

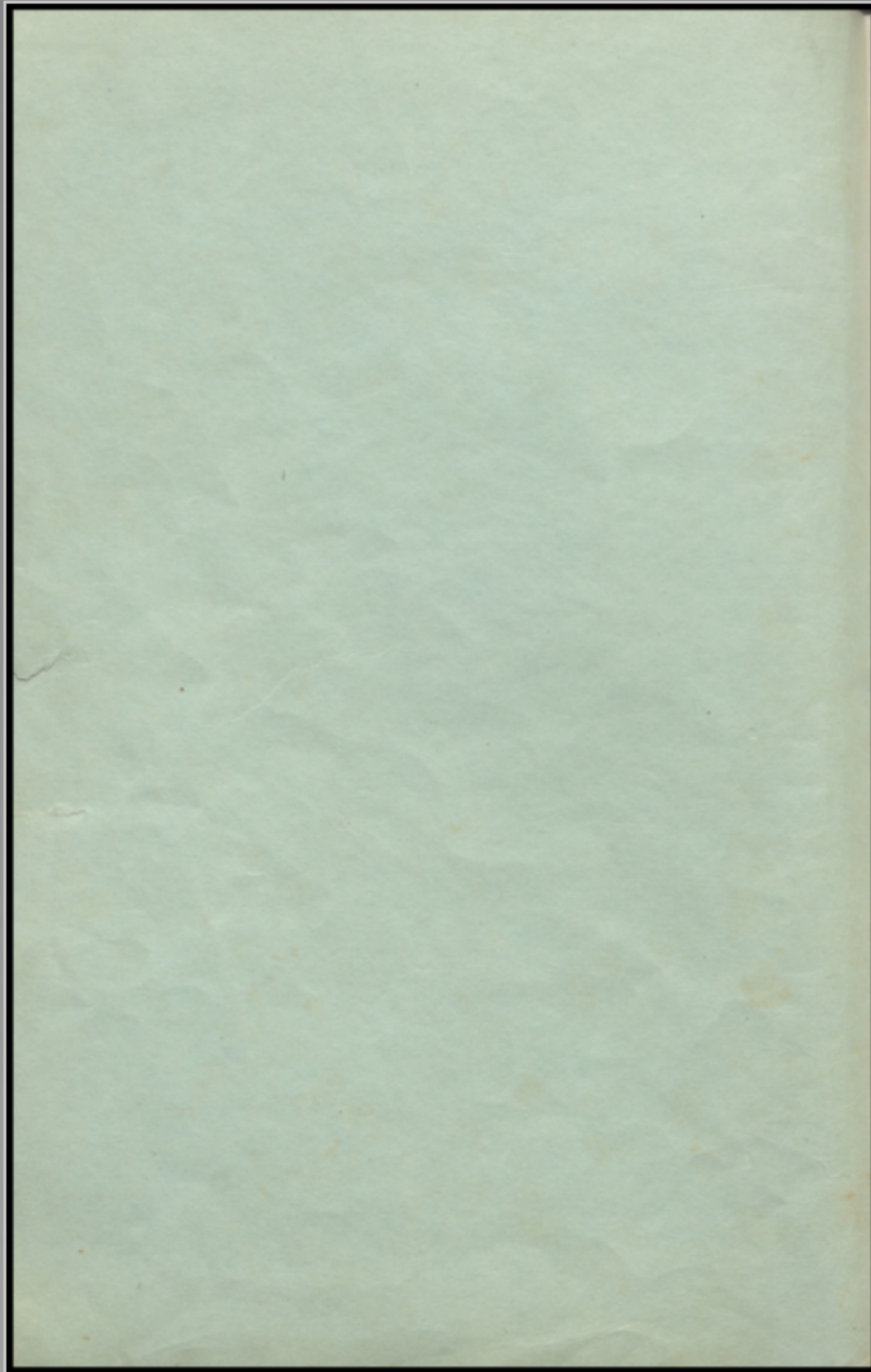


Juneau-Douglas City Museum



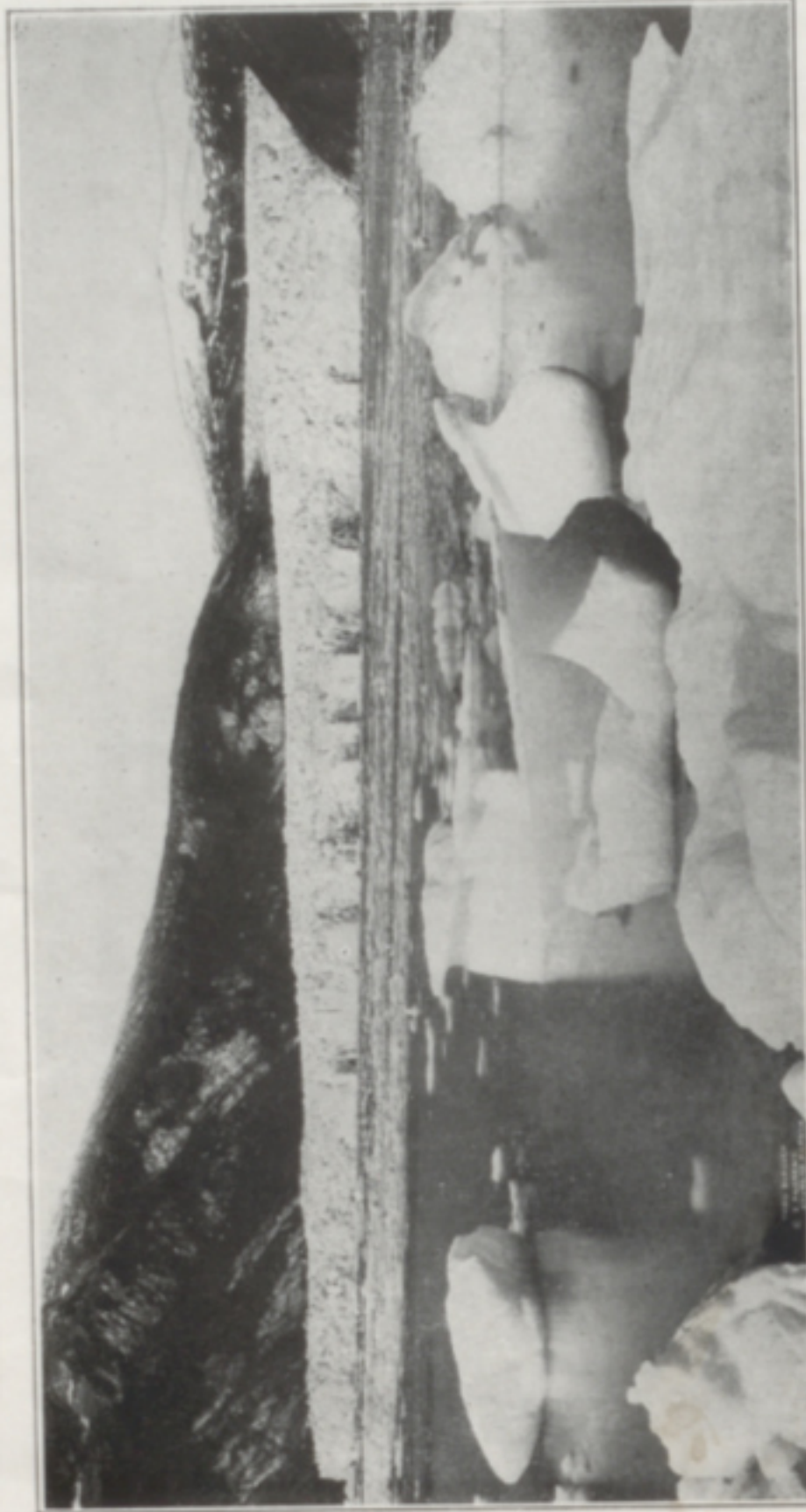


DOUGLAS, ALASKA
MAY, 1922



DEDICATION

We, the students of Douglas
High School, respectfully dedi-
cate this, our Annual, to the High
School Faculty and business men
who have aided us in making it a
success.



Taku Glacier

There are wonders wrought by Nature,
Things that thrilled me through and through
But I've ne'er seen the equal
Of this silent mass of blue.

With its caves of mystic splendor
That reach 'way down in the deep,
It is like the countless ages
That have long, long been asleep.

It enthralls me; it still holds me
As I turn my eyes away;
And I still can sense its vastness—
It still holds me in its sway.

As I wander 'long Life's journey
I can still its grandeur see,
And I wonder: Will it be there
For the ages yet to be?

It is God's work, and His wish is
That a lesson it will bring—
That we'll do the best that's in us
And the Song of Life we'll sing.

—HAROLD GALLWAS.

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DOUGLAS PUBLIC SCHOOL

FACTS

When Built	1902
Yearly Expenses	\$15,000
Total Enrollment	225
High School Enrollment	40
Average Daily Attendance, High School	33
Percent of Attendance, High School	97.6
Books in Library	1,550
Equipment	\$20,000
Area of Campus	200 Feet Square
School Board, 1922.—Director	
Treasurer	
Clerk	
Nels Anderson	
D. H. Christoe	
L. W. Kilburn	

Editorial

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Una Crowe
Associate Editor	Harold Gallwas
Athletic Editor	Arnie Vesoja
Jokes	Ragnar Kronquist
Senior Reporter	Norah Mattson
Junior Reporter	Myrna Bland
Sophomore Reporter	Mayme Feusi
Freshman Reporter	Elsie Edmiston
Exchange Editor	Norah Mattson
Faculty Adviser	Miss Miriam Hayner

BUSINESS STAFF

Manager	Arthur Nelson
Assistant Manager	Albert Garn

In this our latest edition of the Douglas High School Taku, we welcome you to a perusal of the school's activities for the year 1922. The Editor wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the many friends of the Taku for their co-operation and interest in making the annual possible. Especially, we wish to thank The Stroller's Weekly, not only for their publication of the Annual but for the High School news that they have printed throughout the year.

The D. H. S. realizes that their success depends upon the cordial support of the friends in Treadwell, Douglas and Juneau.

We trust that in these pages they will find interest and satisfaction in the progress of the D. H. S.

The success of this publication is due to the generous assistance given to the Business Staff by the business men and citizens generally of Douglas and Juneau. Without their support the publication of this, the fourth annual issue of the Taku, would not have been possible. They have rallied to our support, and we respectfully request our readers to reciprocate by patronizing those who have so generously aided us with their advertisements. All the advertisers whose names appear in the Taku are substantial and bona fide business men and we bespeak for them the same courtesy from our friends as they have shown us.

Seniors



ARTHUR NELSON

Class President, '22
Dramatics, '20, '21, '22
Pres. Student Body, '22
Basketball, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22
Football '21, '22, Baseball, '17
Bus. Mgr. Breeze and Taku
'20, '21, '22



HAROLD GALLWAS

Orchestra, '21
Dramatics, '20, '21, '22
Basketball, '18, '19, '20, '21, '22
Breeze and Taku Staff,
'20, '21, '22



WILLIAM MANLEY

Dramatics, '20, '22
Basketball, '20, '21, '22
Football, '21, '22
Treas. Student Body, '22



CLIFF ANDERSON

Dramatics, '21, '22

Seniors



UNA CROWE
Basketball, '20, '21
Class President, '21
Dramatics, '20, '21, '22
Vice Pres. Student Body, '22
Breeze and Taku Staff,
'20, '21, '22



MARY VESOJA
Basketball, '20, '21, '22
Sect'y Student Body, '21
Glee Club, '19
Dramatics, '21, '22
Breeze and Taku Staff, '21, '22



SADIE PALMBOM
Basketball, '19, '20, '21, '22
Dramatics, '19, '20, '22



NORAH MATTSON
Basketball, '21, '22
Dramatics, '21, '22
Breeze and Taku Staff, '21, '22

Senior Class

Motto: "Not Evening, but Dawn."

Yell: "Who's who? We're who!"

1-9-2-2.

Who's who? We're who!"

1-9-2-2."

President	Arthur Nelson
Secretary-Treasurer	Norah Mattson
Class Adviser	Miss Miriam Hayner
Class Flower	White Rose
Class Colors	Purple and White

With rising enthusiasm, we of the Senior Class make our fourth and final appearance in the Taku. The Class of 1922 is one of the largest and peppiest classes that has graduated from D. H. S. Good class spirit and school interest has prevailed from Freshman year to Senior year. Of course four years ago we were quite timid and backward about joining with the rest of the High School. But gradually our talents and ambitions have grown until now we have attained that dignity which proverbially is the right of all Seniors.

Sadie Palmbom spent her Freshman year in Douglas, her Sophomore year in Juneau, then returned to Douglas for Junior and Seniors years. Sadie is planning to take a Normal course.

Harold F. Gallwas has spent not only all his High School days in Douglas, but his grammar school years as well. Harold will join his brother Martin at Whitman College in the future.

Una A. Crowe, our editor, entered D. H. S. in her Sophomore year from Springfield, Massachusetts. Una intends going to business college.

Clifford Anderson was a member of D. H. S. all four of his High School years. He will probably enter a trade school.

Mary A. Vesoja joined the D. H. S. in her Sophomore year from Juneau. Mary has been a prominent member of school activities. Her ambition is to become a teacher.

William A. Manley is considered as one of the star guards in basketball for Southeastern Alaska. He hasn't made known his plans for the future.

Norah A. Mattson, the only girl that entered D. H. S. as a Freshman, now graduates with the Class of '22. Norah contemplates the career of a nurse.

Arthur Nelson enters the course of a trade school in the fall. We all wish him success.

The class appreciates the help and encouragement given them on the part of the faculty in their struggle for success.

—NORAH A. MATTSON.

Class Prophecy

"And I dipped into the future far as human eye can see
And I saw in it the making of the ages yet to be."

It was in the year 1932. My fancy had carried me in the course of my travels to the old historic country of Greece. On that afternoon I had been visiting various memorable spots, wandering about on foot, when I came upon the famous oracle of Delphi, where, it is said, many an ancient hero had visited to receive messages from Olympus, or to divine the mysteries of the future.

Tired from my wanderings, I lay in the shade of a nearby grove to rest, and allowed my thoughts to wander back. My career in journalism had carried me far away from the picturesque Alaskan town of Douglas where I had spent my youthful, happy days. But the ten years of study and travel now seemed to drop from me, and I saw again my classmates of good old Douglas High on the day of graduation when each had turned to the other with a laugh to remark: "Well, I wonder where we all will be ten years from now."

The ten years were completed and now unconsciously I uttered the wish that I might see each one of them again and know what the different years had wrought. Suddenly—could it have been the mystic power of the old oracle again come to life?—I saw rise before me what seemed to be a homelike and exquisitely furnished living room. I seemed to be seated there waiting, when the rustle of silk warned me that a young woman was entering the room. I recognized her instantly as no other than Una Crowe, that studious, dear old friend, who walked away with the honors of valedictorian. Well, time had changed. A little maid entered and was told to hold dinner for an hour, since Senator Grey would be detained at the house a while. A glance through the window showed me that the city was indeed Washington, D. C., and the composed and cultured looking woman was the wife of the well known Senator Grey. I rose eagerly to speak to her when as quickly the whole scene vanished and in its place I saw a pleasant Alabama farmhouse. It was evening and a big, powerful-looking man sat on the porch playing with a merry group of children. "Well, Norah," he seemed to be saying, "who would have thought that ten years would have seen us blessed with these little ones, and I so far away from the scene of the old Alaskan days. Sometimes I think I'd like to go back and take that offer out at Anchorage. Of course, see Douglas en route." "That would be fine, Clifford. You know I'm always ready to return. There's no country quite like that."

I was on the point of making myself known when again the scene changed and this time I was facing a large educational structure with letters over the door reading, "Alaska Territorial University." Curiously delighted, I entered and passed into one of the lecture rooms, when to my vast astonishment I beheld old

Bill Manley standing before the students with all the earmarks of a promising professor of expression. "By all means avoid the use of too many words. Great wisdom is manifest in the golden period of silence," I heard him conclude as his class passed out. I laughed to myself; the same fellow, I thought, but what a surprise. A young, efficient looking woman entered, paper in hand. "Well, classes are over for another day, Professor. "And now, Mary," said Bill approaching her (What! It was Mary Vesoja herself), "have I waited long enough? You have done splendid in your five years of teaching, but why should we wait longer? You are silent. Oh! How sweet is silence when it gives consent."

I felt myself to be an intruder and hastened from the building just in time to see an aeroplane dropping down in the field before me. On its wings were the letters "U. S. Mail Air Line, Seattle-Douglas, via Ketchikan." Two keen blue eyes peered from the driver's visor; Art Nelson, as I live. From gasboats to aeroplanes!

I ran forward, arm extended in greeting, when suddenly as if the aeroplane had risen and carried me with it a long distance, I found myself among a large assembly of Chinese women. Standing before them, with the American flag waving above her head, I beheld Sadie Palmbom's sturdy figure. She was speaking and I listened carefully. "Women's Rights! Women's Rights! We in America have them; why don't you? Fight for those that are your natural rights." And we had all decided Sadie was to be a nurse.

By this time I was so confused and excited that I began to clutch my hands tightly, only to discover that I was pulling up the grass in the little grove at Delphi. "Well," said I to myself, "my travels have only begun. I must see my dear old classmates again."

—HAROLD GALLWAS.

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of '22 of Douglas Hi School of the City of Douglas, Territory of Alaska, being of sound minds and disposing memories, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, for the purpose of disposing of our chattels and peculiarities and bequeathing our responsibilities and a few of our good points of which we no longer have use. With that in view do we solemnly give, devise and bequeath the same as follows:

ARTICLE I.

Sec. I. To the School Board we will the accumulations of relics in carving, pencil and pen marks, their property may have acquired during our sojourn within their building.

ARTICLE II.

Sec. I. To our Superintendent, Mr. Mitchell, we will our excellent attendance. Furthermore, to that renowned man we will all of the quotations and current events that we have thus far learned, so that the students following us may be blessed by them.

ARTICLE III.

Sec. I. To Miss Hayner we bequeath all of the sounds that emanate from the Physics room during English periods, as she will not be able to hear herself think without the dynamos, iron balls and also the drawings of the "Geom." class that are left on the board.

Sec. II. To Mr. Rowley we bequeath one megaphone to be used when managing two or more study classes, and a fresh supply of patience to replace that which we have exhausted.

Sec. III. To Miss Peterson we bequeath the spirit of the dead cat that has been dissected by the Biology class and also twelve inches of Arthur Nelson's body.

ARTICLE IV.

Sec. I. To the "Juniors" we will and bequeath our dignity in passing to and from classes.

Sec. II. To the "Sophs" we will our "pep" and gum-chewing policy.

Sec. III. To the "Frosh" we will our "self confidence" and "poise."

ARTICLE V.

Sec. I. Una Crowe thinks she can get along in the future without her freckles, so she says "Shorty" Aalto may take the responsibility of the said nuisance.

Sec. II. Clifford Anderson wills his art of dancing to Mamie Feusi, who may increase it to perfection. Also his peroxide hair to Abbey in hopes that the said person will preserve the color as he has done.

Sec. III. Mary Vesoja wills her horn-rimmed glasses to "Fat" Fenster, so that he may acquire the necessary expression of wisdom, also her ear-puffs to Rita McCormick.

Sec. IV. William Manley wills his boldness in desiring to do all the reciting in class to Myrna Bland.

Sec. V. Norah Mattson wills her electric curlers and way of hair-dressing to Martha Sey.

Sec. VI. Arthur Nelson wills his patent leather hair to Chinky Valeson; also perfect record of attendance to Peter McEvoy.

Sec. VII. Sadie Palmom wills her "gift of gab" to "Dreamy" Benson, to be used for debate next year; also her "Freezone" to Kathleen McCormick, so that fair lady will not have to stay away from dances, if used accordingly.

Sec. VIII. Harold Gallwas wills his good standing with the Ketchikan girls to Leslie Cashen; his position of driving the "Ford" to Rangnar Kronquist.

We of the Senior Class appoint "Dutchy" Martin, janitor of the school, in the Territory of Alaska, sole executor of this will, and direct that our executor be not required to give any bond or security for the faithful disposal of said trust.

In Witness Whereof: We have hereunto set our hands and seal, the seventeenth day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

THE SENIORS OF 1922.

Sadie Palmom.

Class History

Do you remember, long, long ago, in the year nineteen hundred and ten, those children who had budded forth from infancy and came prancing to school in their eagerness to force the world to recognize their ingenuity and make their parents proud of them? For eight long years these youthlings came weary-footed to school, but rushed madly out to play. They toiled incessantly to bridge that invisible chasm to the land of still more knowledge.

But do you recognize these dignified gentlemen and gentlewomen? Can they be the same class that came looking so "urchiny" only a few months before? Oh! My! yes! they are identically the same pupils, only they have taken the decisive step to "freshie-dom." And what a step it was—the same as from peasantry to nobility or from the solid to the elusive. They expected the world to rise up and look proudly at these rapid rising readers of books. Did the world look? Oh, no! But the upper classmen looked down with a haughty air. But nevertheless this class labored on, ever with the elusive banner, "Excelsior," in their lead.

But, my! what years those were! Yes, who wouldn't love those four flying and soaring years? They are passing like a dream and will soon be a thing of the past. When in the long, long future, when they are old and grey, sitting in the warm firelight of their elaborate mansions, no not thinking of their conquests or diplomatic issues nor things they did to startle the world. Oh, no! They will be dreaming of those grand old years, those ever-to-be-remembered years, at good old Douglas Hi; of those Titan athletic encounters and that old sanctuary where they got their knowledge to battle with the world and make the efforts of Douglas not in vain.

Did you ever see such a class as that of '22? They have done their best, and very little happens in school life without seeing a '22 face in it. The boys make a hole of three in next year's basketball team, the girls also have three letter winners. The Student Body officers are composed of Seniors, and it also holds the editorship of the Taku.

Now that we can see the end in the horizon we wish to bid you farewell, dear old Hi. You have given us your best, the axes with which we can batter down the infernal doors of ignorance. We hope—we sincerely hope—we have at least done one atom to repay you, by helping to keep up the grand old name of Douglas Hi. And in the future our wishes—our very best wishes—are with you.

Farewell, teachers. We hope your efforts have not been in vain. You have done your best to drive knowledge into our dumb heads and we will never forget it.

Now that we must bid you adieu, will mount our good old steed Knowledge and, like a knight of old, seek and find our "Eldorado."

WILLIAM A. MANLEY—'22.

Senior Play

One of the most successful events of the school term was the Senior Play, "What Happened to Jones." The play was given in Douglas on the 28th of April at the Liberty Theatre and in Juneau on the 29th at the Coliseum Theatre.

THE CAST

Jones	Harold Gallwas
Ebenezer Goodly	Clifford Anderson
Antony Goodly, D. D.	William Manley
Richard Heatherly	Arthur Nelson
Thomas Holder	Thomas Cashen
William Bigbee	Arnie Vesoja
Henry Fuller	Albert Garn
Mrs. Goodly	Una Crowe
Cissy	Mary Vesoja
Marjorie	Sadie Palmbom
Minerva	Nora Mattson
Alvina Starlight	Kathleen McCormick
Helma	Nelma Niemela
Director	Miss Miriam Hayner
Business Manager	George Valeson
Advertising Managers.....	Arnie Vesoja, James Manning

SYNOPSIS

"What Happened to Jones," by George Broadhurst, is a captivating farce-comedy in three acts, taking place in the home of Prof. Ebenezer Goodly. The professor with his wife, two charming, cultured daughters, and a ward, are anticipating a visit from the Bishop Antony Goodly of Australia, the professor's brother, when young Richard Heatherly, engaged to daughter Marjory, inveigles the professor to attend a glove contest. Through this incident are introduced the interesting characters of one Jones, who supplies every situation of the play; also the police, a sanatorium inmate, and attendant. The climax is reached when the Bishop arrives to find Jones disguised in his clothes, and the ward, Cissy, discovers the true identity of Jones.

SPRING

Do you know why everything seems so gay, Little Boy?
That the flowers grow in brightest array, Little Boy?
'Tis an hour set apart in each person's heart,
For it is the dawn of a Spring day, Little Boy.

In all of the trees far and near, Little Boy,
Can be heard joyful songs full and clear, Little Boy;
For each little bird a soft whisper has heard
That another Spring is here, Little Boy.

—TOM CASHEN.

Senior Class Day

The exercises for the Senior Class of 1922 will be held in the auditorium of the School House on the afternoon of Monday, May 15th, at 2 o'clock. The following program has been prepared:

"The Seniors"	Norah Mattson
"Song, "Alaska, My Alaska"	Assembly
Introduction of Class	G. C. Mitchell
Class Prophecy	Harold Gallwas
Duet—Piano and Violin	
Class History	William Manley
Song	Senior Class
Oration, "Success"	H. L. Rowley
Class Will	Sadie Palmboom
Song, "America,"	Assembly

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The Commencement Exercises of Douglas High School are to be held at the Congregational Church, Wednesday, May 17th, at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend the following program:

Invocation	Rev. C. E. Rice
Salutatory	Harold Gallwas
Class Song	Class
Recitation	Mary Vesaja
Piano Solo	Esther Cashen
Oration	Arthur Nelson
Vocal Solo	Mrs. L. J. Higley
Valedictory	Una Crowe
Address	Governor Scott C. Bone
Violin Solo	Rica Niemi
Benediction	Rev. Rice
Presentation of Diplomas	School Board

BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS

The evening of May 14th the Baccalaureate Sermon for the Class of '22 will be held at the Congregational Church. Rev. Bruce of the First Presbyterian Church of Juneau has been chosen by the pupils of the Senior Class to deliver the address. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Valedictory, "The Ocean of Life"

Life after all is but an ocean wide and desolate. But, like the ocean, life has a fascination that seems to be an instinct imbedded in the heart of man. Within its fathomless depths the ocean conceals many mysteries, which the human being cannot solve. Is not the ocean of life similar to this ocean? Upon the sands of time, we stand and look far out across the broad expanse of life, but it is all as unbelievable as the mighty ocean.

Everyone experiences the time when his little boat is launched out into the vast ocean of life. This is the launching of the ship of this class. Our hearts are beating fast, with joyousness and fear as we put out to sea. The time for us to decide has come—which shall it be, drift with the tide or rebel against it?

How easy it would be to drift with the tide which is the path of least resistance. It would all seem a dream, until we found ourselves far out into the midocean and no means to return to the shore or conquer other lands.

How wise we shall be if we turn our compass towards the "Harbor of Success" and resist the determined tide, with heart and soul. Our little ship will mount the haughty waves and succeed, then we will be plunged into that seeming eternity unafraid. If we go on and "labor to keep alive that little spark of celestial fire, called 'conscience'" we will find the compensation for our efforts, for which we have been striving, awaiting us.

Although there have been men and women who dared to row against the tide, they have found the "Harbor of Success" at the end. Such as Abraham Lincoln, a very good example, for his wonderful tact as a pilot upon the seas of life. The wonderful inspiration to succeed on the ocean of life overcame his weaker desire to drift. The reason Lincoln is known as one of America's greatest men is because of his high ideals of liberty that would mean freedom to every man and the precious right to pilot his own destiny.

While some are pulling towards the "Harbor of Success," others again will be drifting with the tide. They seem to be total failures, until that spark of self respect within them is touched by accident. A very striking example is that of the famous General Ulyses S. Grant. Just in time he grasped his oars and, stroke by stroke, pulled to shore. It is needless to relate the circumstances which opened his eyes to success.

As the famous old saying of "Everything comes to those who labor while they wait," is often repeated, it has proven true. Great musicians and authors have won fame and fortune by long years of hard struggling; such as the poet Lanier and Madam Schuman Heineck.

We of this class will encounter such difficulties upon the high seas of life. The alluring hands will beckon us to the path of least resistance and we may feel contented to drift with the tide. But

what of the time which is bound to come, and we realize our mistakes too late? No, it will not be such; each will pull hard against the mighty tide of the mysterious ocean, to that shining Harbor of Success.

Class of 1922, we have reached the goal for which we have been striving. The success of our future depends on this. Will we drift with or pull against the tide.

UNA CROWE.

Salutatory

Fathers and mothers, friends and patrons, and members of Douglas High School, on behalf of the Class of 1922 I extend to you a most cordial welcome to our Commencement Exercises.

"VISIONS"

We find in the poem "Columbus" an example of the part that a vision plays in the lives of men. The brave admiral who said, "Sail on, sail on and on," was Columbus. What was it that impelled him to "sail on" despite the fact that his crew was ready to mutiny, far out in the mysterious unknown? It was a vision! A vision of the new route to India—a country of fabulous wealth. This vision gave him a goal toward which he "sailed on" in a determined and steadfast manner. How well his efforts were crowned is summed up in the following lines:

"A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled;
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson, 'On! Sail on!'"

History is full of such examples that show how important a part visions play in the building of character and the furthering of ambition. The old saying, "History repeats itself," will be found very true upon studying the lives of people who became famous because they had visions and strove to realize them.

The Pilgrims had visions of a new country, unhampered by custom, where they might come and worship God as they pleased. After many hardships and braving many dangers, they finally established themselves in the New World.

From these Pilgrim colonists came founders of the United States of America. These people, suppressed by the tyranny of the British, gradually began to have a vision of a free and democratic nation. There followed the Revolutionary War, out of which grew the realization of their cherished vision—the Declaration of Independence. This wonderful country of ours might never have been if it had not been for their vision.

The Panama Canal is the realization of another vision, that of Colonel Goethals. This mighty engineering feat made it pos-

sible to connect two great oceans, the Atlantic and the Pacific. It was only possible after overcoming many obstacles, but every obstacle was powerless to stop this man.

In the realm of literature we find many striking examples of the value and importance of a vision. One of the greatest of English poets, John Keats, relied upon his vision for inspiration. The story is told that one day while listening to a lecture, a sunbeam entered the room and immediately Keats was drawn into fairyland.

Sad to say, there are selfish visions, as the despotic ruler of Germany. The former Kaiser Wilhelm had for years cherished the vision of a world empire ruled by him. The result of the World War has shown the usual outcome of such visions.

Nevertheless we see that it is to vision that the world owes its progress. The individuals who succeed owe their success to visions and ideals. They are a goal toward which to work.

We, as individuals and as a class are here because our fathers and mothers have desired that we do well our part in life. Or, we are here because we ourselves have had visions of filling our part in life as inventors, writers, statesmen, teachers or masters of art. Such visions are spurring us on. Our graduation is just one step in the fulfillment of them. May we all remember that life without a vision toward which to work seldom amounts to much; that hard work and determination will help to make our vision a reality.

—HAROLD GALLWAS.

GRADUATION SONG

Tune—"Anvil Chorus" (Il Trovatore).

Friends and companions, we greet thee this evening,
Our High School Commencement to celebrate;
Now we assemble in triumph and gladness
The joys of our school days we've come to relate.

Long, happy years we have studied there together!
Dear bonds of love and friendship time has interwoven!
Here's to good old Douglas Hi!
The gold and purple, the gold and purple,
The class of '22.

Duties and pleasures we know still await us
As we enter the gates of a wider domain;
Yet in affection we hold our loved school-mates,
Our love and our interest with them will remain.

Long, happy years we have studied there together
Dear bonds of love and friendship time has interwoven.
Here's to good old Douglas Hi!
The gold and purple, the gold and purple,
The class of '22.



Junior Class

President Rangnar Kronquist
Vice President Selma Aalto
Secretary-Treasurer Alfred Hewitt
Class Motto "Life Is What We Make It"
Class Colors Lavendar and Green
Class Flower Sweet Pea

On a lovely May afternoon, Grandma Kronquist sat on the veranda watching her grandchildren return from school in their airplanes. Each of the children had their own little plane. One by one they flew home and put their planes in the family aerodome.

Then they gathered around their grandma as was their custom, to tell what had happened during the day.

Harry was the last to arrive. He ran up the steps, excitedly waving something in his hand and cried, "Look what I've brought. Our H. S. Annual! Just a minute and I'll show you our Junior section." Which he proceeded to do with much pride. Then Grandma interrupted:

"Not so fast, young man," she cried. "When I was a Junior in good old D. H. S. one class had yours completely beaten. We had a class that always excelled in being punctual with our lessons. Ever since our Freshman year we held this reputation. Boys and girls in my day went to school to learn and not to gallivant around in airplanes.

"I will never forget our first class meeting and the officers we elected. Grandpa Rangnar was president; Selma Aalto, vice president; Alfred Hewitt, secretary and treasurer. Miss Peterson acted as our very excellent and efficient class adviser. I suppose the young people of today need no advice.

"George Valeson was a letter man on the champion boys' High School Basketball Team of Southeastern Alaska.

"Selma Aalto, Kathleen McCormick and Myrna Bland played basketball on the Girls' Basketball Team.

"Alfred Hewitt was editor of the weekly news which we printed in 'The Stroller's Weekly.' Grandpa Rangnar was our Junior Reporter. And on our 'Taku' staff was Grandpa as joke editor and Myrna as class reporter.

"The young people of my day liked to dance as well as you do and the Junior Prom was a gala affair.

"The class members number seven: Rangnar Kronquist, Selma Aalto, Alfred Hewitt, Martha Sey, George Valeson, Kathleen McCormick, Myrna Bland."

At this moment father's airplane was heard entering the aerodome. All the children ran out to meet him, thus bringing reminiscences of the Juniors of '22 to a close.

MYRNA BLAND—'23.



Sophomores

Class Yell: "Who'er we for?
Who'er we for?
1-9-2-4.
Who'er we for?
Who'er we for?
1-9-2-4
Sophomores!"

Class Colors: Orange and Black.

Class Motto: "Not at the top, but climbing."

Class Adviser: Miss Peterson.

Hail, Sophomores! Here we are at the end of a second year of our happy High School days. Does it seem possible? But let us review the interesting events of our class thus far. What would old D. H. S. be without the Class of '24? This a case of quality plus quantity. Let the future glory of the school rest upon our shoulders. We will bear it up. Twelve strong, we stand for good school spirit, good scholarship, and good sportsmanship at all times!

Two years ago we entered, promising but untried, and so very inexperienced. There were thirteen of us, the largest class in the High School. Of course, we went through many trials and hardships, but came out smiling. Our Freshman year was, on the whole, quite successful, as none of us flunked, all receiving good grades, ranging from "C" to "A."

Last fall we came as Sophomores, with the joy of seeing those little Freshies beneath of us, and realizing that we were climbing farther along the ladder of knowledge.

During the year we have been well represented in the activities about our High School. Some of us represented in the Girls' Basketball Team, and also one boy on the boys' team. Small parts have been given some in the Senior Play, "What Happened to Jones". And the boys in the Sophomore Class also belong to the B. O. W. A. Club, an active organization which has entertained us a lot and shown us some fine times.

And now we reach the Spring of the year under the gallant leadership of the following officers:

President Albert Garn
Vice President Arnie Vesoja
Secretary-Treasurer Vivian Lindstrom

The other members of the Class of '24 are:

Nelma Niemela	Thelma Whitanen
Thomas Cashen	Rita McCormick
Peter McEvoy	Leslie Cashen
Rica Niemi	Augusta Wideman

Mamie Feusi

—MAMIE FEUSI.



Freshmen

Yell:—"Full of pep, always alive—
We're the Class of '25.

Colors:—Old Rose and Silver.

Flower:—Sweet Pea.

Class President—Emma Garn.

Sec-Treas.—George Benson.

Class Adviser:—Miss Miriam Hayner.

'Twas a bright September morning when we Freshies, five strong, climbed the long, weary stairs to the assembly. We didn't stumble—Oh! my, no! We went up them two at a time because, you see, we had to appear to be a great number and make lots of noise, since our class was so small, and all the year we have kept it up, so that the rest of the Hi would remember that we were still on the map.

Before the first semester was over, two of our number, Lola Gravrock and Johnny Halm left us; Lola for Ketchikan and Johnny for Juneau. (Don't say the Freshies don't count—a few of the rest of the Hi students haven't recovered from their departure yet.)

But our class wasn't to be so small after all, for George Benson and Clarence Wiitanen joined us, to swell our ranks to the original number.

As for studies, well, we guess we tried our teachers' patience to the limit lots of times, but they always forgave us (except when they didn't).

Of course, we're not wonders (who ever saw Freshies who were) but we managed in some way to wade through the intrinsicness of Algebra and Latin, English and General Science, not forgetting our Ancient History which we all cordially hated.

In athletics we haven't been represented as plentifully as we might, though the two who play basketball are grand players and, too, the captain of the girls' team is a Freshman.

But at the end of our term came our crowning success, socially, the "Freshman Frolic," in the form of a hike and picnic, which was enjoyed by the whole High School. We took the ferry to Thane and hiked to Dupont, where lunch was served to the crowd and greatly enjoyed. Everyone reported a good time.

Rah for the Freshies!

Behold next year's Sophomores:

Emma Garn

Elsie Edmiston

Edwina Martinson

Clarence Wiitanen

George Benson

—ELSIE EDMISTON.

Alumni

- 1911.—Frank Caraway is residing in the States.
Agnes Museth is stenographer for the Alaska Treadwell Gold Mining Company, Treadwell, Alaska.
Mae Shuman, nee McCormick, resides at Chichagoff.
Alice Bach, nee Coughlin, is living in Douglas.
- 1913.—Olgat Anderson is in Juneau, Alaska.
Ilmi Aalto is attending the University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.
- 1914.—Leah Hopp is a stenographer at Seattle, Wash.
Regene Miller is a bookkeeper at Bellingham, Washington.
- 1915.—Nora Museth is assistant postmaster in the Treadwell Post-Office.
- 1916.—Ruby Johnson resides at Lead, South Dakota.
Esther Oliver is teaching school at Eska, Alaska.
- 1917.—Ula Rutherford, nee Beck, is residing in Tacoma, Wash.
Alice Bollinger is training to become a nurse, at Portland, Oregon.
James Fitzmorris is residing in Seattle.
Onnie Markkanen is residing in Oakland.
Arthur Olson is residing at Seattle, Wash.
- 1918.—Virginia Laughlin is residing with her mother in Douglas.
Elmer Jackson is in Chickaloon, Alaska.
Alex Sey is employed in the Alaska Juneau Mine.
Norma Ripin is working in an office in Seattle.
- 1919.—Impi Aalto is teaching school at Scow Bay, Alaska.
Herman Gius is attending the U. of W. at Seattle.
Verne Hanah is in Oakland, Calif.
Gertrude Helegesen, nee Johnson, resides in Douglas.
Etta Brown is an accountant at B. M. Behrends Bank, Juneau, Alaska.
Elmer Palmbom resides at Kirkland, Washington.
- 1920.—Laina Aalto is living with her parents in Douglas.
Margaret Griggs, nee Patterson, resides in Douglas.
Agnes Livie is working in the long distance phone exchange at Berkeley, Calif.
- 1921.—Elizabeth Feusi is attending Business College at San Francisco, Calif.
Sinclair Brown is at Wrangell, Alaska.
Esther Cashen is taking a Normal course in the Juneau High School.
Martin Gallwas is attending school at Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington.

LITERARY

The Miser

In a desolate part of the country some distance from habitation stood a rude structured cabin and barn. Huge pine trees surrounded it on all sides. Wood vines grew all around the house and almost covered it completely. It was only one side that showed that the cabin was made from logs. The logs were thickly covered with moss. From the stone chimney at the rear of the house curled a meager cloud of blue-grey smoke. The house had only one small, square window. This window at one time had had four panes, but only two whole ones remained; one was cracked and the other completely gone. The door was almost hidden in the vines that covered the cabin and a flat block of wood served for a door step.

The door opened and a man of about forty years stood framed in the doorway. He was very slender and not very tall. His hair was light and his large blue eyes had a look of suspicion and fear in them. His clothes were neat, but of the very cheapest material. As he stood there in the doorway he raised a well shaped hand to his forehead to shade his eyes. Evidently he was looking at the evening landscape and the setting sun. He turned and went back into the cabin, but presently returned with a milk pail in each hand. He made his way slowly toward the barnyard, where two cows were standing near the barn door.

A few chickens were scratching industriously nearby. He milked the cows without saying a word and soon returned to the house. In a short time he again came out and walked in the opposite direction from the barn to a long lane of trees. He paused at a certain pine tree, looked around to see if anyone was near, stooped down and after uncovering some of the earth he lifted out what appeared to be a small bundle which he hugged to his side. He took this to the cabin door and seating himself on the doorstep played with the coins as a child would play with a toy. When he grew tired of this he returned the gold to its hiding place under the pine tree.

A river flowed not very far from this miser's home. Once a week he would take a boat which he himself had made and row

down the river to a nearby town where he marketed his butter and eggs. Usually, if the weather permitted, he would go to town on Mondays, so every Monday evening a few more gold coins were added to his hoard. He bought very little food and what he did buy was of the simplest sort.

On this particular evening he was awakened by a voice which sounded faint and far off but human. His first thought was of his gold; he must rescue that. He went to the door and again came this mysterious sound. It seemed to be somewhere in the treetops over the lane.

"But no one knows where my gold is hidden," he whispered to himself. With this thought for consolation he turned and went into the house, muttering, "If I go over to the pine tree and there should be someone near, he will suspect I have some valuables hidden out there."

The next morning his first thought must have been of his gold. As he went to the pine tree and found the gold and started toward the cabin, he stopped abruptly when again he heard the same voice call out, "There, there it is." At this he seemed intent to hide his treasure in the house. Clutching the bag close to his side he hurried toward the cabin. Just as he was about to step in again, the voice repeated, "There, there it is," only more distinctly this time. The sound seemed to come from the direction of the window. He looked and saw, for an instant, a shadow pass the window. He moved uncertainly in the direction of the barn. He walked bent over, almost crawled; he reached the straw pile, where he thought it a safe place to leave it, then stood erect and motionless for a time. Silence; no sound was heard at the pine; then walked slowly toward the house. When almost there he changed his mind, and again the voice was heard. When he thought he knew where it came from, it would be heard from another direction.

The next day when he reached town he saw in one of the shops a beautiful suit. Like a flash the thought came to him: "Why not buy myself food and proper clothing? My money is no longer safe." With these words in mind he suited the action to them. He went back to the cabin, but the voice was not gone. It kept up for three weeks. He had almost decided to leave his farm and go to town.

One night as he was about to retire he heard a couple of voices, and looking out he saw two men. One was trying to climb a tree. He could not account for their presence there. In a few moments a knock was heard at the door. With fear in his heart he opened it and beheld the face of his nearest neighbor. He was carrying a parrot.

His neighbor explained that he had lost it a number of weeks before and had been looking for it in vain. He had given up all hope of finding it when coming up the river that night he heard the parrot, so had climbed the tree and caught it.

NORAH MATTSON—'22.

What Is So Rare as a Day in June?

The sun was just sinking amid a deep crimson glow in the monster city of New York. As a June day it could not be surpassed, and many people were wont to wander at random along the park streets. A short distance from the park fountain stood a large and beautiful house of brown stone, with many potted plants hanging in its windows.

A lad of seventeen or eighteen years stood by, strong of body, ruddy, honest-faced, and with a smile that showed he thought the world to be what one made it; one whom you would never suspect of having been an orphan for many years, or that the violin which he carried under his arm was the only means of support he had.

He paused under a large bay-window of the house and began to play a tune on his instrument. Scarcely had the sounds of music died away when a beautiful lady, clad in exquisite silks, came down the front stairway and approached the boy.

Radiant joy beamed from every line of that beautiful face as she hastened to him. "Oh, my dear boy!" she exclaimed, "your music is wonderful, superb. Who are you? What do you do? Come into the house this minute, for I want to talk with you."

A puzzled grin overspread the lad's face as slowly and, it is feared, rather critically he observed the author of these questions, and then he laughingly said:

"Well, lady, my name is Edmund Tenelle. I play this violin for a living, and if you have any old jobs you want done, why yours truly will do them." Then rather abruptly, but not rudely, he asked, "What is your name?"

"I am Estella Goodwin of the Elite Conservatory in this building," she answered pleasantly and apparently pleased at the boy's frank way of putting things. "I heard your music and I make free to tell you, since I am considered one of the best judges in this country, that you have the making of a Kreisler, if you know what that means, in you. You are certainly a genius. Whom have you studied under, and why do you play in the streets like this?"

The boy's smiling face grew sober immediately as he said: "Yes, I know what a Kreisler is, madam. You see, an old professor taught me for eight months and I studied the masters. Then I became orphaned and had to give up my lessons and earn a living for myself. This is the best way I know of. I'm glad you think I'm a genius, but I fear you are badly mistaken. I haven't studied for a very long time and not nearly enough, and now I am so poor that I have to use all my spare time, that is when I am not playing, in mending my clothes and finding a place to sleep. You see that bench over there? Well, lady, that's where I generally spend the night."

The Lady Estella gave a little gasp of surprise at his conclusions and her heart was moved as she tenderly slipped her arm around the boy's sturdy shoulders and said:

"Edmund, I have taken a great liking to you. I want to make a Kreisler out of you. I had a boy once, but he gave his all in the war, and now you must take his place. Don't say no, dear, please don't."

Edmund extended his right hand to her and exclaimed: "Hooray, you just bet I will! Here's my hand on it. It's my long lost chance found, and I'll do my best to make good; honest I will." She took his hand and with a loving, motherly kiss the contract was sealed.

Three years later we find him pacing his room in the conservatory, seemingly excited and nervous. He walked to and fro with his hands in his pockets, all the while muttering something to himself. He was finally interrupted by the entrance of Lady Estella. She looked very much the same as she had three years before. You see, they had been to Europe for the perfecting of Edmund's talent. The boy had changed but little, although he was now the future artist.

She approached him gently and, laying a hand on his arm, asked: "What is it, Eddie? Afraid of the concert tonight?"

He turned quickly and faced her. "No, not afraid, because I'm not going to play. I'm not going to make a fool of myself. Have you heard the talk, that Ruth is condescending to play with me because she feels sympathetic toward me on account of the conditions upon which I am getting my musical education? Oh, I've heard it all and I've waked up. Of course, I'm a fool for studying under you for nothing, and accepting every luxury. You foot the bills while I loaf, study and have a general good time. One of the boys told me that Marjorie Lyman had heard it from Ruth. And I liked Ruth so much, too," he added bitterly.

"Well, dear," admonished Lady Estella, "I can't and won't believe that such stories would circulate. You know my love for you, and Ruth's too. She is playing with you because you are both in the same course, and should make your first public recital together. Here comes Ruth now."

A tall, slender, beautiful girl was coming down the long hall to meet them. She was another pupil of Mrs. Goodwin's, and a remarkable pianist for her years. Ruth was the girl of Edmund's dreams and he felt that without her he could do nothing. He loved her dearly and therefore the rumors that he had heard cut him deeply.

He stood quietly at the window while Ruth greeted Mrs. Goodwin, and only turned slightly toward her when she addressed him. A look of pained surprise flushed her lovely cheek, and then noting the hurt look about Edmund's bearing, she exclaimed, "Oh, so you, too, have heard those awful rumors. Oh, Edmund, it isn't true. I swear it isn't! That awful Marjorie Lyman is just jealous of you, that's all, and it was she that started the rumors. You will play tonight, won't you?"

Edmund's face cleared perceptibly as he grasped her arm and led her into a small room adjoining. He put his hands upon her

shoulders, and looking straight into her eyes in his fearless manner said, "I will play tonight if we play as Mr. and Mrs. Tenelle." Ruth looked up at him and smiled her acquiescence.

With a mighty shout of joy he raced out of the house and in less than five minutes was back with a preacher and a plumber, the latter, by the way, with his kit of tools still on his back.

The knot was joyfully tied, with Mrs. Goowin and the plumber as witnesses, and no one was especially surprised when Edmund ran over to a near-by calendar, looked at it, and came back with a very self-satisfied look on his face.

Needless to say, the concert was the biggest success of the season and brought in enough money for Mr. and Mrs. Tenelle to start housekeeping. That night Edmund casually remarked:

"Three years ago, on a perfect day such as this has been, a new door was opened in my life. Today another is opened. That was June the thirteenth. This is again that June day, but, oh, what has been added to it!"

—ALFRED HEWITT.

The Ninth Ray

"Most amazing, indeed," murmured Mr. Alexander Pinum, retired financier, whose hobby was mystery cases that baffled the police. "You say, Inspector, that there were no marks on the body except the eyes, which were scorched, and that the body was stiff and rigid?"

"Yep," said Inspector O'Dane, "though it's beyond me how it was done. It's the neatest job I ever saw in my life. Get to the bottom of it, Pinum, and you'll save me my job." Saying which the inspector arose and departed.

The Honorable Mr. Pinum grinned largely and expansively, then arising, walked slowly to the mirror. "I'm getting old," he mumbled, reflectively; "getting old." Suddenly his body stiffened, he turned like a flash. "Missed me, did he? Well, I won't miss him."

The door opened and in walked Lieutenant Deane, a large cut across his face. "Hello, Pinum," he said; "can I use your glass?"

"Certainly," welcomed Pinum, and Deane strode over to look at the cut. "I suppose," he said, "you want to know how I got this. Well, I——" his body stiffened as if in a cataleptic fit, then fell like a log.

Mr. Pinum sat for a moment dumfounded, then his easy manner changed, he became swift, deadly. He ran to Deane and reached him just as the door opened and the Inspector fairly shouted: "Pinum, you've got to stop this. Three men have been killed since I left you. What the ——" He gazed in surprise at the stiffened body of Deane.

"Yes," said Pinum, in a strange, metallic voice, "it just got

him, too. In fact, it's too close altogether. If you'll obey my commands, Inspector, I'll clear it up in three hours at the most."

The Inspector looked at him a moment, then with an acquiescent look on his face sat down. "Go to it, old top," he answered.

Pinum pressed a bell and a servant came to the door. "Wu," he said, "bring two guinea pigs from my laboratory. Inspector, phone York's sanitarium and see if one has disappeared." Pinum then examined Deane's body; the same symptoms as in the first death were apparent, the scorched eyeball and the rigid form. He placed a guinea pig in front of the mirror; it caught its reflection, and rolled over dead. The same signs as Deane's on its body. By reversing the mirror the second pig was not affected.

Then from his desk he took a green glass, placed it so the sun would shine upon it for a moment in a diagonal line from the open window. By reflection from the sun, a green light was run across to the glass and spread in parallel lines from the glass in a peculiar indescribable ray.

Pinum paled for a moment, then leaped from the open window and went down on his knees in the grass, apparently looking for something. Presently he found it. An octagon-shaped box, with a small mirror on each side. He opened it and found wires running in every direction. Under the wires were eight dry-cell batteries and on top a convex mirror pointing to the center of the box.

Pinum's face was clouded when the Inspector reached him. Not so the latter's—it was fairly radiant.

"I got the fellow that escaped," he said to Pinum. "Keeps talking about a ninth ray he invented." Pinum's face brightened.

"That explains it," he said softly. "Bring him up," he ordered the Inspector.

O'Dane returned with a raving maniac.

"You shall not know my secret," he screamed. "It's all mine. I can kill the world with it."

"Arrest him," ordered Pinum; "he's the man I saw in the mirror after you left. I believe I have discovered what he calls his 'ninth ray.' Bring him in here."

When the maniac saw the box, he made the fatal mistake of claiming it, proving, beyond a doubt, his guilt.

"There you are," said Pinum, and reaching over to the fatal box smashed it to atoms. "It's too dangerous, you see," he said with half a smile. "The sun reflected on the convex mirror changed the sunlight into electricity, then catching the reflection from the smaller mirrors on to anything that reflects, such as my mirror, for instance. Then anything catching the light, it penetrates to the brain by way of the eye."

"Hang me, I don't see how you do it," said the Inspector as he gave Pinum a choice cigar.

"Oh, it's easy," rejoined Pinum as he bit off the end of said cigar.

—PETER McEVoy.

Making Over Hodgeville

Hodgeville was reputed as being the worst town in the states. Before prohibition, its downtown section was mainly occupied by saloons. It took keen eyesight to be able to distinguish the post office, grocery store, dry-goods store and meat market. Even now, although their signs were less formal, the saloons were running under other names and defying the constitution of the United States.

The Livingstone family talked frequently of the time when they could leave Hodgeville. They took it for granted that there was nothing to stay for. No church had ever succeeded in gaining a foothold in the town and the schools were maintained for a few months out of a year.

Emily Livingstone, at the age of twelve, was sent away to school and returned when she was eighteen. It was a bitter disappointment to Emily's mother that she was obliged to return. "If times had been normal," she told her daughter, "your father could have sold out and we could have left this place. But as it is, we'll have to stand it a little while longer."

"In the meantime," Emily said slowly, as one who thinks aloud, "we might try to make it a little better, mightn't we?"

"Yes, my dear," said the mother, falteringly.

Emily was a graduate of a very unusual school; a school which, in addition to the scholastic branches, laid a great stress on individual responsibility. Emily had been president of the Student Body and was able to decide on important questions which arose. So now her first impulse was to try to improve matters.

Her mother was a little startled when Emily announced her intentions to organize a Town Improvement Association, made up of girls who were out of school. Emily explained her plans to her mother with enthusiasm, but the latter was not enthused.

"But, Emily," said her mother, "who do you suppose will be interested in such a place?"

"Only a few at first, but it is our work to arouse interest," replied Emily.

"I'm afraid you will find it uphill work," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Most worth while things are, aren't they, Mother?"

"Just what does your association plan to do?" questioned Mrs. Livingstone, cautiously.

"Anything that will improve the manners and morals of the town."

"Quite a comprehensive program," laughed Mrs. Livingstone in spite of herself.

"That's the beauty of it!" exclaimed Emily, "for that means that there will be enough to interest everyone."

When the first meeting to discuss the plans for the new organization was held at Emily's home, there was a large crowd, who willingly approved of the association. Even this failed to render her mother hopeful.

"It's something new," she said to herself, "but it won't last."

The organization started out by clearing the triangular section of land near the railway station which had, by general consent, been used as a rubbish pile. They planted it in flowers and various shrubs. Friends and relatives helped and a general interest was aroused.

The next undertaking was to give a pageant of the town's history. There were pioneer stories, some Indian traditions to land romances, historical events from the Revolutionary days. When the pageant was ready to be given the town council declared a general holiday.

Old Mr. O'Connor dropped in to see Emily's father one evening. He was the wealthiest man in town and apparently as little public-spirited as any one could be; so Mr. Livingstone felt the need of caution.

"Did you hear that fellow who talked at the pageant at the school-house the other night?" inquired Mr. O'Connor.

"Yes, I heard him," said Mr. Livingstone.

"He gave it to us pretty hard, didn't he?"

Mr. Livingstone began to feel a little anxious, for Mr. O'Connor held a note of his.

"Well, he was a bit rough," he admitted.

"That girl of yours brought him here, which was the right thing to do. This is a nice town, so why should we let the worst element rule? We ought to have a church and parson and not live like heathens. That girl of yours is smart," he continued, "but cleaning up a place like this is a bigger job than she thinks, therefore, she should have church people to back her."

"It will take money," Mr. Livingstone remarked.

"Of course it will take money, but a good man knows how to do things; can make a new place out of a town like this," said Mr. O'Connor.

Hodgeville was very proud of its new church when it was erected. The Town Improvement Association grew and kept busy.

"And yet, Mother thought my plan wouldn't work," said Emily with a smile of satisfaction.

—EDWINA MARTINSON.

A little piece of paper
When hid behind the hand
Helps some to know their lessons
And makes their grades look grand.—Ex.

Harold and Una were sitting on the same seat in earnest conversation.

Mr. Mitchell—"Those desks seem rather large, don't they?"

Whereupon Harold gets up and takes his own seat, thinking the remark was meant for him.

Mr. Mitchell—"Oh, not that Harold; I meant that Myrna has just put 'China' on her desk."

My Double and How He Undid Me

It's not very often that I'm lazy now at least, and you will agree with me after reading this story. As you may have heard of "doubles" before, my double may not interest you; but he certainly made it interesting for me and is, perhaps, what incited me to hatred against all uneducated people. Although if I had not been so educated and wise myself, I would never have conceived the idea of obtaining a double. But now I will go on finishing my narrative:

I am, though I came pretty near losing it, a newspaper boy of the "Times" connection. I delivered papers in the wide-awake town of Pavloff, in the heart of Southeastern Alaska, and enjoyed it very much at first. My route consisted of a section of the town inhabited partly by hoboes and partly by honest folk, some of whom would never complain even if I happened to miss them once or twice a week. When they did get the paper regularly for several weeks the doctor would have to be called to attend patients that had sustained sudden shocks. I even seized upon small youngsters to bring portions of the route for me. Of course, they would forget several papers every night and I would get the blame. I couldn't say that I had not forgotten the papers, although it wouldn't have been a lie, so there I was.

The agent had told me a million times if once, that I must not employ others to deliver my papers for me, but I was always inclined to do so. So one day he warned me that if another complaint was sent in my doom would be sealed. Oh! what great agony I went through; how was I going to work and still have no work to do? Oh! the many hours I spent in trying to figure some way out of it.

So one evening as I was plodding along in a dreamy mood, growling out a gruff "Hello" to the pedestrians I met, I happened on an unlucky scheme—lucky as I thought it then, dear readers, for my doom was drawing closer around me. I met him on the corner of a narrow street—my double—the man I had looked for all my life; the man that was destined to change my life to leisure; the man that was to deliver papers for me. Oh, wouldn't I fool the agent? He was the same height as I, wore as large shoes as I, and matched me in every respect; perhaps excelled me in speed. He was a little shyer than I, which made it all the better. He was the sort without ambition and did whatever he was told to do, and that is what I wanted, and the agent, too, it seems.

I trained him for a week, and being anxious to try him out, I sent him on the route. I had taught him different speeches which he memorized and was told to use as he thought fit, which he did, as you shall see. They were:

First, "Gcod evening." "Your welcome," if he handed his customer the paper.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

Second: "Do you want it now?" if he recognized one of his customers on the street and asked him if he wanted his paper.

Third: "Yes, sir; ten cents," if a customer wanted an extra, and

Fourth: "Yes, sir, but I was later than usual today, sir," if a customer complimented him on his speed.

The first evening went along fine, delivering the papers in double quick time, which resulted in hurried calls for doctors. I enjoyed it all at home, while my double suffered for me.

But my doom was coming soon; my pleasure was not to last long. I have heard people say that you can not have pleasure and make a success, and now I believe it.

The day of my doom arrived at last. It happened this way: One night he had accidentally forgotten one section of the route—accidentally I say, for accidents may happen, as was true when I found my double. That night I got a hurried phone call from the agent, and instead of going myself I sent him. This was how it happened as I heard it later:

The agent, whose name was Mr. Brown, as soon as my double was admitted to his presence, said in a very abrupt tone, "Good evening; I'm going to discharge you."

My double meekly answered, "Good evening; you're welcome."

Mr. Brown stared and a smile dawned upon his stern countenance which quickly vanished. He then said, "There's something ailing you, my son, isn't there? Now what is it?"

My double tried number three. "Yes, sir; ten cents."

Again Mr. Brown stared and said: "Did something happen today?"

"Yes, sir, but it was later than usual, sir," he answered.

"What! Do you mean to stand there and tell me to my face that you knew you had forgotten the papers?" growled Mr. Brown.

But my double had had enough and burst out with the long pent up feelings, which, dear friends, was my end.

I left the country the next morning and have never gone back. I had learned a lesson. Don't follow my example and send your double to school, because it is risky.

—ARNIE VESOJA.

G. B. is a history shark,

When he can't do history he chews on bark.

The teacher said, "Who discovered Port Said?"

He cried, "It was Lewis and Clark."

Martha—"What were you and Harold talking about?"

Nelma—"About fifteen minutes."

Martha—"I mean what were you talking over."

Nelma—"Over the telephone."

ATHLETICS

Boys' Athletics

The D. H. S. Basketball Team very successfully finished its basketball season by winning the undisputed Senior Championship of Southeastern Alaska as well as the High School Championship. This feat was accomplished by the excellent teamwork of our boys and their sportsmanship. There were no stars, and we had little need of them when we can turn out such a winning team as we have.

D. H. S. won sixteen games out of eighteen played, one being a tie, and losing the other by a close score. It was during our tour to the south, carrying us as far as Ketchikan, that we lost and tied these games. Six games were played on the whole tour, and this is the first year in three that we have ever been defeated on a strange floor and never on our own.

The old "steadies" who have been with the team ever since it began capturing the championship three years ago will be lost this year by graduation. They are Art Nelson (center), William Manley (center and guard) and Harold Gallwas (forward). Clarence Wiltanen, an oldtime player with the Douglas High, was with us again this year and his accurate basket-shooting and all-round teamwork proved indispensable. However, with Jimmy Manning, who has made such a brilliant showing for his first year in the field; Albert Garn, at forward, with his old-time fast teamwork and excellent shooting; George Valeson, the anchor at guard, and other available material, there is no reason why D. H. S. cannot keep its old record and come back good and strong next year.

The lineup of the team was Art Nelson, center; Harold Gallwas and Albert Garn, forwards; Jimmy Manning and William Manley, guards, and George Valeson, sub. Later in the season Clarence Wiltanen joined as forward. With A. Garn again as coach the team was whipped into shape and eager to play—and did not have long to wait.

The season was started rather early, due to the A. N. B. Convention which was held in Douglas. Several teams came to it and D. H. S. played two of them, winning easily its first three games. The first was with Sitka, the score being 31-7; then two games



Juneau-Douglas City Museum

were played in succession with Bayview with such lop-sided scores as 43-13 and 48-17.

The next game with the D. F. D. was one of the hardest of the season. The score at the close of the first half stood 9-3 in favor of D. H. S. Then with a spurt of speed, D. H. S. forged ahead and the game ended 24-16 in their favor.

The fifth game of the season was played with the "Lynn Canal Champs." Although Nelson and Garn were both out of the game, D. H. S. won, 40-10. Wiitanen played his first game.

The "First City" boys, who were making a tour north as far as the Channel proved the next victims. With the score 18-12 in our favor at the beginning of the second half, the D. H. S. steam roller started in, and when the dust cleared the score stood 49-19. Garn played for the first time in weeks. The guarding done by our boys deserves special mention.

Before the four-series games could be arranged with J. H. S., Haines arrived on the Channel and were literally smothered in a game in the "Nat." The 76-6 score tells the tale.

After some dispute as to where the first interscholastic game was to be played, it was finally decided to be played in the Juneau "gym." Although Juneau had the advantage of being on their own floor, the superior teamwork of D. H. S. easily won them the victory. With a 12-2 lead in the first half the game was never in doubt. The final score was 18-5.

The second game of the school series being played in the "Nat," D. H. S. kept its record clean by another victory. With the score 11-7, J. H. S. at the short end, the famous "Douglas comeback" piled up 29 points to their opponents' 3, the final score being 40-10.

With two players sick, and playing on a strange floor, D. H. S. again defeated its old rivals and won the third interscholastic game with J. H. S., thus deciding the Junior Championship of Gastineau Channel, although one more game was to be played, as four games had been arranged. Juneau tried hard to overcome the 12-point lead made by our boys in the first half, but were held to a final score of 32-22.

On Wednesday, Feb. 22, with Manager Mitchell and Coach Joe Garn, the undefeated "champs" left for Ketchikan and way ports on the gas boat "Judge." The first game was played with the Wrangell High School on the following Thursday night and resulted in a tie, 22-22. D. H. S. offered to play off the tie or play them again the next night, but Wrangell refused. During the game 16 fouls were called on D. H. S., while six were being called on Wrangell. Douglas made two goals to Wrangell's one from the field.

The following night D. H. S. lost its first and only game of the season, when the Wrangell Town Team held the long end of a 23-19 score. The game was fast and rather rough. Eighteen fouls were called on Douglas and eight on Wrangell, the latter making 13 points out of these, while D. H. S. made three.

Not in the least discouraged by this defeat, our boys journeyed on to Ketchikan the next day and defeated a mixed team of Ketch-

ikan Town and High School players that same evening, 25-14. The game was exceptionally clean from start to finish, very few fouls being called.

In the hardest fought and most important game of the entire tour, D. H. S. defeated the Metlakatla Town Team, the undisputed championship of that district by the close score of 21-18. The score in the middle period was 15-10 in our boys' favor, they being headed only once during the game. Upon this victory D. H. S. bases its claim of championship of Southeastern Alaska, as Metlakatla had defeated the Wrangell Town and High School teams repeatedly by large scores.

The next and last game in Ketchikan was played the next night with the Metlakatla School Team. With a 6-6 score at the beginning of the second half, D. H. S. got started and when the dust cleared the scoreboard showed 26-12.

After a delay of a day which the boys rather enjoyed, D. H. S. left for Petersburg, where the final game was played. The score of 76-18 is sufficient to tell the tale.

The final game of the interscholastic series with Juneau proved an easy victory for the Douglas boy, the score being 48-11. This made the third year in succession that D. H. S. has won four straight victories from Juneau Hi.

The game that decided the Championship of Southeastern Alaska was played with the Juneau City Team and did not prove as hard a contest as was anticipated. D. H. S. took the lead from the first and won 22-11. Other games would have been played with this team, but owing to the lateness of the season D. H. S. was unable to do so.

Inter-School Meet

The Taku goes to press just before the Interscholastic Meet, so we are unable to print the results. The Meet will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most inspiring and interesting events of the year. D. H. S. is making entries in all events. The program:

WEDNESDAY, MAY 3

3:00 p. m.—Basketball—Elementary School boys: Douglas vs. Wrangell; High School girls: Douglas vs. Juneau.

7:00 p. m.—Basketball—High School boys: Juneau vs. Wrangell.

THURSDAY, MAY 4

* 10:30 a. m.—Preliminary High School Debate—Subject, "Resolved That Congress should prohibit immigration into the United States for two years." All reference to Chinese and Japanese immigration has been waived by common agreement.

Wrangell, affirmative, vs. Ketchikan, negative; Juneau, affirmative, vs. Douglas, negative.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

1:00 p. m.—Track Meets—High and Elementary School boys.
 5:30 p. m.—Dinner given by Juneau School Board to local and visiting teachers and school board members in Domestic Science rooms of Juneau Public School.
 7:30 p. m.—Declamation—High and Elementary Schools.
 9:00 p. m.—Reception to all visitors and the general public by the Juneau Parent-Teacher Association.

FRIDAY, MAY 5

10:00 a. m.—Spelling—Elementary School.
 1:30 p. m.—Rapid Calculation—Elementary School.
 3:30 p. m.—Basketball—Elementary School boys: Douglas vs. Ketchikan; High School girls: Douglas vs. Juneau.
 7:30 p. m.—Basketball—High School boys: Douglas vs. Wrangell; Elementary School boys: Juneau vs. Wrangell.

SATURDAY, MAY 6

1:30 p. m.—Written English—High School.
 3:30 p. m.—Oral English—High and Elementary Schools.
 7:30 p. m.—Basketball—Elementary School boys—Ketchikan vs. Juneau; High School boys: Douglas vs. Juneau.

MONDAY, MAY 8

3:00 p. m.—Basketball—High School girls: Douglas vs. Juneau; Elementary School boys: Juneau vs. Douglas; Ketchikan vs. Wrangell.
 7:30 p. m.—Final Debate.
 9:00 p. m.—Presentation of Trophies.

TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS

50-Yard Dash	High School
50-Yard Dash	Elementary School
100-Yard Dash	High School
100-Yard Dash	Elementary School
1-Mile Run	High School
Shot Put	High School
Shot Put	Elementary School
440-Yard Run	High School
440-Yard Run	Elementary School
Running Broad Jump	High School
Running Broad Jump	Elementary School
220-Yard Dash	High School
220-Yard Dash	Elementary School
Running High Jump	High School
Running High Jump	Elementary School
100-Yard Hurdles	High School
100-Yard Hurdles	Elementary School
220-Yard Hurdles	High School
220-Yard Hurdles	Elementary School
½-Mile Run	High School
½-Mile Run	High School
Pole Vault	High School
Relay	Elementary School
Relay	High School



Girls Basket Ball Activities

"A Strong Mind in a Strong Body"

One of the most pleasing events of the past year was the Girls' Basketball Tournament with Juneau, which was characterized throughout by careful training, clean fighting and radiant health. Every available student was intensively trained, and when the tests came, those chosen to represent the school made an enviable record. That the victory was not easy, was demonstrated by the necessity of playing the entire five games of the series, the first four ending in equal honors.

Another pleasing feature of the event was excellent spirit that prevailed in both teams, for not once did the players stoop to petty jealousy nor personal rivalry, and when one team had carried off the prize for the evening, the sporting blood of the other team was shown in prompt and enthusiastic cheering.

Much credit is due to the coach, Miss Gladys Peterson, who was on the job in all kinds of weather and by words of encouragement or reproof showed her ability as a trainer. All she asked in the way of reward was response by the players, and when her team carried off the championship, she was as happy as the contestants.

The score of the tournament with Juneau were:

	Juneau	Douglas
First game, at Juneau	24	23
Second game, at Douglas	7	12
Third game, at Juneau	14	11
Fourth game, at Douglas	8	22
Fifth game, at A. B. Hall, Juneau	3	12

The players were:

Kathleen McCormick	Forward
Selma Aalto	Forward
Marie Williamson	Center
Emma Garn (Capt.)	Side Center
Nelma Niemela	Guard
Thelma Wiitanen	Guard
Subs: Mary Vesola, Nora Mattson, Myrna Lund and Sadie Palmbom.	
Coach: Miss Peterson.	

Basketball practice became very monotonous for the girls, so it was discontinued for a month. On account of the Track Meet, it was resumed about a week before the great event. As there were so many other things going on at school, the girls as a whole decided to practice every morning at 7 o'clock. This was a splendid idea, as in the morning our minds were fresh, because if we practiced in the evening, everybody would have felt very fatigued.

Orchestra

Our orchestra, although diminished in numbers from last year, has been advancing rapidly in the different stages of music. Under the patient supervision of Professor Sumpf, it has mastered some of the more difficult music, which has been presented at the Parent-Teacher Association meetings.

Next year, if the orchestra is maintained, Professor Sumpf will give regular lessons in speed and different kinds of bowings used in playing the violin. The object of these lessons is to give those who have no time outside of school, an opportunity to make what progress they can.

Practices have been held on Monday of each week, and at every Parent-Teacher Association meeting the orchestra has made a good showing and received excellent response from the audience. They will look forward to next year's talent.

Those who play the first violin are: David Ramsay, James Ramsay, Esther Santenen, Madeline Riedi, Leland Swanson.

The second violinists are: Joseph Patterson, Douglas Gray, Rica Niemi.

The pianists are: Edwina Martinson, Mamie Feusi, Elizabeth Robertson, Alberta Gallwas, Lillian DeMytt.

B. O. W. A.

Lots of pep,
Lots of jazz—
That's
What the B. O. W. A.
Has.

The B. O. W. A. was organized by the Freshman and Sophomore boys of the Douglas High School Feb. 8, 1921, and carried on by the same boys, now Sophomores and Juniors.

Colors were chosen and the motto decided on was "Treat 'em Rough."

Joseph Vezzetti, our last year's president, left us during vacation time for San Francisco, where he is now working. John Halm, who was also one of our liked members, left us and moved to Juneau.

New officers were chosen for the year as follows: President, Albert Garn; Vice President, Arnie Vesoja; Adviser, Arthur Nelson.

A party in honor of the High School and faculty was given by the club during the year and proved to be a great success, as all reported a good time.

The B. O. W. A. meets every two weeks at the homes of its members. It has the distinction of being the only boys' club in the High School.

—ALBERT GARN.

Home Economics

Housekeeping is no longer a matter of intuition but of trained hands and minds. Waste is the result of waste of time and effort, as well as money.

Keeping these ideas in mind the girls have worked out practical home problems in the laboratory. The Eighth Grade class in Home Economics began studying foods pertaining to the service of a well balanced breakfast. They studied their own menus and dietaries to find out how they might be improved, and in their final effort served a breakfast to the faculty.

The High School class used the service of a dinner as their objective, and after learning how to buy, select and prepare foods, how to plan meals of various types and dispatch their work efficiently, they were ready for their first meal service, which was given for the School Board and their wives. They gained other practical experience in preparing and serving a cabaret supper for the Girl Scouts, a supper for the Parent-Teacher organization, and an afternoon tea to mothers.

The last six weeks will be given to special problems, such as laundering, removal of stains and care of clothing, study of family expenditures, and invalid cookery.

The clothing classes have been interested in selection and study of materials, in designing, and choosing styles suited to different individuals. They will be able to exhibit to their parents on visiting day samples of their work—undergarments, dresses and hats.

The French Class

French has been one of the courses of this year's curriculum taught for the first time in several years. Since our class numbered but seven, a club was organized in the fall for the purpose of developing our powers in French conversation. During the remainder of the year Monday of each week was devoted to the study of French stories and fables, and the other four days to mastering the grammar and irregular verbs. Ah! Can we really say we did it—those irregular verbs? We agree that French is not the easiest of modern languages, but it has given us the means of developing our minds through two hours of study each evening. We are proud of the art of speaking, thanks to Miss Hayner's efforts, that we have now accomplished; French poems have been memorized and we can all rise together and sing "Les Marsellaise" with any Frenchman.

The French students of this past year were: Martha Sey, Augusta, Wideman, Mary Vesoja, Arthur Nelson, William Manley, George Valeson, Harold Gallwas.

Exchanges

We are surely proud of receiving so many "exchanges" this year. We have not published a monthly school paper as in previous years. The students have spent many enjoyable hours reading what some of the other schools are planning on doing and have done. The "exchanges" that we are so thankful for are the following:

"The Echo," Kearney, Neb.
"The Totem," Juneau, Alaska.
"The Tuxies," Windsor, Conn.
"The Lincolnian," Tacoma, Wash.
"The Buclonian," Buckley, Wash.
"The Unionite," Grand Rapids, Mich.
"Eh-Kah-Nam," Walla Walla, Wash.
"The Panorama," Binghamton, N. Y.
"The Proviso Pageant," Maywood, Ill.
"The Ocean Breeze," Aberdeen, Wash.
"The Alaska Chronicle," Ketchikan, Alaska.
"English High School Record," Boston, Mass.
"The Forge," Central High School, Akron, Ohio.
"The Micrometer," Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, O.
"The McKinley Trail" and "The Central Idea," Los Angeles.

Manual Training

It has been the purpose of the course offered in Manual Training to correlate the work in the shop to that of the classroom. Shop work should help a student in arithmetic, geography, geometry and other subjects. We believe the pupils of the Manual Training Department have a more concrete knowledge of some of the problems of the classroom through their study of manual training and mechanical drawing.

It is not enough that the mind should be cultivated; the hand and eye need accuracy and quickness. If all the work done by the classes in manual training could be assembled, the amount would be surprising. Each boy has made several useful articles, among which are pedestals, flower-stands, dish racks, wash-stands, and writing desks. Apparatus for use of the Physics Class was made, as well as hurdle standards for pole vaulting and numerous other things used for track and athletic meets.

Considerable repair work on the gymnasium was done by various members of the different classes. Students of educational practice today seem generally agreed that good instruction in wood-working and drawing require high standards of workmanship and should have a permanent place in the elementary and secondary schools. With adequate time concentrated upon a few shop subjects, considerable skill may be developed, and this skill is a desirable addition to any boy's equipment for life.

Girl Scouts

A local organization of Girl Scouts, consisting of seven patrols in one company known as the "Northern Lights," was organized in Douglas grade and high schools on the first of January, 1922. The troop has grown steadily in strength, popularity and knowledge of the Scout Laws until on March 31st, fifty-six girls were presented by their leaders to the Ladies Council and successfully passed the "tenderfoot test." Miss Miriam Hayner, who organized the troop, was their first captain; Mrs. Frank LeNoir, first lieutenant, and Miss Mary Middlekoff, secretary and treasurer. The names of the seven patrols, with their respective leaders, are as follows:

"The Nine Graces"	Miss Miriam Hayner
"The Hustlers"	Mrs. Frank LeNoir
"The Flashes"	Mrs. Robert Coughlin
"The True Blues"	Mrs. W. E. Cahill
"The Seekers"	Miss Mary Middlekoff
"The Lend-A-Hands"	Mrs. Gordon C. Mitchell
"The Explorers"	Miss Helmi Aalto

At the time of the "tenderfoot test," Mrs. Frank LeNoir was elected as the new captain, to take office in June. The Ladies Council, whose support and advice has insured the success of the Scouts through the winter, are Mrs. James Christoe (chairman), Mrs. Felix Gray, Mrs. Leo De Mytt, Mrs. W. Edwins, Mrs. John Richards, Mrs. Harry Graves, Mrs. Robt. Fraser and Mrs. T. G. McDonald.

The biggest social attempt of the Scouts during the school year was a St. Patrick's cabaret and dance, given in the Douglas Natatorium, when the costumes and clever stunts of the girls won them great favor in the town and netted them a profit of one hundred and twenty-five dollars toward the summer camp, which is the pleasantest prospect following the close of school.

ALONE

It's the call of Mother Nature in the wildness of the hills
In the deepness of the valleys and the chatter of the rills
That fills your heart with comfort when the world goes all a-wry,
Makes you think things may be better if you wait till by and by.

For to stay out in the loneliness and the beauty of the wood,
Learn the lessons there of patience that each one needs for his good
Will make your heart feel lighter, full of comfort, joy and rest,
And you'll do your tasks much brighter with a will to do your best.

—THELMA WHITANEN.

Freshman—"That music sure does sound good, doesn't it?"

Sophomore—"Yes, it sure does; but it would sound twice as good if it would stop."

Calendar of School Term, 1921-'22

- Sept.—1st Week.—School opens.
" 2nd Week.—Class periods arranged.
" 3rd Week.—Student Body organized.
" 4th Week.—Girls' Basketball team organized.
- Oct.—1st Week.—B. O. W. A. organized.
" 2nd Week.—Orchestra organized.
" 3rd Week.—All classes organized.
" 4th Week.—Senior Hallowe'en dance.
- Nov.—1st Week.—Good English week.
" 2nd Week.—Weekly publication of School News begun.
" 3rd Week.—Student Body Meet. Boys' Basketball Team organized.
" 4th Week.—First game of basketball with Sitka A. N. B.
- Dec.—1st Week.—Fourth publication of school news.
" 2nd Week.—Fifth publication of school news.
" 3rd Week.—Vacation. Christmas program.
" 4th Week.—Basketball games.
- Jan.—1st Week.—Girl Scouts organized.
" 2nd Week.—Basketball games; publication of school news.
" 3rd Week.—B.O.W.A. party. Tenth publication of school news.
" 4th Week.—Third program in Assembly.
- Feb.—1st Week.—Yell practice; 12th publication of school news.
" 2nd Week.—New students enter.
" 3rd Week.—Boys' Basketball Team tours Southeastern Alaska; play games.
" 4th Week.—National Week of Song.
- Mar.—1st Week.—Basketball Team return from tour; supper in their honor.
" 2nd Week.—Basketball games.
" 3rd Week.—Basketball games; Girl Scouts dance and cabaret; 18th publication of school news.
" 4th Week.—Junior day; party given.
- Apr.—1st Week.—Mr. Henderson addresses Assembly.
" 2nd Week.—Luncheon in honor of Faculty; strenuous play practice; Freshmen Frolic.
" 3rd Week.—Preparations made for Track Meet.
" 4th Week.—Senior play.
- May—1st Week.—Track Meet; basketball games, debates, declamatory contests, etc.; Junior Prom.
" 2nd Week.—Baccalaureate sermon; exams; commencement, High School picnic.
" 3rd Week.—School closes; publication of Taku.

Taku Titters

Teacher—"Who was the first man?"

Small Boy—"George Washington."

Big Boy—"No. He wasn't because he married a widow and there must have been a man before him."

George V., going into shoe store:

George—"I would like to have a pair of shoes."

Clerk—"What size?"

George—"Oh, a small pair of 14's."

Alfred—"How long should one's legs be?"

Mary—"I don't know."

Alfred—"Long enough to reach the ground."

"Nurse, did you kill all of the germs in that milk?"

"Yes, ma'am; I ran it through the food grinder twice."—Ex.

First Bug (on Post Toastie box)—"What's your hurry?"

"Second Bug—"Why, don't you see that sign, 'Tear along this edge?'—Ex.

"What made the Lobster turn so red?"

"It saw the salad dressing."—Ex.

Miss Peterson—"Alfred, what do you think of this man?"

Alfred—"He's just like a salmon; he runs for four years and gets canned."

Arnie—"Why did they build the court house in Juneau on a hill?"

Rang—"I bite."

Arnie—"To keep Bone dry."

Latin Teacher—"Give me the principal parts of 'skate.'"

Kathleen—"Skato, slipere, falli, bumpus."

Teacher—"Falli, failere, flunki, suspendus."

Peter—"Did you hear that they can't hang a man with a wooden leg?"

Rang—"No. Why?"

Peter—"Because they hang them with a rope."

Cop—"Here! Where did you steal that rug?"

Tramp—"I didn't steal it. A lady up the street gave it to me and told me to beat it."—Ex.

Mary (translating French)—"Why do you work while you are working?"

Tramp—"I wonder if you'd let me rake the sawdust for my meal?"

Mrs. J.—"No; just take it as it is."

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

George (translating French)—"The ladies are jealous because she has so many new dresses."

Mlle. Hayner—"What else do ladies get jealous over?"

George—"Oh, hats."

B. H. is a funny cayuse
He swallows a lot of abuse.
He flunked in a test,
Though he did do his best
And he cried, "I know it's no use."

Yennie—"Will you give me something for my head?"

Druggist—"Naw; wouldn't even take it if you gave it to me."

I hope you're not a Senior,
Because if yer are I'll bean yer
The teachers are wrong,
They declare in a song;
I know it because I'm a Senior.

Senior—"Why aren't Juniors like umbrellas?"

Frosh—"Because umbrellas will shut up and Juniors won't."

Pupil—"What are scabies?"

Mary—"They are men."

Mary (sore)—"You talk like an idiot."

Alfred (equally sore)—("Yes, but I have to talk so you can understand me.")

George (just before American History test)—"The old cry was 54-40 or fight."

Art—"Now it is 75-80 or flunk."

He loves the girls, he loves the school,
It has for him a fascination,
But best of all he loves the bell,
That saves him from a recitation.—Ex.

Bus—"The dance is free after you pay your dollar at the door."

"Help, help, queek!

"What's wrong?"

"Tony—he stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to da knees!"

"Aw, let him walk out!"

"Aw, let him walk out!"

"No, no. He can no walk; he wrong end up."—Ex.

Teacher in Biology—"What makes the color in coral?"

Leslie (a very bright pupil)—"Maybe there is ahloraphyll and maybe there isn't."

Teacher—"What is elephant hunting for, Peter?"

Peter—"Magazine articles."

Taku Titters

Miss Peterson—"George, have you had American History?"

George—"Yes."

Miss Peterson—"You mean you were exposed to it, but it did not take well."

Soph—"What kind of leather makes the best shoes?"

Freshie—"I don't know; but banana skins make the best slippers."

Elsie—"Why do they whitewash chicken houses?"

Vivian—"Why, silly! to keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."

Miss Hayner—"Clifford, how many books have you read to report on?"

Clifford—"Why—er—oh, I read 'Four Million.'"

Mr. Rowley (in bookkeeping)—"Una, how do you make a draft?"

Una—"Open a door and a window."

Caller—"Is Mr. Rowley in?"

Emma—"No, he's gone out for lunch."

Caller—"Will he be back after lunch?"

Emma—"No; that's what he went out after."

Miss Peterson (in History)—"For your next lesson take to the top of page 605."

Martha—"Oh, Miss Peterson, that's too long."

Miss Peterson—"Then take to the bottom of page 604."

Teacher—"Flies carry typhoid fever."

Pupil—"Will typhoid kill anyone that gets it?"

Teacher—"Certainly."

Pupil—"Well, why doesn't it kill the fly?"

Teacher—"What is the term, 'etc.' used for?"

Smart Pupil—"It is used to make people think you know more than you really do."

Mr. Mitchell—"Hey, Arnie, come back; that ice isn't safe."

Abbey (on bank)—"Say, that isn't fair. I bet him a nickel he'd fall in."

ACT I

One time

A friend of mine

Took his girl

Out riding.

After two hours

She said,

ACT II

"I like

Your cigarette holder."

He said, "But

"Don't be so dense."

She admonished him,

I haven't any."

Funny Facts of Famous Folk

NAME	NICKNAME	DESCRIPTION	USUALLY	PET EXPRESSION	FUTURE
Selma Aalto.....	Zel	Shorty	Going to Ed's	Oh! Bunk	Actress
George Valeson.....	Bevo	Smiles	Wiping Glasses	Give me y'r French	Bartender
Kathleen McCormick.....	Mac	Ben Turpin II.	Going to Post Office	Stop it	Nurse
Ragnar Kronquist.....	Rang	Debating	Taking Orders for Meat	Be sociable	Butcher
Una Crowe.....	U	Tickling Ivories	Typewriting	Let me alone	Typist
Arthur Nelson.....	Bud	Blondy	Chewing Gum	C'm'on, Gang	WirelessOperator
Norah Mattson.....	Murphy	Oxfords	Attending Dances	Oh! Jew	Dressmaker
Clifford Anderson.....	Andy	Kewpie	Giving Gum to Girls	A'gwan	Engineer
Mary Vesoja.....	Chubby	Always O. T.	Speaking French	Hurry up!	Teacher
William Manley.....	Willie	Flirting	Flirting with the Girls	Leave it to me	Banker
Sadie Palmbom.....	Peggy	Getting a Cold	Picking Strawberries	Oh! you poor sap	Aviatrix
Harold Gallwas	Haro	Grouchy	Late	I run't no U	Poet
Rita McCormick.....	Rit	Optimistic	Reading "Love"	Glorious day	Sufrageette
Myrna Bland.....	Jack	Arguing	Going to Juneau	U-tell 'em	Dancing Teacher
Martha Sey.....	Mart	"Waiting?"	Answering Phone Calls	Oh, heck	Librarian
Nelma Niemela.....	Slim	Eating	Stepping Out	Al naiver say him	Ladies' Maid

• • • Funny Facts of Famous Folk • • •					
NAME	NICKNAME	DESCRIPTION	USUALLY	PET EXPRESSION	FUTURE
George Benson.....	Dreamy	Sleepy	Noisy	I don't know	Fashion Critic
Emma Garn.....	Em	Curls	Drawing Cartoons	Oh! heavens	Hair Dresser
Edwina Martinson.....	Eddie	Blond	Ready for Hikes	Really?	Scenario Writer
Elsie Edmiston.....	Els	Bobbed Hair	Studying	Search me	English Teacher
James Manning.....	Jim	Pomp.	Tensing the Girls	Come on, row	Barber
Thomas Cashen.....	Cash	Pep	Grimming	By Cracky	Doctor
Thelma Wiitanen.....	Duke	Puffs	Talking	Say, Kid	B. S.
Arnie Vesola.....	Ves	Handsome	Delivering papers	Got your Latin?	Inventor
Vivian Lindstrom.....	Vin	3 1/2's	Writing Personals	Oh! don't	Manicurist
Peter McEvoy.....	Pete	?? Expression	Getting "A's"	I should worry	Pianist
Mamie Feustl.....	Fuz	Tall	Answering Letters	Go on	Cartoonist
Leslie Cashen.....	Les	Curly Hair	Cracking Jokes	Don't ask me	Losing his heart
Albert Garn.....	Abbie	Our Athlete	Orator	You're improving	Fruit Merchant
Augusta Wideman.....	Gussie	Planning	Laughing	Je-ne-sais pas	Travelling in Texas
Rika Niemel.....	Reek	Wide Awake	Dancing	I didn't get that	Violinist
Alfred Hewitt.....	Bus	Lanky	Bashful	Shucks	Debater

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CAPITAL, \$25,000.00

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TO THE BANK AND
WE WILL MAKE THEM
GROW

P. R. BRADLEY, President
JAMES CHRISTOE, Cashier

BOOST---

and the world boosts with you
Knock---and you are on the shelf

Remember that Satan was kicked out
of heaven when he began knocking
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COME TO JUNEAU'S STYLE CENTER

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WHERE YOU GET

QUALITY and SERVICE

We handle everything to wear for
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Sante Degan, Proprietor

We carry the most complete
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A large stock of "Juno and
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Douglas, Alaska
Telephone 60

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We invite your inspection of our full and complete lines of Dry Goods, Ladies' and Men's Ready-to-Wear, Shoes, Rubber Goods and Groceries, and assure you that our service is always at your disposal.

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Juneau's Leading Department Store

Leader Department Store

M. GEORGE & SONS, Props.

Wholesale and Retail
Raw and Dress Furs—Furs Forwarded
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JUNEAU'S LEADING DEPARTMENT
STORE—MERCHANDISE OF MERIT
OUR MOTTO

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ALWAYS REASONABLE

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Magazines, Newspapers, Books and Photograph Supplies.
Ice Cream, Soft Drinks, Finest Candies and Smokers'
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PIPES

BURFORD'S CORNER

HOME OF MURIEL CIGARS

Clear Shade Grown Wrappers

A resort for men of all ages who wish to meet
clean and moral people

Auto Service Night and Day

Phone 314 after 10 P. M.

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Pies, Cakes and all kinds of Pastry

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

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DOUGLAS, ALASKA

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BAVARD BROS. Proprietors

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Vegetables. Complete line of Groceries. Our
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PORTLAND - OREGON

TRICK AND MURRAY

STATIONERS & PRINTERS
OFFICE AND BANK EQUIPMENT
SEATTLE

March 28, 1922.

Business Manager,

"The Taku,"

Douglas, Alaska.

You certainly guessed right—Trick & Murray
DO wish their names to appear in "The Taku."

Eldred Ireland, Treasurer and General Sales
Manager for Trick & Murray will go North again
this Spring. He now joins with us in wishing
Douglas Hi all that is good for it.

Very truly,

TRICK & MURRAY.

Our Town

DOUGLAS is a town of approximately 1,000 inhabitants, where five years ago there were over 3,000 —this decrease due to the cave-in of the Treadwell mines, and the general exodus of people from Alaska during the war. Thus Douglas can be considered as a "has been," but the people who reside here are the most optimistic, generous, kind-hearted, happy and sociable people to be found in any community.

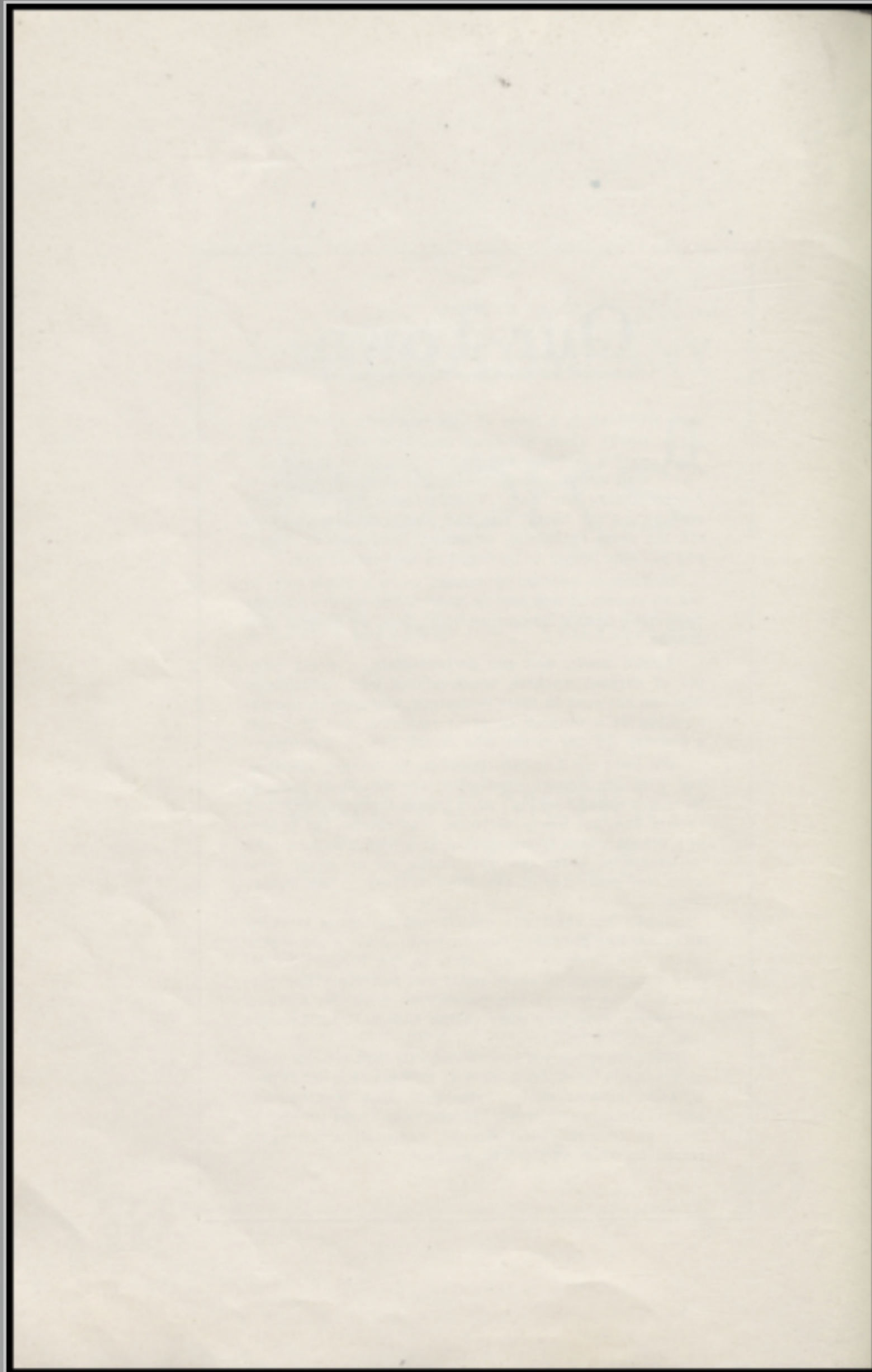
Business is necessarily carried on in a small way, as are all classes of business in Alaska, but we are steadily recovering from a staggering blow, dealt by adverse conditions.

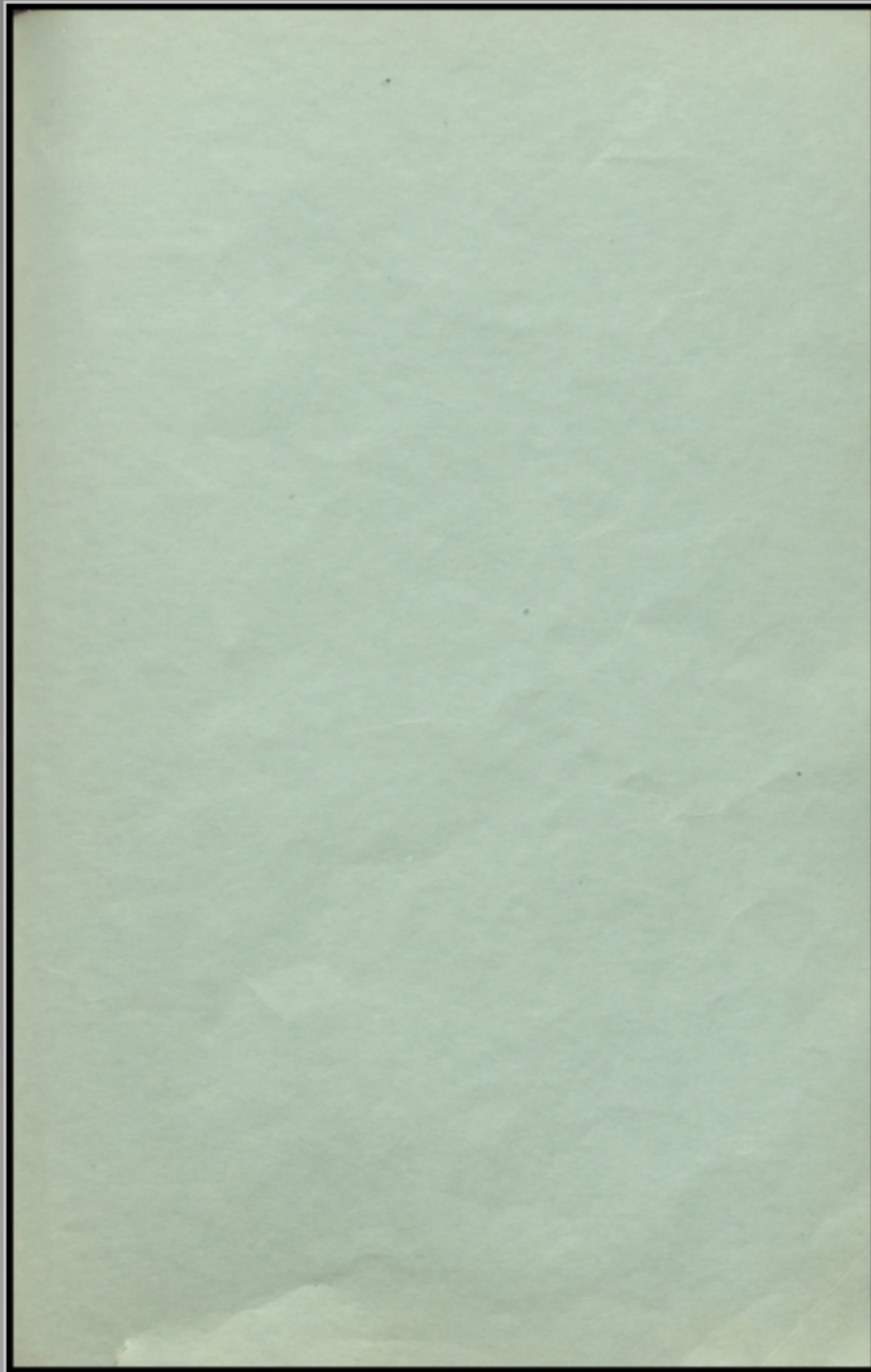
Alaska needs, and can accommodate, a great number of earnest workers, broad-minded and industrious, who can see good in their fellowmen, and help in the up-building of a country of great resources, but it is not a country for the drone, who would live on his wits.

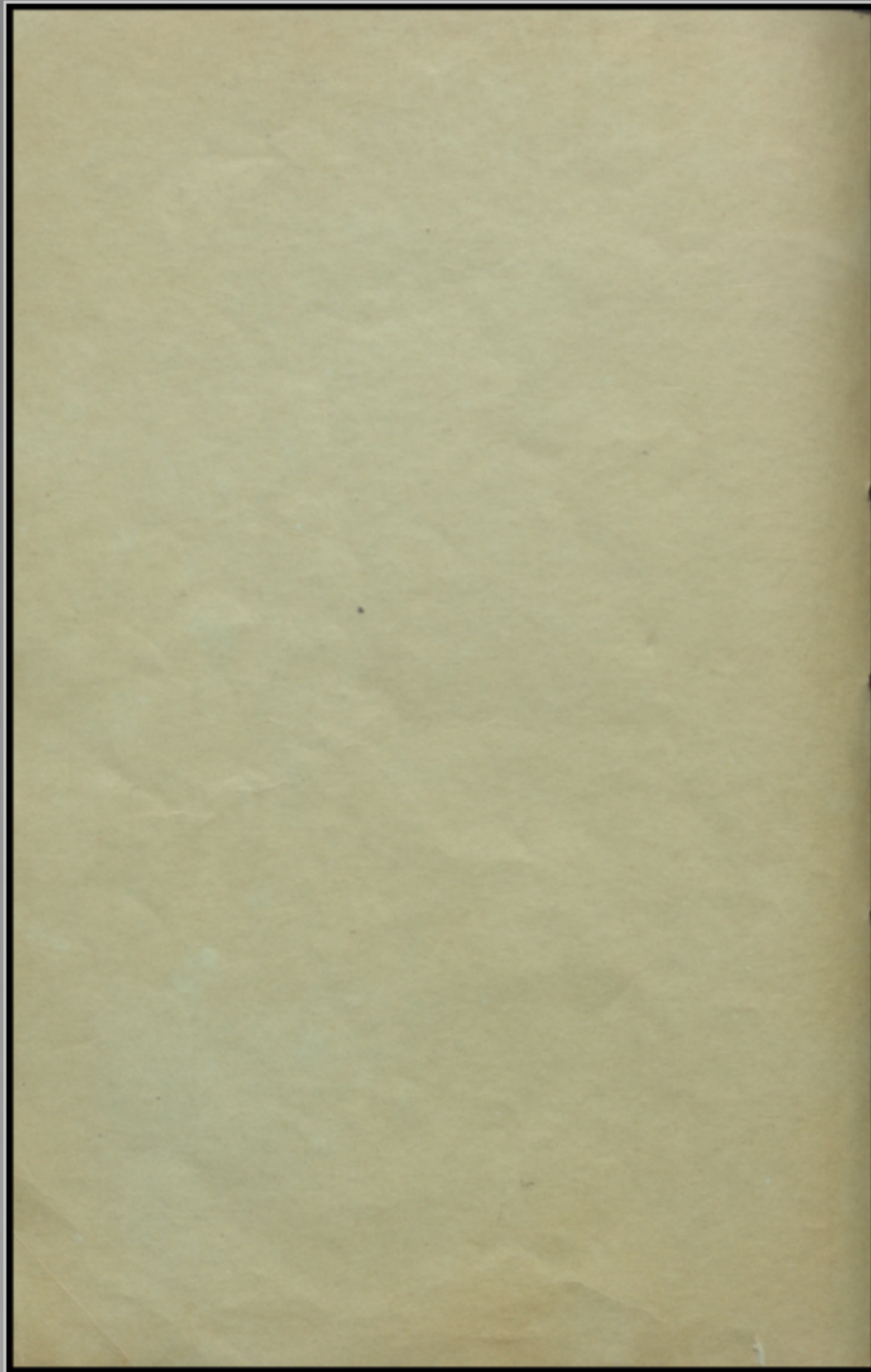
We have no destitute families, no hungry children, and with our limited population, the schools of Douglas have an enrollment of more than two hundred and twenty healthy, happy children, who receive the benefits of a school which is maintained at a high standard, and its graduates enter the universities on an equal level with the graduates of the High Schools of the Pacific Coast.

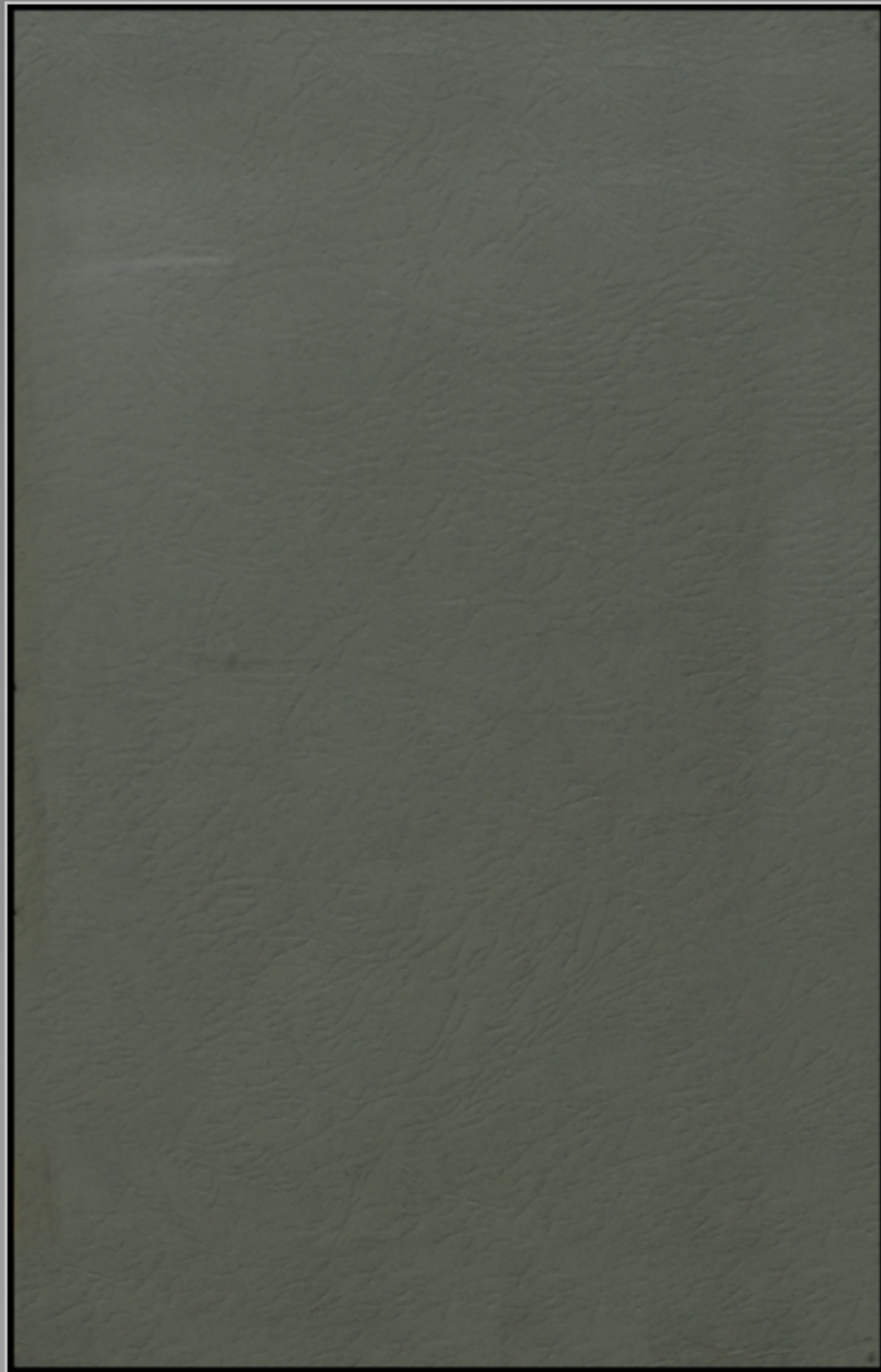
Alaska has cheerfully contributed her quota in every drive for war purposes; has contributed more per capita to the Red Cross than any state in the Union; has exceeded her quota in every relief and has, since the war, and is to the present day, purchasing more war savings, per capita, than any state in the Union. And Douglas has given her share.

We cannot boast a busy metropolis, but we can boast of a healthy, prosperous people, living under conditions of home production, and pleasant living environment, and a place which many people, who were forced to leave by adverse conditions, are anxiously awaiting to return to when affairs will warrant.









Juneau-Douglas City Museum

