), and has attended the Douglas School since he was six years of age. He is a brilliant scholar, and is quite prominent in school activities. He was our yell-leader the second semester, Business Manager, and Secretary-Treasurer of the "Taku," a member of the debate team, a member of the Kamera Klub, the FyTy Club, Virginia, like Jake has attended all the grades of the school and has grown up with her classmate. Virginia is Joke Editor of the Taku, a member of the Penelope Club, Vice-President of the FyTy Club, and plays a star game as guard on the girls' basketball team. Roberta is our class president, was president of the Penelope Club the first semester, and is a member of the basketball team and FyTy Club. Bob is also on our debate team and is quite a talented musician playing in the High School orchestra. She is a member of the library class, and is assistant business manager of the Taku.

Trina Museth and Mary Garn were until the latter part of the first semester members of the class, but Mary quit school, and Trina left for a vacation to California.

Our motto is "b2" but we don't think Jake lived up to it when he said that his fish measured twenty inches.

President—Roberta Coryell.

Secretary-Treasurer—Elmer Jackson.

Class Motto—"b2"

Class Colors—Maroon and Gold.

Class Yell—Some class.

Pretty keen;

We're the Class of 1918.

—ALEX SEY, '18.

SOPHOMORE



On a bright September morning, a number of boys and girls entered the High School of Douglas. All "Freshies," too, who were anxious to see which one of the teachers was the worst, Miss Malloy, Tracy or Shaffer.

The next day a new pupil came. Of course all over the room the "Freshies" were whispering, "What's her name?" "Where's she from?" "Did you meet her?" "I did." We finally received all the information we wanted, from Etta Brown, who introduced us to her.

Then John Hopper, the long-haired musician, came to school, a regular Pad-crewski. He felt rather timid as he was not experienced in having so many children around him. After a year of much fret and worry, we all passed in Latin, Algebra, English and History. If there ever was a class that hated Latin so badly as we did, and to think of another year of it!

The Sophomore year began on a gloomy day in September, which helped increase the gloominess of the pupils. They were the same six members, and a new one, who had come from Ketchikan, Alaska, but who again left us at the end of the first semester.

At the beginning of the Fall term of 1916 there were eight of us:

William Wallace
Impi Aalto
Gertrude Johnson
John Hopper

Norma Ripin
Elva Kirkham
Etta Brown
Irene Chesney

The class is very active in all school affairs, and organizations. William Wallace, who has just made a tour of the coast, playing on his way, played in the High School orchestra, he was also a member of the football team.

Norma Ripin was school reporter, the second semester, and librarian. We are quite well represented by musicians, having Elva, Etta and John, all quite talented in this perfect art, while Impi was our class reporter. The girls all are members of the Penelope Club, and PyTy Club. The boys are members of the Kamera Klub, while John is quite an actor and debator, having debated on the High School team. "Oh, how we love Latin!" should have been our motto, but we were induced to choose "Via Aspera ad aeternam," doesn't it sound just like us?

Class President—Elva Kirkham.

Secretary-Treasurer—Norma Ripin.

Class Colors—Lavender and Silver.

Class Flower—Chrysanthemum.

—IMPI AALTO, '19.

Cupid's Garden

We entered Cupid's garden,
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly,
As I held her little——shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
How fast the evening flies;
She spoke in tones so tender,
As I gazed into her——lunch-basket.

Yes, I gazed into her lunch-basket,
And wished I had a taste;
We sat there in the moonlight,
My hand about her——umbrella.

Embracing her umbrella,
This charming little miss,
Her eyes were full of mischief
As I slyly stole a——sandwich.



IN MEMORIAM

COLVILLE GALLWAS
LOUIS HUBBARD
ROY SALMONSON

"A sweeter, sadder thing
Our life, for having known you;
Forever with our sacred kin,
Our souls' souls we must own you;
Forever ours, our friends,
From June to Life's December;
Not ours to have or hold,
But to honor and remember."



FRESHMEN

Yell—Sis, boom, bah;
Pep a plenty;
Douglas High School,
Class of '20.

Class President—Hilda Aalto.

Class Motto—We know no impossibility.

The Freshman Class of 1916-17 numbers twenty-two, the largest Freshman Class ever entering the Douglas High School. The "Freshies" have tried to make this a banner year for themselves and are battling faithfully against the hardness of being a despised "Fresh." Following are the members: Otto Anderson, Hilda Aalto, Laenia Aalto, Cecil Bach, Tom George (dropped out), Joseph George, Gertrude Gamble (dropped out), Juvernia Henderson, Victor Hewitt, Verne Hannah, Walter Jackson, Agnes Livie, Edna Liljestrand, Earl Manley, Dora Morgan, Helen Niemi, Hilda Newman, Doris Oliver, Agnes Patterson, Elmer Palmbom, Harriet Sey, Vivian Sparling, Helen Stooddy, Lucille Walker.

Seventeen pupils graduated from the Eighth Grade last year but two dropped out of school. However three Treadwell pupils joined the class. Three pupils of the Eighth Grade, graduates of '15, commenced with the Freshmen this year but only one remains. One Freshman is an ex-member of the graduating Eighth Grade class of 1914.

The Freshman Class is noted for its witty and industrious members, each one trying to overcome the terrors of his first year of Latin, Algebra, German, etc.

We are well represented in school activities, having fifteen girl members of the Penelope Club, fourteen members of the Fy-Ty Club, four librarians, while Hilda Aalto is a basketball star on the girls' team. The Taku staff is represented by three members of our large group.

All the Freshmen hope to do as well during their High School years as they have done this year, and be a credit to the Douglas High. They hope to be able to look back upon their first year with complacence and congratulate themselves that they couldn't have done better.

Therefore, the history of the future Sophmores is yet to come and if you would hear about them you must purchase a "1918 Taku."

—HELEN STOODDY, '20.



TAKU STAFF

EDITORIALS

TAKU STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Arthur C. Olson
Associate Editor	Alice M. Bollinger
Business Manager	Elmer Jackson
Assistant Business Manager	Roberta Coryell
Art Editor	Ula Beck
Athletic Editor	Elmer Palmbom
Society and Alumni	Vivian Sparling
Joke Editor	Virginia Laughlin
Freshman Reporter	Helen Stooddy
Sophomore Reporter	Impi Aalto
Junior Reporter	Alex Sey
Senior Reporter	Alice Bollinger

Editorials

A vote of thanks is tendered each member of the staff for their earnest efforts in behalf of the first Annual to be issued by the students of the Douglas High School. Every member worked hard and faithfully and by co-operating and school spirit shown helped make the Taku the success it is. Special mention is given Miss Ula Beck, '17, who made all our class and other headings, which beautify our magazine so much. All these took many hours of tedious work, and they surely do credit to their artist.

The Seniors pins are quite attractive, and are to be proud of. The background is gold with a raised "D," and a flattened '17 underneath, above the letter three Pearls are set.

The Annual in the first year of its existence is a magazine that is quite an honor to the High School and it is hoped that next year the good work is continued, and every year hereafter, that a larger and better book is published. This publication helps very much in raising the standard of our school.

The Douglas High School was finally placed on the accredited list of several universities on the Coast, and it is now possible to graduate and enter college as a Freshman, without taking the entrance examinations. If our High School keeps up its good work, it will always remain upon the accredited list, for it is improving each year.

Manual Training

Manual training under the direction of Mr. Sowers was added to the school curriculum at the beginning of the past term, and it will continue to be part of the school work hereafter. A new building directly behind the school has been erected which is the carpenter shop, the interior being finished by the classed. Many useful pieces of furniture is being turned out by the boys.

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL HISTORY

It was foretold last year that we were to have a Junior High School, and now we have one. We are all striving to make this first year a good foundation for the years to come.

The thought that fills us most with gladness is that if we do not pass in one subject we can pass into the next grade and take only that subject over the next year. There are thirty-two pupils in the Junior High School. The I. N. O. U. Club and the Viking Club have been organized by the Juniors. Miss Wilson and Miss Tracy are faculty advisors of these Clubs respectively. Many are the good times we have had this year and always hope to have.

—SIGRID JOHNSON, '21.

Domestic Science

By the generosity of the Douglas Island Women's Club another entirely new branch has been added—Domestic Science—under Miss Marion McKinnion. A home economics laboratory where all the necessary apparatus for cooking has been arranged and the girls are becoming quite proficient in the art of keeping house. Just before school opened, a benefit show was given at the Lyric theatre. For this fund candy was sold by the High School girls, and the following song, to the tune of "When You Wore a Tulip," composed by Mrs. Eaton of Douglas, was rendered by the girls:

I met you in a kitchen of a small Alaska town,
The sun was going down,
You wore a cap and gown,
The sink was piled with dishes and you
had not swept the floor,
Upon the table, clothes were piled galore,
You could not bake a biscuit,
Only for the present war,
I can't forget the pies you made,
And oh, the family jar!

I have the same old kitchen that I had in days gone by,
Now I can make a pie
Without a tear or sigh,
The sink's not filled with dishes,
And there's no dirt on the floor,
Domestic Science makes home to adore,
My table looks a picture
with its cloth of snowy white,
The knives and forks and napkins
Now are in their place just right.

CHORUS

When you were a novice,
A sweet little novice,
And cooked on a coal oil stove;
Our life was no pleasure,
That we spent together,
What a nightmare we both know.
Life was so dreary,
And I was so weary
Of eating burnt cake and dough;
That I welcomed with gladness
which drove out all sadness
That new fangled Science show.

SECOND CHORUS

Do-mestic Science,
Do-mestic Science,
Its the place for you girls to go,
Where housework's a pleasure
And cooks are a treasure,
And a blessing we all know.
We'll make life cheery,
And never grow weary,
As we wash dishes, cook and sew;
Now boys you just notice
The D. S. of Douglas,
How they'll help you save the "dough."

We'll cook corn beef and cabbage,
Baked beans and sourdough;
Bacon and eggs fried brown;
Then there's big baked potatoes escaloped to-
matoes,
Oyster cocktails from the Sound.
Pies made of cherries,
And all kind of berries,
The best that you'll find in town.
For we are the lasses
Who'll learn in our classes
D. S. is the best method found.

CHORUS

The students of the Douglas High School, wish to express their sincere thanks to the "Alaska Daily Empire," in appreciation of their interest in the First Annual. The Annual printing was done by the Empire Printing Company, and the appearance of the book alone, is so praiseworthy, that this is a guarantee of "The Empire's" high standard of work.

A Cadet Company was formed by the Douglas High School during the second semester under the supervision of Mr. V. A. Walker. Mr. Walker has drilled many companies in the States and the boys have made great progress under his instructions.

An expression of thanks and gratitude is extended to the business houses of Douglas and Juneau for their generosity in patronizing the Taku, by advertising.

DEBATING IN DOUGLAS

More interest has been taken in debating this year than in the past three years. Numerous debates have taken place in the different classes. The most important debate of the year was the double debate between the Douglas and Juneau High Schools. These debates were held at the Methodist Church, in Juneau, and the Congregational Church in Douglas, on the evening of April 6th. The team composed of Alice Bollinger and John Hopper, which upheld the negative side of the question in Juneau, and Roberta Coryell and Elmer Jackson, were on the affirmative side in Douglas, the question was; Resolved, "That Immigration into the United States Should Be Further Restricted By the Imposition of the Literacy Test." The affirmative sides were victorious, so the debate was a tie. It is hoped that next year the two High Schools may again meet and debate off the tie.

ELMER JACKSON, '18.





The Taku Wind

Long, long before the white men came into our country there lived a great Indian King in Alaska, who had two sons; one's name was Musklu and the other, Taku.

Musklu was a large, strong boy who seemed to care for nothing in particular, only he would sometimes tease his younger brother Taku. Taku was a peaceful fun-loving youth, who never meant anybody harm. The boys had not any personal strain of labor, as their father had so many men. But sometimes Musklu would tease Taku until he could stand it no longer, and as often is the case of brothers, they would engage in a little war of "words."

One day as Taku was peacefully reclining under a shady tree, his brother came up softly and hit Taku with a piece of wood on the head. This hurt and somewhat angered his younger brother, but he said nothing about it and walked away.

On returning Taku found his brother asleep under the same tree, so very carefully he went up to him, and the next instant Musklu felt a clot of mud descend on his sunburned face, which made the older brother cry out with rage and at the same time trying to get the mud off his face. Then Musklu, angered by his brother, seeing a stone, picked it up, and hurled it at him. The stone struck Taku on the head and in an instant he was lying on the ground, stunned.

On recovering Taku vowed that he would ere long do something in return to his brother.

The Gods up in Heaven, seeing the now constant quarrels of the brothers, that it was time that they should act so Musklu was changed into an Indian village called Douglas. Taku was changed to a storm which blows very hard over Douglas Island, and is until this day called "Taku Wind."

This is how Taku got his revenge on Musklu, and if you are doubtful come to Douglas for one winter, and the Taku will need no introduction.

The old chief, who, when Taku and Musklu were alive, tried to stop their quarrels, was changed into a mountain called Sheep Mountain, just over Thane, Alaska, and yet is the old chief, whose face we can easily see from Douglas trying to stop, with little avail, Taku's revenge.

—ELMER PALMBOM, '20.

WHEN THE TAKU WIND IS BLOWING

When the Taku wind is blowing, if one is out of doors, he shivers, his teeth chatter, his ears sting, and he is somewhat cheerless. As the wind comes clattering up the street, tin cans, rocks and snow come before it, performing many gymnastic stunts.

When the Taku wind is blowing the sky is very blue, and clear of all clouds. On the mountain, where this wind blows the snow is whirling incessantly. Sometimes it is necessary for pedestrians to cling to buildings to keep from being blown away. The bay is also very rough, and the boats that navigate, must risk the danger of being swamped. Thus it is when the Taku wind is blowing.

—JOHN HOPPER, '19.

"Why Clean Teeth Mean Good Health"

Did you ever stop to think what an important part "our teeth play in our life?" They play a very distinguished part and they can play their part very much better if they are clean and without defects.

If a person's teeth are not perfect; that is, if they have any cavities whatsoever in them, he cannot properly masticate his food.

He will probably chew his food on one side of his mouth only, (so that the side with the cavity will not start to ache) or else chew his food very little. What happens? The old, old story of indigestion, and I'm sure we all know our health depends upon our digestion. Why not have these cavities cleaned and filled? If so done, we could masticate our food properly and therefore have proper digestion.

If we come from the dentists with a clean mouth, and every cavity in our mouth filled, we are surely not doing our teeth justice if we neglect them. Why, then, couldn't we spend a few minutes after each meal washing out our mouth and brushing our teeth, for no matter how carefully we chew our food, there is bound to be some food particles which are unnoticed in between our teeth. They take lodging for an unknown time, but remember, they never pay their rent.

Indigestion, by all means is not the only ailment caused by unclean teeth. Tuberculosis, diphtheria, goitre, and pneumonia are all caused by bad teeth. If one tooth has a cavity in it, it will form a very good place for the organization of a large "battalion" of germs of the above diseases. A very great number of cases of anenoids and also enlarged tonsils have been caused by unclean teeth.

If you should start the day without your hands and face being clean, I am sure from first glance a stranger would think that you were very, very unhealthy, and so you would be, but how about your teeth? It is much worse to start the day without your teeth being clean. Even your food will taste better to you if you start a meal with clean teeth, for when we eat our food, the flow of saliva helps some of the decay in a cavity to slip down into our system. It is just as bad as sipping poison, only we do not notice as we take it with our food.

A person who has suffered (I hope no one calls toothache a pleasure) during the night with toothache cannot perform his duties (no matter what they are) the next day nearly as well as he should. Scholars with good, clean teeth are able to do much better work in school than those who "cannot waste the time" to brush their teeth.

Clean teeth increase a person's looks a hundred percent.; there is nothing so pleasant as to see a boy or girl smile who exhibits two rows of white, pearly teeth, due to care, of course.

When brushing your teeth after a meal, it may seem very hard to remove every little particle of food from them. This may be remedied to some extent. Almost every meal ends with some food, such as sweets, pastry or cooked fruits. These foods need little or no chewing. They lack the mineral elements that stimulate a natural flow of saliva, therefor, parts of them stick to the teeth, and other parts are not thoroughly masticated. There was once a man, ninety years of age, who had thirty-two perfectly good, solid, clean teeth; when asked to what he attributed his good health he said he always ate an apple after dinner. Why couldn't some of us have thirty-two good teeth, when we reach the age of ninety? An apple requires chewing and causes a generous flow of saliva, which washes down many food particles. Could we not then end our meal with raw fruit instead of sweets or such, which do not do us half as much good?

Since we know that our health depends on our teeth (did you ever see a healthy person without clean teeth?) why can't we heed before it is too late, and give some attention to them. It is an assured fact that we will not regret it. If you are a bit anxious about your health, start tomorrow by brushing your teeth with a good tooth-paste or powder after every meal and then do it three times every day. A soft quill toothpick is very good, but for goodness sake don't do it in the presence of anyone but yourself.

—ROBERTA CORYELL, '18.

A Boat Sailing into Gastineau at Night

One winter night as I was standing looking from the window of our house, I saw the winter moon just raising its pale face above the snow-capped mountain. When it was finally above the mountain, it threw a beautiful light over the portion of the bay near Treadwell wharf, the evening breezes seemed to grow chillier and stronger. The only sound was an occasional blast of wind as it struck the window pane.

On land there were large snowdrifts that sparkled in the moonlight like a bank of diamonds, while here and there shadowy forms seemed to glide from some unknown place, then disappear into the darkness.

The town was all lighted with street lights, and where the lights could not shine the moon did its duty.

As I was standing on this beautiful scene of desolation, I heard a low deep whistle which sounded as if some unknown voice in the darkness had suddenly taken it upon itself to disturb the wonderful silence. I turned my eyes angrily in the direction in which the sound came from, and there, just coming into the place where the moon had lighted on the bay, was the huge outline of a boat gliding silently into the Treadwell wharf. On the side of the boat next to me, it was dark, for the huge structure of the craft cut off the moonlight from that part of the bay.

The boat slowly crept into the wharf looking like a cloud that was sneaking quickly behind the mountain, ashamed to have kept the sun away so long. As the boat landed I reluctantly turned from my window to go to my lessons.

—ELVA KIRKHAM, '19.

Description of Nevada Creek

It was a bright sunny day and very warm on the top of Mt. Thane. My friend and I were standing on the top of the man-on-the-Mountain's nose taking pictures.

"Oh, see how beautiful Nevada Creek looks," remarked my friend.

There were three houses situated about a mile and a half up from the beach. These houses were the "Nevada Creek Mines." They were very old, weather-beaten, and a blackish-gray color. The trees around them were very scant and still looking.

My friend and I started for home and we made up our minds to watch this place and see what changes would take place.

When we were half way down the mountain, we stopped and looked again at Nevada Creek. The tops of the roofs of the three houses which were sunken in second hill we could see the little house they call the assay office.

It was a pleasant looking little building set among the tall trees, which were shaking back and forth in the wind. We took a snapshot of the hillside.

When we got down to the beach we saw two more large-sized buildings which were placed one on each side of a large flowing stream. The houses were very old and grey. The bay was a beautiful shade of green and sparkled like glass.

Against the beach great waves were beating, caused by the Prince Rupert, which had just gone by. The waves which beat against the beach, seemed to be playing among themselves.

My friend and I got back into our boat and started for home. When we got into the middle of the bay we could see two small children sitting on the beach where the great breakers were hitting. "See," said my friend. "The waves are singing a song to the children, and notice how interested they are."

—MARAGET PATTERSON, '20.

Thane and His Followers

Once a long, long time ago, when the world was still young and there were many more adventures than there are now, there lived a family of giants. They were the only giants in the Territory, now called Alaska. They lived on Douglas Island across the Channel from Juneau.

Nearby lived many beautiful maidens called nymphs. The nymphs wore loose-fitting garments and were always dancing and fluttering about in the woods.

Now these people who lived on Douglas Island owned a white elephant who was treated very cruelly by all of the family, except the youngest son. As time went on, this family grew older and more cruel, except the one boy, who as I have told you was as kind, as the rest of the family were cruel. This boy's name was Thane, and he was very handsome. He loved one of the nymphs whose name was Gastineau. Fair Gastineau and brave Thane were often seen together. The family of giants continually teased and abused the boy on account of his love for the beautiful Gastineau.

There was a fairy who lived on Douglas Island in the form of an old Indian woman. She watched Thane very closely for she admired his kindness and courage.

One day Thane and Gastineau went out riding on Jumbo, the white elephant; Thane's three older sisters were very angry at this and said they wanted to use Jumbo for some work that day. But Thane paid no heed to his sisters, for he was very happy. He was taking Gastineau to Sitka, where they were to be married. While on the road, they looked around and saw Thane's three sisters and the rest of the family coming after them with huge boulders and logs. They had borrowed elephants from the Indians and were coming very quickly.

The old Indian woman saw that the pursuers would soon be upon the happy couple, so she turned Gastineau into a Channel. Thane was glad that she was out of danger. Jumbo was running as fast as he could to keep the lead, but when the enemies were almost upon him, he was changed into a mountain. The old Indian woman placed a crown of snow upon his head as a reward of faithfulness to Thane. Thane hid behind some bushes and saw his angry sisters ride past him.

When they were gone he turned his steps homeward. It was a long journey but he finally came to the place where Gastineau lay between him and his home. He was very sad and lay down to rest.

Soon the Indian woman came up to him and changed him into a mountain which looked like a man. Now he would always stand guard over his beloved Gastineau. As to the rest of the family, the three sisters died on the way and if you look down Gastineau Channel you will see the three mountains called the three "Graces."

A most beautiful sight is the Three "Graces" at the head of the Channel, the "Man on the Mountain" just above Thane and Mt. Jumbo on Douglas Island on a summer evening at sunset or on a winter's night when the moon is high.

—HELEN NIEMI, '20.



Home Again in 2016

As the old reliable "Al-Ki" blew her whistle for Douglas, I made haste and dressed myself, so that I would lose no time in once more beholding the little town, in which I had spent practically all of the first eighteen years of my life. I left my stateroom, suitcase in hand and tottered quickly out on deck, and walked down the gangplank, and again my feet were upon native soil. In all my experience and the many cities in which I have visited, and lived, none has thrilled me with such a queer, sensational feeling of joy and happiness as dear old Douglas.

Imagine my surprise, when instead of the old red warehouses, and water-soaked wharf, I beheld a huge pier with magnificent warehouses; Mayflower Island was still there, but now instead of only a couple of bears for ornaments, and the old pavilion, which had looked so much like a barn, a beautiful park was situated here. There were a great many different kinds of animals, and beautiful shady nooks, where lovers might woo and coo without interruption.

Just then the ferry boat whistled, and a steamer about the size of our own good ship "Al-Ki" drew up to the pier. I watched the boat land with wistful expression in my fast-falling eyes as the passengers hurriedly came ashore. The captain came out of the pilot house, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a large bandana handkerchief, the kind of which in long years past made William Stubbins famous.

As he walked to and fro, every action of his reminded me of someone I once knew. Racking my memory, I finally came to the conclusion that it was no other than our old school pal, Mattie Laughlin.

I looked around undecided where to go, for the bustle and life was really astonishing. Jitneys and trolley cars crossed the street at intervals and a steady stream of people threaded along the paved walks. I took a jitney labeled "Hotel Jumbo," and lay comfortable, and thinking in the soft cushions, as I was being whirled up the long dock.

Arriving at my destination, I passed the chauffeur a small tip, and a colored porter carried my suitcase into the hotel, entering I gazed around.

The hotel, a huge sixteen-story structure, stood on the corner, once occupied by a certain Dr. Weyerhorst, who was as fond of operating as he was of eating. As I, with a quivering bony hand, scrawled my signature on the register, I was tapped on the shoulder and a bluff, good-natured voice was heard to say: "Well, I'll be soaked, if it isn't my old friend Arthur, as grouchy as ever."

Looking up with a half-frightened, half-foolish grin, I sized up my confronter, a large jovial-looking individual with long whiskers and hair on his head in a rather slight degree.

He was the very image of Jim Fitzmorris, and upon inquiring his name, I found him to be a classmate of mine in High School. After asking him about his grandfather, I enquired of him about many of the people with whom I had spent many happy days in the Douglas High School.

He said that his grandfather was dead, having cut his throat with a letter-opener, as he was serving his time in Leavenworth penitentiary, his grandmother had died from a broken heart (and I must remark here that she was also a girl that had gone to High School years after we did; she was a daughter of Norma Ripin.)

I said, "Where are the rest of our classmates and friends?"

"Well," said Jim the third, "I will tell you the whereabouts of most of those I know, or have heard my grandfather speak of."

Commencing with the Seniors of 1916-17, he gave me a brief sketch of their past life, although most of them had passed away.

Says he, "Do you remember Onnie Markkanen?"

"Yes," said I.

"Well," said he, "Onnie finished school and decided to start in business, so he set up in the banking business, and succeeded so well that he became President of the First Territorial Bank of Douglas. One day, he decided to get married, so he

proposed to Impi Aalto. She accepted, but the night before the wedding, he had a dream and for some reason or other, he left town, no word being heard of him for years, and one day my grandfather had a letter from him; he was now a monk.

Alice Bollinger became a noted nurse, but was attacked by an insane person one night, and strangled to death. The man who was guilty of this deed declared she was the daughter of Julius Caesar, and was already too old to live. The insane man, John Hopper, cried himself to death after this incident.

Alex Sey went back to Scotland and became the owner of a vinegar factory.

Elmer Jackson fell heir to a large estate and is now living off the interest of his money at the beautiful city of Thane.

Elvera Wilitanen died from sunstroke as she went out to feed the pigeons one day; she had forgotten her sunbonnet, and dropped like a log. 'Twas a sad affair.

Vivian Sparling ate too much tobasco sauce on noodles at a Chinese picnic and jumped into a river, because she couldn't drink enough water.

Bob Coryell, who was so temperamental in school, died of concussion of the brain, caused from a blow on her head from a broom which her better half accidentally dropped on her, as she was peeling spuds in the cellar.

Her husband, William Wallace, the guilty party, grieved dreadfully, until finally one night he walked into Gastineau Channel in his sleep.

Virginia Laughlin ran a fortune telling establishment for some years, but was scalded to death when she fell into a large tub of soapsuds in a Chinaman's laundry, where she was visiting.

Ula Beck was principal of Douglas High School for some time, but retired on account of rheumatism and loss of sight.

There were a number of others too numerous to mention.

After this long speech of his, I soon left the hotel, and wandered aimlessly around; my steps directed me toward the old cemetery road, which now was built up on both sides, with houses and business places.

At a distance I could see the lights of Gastineau Channel bridge, which was half finished, but on which work had been suspended for some years, as money was scarce.

Reaching the cemetery, I gazed on the dark rows of tombstones, and at last my eyes beheld the inscription of one of them. I gave a start and a tear rolled down my pallid cheek. A name—the name of a daughter of a well-known gentleman—a name that I knew quite well was there.

As I stared thus, I recalled my childhood days when this girl who now lies cold and asleep in death and I were pals together.

We grew up and although never a word of love was spoken, we understood each other, and the night I left for college, I told her of my love, and she would be mine. But, alas, I went away, and met other girls, and she met her ideal and we soon forgot each other. Our letters became less frequent, and one day I read in the paper, the announcement of her engagement to another. That night was like a horrible dream, and never afterwards did I feel the same.

I turned around, abruptly and started homeward, and it was with a sight of relief that I again entered my hotel.

—ARTHUR C. OLSON, '17.

In the dark last night I met her,
And from her I took a kiss,
And the sweetness of that nectar
Filled my soul with bliss.

But now I have a feeling
That is both sharp and keen
For the sweetness of that nectar
Was cold cream and glycerine.

Buying My Spring Hat

On a warm, dry day when the trees are beginning to bud and the grass is turning green, one begins to think of her spring clothes, so I set out with my friend Nettie to buy a hat.

I decided to buy my hat in Juneau and, accordingly, we caught the two o'clock ferry for Juneau. After we were nicely settled in the ferry, we looked around us and saw one of our friends, named Ethel. Nettie and I nodded to her and said "good afternoon."

She answered our salutation and beckoned to us with her finger. Nettie whispered to me, "Shall we go and sit beside her?"

I answered, "yes."

Soon we were seated beside Ethel and talking away merrily. Ethel exclaimed, "Isn't this a perfectly lovely spring day?"

We all agreed on that. Then Nettie inquired, "What are you going over to Juneau for?"

This seemed to be just the opening that Ethel had been waiting for. She eagerly began, "I suppose you both know that I have a sister living in Juneau who is proprietress of the Parisian Millinery Store, and she told me that she had some beautiful hats, so I am going over to choose my spring hat, for I might as well give her my trade as any other person, don't you think so, girls?"

I exclaimed, "Why, I think it is very good of you and as I am going on the same errand myself I will go with you to your sister's store and see what she has for sale. You will go, too, won't you, Nettie?"

Nettie nodded her head in assent.

When the ferry stopped, the three of us set out briskly, talking gaily all the while, and soon reached the Parisian. It had two show windows, but I murmured aside to Nettie, "I don't see anything in them so very attractive, do you?"

Nettie shook her head. "The hats aren't made right," she muttered back. However, we all went inside.

Ethel explained to her sister, "I was coming over to see your new stock of hats and met two of my friends on the same mission, so, as you see, I brought them with me."

Miss Leano busied herself bringing down hats for our inspection. The first hat that I tried on was a small brown one with some kind of a feather in it. Miss Leano said, "That hat is perfectly stunning on you."

But when I caught sight of myself in the mirror, it made me look so hideous that I snatched it off, exclaiming, "I don't think it suits me very well. Do you, Nettie?"

Nettie gave her head a shake and that decided me.

I tried on several hats but did not decide on any of them. Then Miss Leano said: "I have just the very thing you want," and she pulled out a large floppy-brimmed hat. On trying it on, I found that it suited me to perfection, but as it wasn't the shade I wanted, I didn't purchase it despite the fact that Nettie murmured, "It's a dear." Then Ethel decided to take it, exclaiming, "I think it is perfectly lovely."

"I don't want to buy any of the hats that I have seen, but I suppose I'll have to buy something," I thought.

I changed the subject, by observing, "What a pretty spray of flowers," at the same time pointing to a large bunch of pink roses intertwined with autumn leaves to harmonize.

"I think I will trim a hat for myself," I declared.

Ethel observed dryly, "How much does it cost?" For she noticed that I did not mean to buy a hat from her sister.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

"Only three dollars," said Miss Leano. "Will you take it?"
"Yes, I believe I will take it," I remarked coolly. "Please wrap it up for me."

Ethel looked her amazement.

Nettie and I bade Ethel and her sister goodbye and left the store.

"I didn't see a pretty hat among the lot!" I declared gloomily.

"Never mind, let us try Goldstein's Emporium next. They'll surely have some thing that will suit your taste," cheered Nettie.

We were soon in the millinery department of Goldstein's store. The saleswoman came forward, repeating mechanically, "What can I do for you?"

"We want to see some of your hats," I replied. She immediately went to work sorting out hats for our examination. I tried on one with a transparent brim.

"It fits nicely," said I.

"The color doesn't show you off very well," came critically from Nettie.

"It is cheap for the price," remarked the saleswoman.

I looked at the tag and ejaculated softly, to Nettie, "Fifteen dollars!"

"I-er-I don't think I'll take it," I stammered. "I don't like its brim."

I then tried on a hat with red roses on it, then a Gainsborough-styled one trimmed with an ostrich feather, a shirred, pliable-brimmed sailor of silk with suitable trimming, a velvet-edged hat trimmed with a ribbon bow, and a full draped turban with effective trimming, besides many other hats too numerous to mention, but either the price demanded was too much for my purse or I did not like the hat. So I bought a pretty ostrich feather, and we left Goldstein's, too, without buying a hat.

As soon as we left the store, Nettie said impatiently, "There were some lovely hats in that store," adding, "I think it was absurd of you not to buy one."

"Well, I know it was foolish," I agreed, "but if I had bought one of those hats, I'm sure I wouldn't have worn it often. I know what I want if I could only see it."

"Perhaps you'll never see one," replied Nettie sarcastically.

(I bit my lip for I felt the sting in her words.)

"What'll we do next?" questioned I.

"Let's look in the store windows," suggested Nettie, for there wasn't a ferry due for half an hour. At the end of that half hour, two heavily-laden girls were seen making their way down to the "Gent" ferry dock in Juneau. They were in time, for the ferry was beginning to leave. When they were safely aboard and being carried swiftly toward Douglas, they both looked at each other and laughed. Probably you have guessed who they were. Yes, they were none other than Nettie and I.

"Where did all the packages come from?" you question.

"Wait a minute and I will explain it all."

Nettie and I on looking into the shop windows had seen various articles that we wanted, and, accordingly, we bought them.

"Let's name over all the articles we've bought," suggested Nettie.

I acquiesced.

"You begin first," Nettie laughed.

"A fan. Now it's your turn, Nettie."

"A watch."

"A Japanese lamp shade."

"A pair of silk gloves."

"A fruit basket."

Then, as Nettie stopped to think, I said, "A little speed is required."

She laughed and retorted, "I was trying to think whether it was you or I who bought that manicuring set."

"You're guilty," I teased.

Just then the boat reached the ferry-dock and we hastily collected our packages. We were soon trudging wearily up St. Ann's Avenue toward home. As we passed Mrs. Markkanen's store, Nettie whispered, "Do look into Mrs. Markkanen's show windows and see how pretty the hats are."

I turned around and looked into the window.

Nettie pointed to a hat in the center of the window, exclaiming, "What a lovely, lovely hat."

On looking at it, I declared, "Why, that's the hat I've been looking for. Let's go in and price it."

We went in and I asked Mrs. Markkanen if she would kindly let us see the hat in the center of the window. She brought the hat out for our inspection, I examined it carefully. It was a straight-brimmed Panama sailor, faced with black velvet and trimmed with two fine, full, white ostrich feathers.

I murmured to Nettie as I tried it on, "It's the very hat I imagined that I'd buy."

It fitted me perfectly, and, turning to Mrs. Markkanen, I asked the price of it.

"Its price is fifteen dollars, but I will reduce the price to ten dollars if you will buy it."

I paid cash down for it and we left the store. As Nettie and I parted for the night, I remarked, "There's nothing like patronizing home trade after all."

—HARRIET SEY, '20.

A Deserted Village

An Impressionistic Description

The Taku wind was whistling on the hillside and the leaves were rustling on the trees; the sky was overshadowed by dark low-hanging clouds; the rain was coming down in bucketfuls and resounded with a dismal patter on the roofs. Dirty pools and little creeks were forming on the streets, and the garbage and filth of the highways, was slowly floating along in the gutter, which resembled rivers with their barges and scows. Except for a solitary pedestrian here or there, the streets were deserted, and it seemed as though it were a holiday and the whole population had gone on a day's vacation.

Now and then the mournful howling of a dog, or the strill blast of an auto horn was heard in the otherwise quiet atmosphere. The arrival of the ferry boat had created more excitement than had occurred for the few hours, and a rather large crowd of people clad in mackinaws and raincoats, hurried at a rapid pace up the sloppy and not overclean thoroughfare. All seemed to have but one thought in mind, and that was to get under shelter. Each one seemed to be unconscious of the fact that there was anyone else on the streets but himself, and it was a common mishap when one person nearly shoved another into the bay.

In fact, everything and everybody had an air of laziness and despondent gloom, and this helped make Douglas on a rainy day a desolate place.

—A. C. OLSON, '17.

Two Rivals for One Hand

In a small village on the banks of a large river in between two mountains, there lived a girl by the name of Mabel and her "Ma," as Mabel always called her. Mabel's mother was a dressmaker and she made just enough by that trade to support the two and keep Mabel in school.

Mabel was a very attractive girl. She had light curly hair and deep blue eyes. She was always very neat which added greatly to her appearance. Mabel was a "Freshie" in high school, but was very popular. She was just brimful of fun, but she was generally studying when at school. The subject at school which she took most interest in was "Fine Arts." She seemed talented in this. She was always drawing. In some of her classes sometimes she would be reprimanded for non-attention, she would always be found sketching some scene in the back of her book. When at home, she had a notebook with her constantly, drawing in it different things.

All of the next summer she spent most of her time out of doors drawing and painting. The town was noted for its beautiful scenery which of course was a great help to Mabel. One day as she came home from a ramble up the mountain-side with her painting equipment, she came past the station just as the five-thirty train came puffing in. Unconsciously she waited to see who would get off the train. Suddenly she was surprised to be addressed by a young gentleman who looked to be about twenty years of age.

"I beg your pardon, Madam," he said, "but could you please tell me where I could get supper and lodging for the night?"

"Well," answered Mabel, "down this street at the very end there is a small hotel."

"Thank you," he said, tipping his hat.

She saw no one she knew and started home. The stranger saw she was going the same way he was so he caught up with her and announced that he would walk as far down the street as she was going. An embarrassing silence followed. He was the first to speak. "My name is Robert Connors," said he. "I hope you will not think I am rude if I ask your name?"

"Oh! My name is just plain Mabel," she said, her eyes meeting his, which were very dark brown, and added a great deal to his looks.

"Oh, what a pretty name," he commented. It is needless to say that they became very well acquainted on this short walk. It surely was "love at first sight."

Robert had come to this small town for his health, but instead of going back to the city for the winter, he decided to stay where he was already so comfortably situated. He was a very smart lawyer and as soon as he regained his health, he started a practice there and was immediately very successful.

"Bob" (as Mabel now called him) and Mabel were much in love; in fact they always had been, and they spent many happy evenings together. They would roam around the fields, arm in arm, talking of different subjects, generally, of course, about the weather.

One day a stranger came to the village. Mabel was just starting up the mountainside for a hike, when she saw something very interesting. About twenty feet away, very much engrossed in his work, sat an artist, painting the landscape. Mabel hurriedly looked at him, then ran back home, as she wasn't the kind of a girl that "would scrape acquaintance."

The next day, as she was making some purchases in the grocery store, the grocer exclaimed, "Mabel, have you met Mr. Joshua Freeland? He is an artist, so as you are one also, you may be able to get some help from him." And the grocer brought forward the stranger. Mabel acknowledged the introduction and smiled very sweetly at Mr. Freeland. Both being very interested in the same thing, they soon became acquainted and planned a walk together, the next day. When Joshua saw some of Mabel's paintings he realized that she was very talented. He was anxious to have her develop her talent more and soon had her

mother's permission to send her to New York to finish her course. He was going to pay for it all and of course she was to have a chaperone.

This was all very sad news to Robert. He was at a loss what to do. He was very indignant about it. He made up his mind that he wouldn't even say "Goodbye" to Mabel. One day, however, he met her on the street, so he had to. He wished her all the good luck possible and told her that if she still loved him as much as he thought she did, he wished she would write him a letter upon her arrival at the city.

When Mabel reached New York, she was completely dazed at the size of the city. Joshua took her to his studio and the next day she started her lessons. She had a very large amount of patience and she studied very hard. She also wrote the letter to Robert, placing the kisses under the stamp as was the custom for lovers in those days.

At the end of two years, Mabel had finished her course in fine arts. Her mother's letters had always been full of "Bob this" and "Bob that." Although she had not forgotten Robert, however, Mabel was very deeply in love with Joshua.

One evening as Mabel and Joshua were strolling down Fifth Avenue they unconsciously stopped in front of Tiffany's display window.

"Oh, isn't that a darling ring?" exclaimed Mabel without thinking twice before she spoke, and pointing to a beautifully cut stone set in platinum.

"Yes, my dear," he replied, "but I was thinking how much better it would look set off on your finger."

"Oh! I am so sorry," apologized Mabel. "I didn't mean to insinuate anything."

"No harm done," he answered, "you just saved me the trouble."

"But you see I really couldn't," she said, "for I was almost engaged to a boy back home and I know 'Ma' wants me to marry him."

Joshua didn't know what to do, but as Mabel was going home in two days, he had to act quickly. Nothing was accomplished, however, except that when Mabel went home, Joshua told her he would come for an answer the following summer.

When Mabel went home, she had never been so glad to see "Bob" before. He met her at the station and almost took advantage of the sweet smile on her lips—but he didn't. Her mother had supper ready for both of them and she seemed all smiles.

Mabel now sent all of her paintings to New York and they always sold at a very high price.

One evening, Robert asked Mabel in a very awkward way if she would be his life partner. She said "yes," blushing from head to foot. She then told him about Joshua, but that although he had done very much for her, she really thought she loved "Bob" the better of the two.

The following summer, Joshua arrived and in the course of time tried to persuade Mabel to marry him. He was speaking of it one day to her mother and he seemed to get very confidential with her and told her that he had run away from home when a little boy. His father had wanted him to play the violin, but he had wanted to paint instead.

"Strange," said Mabel's "Ma," "I had a brother who once did that, but he was killed."

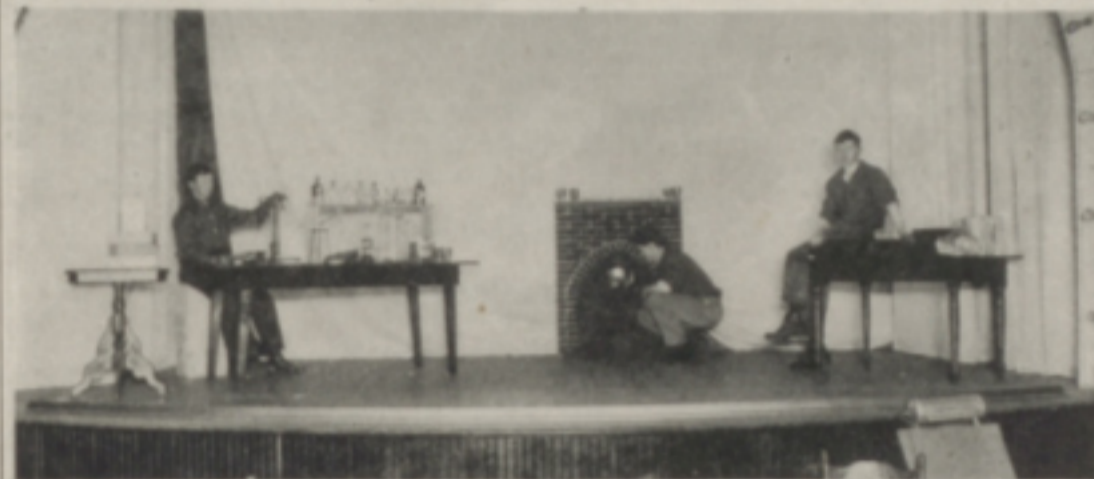
"Well, I changed my name," said Joshua, "so no one would know me. My other name was Jack Bentley—"

"Why, Jack, I'm your own sister, Helen Bentley. My brother's name was Jack, so you must be he."

"To be sure, you're the exact image of my big sister Helen. Oh, Helen, I'm so glad I've found you," answered Jack, throwing his arms around her and kissing her three times.

"Now," said Helen, "you are her own dear uncle, so you couldn't marry Mabel, but you may love her just the same."

"Where is she?" asked Jack, but she and Robert were enjoying the ecstasy of their first kiss down in the onion patch. —ROBERTA CORYELL, '18.



PAGEANT SCENES
Transfer, Quartz and Nymph Scenes

The Government Road

In going northwest from Douglas, we leave the town at a rise of a small hill, and wending our way through the old stumps, we come to an Indian graveyard. A few graves are found, others are just marked by simple head boards, while there are two graves which have the old accustomed house built over them for the spirit of the dead to dwell in.

From then on for about a quarter of a mile there is nothing but natural beauty to be seen; the mountains on the left, while to the right is the Gastineau Channel with its waters of deepest blue, while just on the other side of it is Mount Roberts, which rises abruptly from the edge of the water.

Now we have just entered the cemetery. On either side of the road are plots for the different nationalities. There are also plots for different orders and churches. The Catholics have their own portion of ground, the Odd Fellows have a beautiful spot for their dead. The Masonic plot, just beyond the Odd Fellows, will, when finished, equal any in beauty. The road beyond the cemetery descends abruptly, crossing a deep ravine, through which a beautiful stream ripples and bounds on its way to the channel, just a short distance away.

The road follows just above the beach line, winding in and out along the hills.

About three miles from town we look across and see the beautiful Capital City of Juneau nestled back in the arms, as it were, of the mountains, we are so close we can distinguish many of the large buildings and interesting view. We go on for about a mile to where the Treadwell Company's high-power electric wires cross the Channel, supported by immense towers, one hundred and fifty feet high.

We are now almost at the end of our journey. Back to wilds and nature we go, until at last we find a small cabin built by some prospectors, which long ago was abandoned. Here the government ceased its labors for there is nothing beyond to merit its greater expense and labor in road building.

—JUVERNIA HENDERSON, '20.

"The Golden Touch"

King Midas had a daughter fair,
With beautiful gold hair,
King Midas loved his daughter fair,
She was all the world to him.

King Midas had gold piles in his cellar,
He was just as rich as he could be,
But he never had enough you know,
And he kept it under lock and key.

One day as he was counting his gold,
A stranger appeared before him,
"King Midas, you are a very rich man,"
But Midas only shook his head.

"I wish, I pray for gold galore,
For I am not satisfied;
I would that I had more and more,
The world and all," he cried.

Oh, King, your wish I fain would give,
If you think you haven't much,
Your dearest treasure while you live,
Will turn to gold at your touch.

So old King Midas at sunrise awoke,
And cried, "the world is mine";
The spread to gold, turned at his stroke,
Then he arose to dine.

He sat him down to his table grand
To eat the morning meal;
The food the best in all the land,
Turned to gold at his feel.

The golden potato his mouth did burn,
His coffee was molten mettle;
The rose, the vase, the table did turn;
The pretty tea-kettle.

The dainty and sweet little Marigold
Who came tripping down to be fed,
Turned to gold at the touch of his hand
so old;
"Oh, God help me," he said.

Upon the scene the stranger came;
Take thou the river water,
Sprinkle, then all will be the same,
Happiness, health and laughter.

—ESTHER HILE, '22.

Description of the Treadwell Ditch

I awoke early one beautiful morning in August with the idea of going for a hike.

While I was dressing and eating my breakfast this idea became a purpose and in ten minutes, I was busy fixing lunch in order that I might carry the purpose out.

I called at my friend Jack's house and got him to come with me. We decided to go to the ditch up in back of Douglas. We started from the schoolhouse and followed a trail up the mountain.

From the bunch grass at our feet to the tall pine trees over our heads everything was green. Blueberries grew in abundance everywhere and long before we reached the ditch our lips were stained a deep purple from eating the delicious berries. We reached our destination in about an hour. We were thirsty, so we lifted a log from the top of a ditch and got a drink of the coolest and clearest water we ever had drank. The ditch is about five feet wide and goes to the headwaters of the mountain stream. There is also a beautiful dam, but that is another story.

Jack said he wanted to follow the ditch up and I said I wanted to follow it down. the enie-menie-mienie-mo method told us to go up and this we proceeded to do.

We followed the ditch up for quite a distance through a forest of large trees through which an occasional sunbeam would flit. In these trees we could see bluejays hopping from limb to limb and saucily cawing at us.

Suddenly we came out of the shade into the bright sunlight. We looked across the bay to Juneau which looks like a snug little town nestled at the foot of Mt. Roberts. We saw an auto leave Juneau and worm its way along the road to Thane.

The bay was smooth as glass and to add to the picture a sailboat lazily drifted across the channel.

Then we turned back to the woods and "in the shadow of the pines" ate our lunch with another drink of the wonderful ditch water.

—VICTOR HEWITT, '20.

MY TREASURE

Away up in the attic my treasures all are stored;
The feathers of an eagle that many a height had soared;
A big tin wagon, a little wooden boat,
A little steam engine and a castle with a moat.

A big tin soldier that in many a war had fought;
A brave little ship that in many a storm was caught;
These are the things that have given me many pleasures,
These are the things, the richest of my treasures.

WILLIE NIEMI '22.

Alumni and Ex-Students

1915

Ruby Johnson and Esther Oliver are attending school in Bellingham, Washington.

1914

Nora Museth is clerk in the Douglas postoffice.

1913

Leah Hopp is living with her mother in Seattle, Washington.
Regene Miller is living in Douglas, Alaska.

1912

Olgat Anderson is living in Douglas, and is employed at Treadwell.
Ilmi Alto, is employed in Butte, Montana, but is intending to re-enter the University of Washington, where he is taking up an engineering course.

1910

Agnes Museth still lives in Douglas, but is now visiting in California.
Mae McCormack and Alice Bach are enjoying the bonds of matrimony in Douglas.
Frank Caraway recently returned from the University of Iowa. He is now working and lives at Treadwell.

Following is a list of students who have attended school at the Douglas High, but did not graduate:

Edith Jackson is married and makes her home in Douglas.
Enid Richards is married and makes his home in Treadwell.
Ella Grundler is married and makes her home in Treadwell.
Helmi Aalto is teaching school on Prince of Wales Island.
Thelma Ninnis is teaching school at the Perseverance.
Nat Rogers is now living in Auburn, Washington.
Paul Carpenter is attending the University of Washington.
Stanley Marks is attending the University of Washington.
George Hellerick is working at Anchorage, Alaska.
Ruth Salmonson is at her home in Preston, Washington.
Hilliary McKanna is at Eagle River, Alaska.
Rose Penglase is a stenographer in Juneau.
Oscar Grundler has been attending Broadway High School, Seattle, Washington and is now working at the Treadwell assay office.
Frank Bach is also attending the Broadway High, Seattle, Washington.

Some of the other ex-students working at Treadwell and living at Douglas are:

Dick McCormick
Peter Johnson
Anna Faherty
Claude Penglase

Charles Wortmann
Douglas Oliver
Lucille Fox
Alma Wortmann
Alumni and Society Editor,
VIVIAN SPARLING,—'20.



I. N. O. U. CLUB.

The I. N. O. U. Club was organized this year by the Junior High School girls with the help of Miss Wilson. The club meets every other Thursday evening in the school house. The following have held offices the past year:

First Semester		Second Semester	
Elizabeth Feusi	President	Florence Bracken	
Florence Bracken	Vice President	Tynne Jones	
Sigrid Johnson	Secretary	Nora Mattson	
Esther Hile	Treasurer	Evelyn Bracken	
Faculty Advisor		Miss Wilson	

The idea of the club is a fancy work club, and at each meeting sewing is done by the girls; club colors of green and white were adopted, early in the year. Many interesting parties and good times here held during the past winter. The following girls are members: Selma Aalto, Evelyn Bracken, Florence Bracken, Jane Flaherty, Wilma Gamble, Bertha Larsen, Nora Mattson, Sadie Palm-bom, Mildred Salmonson, Violet Smith, Ida Swanson, Mary Vesaja, Lillian Williamson, Margaret Wallace, Isobel Wilson, Elizabeth Feusi, Mamie Feusi, Esther Lindstrom, Tynne Jones, Sigrid Johnson, Esther Lindstrom.

VIVIAN SPARLING, '20.



VIKINGS CLUB.

The Freshmen and Junior High School boys decided to form a club, in High School, and the Vikings, were organized. This Club meets alternate Thursday evenings from that of the I. N. O. U. Club. The following officers have held the office this year:

First Semester.		Second Semester
Albert Parker	President	Cecil Bach
Martin Gallwas	Vice President	
Edward Berquist	Secretary-Treasurer	Amos Perkins
Miss Tracy	Faculty Advisor	

The boys have some great time, having had parties and sleighing parties, the past winter. Following is a list of the members: Otto Anderson, Cecil Bach, Joe George, Victor Hewitt, Walter Jackson, Elmer Palmboom, Edward Bersulst, Sinclair Brown, Peter Calysn, Martin Gallwas, Harold Gallwas, William Manley, Walter Nauman, Arthur Nelson, Willie Niemi, Albert Parker, Joseph Vezzetti, Clarence Wiltanen, Amos Perkins.

VIVIAN SPARLING, '20.



High School Orchestra

Ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, ta, te. When the birds with their melodious music went south for the winter, some time in October, in tripped the High School orchestra. Few of them could touch the magic string (you see it was a stringed orchestra), and receive real music.

They were all willing to try, so Prof. Clarence Salmonson said that they would do for starters. They decided to congregate for the purpose of seeking real harmony every Wednesday evening at the school at 8 o'clock. They surely have been faithful to their word. It is said that all beginners are hard to teach, but Prof. Salmonson, however, said that they succeeded quite well.

They have rendered at least two (of course beautiful) selections at each of the Parent-Teachers' Association meetings, which have been monthly. As all of the members of the organization firmly believe in "patronizing home industry" they have never played in public elsewhere than on Douglas Island.

The music selected by Prof. Salmonson is not confined to classical music; oh, no! They are allowed to play such catchy rag-time pieces as "Oh You Beautiful Doll," and "In My Harum," provided they are late pieces.

Mr. Salmonson who has been leader of many orchestras (some, of course, better than this one), and furnished all of the music. Some day the organization expects to have funds of their own, whereby it may furnish its own music. It will probably be next year before they reach the stage of perfection, but, nevertheless, they are on their way. As the music has been appreciated by so many it might be fitting at this time to mention the names of the members:

CLARENCE SALMONSON.....Mandolin	WILLIAM WALLACE.....Guitar
RALPH PITTMAN.....Mandolin	MARGARET WALLACE.....Guitar
MARTIN GALLWAS.....Mandolin	ALEX SEY.....Violin
GEORGE LAMBECH.....Mandolin	JOHN HOPPER.....Piano
HAROLD GALLWAS.....Mandolin	ROBERTA CORYELL.....Violin

You are cordially invited to their next concert.

—ROBERTA CORYELL, '18.



PENELOPE CLUB

Penelope Club

The Penelope Club is a High School organization, of girls only, which has been organized for several years, and has been the most successful club of girls ever organized in the school. This club meets every two weeks, on alternate Mondays, and after their business meetings, the evening is spent in amusement. During the year 1916 the Penelope girls earned twenty dollars by selling candy at a show given at the Lyric by the Douglas Firemen. This money was given to the Domestic Science fund, to help pay for the apparatus. Several parties have been given by the members which have been quite successful. The officers of the Club are:

Roberta Coryell,—President.
Etta Brown—Vice-President.
Elvera Wiitanen—Secretary-treasury.
Alice Bollinger—Sergeant-At-Arms.
Miss MacKinnion—Faculty advisor.

Soon after the club was first organized, pins were ordered, which all of the girls have, and which present a very attractive ornament. The followings girls are present members: Hilda Aalto, Laina Aalto, Impi Aalto, Helen Niemi, Alice Bollinger, Dora Morgan, Elva Kirkham, Edna Lilljestrang, Agnes Livie, Harriet Sey, Margaret Patterson, Helen Stooddy, Etta Brown, Juverina Henderson, Virginia Laughlin, Roberta Coryell, Ula Beck, Verne Hannah, Lucille Walker, Vivian Sparling, Dora Oliver, Miss Mackinnion, Norma Ripin, Gertrude Johnson, Gertrude Gamble, Elizabeth Shiels, Hilda Nauman, Elvera Wiitanen, Mary Garn, Trina Museth.

—VIVIAN SPARLING, '20.

Library Class

The members of this class take care of the Library, charging and discharging books during the school term. This class is held once a week on Friday. Besides cataloging the books and shelves, the members study the lives of famous authors, and some of the class have become quite proficient in the art of telling stories to the smaller grades.

Miss Tracy is in charge of this class, and two percent. credit on school work has been granted for each semester to the members. Those who belong are Alice Bollinger, Ula Beck, Norma Ripin, John Hopper, Vivian Sparling, Lillian Williamson, Roberta Coryell, Harriet Sey, Virginia Laughlin, Margaret Patterson, and Elvera Wiitanen.

—VIVIAN SPARLING, '20.



The Kamera Klub

About the middle of the 1915-16 school term, Miss Tracy, after speaking with some of the boys attending High School called a meeting, and discussed her plan of having a club for the boys, in which they could learn to take and develop pictures, this plan was thought very good by all of the boys and they decided to elect officers, the following were elected:

President—Arthur Olson.
Vice-President—Elmer Jackson.
Secretary-Treasurer—Onnie Markkanen.
Faculty Advisor—Miss Tracy.

As a great many of the young men of the locality, all formerly of the High School, were interested in the club, it was decided to enrol them as members. The following list of member were present at the first meeting:

Alex Sey	Elmer Jackson	Onnie Markkanen
Jim Fitzmorris	Tom George	Louis Hubbard
William Wallace	Frank Bach	Colville Gallwas
Douglas Oliver	Edwin Jackson	Herman Guis
Pio Martini	Vincent Parovich	Arthur Liljestrand
Arthur Olson	John McCormick	Ray McCormack
Roy Salmonson	Arthur Pleas	Chester Clark
Carl Anderson	Clyde Van Hull	Ed Olson

Members that were taken in after the first meeting were:

Dick McCormick	Arthur Garn	John Davidson
Leonard Hodgkins	Arthur Andrell	John Hopper
Charles Wortmann	Earl Manley	Sabin Bockinach
	Vernon Nelson	

At the beginning of the 1916-17 term of school, Mr. Sowers was elected faculty advisor of the club. A football team was organized by the club and on Alaska Day a game was played with Juneau. It was arranged before the game that the losing team should give a banquet in honor of the victors. The Kamera Klub lost but, as Mr. Sowers said in his speech the follownig day to the school, that it is the defeats that make the man, not the victories.

The banquet was given in the Labor Union hall in Douglas, on November 3rd, and long will be remembered. Speeches were made by Mr. Henderson, superintendent of the Juneau school; Coach Matthews, of the winning team; Mr. Burford, captain and manager of the Juneau team; Mr. Sowers, coach of the Douglas team; Mr. Olson, manager of the Kamera Klub team, and Mr. Hodgkins, captain of the losing team. The people present at the banquet were entertained by John Hopper and John Brahm in songs and specialties. There were about forty present. The banquet was served by eight of the High School girls: Ula Beck, Alice BoHinger, Roberta Coryell, Elva Kirkham, Etta Brown, Virginia Laughlin and Vivian Sparling. The dining room and table were tastefully decorated with potted plants and purple and gold crepe.

—VIVIAN SPARLING, '20.

Society

In the beginning of the semester of '16, the Penelope and Kamera Clubs, gave a joint party. During the evening many enjoyable games were played and refreshments served. It was a huge success.

The I. N. O. U. Club and Vikings also gave a joint Hallowe'en party; this was a masked affair. Many wierd and quaint costumes were worn. Cecil Bach won the prize as the best dressed for the evening.

The I. N. O. U.'s took advantage of a beautiful moonlight night and gave a sleighing party on December 6th.

The Vikings also had a sleighing party (no girls allowed) which was followed by a taffy pull, during the winter.

The Penelope Club entertained the Kamera Klub at a masquerade party on the 16th of February. It was a Valentine's party. The basement of the school was used, and trimmed in Valentine colors, red and white, while dancing and games were the features of the evening.

A Home Economics tea was given at the school on Friday, March 30th. Refreshments were served by the High School girls, and an interesting program was given.

ALASKA PAGEANT

The school children under the auspices of the Douglas Island Womens' Club gave a pageant, in which the history of Alaska was told in seven scenes. It was a success both financially and as a show, and the money was used in helping to pay for the Domestic Science department at the school. Members of the Junior and Senior High School presented four scenes:

Day Three—"The Day of the Transfer, October, 1867.

Day Four—The Day of the Prospector—Gold!

Day Five—The Rush of '98.

Day Six—The Day of Quartz.

Rev. and Mrs. Kashevaroff very kindly lent their assistance in producing this history. It was written by Alice Henson Ernst, a former teacher in that school.

—VIVIAN SPARLING, '20.





FY-TY CLUB

Fyty Club

The object of this club is to study modern dramas, and dramatists. Several short plays have been given by members of the club before assembly, and in the latter part of last month "Green Stockings" was given, in which a number of the High School Students distinguished themselves. The officers of the past year are:

Alice Bollinger—President.
Virginia Laughlin—Vice-President.
Ula Beck—Secretary-Treasurer.
Miss Tracy—Faculty Advisor.

The club meets every other Tuesday; it was named in honor of Miss Tracy, the Py Ty Club, taking the two letters, first and last of her name. The members of this club are: Alice Bollinger, Roberta Coryell, Elmer Jackson, John Hopper, Alex Sey, Arthur Olson, Onnie Markkanen, Impi Aalto, Elva Kirkham, Juvernia Henderson, Agnes Livie, Harriet Sey, Doris Oliver, Verne Hannah, Ula Beck, Virginia Laughlin, Vivian Sparling, Norma Ripin, Miss Tracy, Edna Liljestrang, Earl Manley, Victor Hewittt, Cecil Bach, Gertrude Johnson, Margaret Patterson, Elvera Wiitanen, Elizabeth Shiels, James Fitzmorris, Elmer Palmom, Etta Brown, Hilda Aalto, Laina Aalto, Helen Niemi, Walter Jackson, Joseph George. Every meeting an interesting program has taken place.

—VIVIAN SPARLING, '20.

Members of the Douglas High School

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Aalto, Laena	George, Joe	Liljestrang, Edna	Patterson, Agnes
Aalto, Hilda	Hannah, Verne	Livie, Agnes	Ripin, Norma
Aalto, Impi	Henderson, Juvernia	Manley, Earl	Sparling, Vivian
Anderson, Otto	Hewitt, Victor	Markkanen, Onnie	Stoody, Helen
Bach, Cecil	Hopper, John	Morgan, Dora	Sey, Harriet
Beck, Ula	Jackson, Walter	Naumen, Hilda	Sey, Alex
Bollinger, Alice	Jackson, Elmer	Niemi, Helen	Shiels, Elizabeth
Brown, Etta	Johnson, Gertrude	Oliver, Doris	Wallace, William
Coryell, Roberta	Kirkham, Elva	Olson, Arthur	Wiitanen, Elvera
Fitzmorris, James	Laughlin, Virginia	Palmom, Elmer	Walker, Lucille

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Aalto, Selma	Gallwas, Harold	Mattson, Nora	Salmonson, Mildred
Berquist, Edward	Gamble, Wilma	Nauman, Walter	Smith, Violet
Bracken, Florence	Holmes, Edwin	Nelson, Arthur	Swanson, Ida
Brown, Sinclair	Johnes Tynne	Nelson, Vernon	Vesaja, Mary
Calyssyn Peter	Larson, Bertha	Niemi, Willie	Vezzetti, Joseph
Faherty, Jane	Lindstrom, Esther	Parker, Albert	Williamson, Lillian
Feusi, Elizabeth	McLeod, Laura	Palmom, Sadie	Wallace, Margaret
Gallwas, Martin	Manley, William	Perkins, Amos	Wiitanen, Clarence

Athletics

Athletics had had an important part during the past year, there being a football team, a number of basketball teams, and now a baseball team, all arousing a great deal of interest.



BASEBALL

Last year, there were a number of "full o' pep" boys in High School that organized a good baseball team. As Juneau had no team, however, they did not play Juneau, but had good games with the Douglas Native team, the firemen's teams, and the Treadwell team.

The boys after electing James Fitzmorris as captain, and Arthur Garn as manager, went around to the local merchants and procured nearly two hundred dollars with which they sent for sweaters, baseballs, bats, gloves, shoes, etc. The sweaters were as nearly like the school colors—purple and gold—as could be had, namely, dark blue and bright yellow.

The last year's lineup was as follows:

Pos.	Name	Pos.	Name
c	DOUGLAS OLIVER	2d b	VINCENT PAROVICH
p	STANLEY MARKS	3d b	ARTHUR LILJESTRAND
	ARTHUR PLEAS	ss	JAMES FITZMORRIS, Capt.
	ARTHUR GARN, Mngr.	lf	EDWIN JACKSON
1st b	COLVILLE GALLWAS	rf	ONNIE MARKKANEN
	ARTHUR OLSON	cf	PIO MARTINI

The boys will go in for battle again this year, and it is hoped that they can have a game or series of games with Juneau.

FOOTBALL

On September 18, 1916, the Juneau High School sent to Douglas a challenge for a game of football. Although at that time, Douglas had no team, she was willing to give her opponents a hard fight, at least. So immediately after the challenge, the Douglas boys under Coach J. M. Sowers, practiced hard and their coach soon showed people that the Douglas boys could play football.

The Juneau team also practiced hard under their coach, Matthews.

A few weeks later, the game was decided to be played in Juneau at Recreation Park (with an admission of 25 cents) on Alaska Day, October 18, 1916. Through the courtesy of Mr. Wayland of Treadwell, the Douglas boys were given suits in which to play.

On the night of October 17, 1917, the Douglas School had a parade to help arouse "pep" for the Douglas Kamera Klub football team. Students from nearly the entire school paraded and succeeded in drawing the attention of the people to their cause.

After the parade Manager MacMillan of the Orpheum Theatre kindly gave the paraders free admission to his show house.

On the day that the football game was to take place many people were discouraged on account of the way the Weather Man treated us, namely, "rain all day." But in spite of the rain, the game was called at 3:30 by Referee Tom MacDonald.

The lineup was as follows (average weight, 144 lbs.):

Pos.	Name.	Pos.	Name.
L.H.B.	ONNIE MARKKANEN	R.T.	ARTHUR LILJESTRAND
R.H.B.	ED JACKSON	L.G.	VINCENT PAROVICH
F.B.	JOE GARN	R.G.	SABIN BOKANICH
Q.B.	HODGKINS, Capt.	Subs	ALEX SEY
C.	ARTHUR OLSON, Mngt.		WILLIAM WALLACE
R.E.	PIO MARTINI		FRED PIERCE
L.E.	DOUGLAS OLIVER		ED OLSON
L.T.	DICK McCORMACK		VERNON NELSON

The game was "fast and furious" from start to finish, but in spite of the hard playing on Douglas' part, she was beaten by a score of 25—0.

Although Juneau won the game, the Douglasites, under Yell King James Fitzmorris, encouraged our players with their numerous yells, songs and good school spirit.

On November 3, 1916, the boys on the defeated team held a banquet in the Douglas Labor Union hall for the boys across the channel at which the Penelope Club girls under the direction of Miss MacKinnon kindly served.

A good time in general was given to all. A number of speeches were given by Mr. L. D. Henderson, Coaches Matthews and Sowers, Captains Burford and Hodgkins, and Manager of the Douglas team, Arthur Olson. John Hopper entertained at the piano and Mr. J. Brahm gave a number of excellent jokes.

BASKETBALL

The girls of the High School organized a basketball team about Christmas time. They practiced hard and challenged the Juneau girls to a series of three games. The first game played was attended by about fifty Douglas rooters who showed a great deal of "pep" and school spirit. Although Douglas was defeated by a score of 11—4, she did all she could under Yell King Elmer Jackson to bring home the "Bacon."

The lineup was as follows:

Center—ULA BECK, Captain	Left Forward—WILMA GAMBLE
Left Guard—ALICE BOLLINGER	
Right Forward—HILDA AALTO	Right Guard—VIRGINIA LAUGHLIN

The second of the three games to be played by the girls was won, as was expected, by the Douglas girls, with a score of 7—0. This game was played on March 4, 1917. All arrangements had been made and the girls had practiced like Trojans, when lo! in Saturday night's paper there was an article saying that the game had been postponed. For this the Douglas girls cannot account, but in spite of the false item, which took away some of the proceeds and many of the rooters, the game was played and won.

The lineup was as follows:

Center—HILDA AALTO	
Forwards—WILMA GAMBLE	Guards—ALICE BOLLINGER
ROBERTA CORYELL	VIRGINIA LAUGHLIN

It seemed impossible to make arrangements for the third game which was to decide the championship, for although they gave the Juneau girls choice in everything, the game was several times postponed by them, until finally Douglas declared that Juneau had forfeited the game, and that our team had therefore won the championship.



BASKETBALL GIRLS

Thump, thump in rapid pats,
A basketball awkward, was dribbled
By a girl who ran with quickening pants
Pursued by a determined guard,
Not one girl cared how her neighbor fared;
Her thought was of the game alone;
Friendships were severed only to be repaired,
After the last whistle'd blown.

On frosty days they hovered close
To the red hot friendly stove;
A frosted nose, a chilly spine,
How trivial they did seem!
For visions of glory did entwine
Each player so madly absurd;
Quickly fitting in their dreams,
As visions oft have occurred;
Haunting, haunting them by day,
And so real as to almost be heard.

Just ten it takes to make the team,
Some forwards, centers and guards;
"Just ten, you say? Surely five you mean,
For proved it has been in games before."
"Why surely, you have counted three
That stand there close by the door;
And two just playing about the basket";
Yes, have you questions about game or team
Just see our team and ask it.

—ULA BECK, '17.

Two boys' basketball teams were organized this year under Coach Sowers, a Freshmen team and a Junior High School team.

The Freshmen played two games with the Prospectors Sunday School class in Juneau, and two games with the Juneau High School Freshmen. In the first games with the Prospectors, our boys were defeated 19—18, but in the second, they redeemed themselves by winning with a score of 17—13. The Douglas team won both games with Juneau High School, the scores being 16—9, and 7—1, respectively.

The lineup of the team was:

Center—VERNON NELSON
Forwards—ELMER PALBOM, Capt.
JOE GEORGE

Guards—CECIL BACH
OTTO ANDERSON
EARL MANLEY

The Junior High School team walked away with the Juneau team in three good games. The scores of these three were: 24—0; 26—9, and 16—12.

Following was their lineup:

Center—SINCLAIR BROWN
Forwards—CLARENCE WHITANEN, Capt.
ARTHUR NELSON

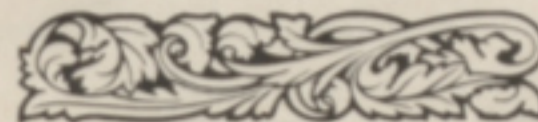
Guards—WILLIE NIEMI
MARTIN GALLWAS
AMOS PERKINS

—ELMER PALMBOM, '20.

Can You Imagine???

Ula when she does the Hula, Hula?
Vivian in Pigtails?
Betty with curls?
Miss Tracy spanking Alex?
Helen Stooddy fussing?
Impl a ballot dancer?
Bill Wallace buying a valentine?
Martin going home from a party alone?
Victor being good?
Bertha with a grouch?
Arthur without one?
Miss Wilson chewing gum?
Mr. Sowers with a mustache?
Otto telling a funny story?
Anything that Gertie doesn't know?
Impl crying?
Amos with short trousers again?
Sinclair without a pomp?
Walter with a girl?
Jake peeved?
A congenial staff meeting?
Order in the High school?
Miss Tracy in love?
A question unanswered at cooking?
A good turnout at basketball practice?
John without his mother?
Alex smoking a corncob?
John a dignified Senior?
Norma feeling like a perfect nut?
Wilma Gamble at ease in Kertis' presence?
Elva impertinent?
Hilda Nauwman with a "Case"?
How old Miss McKinnion is?
Hilda talking five minutes without saying "crumb?"
Virginia not making a match for her friends?
Miss Tracy singing "Perfect Day" on Friday night?
Miss Wilson saying order "a la Tracy?"
Etta a towhead?
Agnes Livie and Arthur Olson fussing?

Willie Niemi flunking?
Bob Studying?
Arthur knowing his lessons?
Why the Senior row is so popular?
Sigrid whispering in school?
Amos a batchelor?
Mr. Sowers using slang?
Onnie a nymph?
Esther Lindstrom without her crocheting?
Jimmie dressed up?
Laura without chicken pox or the like?
The "Nat" hot in January?
Ula and Alice Natatorium janitoresses?
Mr. Sowers playing a cornet?
Bob without her fingers wrapped up?
Alice making a basket?
Cecil with his tongue in his mouth?
The Natatorium key where it ought to be?
Miss McKinnion with plenty of time?
Miss Tracy asking for Dutchy's picture?
Dutchy praising the students for throwing their waste paper
in the basket?
Norma praising German?
John a prizefighter?
Bill Wallace a human phonograph?
Joe George a seven footer?
Elvera not making up a test?
Vivian weighing 210 pounds?
Alice a housewife?
Bob a mission worker?
Helen Niemi not fat?





Virginia Laughlin, '18

One morning in English class as Juniors and Seniors were studying a love story, Miss Tracy asked, "Ula are lovers very particular about their surroundings?" Ula: "I am sure I never noticed."

Bobbie (when she plays basketball and runs against her opponent)—"Oh, excuse me, did I hurt you? I didn't mean it, really."

Arthur realizes that love has its ins and outs—first he fell in, then he fell out.

Mr. Sowers (telling about how horses and cows distribute seeds in botany class)—"For instance they carry burrs on their tails and manes. Horses carry them on their manes, not cows."

Onnie (entering Domestic Science room very hungry)—"You ain't any eggs, is you?"

Miss MacKinnon—"I ain't said I ain't is I?"

Onnie—"I ain't asked you is you ain't; I asked you is you any. Har Har!"

When the Taku wind is blowing sixty per, Onnie still persists that "She's a great country."

Sowers (in physical geography, after unsuccessfully prompting a budding Webster)—Well, now what's the word you can't think of?

Bobbie (describing her dress for the Nymph dance)—"I am going to wear Jimmy's tie."

Alice—Yesterday I had St. Vitus dance and rheumatism at the same time. I couldn't sit still but I had to.

Mr. Sowers (trying to explain a physics problem to Elvera)—"Still its like this: If you pay 30 cents for a yard of crepe de chine, what'd you pay for thirteen yards?"

Elvera—I'd take the whole bolt at that price."

"Dignified Dingbats"

The Seniors really are reserved,
They talk to no one but themselves;
They keep their dignity preserved,
And read good books upon the shelves.

The Senior promenade the floor,
As if in royal purple capes;
But we don't want them think us sore
Or they would say, "Psha sour grapes."
—BOB CORYELL.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Sowers (in commercial geography class)—What is taken from the whale for commercial purposes?

Hilda—Why the tusks of course.

Agnes—No, they don't have tusks; it's the cod liver oil they use.

Cecil—"I could die dancing with you, dear."

Bobbie—"I am."

"Taku"

When you are walking down the street,
And your hat blows off so nice and neat,
When the wind just take you off your feet,
Remember it's the "Taku."

When to school you're going,
Remember the wind is blowing
You're knocked down without knowing,
The dangerous "Taku."

When the waves dash high at night,
And the wind blows with all its might,
When all peacefulness takes flight,
Just remember the "Taku."

I'm an optimist to the bone;
But when you're out alone,
The worst enemy to one
Is the dangerous "Taku."

—"BOB" CORYELL, '18

Alice, to Dutchy—Is that hired man of your's married?

Dutchy Martin—No, he's deaf as an old mule.

Miss Tracy (speaking of alliteration)—On the spite that split the mother's heart, spitting the child was, what is that?

Victor—That's illiteracy.

Arthur, asking Bob for the history of the orchestra)—Where's that orchestra, Bob?

Bob—Out in my coat pocket.

Bob (in basketball game with Juneau)—Say, Frances, lay off me.

Frances P.—Go to ——— Grass??????

Elvera—Prof. what kind of fruits grow on electric light plants?

Prof.—Currents to be sure.

Earl—Miss McKinnion, please make me a pie.

Miss M.—I haven't the crust.

Freshie—Do all nuts grow on trees?

Senior—Why, certainly.

Freshie—I wonder what you looked like when you were picked.

INSIDE KNOWLEDGE

WHO THEY ARE.	WE KNOW	THEY DO SAY	WHAT THEY DO
Ula Beck.....	Becky.....	How disconcerting.....	Arguing
Onnie Markkanen.....	Honey.....	She's a great country.....	Picking his teeth.
James Fitzmorris.....	Spitz.....	Got no time.....	Getting on your nerves.
Arthur Olson.....	Ole.....	Such is life in the far North.....	Ladykilling.
Alice Bollinger.....	Ignatz.....	Vot you tink.....	Making love to Joe George.
Elmer Jackson.....	Jake.....	Got your geometry.....	Thinking it over.
Roberta Coryell.....	Bobbie.....	Washa malla, you alla time go Hyea?	Writing poems.
Elvera Wiitanen.....	Little One.....	Where is Vernon.....	Taking a test.
Alex Sey.....	Scotty.....	At least I think so.....	Stacking freight.
Virginia Laughlin.....	Virgil.....	Darn this stuff anyway.....	Making a match for her friends
Elizabeth Shields.....	Bet.....	Prof. makes me feel so silly.....	Trying to get next.
William Wallace.....	Bill.....	Long live the ladies.....	Flirting with the girls.
Norma Ripin.....	Rip.....	I ain't got my German.....	Watching for the Seattle.
John Hopper.....	Wild Harry.....	Going swimming Friday.....	Tickling the ivories.
Impi Aalto.....	Affectionate.....	She never calls on me.....	Going on a "struck."
Elva Kirkham.....	Ham.....	Isn't she a goose?.....	Motorcycling.
Etta Brown.....	Cutie.....	Leave my hair alone.....	Chewing gum.
Gertrude Johnson.....	Gertie.....	That's what I meant.....	Reciting.
Hilda Aalto.....	Fuller Bull.....	"Poor crumb".....	Going to Thane
Doris Oliver.....	Olive.....	Where's the lesson?.....	Fixing her hair.

Vivian Sparling	Crazy Cats	Does my hair look O. K.?	Speeding up.
Helen Stoddy	Studebaker	Go way and let me study	Talking.
Harriet Sey	Say	I don't guess so	Taking care of her brother.
Helen Niemi	Fatty	I can't play basketball	Debating
Dora Morgan	Moonie	Darn it	Cutting School
Agnes Livie	Kewpie	I don't know	Talking to the boys.
Agnes Patterson	Pest	It's great to be big	Catching cold.
Hilda Nauman	Slivers	Hello yourself	Getting a case.
Verne Hannah	Hannibal	Got a current event?	Studying.
Lucille Walker	Snoose	Where did all the boys go?	Going to the show.
Elmer Palmbom	Whalebone	Did you want my knife?	Shooting baskets.
Earl Manley	Wiggles	Where's Lucille?	Staying after school.
Cecil Bach	Cease	Want to die?	Changing his collar.
Otto Anderson	Little Yocker	I spose so	Making candy.
Walter Jackson	Tootsie	The chickens are mean to me	Fighting with Elmer.
Victor Hewitt	Vick	Ah, I ain't doing nothing	Getting the dickens.
Joe George	Cutie	Gee Whiz	Playing basketball.
Juvernina Henderson	Jen	Wasn't it swell?	Writing notes.
Laino Aalto	Lima Beans	Don't do that Cecil	Getting E in English
Edna Liljestrand	Eddie	Down with the men	Talking too much.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Alex—I guess MacBeth never paid his fuel bill.

Miss Tracy—Why?

Alex—Oh, it says he felt weak when he hears of Birnam wood coming to his castle.

Freshie—Did you ever see a Senior pass a looking glass without looking in it.

Senior—No; nor a freshie either.

Kiss: Nothing divided by two.

Hug: Roundabout way of showing one's affection.

Sowers—Ula, what is the abbreviation for Potential Energy?

Ula—P. D. Q.

Joe George (in debate)—First I want to prove the third point.

Miss Tracy—Alec, name one of Shakespeare's tragedies.

Alice (in whisper)—Macbeth.

Alex (hard of hearing)—Mutt and Jeff.

Bobbie—I met Fuller today and she says I am getting fat.

Alice—It's natural she should say so.

Bob—Why?

Alice—She was filling you full of Fuller.

Miss Tracy—Words joined to sentence by "wish," or "as well as" are parenthetical, Norma give me an example.

Norma—She is as well as I am.

Otto—Say, Fuller, did you hear about the wreck of the Prince Rupert?

Fuller—No, tell me about it.

Otto—Why she ran ashore, total wreck, and went to Seattle on her own steam.

Spinto—Did you know Charlie Parker ran over a Squaw with his cycle?

Crazy Cats—Did he kill him?

Spinto—Huh-uh, just broke two of her legs.

Twin girls were born in Treadwell. They called one Kate and the other duplicate (Dupli Kate). Twin boys were born in Douglas, they called one Pete, the other Repeat. Two were born in Thane, one Max, the other Climax.

Are You Sure?

Vivian (translating Latin)—The king flees.

Miss MacKinnion—That verb is in the perfect tense.

Vivian—Well, then, the king has flees.

Dear Miss Wilson:—Please excuse Johnny's tardiness yesterday. He fell in a snowbank. By doing same you will greatly oblige his mother.—Mrs. Hopper.

(Physiology class) Miss Wilson—Harold, what is a skeleton?

Harold—A skeleton is bones with the people rubbed off.

Classified Ads.

Miscellaneous

WANTED—Someone who can't appreciate a good joke to make "Vic" behave in German.

WANTED—A permanent hair-dye; same, wanted by Editor.

WANTED—A first class shoe-shiner, apply "Ignatz."

WANTED—A good receipt for reducing superfluous flesh, apply "Petty."

WANTED—A good remedy for a grouch, please deliver same to "Crazy Cats."

WANTED—A good reliable teacher who doesn't spring a test unexpectedly, apply to D. H. S. students.

WANTED—An ornamental wedding ring, I. Aalto.

WANTED—A current event, one that everybody else in class hasn't got.

WANTED—Someone to recite in Commercial Geography.

WANTED—Someone reliable to take me in swimming on Friday night, apply John Hopper.

DANCING LESSONS given every noon in Room 5. Beginners invited.

WANTED—A good tenor for the D. H. S. Glee Club.

FOR SALE—A good, brass plate cornet, inquire J. M. Sowers.

WANTED—A bright red tie, apply Editor.

WANTED—A motorcycle ride, apply Elva Kirkham.

WANTED—A book on "How to Play Basketball," deliver same to Bill Gamble in a hurry.

WANTED—Some good director on how to use a rolling pin, inquire of Bill Wiltanen.

LOST—A perfectly good reputation, unfindable.

LOST—A perfectly good hair comb, finder return to Dutchy Martin.

LUCILLE WALKER, teacher of liberal arts, in flirting, lovemaking, snickering, etc., applicants, oodles of them.

WANTED—A girl, inquire, Amos Perkins, Hood River.

WANTED—A finger nail, inquire Bobbie Coryell.

WANTED—Good looking girls who enjoy motorcycling, apply Charlie Parker and Bill Watson.

WANTED—Someone who can work Algebra; young, single gentleman, preferred. Apply Fuller Aalto.

FOR SALE, CHEAP—One perfectly good solid geometry, Elmer Jackson.

P. D. Q. (Punk Douglas Quartette) desire to contract for engagements. For special rates, see Vivian Sparling, Sec'y-Treas.

COMPANION WANTED—Five minutes to nine and five minutes to one, in the office. Phone Elmer Jackson.

WANTED—Pupils who desire instruction in Indian club swinging, see Impi Aalto.

Owed to John Hopper.

Johnnie Hopper went to church,
But he was quite impatient;
He did not sit in the front row,
But in a seat adjacent.

When Johnny finished playing hymns,
He moved to the congregation;
But on his way he grabbed a book,
To look for information.

He kept the book beneath his coat,
You see till he was seated;
And then he slyly pulled it out,
And started in to read it.

Now Johnny wished an interesting book,
For example one on "The Germans";
But when he opened it up to look,
'Twas "Moody's Life and Sermons."
—BOB CORYELL, '18

"Those Flip Flop Freshmen"

The Freshies are quite green,
The fierce way they comb their hair;
As can be plainly seen
And that very vacant stare.

They ask, "Where is the elevator?"
When the hall is blocked;
We think they need an insulator,
For fear they'll be shocked.

"In four years I'm a Senior!"
Is often what they say;
But they'll have to be some keener,
Or ne'er will come that day.

Although they're just beginners,
They really think they're smart;
They think that they are skimmers,
Anything else, "Gee, have a heart."
—BOB CORYELL, '18

(In Physics class, speaking of conduction of solids) Mr. Sowers—Which kind
of a house would you rather have, steel or wood?
Alice—Oh, suit yourself.

Bright Girl.

Miss Wilson—Helen, whom did Napoleon Bonaparte marry?
Helen—A woman.

The other day, while Miss Tracy was conducting the Junior-Senior English
class, one of the boys had his feet in the aisle and was chewing gum. Miss Tracy
looked at him and said: "Arthur, take your gum out of your mouth, and put
your feet in."

Miss Tracy—Elmer, where are your heels?
Elmer—Right here where they have been all the time.

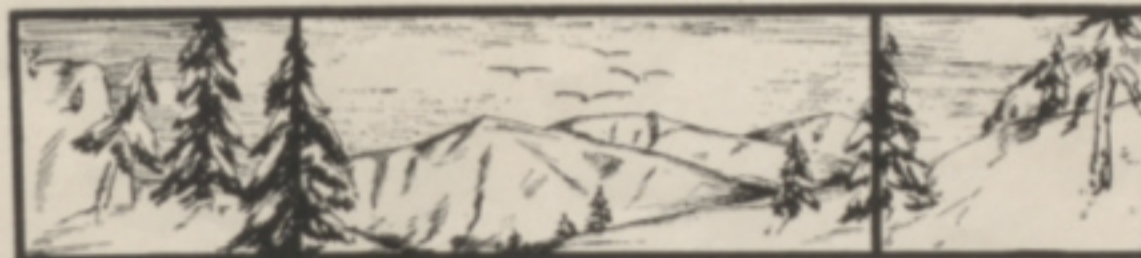
Mr. Sower (speaking of when the vibrations of a tuning fork cease)—Put it to your lips and then you can tell. The lips are the most sensitive part of your face.

D. H. S. Girl—Dutchy, when is your birthday?
Dutchy—What do you mean?
Girl—When were you born?
Dutchy—I don't remember whether it was in the morning or evening; but it was December 23rd.

Lucille (running up breathlessly to Martin)—Gee, what times does the next "Gent" leave?
Martin—Two to two.
Lucille—Well, I'll be durned, be you the whistle? Har, Har.

When the Taku staff was having its picture taken, Helen Stoody—"I can't get my mouth in shape."
Elmer—"Let me fix it for you."

Miss Tracy, discussing the poem, "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms," to 7th grade, said: "What charms do you think of that would be pleasing to a lover?"
Student—"Her form."



AUTOGRAPHS

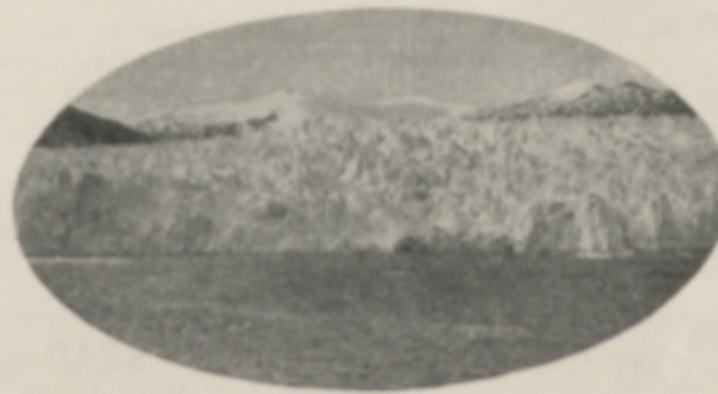
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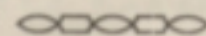
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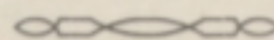
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		Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's					Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's Guy's			

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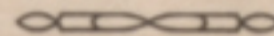
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