

TOTEM

1916



JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
JUNEAU, ALASKA

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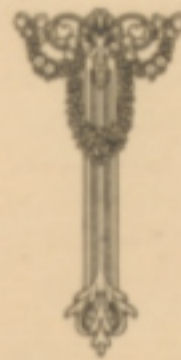




TOTEM

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*TENTH ANNUAL
NUMBER*




Published by the students of
JUNEAU HIGH SCHOOL
Juneau, Alaska



C O N T E N T S



DEDICATION
SCHOOL SONG
LITERARY
SOCIAL EVENTS
DRAMATICS
ATHLETICS
EDITORIALS
CLASSES
ALUMNI
SNAPS
EXCHANGES
CALENDAR
JOKES



DEDICATION

To
Professor L. D. Henderson
the 1916 Totem is dedicated





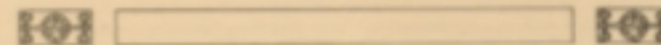
The SCARLET AND THE BLACK



Altho other schools have colors
For which they bravely stand
Yet are none to us so splendid
In all our mighty land
As the ones 'round which we rally,
No glory shall they lack,
While our High School stands defender
Of the Scarlet and the Black.

In our struggle for true knowledge,
A useful life our aim,
Let us keep with faith and courage
Our colors free from blame.
May our foes be ever noble,
May our victories never lack,
While we fight for Juneau High School
And the Scarlet and the Black.

When our High School days are over,
Should college colors bright
Throw their glamor all about us,
And to them our vows we plight,
Still our hearts shall beat triumphant
As we turn our memories back
To those days we spent in High School
'Neath the Scarlet and the Black.



Literary

The Take-Down Atom

We called him the "Old Professor," because he looked like one, I suppose. He came into our part of the country about five years ago, bringing with him no hint of whither he had come or what his purpose might be.

I remember well the day he arrived. It was about one hour of sundown. The clouds which had covered the sky for four days had cleared away and everything seemed fresh and bracing. The steamer lay at the dock and the usual crowd of tourists, home-coming townsmen and new settlers had poured down the gangplank. For a few seconds the gangplank stood idle when a tall figure hurried down it. It was an old man, a trifle stoop shouldered, white haired and white bearded. He carried a large suitcase in one hand, and in the other a small parcel. At the foot of the gangway he paused, looking absently about him. His gaze met mine, and I had a curious sensation of being pierced thru' and thru'. His eyes seemed to leap at me. Just then a porter hurried forward and relieved him of his suitcase. He swept on and was lost in the crowd.

I saw him no more for a good while. The paper that evening gave among others, the name of Theofold Brown as one of the arrivals that day. This I afterward ascertained was the name of the old Professor.

For a few months I heard nothing more of the strange person. At last rumors began to fly around, and Theofold Brown became the object of great curiosity. Apparently he had come from nowhere, with no object. Soon after his arrival he had purchased a plot of ground about three miles east of town which had formerly belonged to an old prospector. The place was situated on a rather high ridge and in the midst of a dense growth of timbers. He then bought a huge lot of building material, hired a dozen carpenters, and set them to work building a house. The house, which was in reality several houses, was to be very big, so reports ran. Then it was rumored that he was installing an electric plant, run by water power, of which he had great abundance. And lastly, great quantities of mysterious freight began to arrive, consigned to this strange man. No one had even an inkling of what the

many boxes and crates contained. Everyone had a guess, however, and soon this Theofold Brown became the most talked of figure in town.

Finally the people tired of the subject. The newspapers, after many fruitless attempts, gave up all hope of an interview with the mysterious stranger. His dwelling place was finished in the latter part of the summer and he withdrew into its seclusion and privacy. Often he was not seen or heard of for weeks at a time. As time passed he became part of the neighborhood and was always spoken of as the old Professor.

About three months ago I was hunting ptarmigan on the hills back of town. Starting early in the morning, I had traveled about ten miles over hill and valley hunting the elusive white fowl. I ran across several flocks, and at the time I decided to return I had bagged a dozen birds.

The sky, which had been clear in the morning, now was overcast with gray and sullen clouds. I feared a storm, and made all possible speed toward home. I had covered about half the distance when the air was filled with snowflakes and the wind roared angrily. I could barely see my way because of the darkness and the flying snow. It grew bitterly cold, and when I had covered about a mile more I knew it was of no use to try and reach town, and that I must seek shelter at once. I stopped and looked around. There was, I knew, an old abandoned mine about a half a mile to my left, but there was no road leading in that direction and I was afraid of getting lost if I tried to make it alone.

There were no other houses in the neighborhood. I was pondering, when I caught a gleam of light seemingly about half a mile distant and on a higher elevation than that upon which I stood. "That must be the Old Professor's," I thought and immediately determined to seek shelter there. I had never been near the place before because I had never been possessed with any great curiosity about him and because I had had a queer dread of the old gentleman ever since the day he looked at me on the wharf.

Now, however, the thought of warmth and shelter quickly drove away these thoughts of fear and I made all haste to get there as soon as possible. The way was easy, and I soon arrived on top of the hill. There was a path leading thru' the dense timber and I followed its course. After a short walk I found myself on the edge of a clear space, in the center of which stood a large house. There were many windows and the ground floor seemed to be brilliantly lighted.

I walked across the clearing and approached what seemed to be the front entrance. There was a storm door on the outside securely fastened. I climbed the steps and knocked loudly. A pause. No answer. I knocked again, and louder. Still there was no answer. I kicked the door as hard as I could with my foot, then stopped and listened. Finally there was a noise within as of someone moving about. A door slammed and the steps drew nearer.

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

A bolt was shot to and the storm door opened a few inches. The old man's head appeared in the opening. "Who are you, and what do you want?" he asked in a high pitched voice.

"I was hunting ptarmigan when the storm came up. I had to seek shelter so I came here," I answered.

"H-m-m-m," muttered the old fellow; then, "Come in." He opened the door wider and I entered. I found myself in a large room, well furnished and with a warm wood fire blazing at one end. I disposed of my pack and gun and sat down near the fire. The old man did likewise.

For a while there was an awkward pause. I was about to make some remark about the weather when my host broke the silence abruptly. "What do you know about magnetism?" he asked, leaning forward with an air of suppressed excitement. I was somewhat taken unaware but made haste to reply as well as I could.

After I had finished there was a short silence. Then he spoke again. "What do they say about me down there?" with a wave of his hand toward town.

I hesitated for a moment and then replied, "Oh, nothing much. They used to talk a great deal about you when you first came, but they don't now."

Somehow all the secret dread and fear I had entertained toward the man had vanished. He seemed a most kind and amiable old gentleman. His form and features were commonplace, but there was one thing unusual about him and that was his eyes. I have never seen anything like them anywhere, and yet, I could not describe them to save my life.

The ice once broken, we gradually drifted into a conversation on various topics. After a while I began to hope that the old Professor would think of refreshments. Suddenly events took a most unexpected turn.

"My lad," said he, leaning forward in his chair. "I have made a wonderful discovery that will revolutionize science and make the impossible possible."

I started. His demeanor, together with this unusual statement, fascinated me.

"Listen," he went on, "we were talking about magnetism a little while ago. Well, I have increased the magnetic force a hundred thousand times. I have done more. I have invented the collapsible take-down atom!"

There was silence for a while. Then he went on. "What is an atom? Nobody else knows, but I have explored that mysterious realm of science that no one else has ever entered. I have made it possible for man to conquer space."

Then he rose abruptly. "Come with me," he said. I followed him. After passing several empty rooms, we entered a wonderful laboratory. The walls were crowded with rows of various apparatus, some of which was familiar to me, but others that I knew nothing

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

about. In the center of the room stood a complicated machine that it is impossible to describe. It looked very mysterious and scientific.

The "Old Professor" wasted no time. "That," he said, pointing to the contrivance, "is my electro-magnet. I will show you something." He moved off and presently returned with a section of 4 by 12 plank and a large spike. He handed the plank to me and placed the nail on a low table with the point toward the machine, and about four feet away. Then he placed the plank in an upright position between the two, and asked me to hold it by the top. I did so. He went over to the machine and put his hand on the switch.

"Ready?" he asked. "Yes, go ahead." He turned on the current. Instantly there was a loud humming noise. A shiver seemed to go through the board at the same time that he touched the switch. He walked over to me and pointed down at the board. There was a small hole bored right through the middle. I looked over to the table where the spike lay. It was gone. I looked over at the machine. There was the nail suspended in the air. The professor walked over and pulled the switch out. The nail dropped to the floor and the hum ceased.

"Now you see," said the Professor, "that I speak the truth. I could not explain to you how my invention works, but I can tell you what will be done with it. For one thing, it will be used in guns of all kinds. Instead of a bullet propelled by powder, the world will have a bullet pulled by magnetism. It will be used on autos, trains, and boats, and on everything that is propelled by energy. And lastly, it will enable men to pass thru space and go to the planets and throughout the universe.

I suppose I must have looked doubtful at this, for he went on with greater alacrity. "Ah, you don't believe me! You saw that nail and yet you don't believe. Did you ever hear of oleopenthatin?"

I nodded. "That's the new gas which is one thousand times lighter than hydrogen."

"Yes," he said, "that's it. Now I will tell you how men will reach Mars. An iron cylinder will be built, hollow inside and pointed on both ends. My invention will be placed inside; I mean my Anti-Fleuoric Detainer. The men who are going to Mars will also be inside; then, thirty thousand feet above will float a huge cylinder filled with oleopenthatine and my magnetoriac. A cable will run from the cylinder to the earth, carrying the necessary charge of electricity. When Mars is directly over the earth, I will press a switch. The iron cylinder with the men in it will be pulled up to the other cylinder at the rate of a million miles a minute. Before it gets there the current will be automatically shut off and the iron cylinder will rush off into space."

I stood astounded at this wonderful story. The Professor went on. "I have conducted the experiment right here. Over this house

"a 300 foot pole which I had erected. On top is a machine similar to this." He picked off a piece of iron which had a hand grip affair on it. "I take a piece of iron like this and place it under the pole, which is right above that skylight up there. Then he touched a switch and away——"

When he pressed the switch he had held the piece of iron in his hand. There was a roar, a swish of air——then silence. I stood alone in the room!

Amazed, I looked up at the skylight. There was an oblong hole thru it as tho' cut with a sharp knife.

Suddenly it dawned upon me. The Professor had had the piece of iron in his hand and had been pulled along with it.

Then fear seized me. I grew afraid of this mysterious and gloomy house. Hastily I ran back into the other room, grabbed my pack and gun and dashed out into the storm. When I had gone about a mile, I looked back. A wonderful sight met my eye.

The house I had but lately fled from was in flames. Higher and higher they rose in red magnificence. Then a white sheet of flame leaped to the sky, and to my ears came the roar of a mighty explosion. All grew dark and still again.

I looked up at the sky. The clouds had cleared away and the stars shown brightly. Directly overhead was Mars, red and threatening.

"Up there," I thought, "is the Old Professor going a million miles a minute. I wonder if he will get to Mars in time for supper?"

A Prophecy

The Indians predicted last fall
That the old Taku would make a call
In Juneau this year, and there is, I fear,
A great deal of truth in it all.

E. O. '18.



Forerunners of Dawn

High above the lower valleys,
Filled with ever-shifting drift,
Age worn sentinels, the hilltops,
Against the blue, their heads uplift.
Clear against the dawn of morning,
Dim amid the driving clouds,
Strain to pierce the blue adorning
Each barren height in veiling shrouds.
Flaring in the early sunlight,
Which comes late to valleys low,
Shielded from the brightening daylight,
By towering peaks, white-capped with snow.
Standing stately, ever standing,
Recording each, the passing time,
On their rugged rock-hewn ridges,
Viewing daily sights sublime.
Through the trying storms of Winter,
Through the reeking days of Spring,
All endure the change of seasons
Which the year is sure to bring.
When icy fetters disappear
And loose the frozen waterfalls,
The many rivulets play free
About and over stony walls.
And with the snowline's slow retreat,
With foliage green, and mountain moss,
The summer's many artisans,
Each curvature and ledge emboss.
Long before the sunbeams flicker
Into shaded depths below,
Glancing beams betray arrival
Of the coming warmth and glow.
And so do Nature's dials stand
In early hours of summer days,
White tops catching the flitting sunbeams
And reflect forerunning rays.
And gently, with the coming dusk,
Beyond a silvered mountain crest,
The sun sinks slowly out of sight
To its haven in the west.
Tip after tip will lose its whiteness,
Until the sunlit day is o'er
And the sun has gathered brightness,
To surmount some other shore.

R. M. '18.

Fear of the Unknown

"I am afraid to die. Afraid, I don't know not of what, nor why. Of late the thing has been growing on my mind, until I can think of nothing else. I shall go mad soon and die—but no, I must not die! Anything but that, anything but death. What is there in the dark—in the silence, the dark awesome silence of the charnel house that makes me so afraid? Can you tell me? I do not know, but I feel that there is something there, some dark thing that will seize me when I go. Horror possesses me when I think of death, of lying silent in the tight coffin—in the dark, a helpless prey to the things that will come. Often I go to sleep at night and see a ghoulish thing leaning over me with claws outstretched to seize me. I awake with a shriek and my heart throbs madly. I grow clammy with fear lest my heart should stop. Then I would be dead and the fiends would come, and I would lay there helpless watching them as they came closer and closer——"

The words trailed off as the speaker lapsed into unconsciousness. My hair stood on end as I listened to this strange being. Imagine the horror of having such a fear as this man had! He must have lived in a hell of torment and fear.

Just then the doctor approached. He cast a glance at the man on the cot. "Gone again, eh?" he remarked and shook his head gravely. "A bad case. Have you heard him rave?"

"Yes," I answered, "just a minute ago he was talking. How do you class this kind of a case, doctor?"

"Well—I hardly know. It's a new one to me. I have heard of such things of course, but never dreamed of anything like this. You should hear his sometimes—it's positively terrifying!"

"Have you any hopes of his recovery?"

"Not the slightest. The man is simply killing himself with fear. It's only a matter of time now. His system is all broken down."

I paused. A strange and uncanny thought had come into my mind. "Doctor—you believe in the soul, of course? What do you think will happen when he dies?"

The doctor glanced at me in surprise. "How should I know?" Then an expression of awe came into his face. "The best thing for him is—an end."

"An end," I mused. "You're right, doctor."

"The man has a rather a curious history," remarked the doctor after a pause, "would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, indeed," I said eagerly.

"Well, to begin with, there's something mighty curious about his family. His grandfather was like this—and his grandfather before him. In fact it is claimed that once in every third genera-

tion, some one of the family is abnormally mentally, and always like this fellow, having a fear of death and the grave. On the other hand, the rest of the family are absolutely sane in all respects. I used to know this man's brother back in New York. His name is John Claugh, and there's not a better nor more wholesome-minded man in all creation. In fact, it was from him that I got the history of the family. When I was coming out here he asked me to look this fellow up—Tom is his name. It was five years ago that I came out and I promptly found him. He was a very different fellow then—sober and practical minded. I talked to him once about the curious state of affairs in his family. He laughed; said it was all bosh. That's another thing I forget to mention. This mental malady doesn't appear until the person is well along in life.

He paused. "And how do they know who is going to be seized with it?" I asked.

"More uncanny happenings," said the doctor. "It is always the third child. Never, in all the history of the family has the third child in the third generation of the family, of the third son been anything but a boy; and never has one of them been free from this malady. I remember John told me there had been nine such cases in the family, so you see the family is an old one."

"And is there any story connected with the first one to be afflicted?" I asked.

"There is," said the doctor, "And a mighty strange one too, but I don't know what it is. John told me there was a story but wouldn't give it to me. He said it was too horrible."

At that moment the patient stirred and uttered a moan. The doctor turned and looked at him—then started and clutched my arm. "The man's going," he said in a hoarse whisper. And in truth the man on the cot seemed gone already. His eyes were open now—fixed and glassy, but there shown in them a look of terror. His hands were placed over his breast as if to protect himself. The fingers twitched violently but the arms seemed fixed in death. And such a look in his face! Soul-destroying fear, that's what it was!

Then he began to speak. The voice came low and tense, and vibrated with a strange thrill that stole into my being. An awful fear came over me as I listened.

"They are coming—coming for me. But I won't go. What do you want? Who sent you? Was it a ghoul? Maybe it was the worms. I can feel them crawling over me in the grave. I see the ghouls looking at me and feel them seize me. I won't go with you. The dead are there. They are there with the worms and the ghouls in the silence. And the thing is there, waiting for me to come. Look! There it comes. Those Eyes! My God!—Those Eyes! Help me! Save me! Ah——"

There was a long drawn rattle in the man's throat. Then all was still. The look faded from his eyes. He was dead.

Up Mount Juneau

It was three-thirty in the morning and the bed that had held four occupants at eleven p. m. now only held two; Miss Channing and I locked in each others arms. Through our minds ran vague dreams of how crowded it had been with "Chubby" and "Skinny" in front. We felt as chocolate drops appear packed in a box on a scorching day.

While these thoughts were flitting through our heads, and a large space of bed stretched forth on either side; "Chubby" and "Skinny," or Mary and Helen, came sneaking in from the room adjoining and crawled back. The bed again creaked under its load of four—two skinny and two fat.

About five minutes later a shadow in a red bathrobe crept noiselessly up to warn us it was time to get up, and to also be quiet lest we wake the "dad" of the house—for there would be "the devil to pay" if such a thing happened. We couldn't help chatting and trying to muffle our laughter while dressing. A pin dropped and sounded and resounded as a small earthquake.

Dressed and everything in readiness for the four o'clock start, we sat munching oranges, buns and jelly waiting for the boys. Those boys! They never were on time except "Daddy." Daddy was the counselor and advisor. His acting and seeming as a father in these respects earned for him the name which he carried through the last two years of high school. He was addressed as "Daddy Dear" when seen by the "bunch" of his high school friends. Then "Mary Dear" or "Chubby" was "muvver" so the rest of us called each other brothers and sisters, making a very happy, lively family. "Skinny" was our entertainer. The planner and executor of all our good times, she was the "lady bountiful" of our bunch.

Four-thirty!—and still they were absent—except Daddy, who had gone to round them up. Finally they came, however, with the back and big side pockets of their khaki coats stuffed with good eats. We left at five o'clock, the sun had already appeared on the tops of the mountains and it bade fair to be a gorgeous day.

"Crusty, you're ahead, you and 'Cats' set the pace," Skinny said, but Crusty wasn't so easily changed when his mind was made up. "Well, if you want to go any faster you just come ahead. I ain't going to get all tired out before I get up there." "Well, Crusty, if you want to get up there, see anything, and be back to the timber-line before noon, you'll have to go faster than that." Practical Skinny was voted right as she had been up six times before. Crusty was also spurred on because the idea of not getting to timber line and the grub before noon made him sink in spite of his breakfast.

We travelled up the Perseverance road for a way and then started on the mountain path that led to a flume. Here we refreshed ourselves with the clear cold water.

"Say, kids, what's the matter with eating some of this fruit so we won't have to pack it up the mountain? Here, Rufus, eat this banana, we don't want it to spoil." It was Crusty's voice and his thought was ever of his vacuum. "Sure, I'll be anyone's refrigerator, especially for bananas," I replied, sitting on the flume as I rested with my feet dangling over. Crusty, with the rest, showed their willingness to the proposition as about four dozen bananas, apples and oranges quickly disappeared.

Soon we started upward, winding and turning in trying to keep the path. A tree that had been bent by snow and ice made a dandy "all in a row like a little black crow" picture. There the "Faun" was shot in her gentle timid pose by an ambitious young man. On climbing higher, we crossed narrow ledges but kept watching every bit of land we stepped on in order not to slip. Clear, cold glacier streams with patches of ice above and below were crossed carefully.

Just before the end of the timber-line was reached, there was an old log cabin that had been used by a prospector. Here the grub was cached—but NOT in the cabin! Many various species of bugs were supposed to inhabit that domain. Notwithstanding, the boys lay down on the dirty, springless, straw-covered bed, made from posts driven into the ground and slabs over them. We girls followed to pull them out, but were chased out by their stories of this once bachelor's abode.

Leaving the timber-line it began to get warm and continued to grow warmer all the way. The path led over meadowy appearing earth and then over glaciers where our feet became wet. But this didn't worry us because they soon dried after leaving the loose, sandy snow. More rocks appeared toward the top, which were covered with heather and made our shoes so slick it was hard to stand up.

The more adventurous boys trotted to the top, leaving Daddy and Crusty to the girls; which fact they did not lament at all. On reaching the top a cool breeze soon made us feel uncomfortable.

The view which greeted us was magnificent, though a little hazy. Juneau lay sparkling in the sun as if taking in all the sunshine and beauty she could. Douglas Island stretched as a monstrous whale, taking in air. As the tide was low, the Bar appeared as a checker-board with its pools of water here and there. Beautiful, white sharp mountain peaks towered above the ranges and seemed to spear the sky. The channel wound in and out among the rugged peaked islands.

Mount Juneau, practically smooth on the side we had climbed, lay in folds on the other side and bore traces of shacks on high, deserted claims.

The big white survey triangle was decorated several times with different groups of us posing on it. Of course our names were set down in the can, which was the same as a register of a hotel.

Some sprawled on the ice while "Chubby" and I tried to jump from the cliff onto some snow and then to slide down on an old gunny sack. The boys became more venturesome, and a pretty jump was made, by Sim, the brave and daring, from a cliff to the snow forty feet below.

Finally the descent was made in leaps and bounds to the grub cache where we ate and rested from eleven to two. Many parties, bent on the same purpose, passed us as it was an ideal day for a climb. Resting on the grass in the shade of the pines we could easily imagine we were in Sunny California. A grouse sitting on four speckled eggs was spied by a sleeping beauty. A picture of the bird in its native haunt was taken.

Starting again on the descent the wagon road was reached in a quarter of the time it took to ascend. The meeting place was reached and here we were refreshed with cake and punch and then parted, footsore, but happy, for we had climbed one of Alaska's mountains, a distance of three thousand feet.

—R. U., '16.



A Ghost Story

I said I was not afraid of ghosts. That's how the trouble started. The rest took me up at once and dared me to prove it.

There was an old, abandoned shack about four miles from town that was said to be haunted. People passing on the road at night had seen strange sights, and white apparitions in the vicinity of the cabin. No one had ever found the courage to investigate closely so the cabin was looked upon and spoken of in awe by everyone. I had passed the place many times at night but had never seen any ghosts. Consequently I laughed at all the tales which I had heard. The talk grew warmer and finally someone said: "I'll dare you to go out to the old cabin and stay all night." From all sides rose a chorus of dares, and I was soon forced either to back down or go ahead and prove my assertions.

It was settled that I would go out the next night. The crowd would go out and see me safely established in my new quarters and would come back for me the following morning. If I stuck it out all night they would give me ten dollars, but if I didn't I was to furnish the crowd with a supper.

The fatal hour arrived at last. After having supper we all departed for the scene of action. I carried some blankets and my flashlight (also my revolver but the boys didn't know that).

At last we reached our destination. It was a dreary looking place. The cabin was located about two hundred yards from the road. We entered. There was but one room. A bunk stood in one corner and there was no sign of a stove. The air was damp and musty—the whole place was shrouded in the deepest gloom. It was now getting dusk and the crowd made haste to depart. They all bade me a grinning good-night and told me to keep my courage up. At last, the sound of their footsteps died away in the distance and I was alone.

I lighted the lantern and prepared for my night's rest. I spread the blankets on the bed and made everything as comfortable as I could. Then it grew dark and I decided to roll in. I undressed, put my revolver where I could easily reach it, placed the flashlight along side of it, crawled in, grabbing the book which I had smuggled along to help me pass the time away, and started to read. But my imagination would not let me keep my mind on the story. I thought of all the ghost stories that I had ever read, and all the terrible tales which were connected with this cabin. In spite of myself I began to feel afraid.

The hours dragged on. It must have been about ten o'clock when I blew out the lantern and tried to go to sleep. At last I fell into a doze and became unconscious of my surroundings. Finally I awoke with a start.

All was still. I heard a sound outside as though someone were crawling along the ground. It seemed to draw closer. It had approached the cabin door! My hair stiffened on my head. I seized my revolver and waited.

The door creaked. A draft of cold air swept over me. The door was open! There was no sound. I do not know how long I lay there in suspense but finally I summoned sufficient resolution to press the flashlight button. A stream of light shot through the darkness. I turned it on the door. It was shut tight!

Then I fell to sleep again. But in a short time I was awakened with a violent start as before. But all was still again. Presently I heard a noise. It was in the cabin now! It was in my bunk! There was a succession of muffled bumps, and a scraping noise. Then silence again. I lay there for a long time, cold with fear. Then I screwed up my courage, turned on the light, and jumped to the floor. I turned the light on the sides of the bunk—it was all boarded up save for a space of about four inches at the bottom. I got down on my knees and looked under the bunk. I received the shock of my life.

There was a dead man under my bed! Sick with horror of the sight I sprang to my feet. Then I collected myself again and knelt to take another look. There was no doubt about it. A human form lay there, stiff in death. It was that of an old man with a gray beard and white hair. His eyes were open and fixed in a glassy stare on the bunk above. I shuddered at the thought of those eyes looking up at me when I was laying there. I looked closer at the body and made a startling discovery. The man had been murdered! His throat had been slashed across as if with a sharp razor. He was fully dressed in a khaki suit and had on a pair of high shoes.

At last I rose and stood there thinking. What should I do? I did not dare to think of going to sleep again after what had occurred. It was clearly my duty to notify the proper authorities at once. But I could do nothing at this time of night. And if I left the cabin I would lose my wager. At length I decided to stay and guard the body until morning when my friends should arrive and we could take the proper action concerning the matter. I decided to light the lantern and do the best I could under the conditions. I turned the light to where the lantern lay and received another surprise. The lantern was gone! I swept the light swiftly around the room. To my relief I found it standing at the other end of the room. I did not stop to wonder how it had gotten over there but lighted it and hastily dressed.

Just as I finished dressing there came another noise. I grew clammy with fear. There was a creaking sound, then a scrape, followed by a dull thud that seemed to come from below. For a moment I hesitated—then went over to the bunk, knelt down, and looked under. The dead man was gone!

That was enough to frighten anybody and you bet I was

scared. Nothing happened during the remainder of the night. I don't know what I did to pass the hours away. I think I went to sleep at last. I know I woke to find myself lying on the bunk with clothes on and the daylight streaming through the window. When my friends came I told them what had happened. At first they laughed, but finally sobered down. We notified the authorities but nothing was ever discovered. My friends grew skeptical again and say that I was dreaming. But perhaps some day they will know I told the truth.

Alaska, My Alaska

O land of gold, I sing to thee
Alaska, my Alaska.
Thy snow-capped peaks I love to see
Alaska, my Alaska.
From Arctic Ocean's frozen shore
To Baranoff of Russian lore,
Thy mighty rivers I adore,
Alaska, my Alaska.

In '67 by Seward's might,
Alaska, my Alaska.
Thy inmost wealth was brought to light,
Alaska, my Alaska.
Tho slow thy growth thru many a year,
Thy motto has been "Persevere,"
Thy fame is sung by far and near,
Alaska, my Alaska.

And may thy future shine most clear,
Alaska, my Alaska.
And in the hearts of men grow dear,
Alaska, my Alaska.
Henceforth, O land of ice and snow,
Thy wealth from out thy hills shall flow,
And cast o'er all a radiant glow,
Alaska, my Alaska.

By Monte Snow.

Alaska Game Life

The increase and scattering of the human race to all parts of the world, has caused bird and animal life to decrease to but a shadow of its former self. There are now few places where this form of life is to be found in abundance and one of these places is Alaska. The reason for this is that Alaska is a new country and has not yet been overrun by the class of people who invade the breeding grounds and slaughter just for the sake of killing.

During the last years big game hunters have come north, some stopping off on the Kenai Peninsula, others going further to Kodiak where the largest and fiercest of all bears are to be found. These bears possess wonderful stamina so the hunter who goes against them must have a good reliable, high-power rifle of large caliber. It takes pluck too, to stand up against a roaring half-crazed beast of that size.

There are several cases on record, of a dead bear with five or six bullet wounds through his vitals and alongside of him a dead or severely mauled hunter. All this taken together makes a Kodiak bear rug in a man's den, a trophy to be envied, especially if an exciting tale of its capture goes with it.

There are also other bear to be found in the different parts of the country such as black, brown and silvertip and in the extreme northern part, the Polar bear. None of these bear possess the ferocity and grit of their Kodiak brother, but even at that, they are not to be tampered with. The black bear is the only one that is harmless, for he will seek cover as soon as possible when a hunter is sighted. As a general rule the brown bear will stop to see what it is that disturbs him and of course, offers a good mark. At the first attack he is off, although he will sometimes attack if he happens to be in close quarters with his opponent. The brown bear will put up a terrible fight in protection of its young and woe unto the person who happens to get caught while in the act of harming a cub. They are the same species of bear as the Kodiak but people do not place them in the same class for some reason.

Another animal which is much sought by sportsmen is the moose. The only places where they come to the coast is on Kenai Peninsula and at the head of Lynn Canal, near Skagway. In the Interior where people seldom pass through they are very plentiful. A large bull has an immense spread of antlers and for this reason it is much hunted. Of course when one goes hunting just for sport and a pair of antlers, he wouldn't take out the meat because he couldn't use it. In the case of a moose there would be from eight to twelve hundred pounds of meat left behind for the wolves, and moose meat in good condition is equal to that of corn

fed cattle. Several people have tried to get an amendment to the game laws that would prohibit the killing of game animals just for the sake of sport and trophies but have as yet been unsuccessful.

Mountain Sheep are the wariest of all Alaskan game. They are generally found in herds of five or six. Each herd has its leader, which is a large ram. While the rest eat, he stands around on some prominent point and watches. From constant watching his eyes become far superior to those of man or other animals, so he can generally see the hunter before the hunter sees him, and get out of the way.

The Mountain Goat is an animal which much resembles a sheep both in habits and form. Like the sheep, they stay on the different mountain ranges, coming down to the timber only when forced to by snow conditions. They are very fleet and can run over broken rock of the worst kind with the speed of a deer. Some of them get to be very large, sometimes weighing three or four hundred pounds. When one of these is killed about all that can be taken out is the head. The meat of a full grown goat is not very palatable, it having a strong musky taste, but that of the kid is very good. The goat differs somewhat from the tame species, having long wool instead of hair. The Indians use this wool in making their famous Chilcat blankets.

Caribou are found in the northern part of Alaska and in northern Canada only. They are a large animal, being a little smaller than the Elk or Wapiti, their antlers are about the size of an Elk also. Every few years the different herds collect into one mighty herd numbering thousands. So large is the herd that it takes from three to four days for them to pass a given point. Old timers say that they remind them of the herds of buffaloes that used to roam the plains.

The most popular game animal in Southeastern Alaska is the deer. They are found on the Islands from British Columbia to Cape Spencer, which marks the end of the Islands on the Southeastern coast. The law has prohibited the sale of carcasses for several years and now they are almost as plentiful as they ever were. Last year the season's limit was lowered to three; it was formerly six.

In the summer one may climb a mountain fifty or sixty miles from Juneau any nice day and see from ten to twenty deer, sometimes more. They are very tame where they are not much disturbed, so if a person went there to hunt he wouldn't have much sport unless he likes barnyard shooting. One may occasionally get up within fifteen or twenty feet of them and then they stand and stare at you without moving a muscle. Then again they are off like the wind as soon as they get the scent of a human being. During the spring and late in the fall they spend much time on the beach. Frequently one may see from forty to fifty during the course of a day's run along the coast. An occasional Marino, or

white deer, is found among them. These are one of Nature's queer freaks. The different museums will gladly pay five hundred dollars for a skin and head of one of these.

There are many rabbits found in the Interior of Alaska and a few on certain parts of the coast. They are not found more on the coast on account of rain. These are all of the snowshoe variety. They are far better than the rabbits of the States for eating purposes because of their being free from disease.

Almost all the water-fowl of the United States come north in the spring to breed. The Tanana River Valley and the Yukon River flats are their main breeding grounds but others are found all along the coast and in the Interior. About the middle of October they begin their flight for the South. They don't all go South, for countless mallards, geese, golden-eyes, blue-bills and others stay all winter to afford the northern sportsmen sport and food. The teal, widgeon, sprig, pintail, swan and brant all go south in the fall. Alaskan sportsmen get better shooting and better birds than the sportsmen of the States because here they are more plentiful and as they are home raised birds, they are tender and plump and not nearly so wise to the ways of a gun as they are by the time they reach the States.

As to land fowl, our southern brothers have us beaten in different kinds but not in plentifulness. We have only two kinds, the grouse and ptarmigan. The grouse are of two distinct species, the blue grouse and the fool hen. The blue grouse is the king of the grouse family. They are a beautiful bird; having a bluish gray back and blue breast with the neck feathers white and tipped with blue so that sometimes their neck is blue and at other times white. They sometimes weigh as much as four pounds. The winter, no matter how severe, seems to have no effect on them. They seek the thickest timber and largest trees and there they stay for the season. One killed in January is just as plump as another killed in September. The male begins to hoot about the first of March and keeps it up until the first part of June. It is a pretty sight to see them hoot. They spread their tail out like a fan, their wings droop and their neck swells out like a pouter pigeon. With every hoot their tail and wings go up and down with perfect time.

The fool hen cannot be classed as a game bird in the true sense of the word. It is as its name signifies, a fool. It will sit on a limb and will hardly get out of the way for anybody. About all the hunter needs to secure is a stick or a rock.

The ptarmigan are also of two varieties, the willow and the rock ptarmigan. The willow ptarmigan are found on the Islands and lowlands. They are a beautiful bird, in fact at a certain time of the year very few birds any place can equal them in beauty of plumage. In the summer time they are a brownish color with a red neck and head. About the middle of August they start moulting and their body feathers are replaced by pure white ones.

Then is when they are the prettiest. Pure white and red make quite a contrast, especially on a bird. The neck feathers change later and then they are all white. A queer thing about them is that they never perch in trees altho they live in and around timber all of their lives.

The rock ptarmigan are much smaller than the willow ptarmigan and they never come down as far as timberline until forced to by the heavy snow storms. They breed in great numbers back in the different basins. There they stay until the ground is covered with snow. Then they drop down to the alders and stay there all winter. They are no doubt the most plentiful of any game bird in the world. They are not found in single covies but in flocks and sometimes number thousands. In fact, in some places where they are seldom disturbed the ground seems to be moving when they rise. The only thing that will lead to their extermination is their being so tame. At times it is impossible to make them fly. One may run after them as fast as he can, and all they will do is to run, or perhaps fly fifty or sixty feet.

So, with the great abundance of game here now, and a more rigid enforcement of the game laws, Alaska should have game when all the rest of the world is without it.

James McCloskey, '18.

The Glaciers

The glaciers have grown for ages,
Vast fields of blue ice and snow,
Extending from mountain to mountain,
And to unknown depths below.

Small man feels with their vastness,
Weak man feels by their might,
Human endeavor is nothing,
Compared with this wondrous sight.

Mysteries shroud their cold ice mass,
Secrets that no one has known,
They shall keep in their hearts forever
The knowledge that is their own.

M. K. '18.

Why Bears Hibernate

Many moons ago, large tribes of Indians roamed over uncivilized parts of the country. Among them was one that was especially noted for its prowess and bravery. The chief of this tribe, Pau-puk-keewis, was a brave but very cruel and selfish man; and his people though proud of his bravery, feared him greatly.

His daughter, Miskodeed, was the most beautiful woman in the tribe. Chiefs from all parts of the country came to woo her, and brought costly presents; but she would have none of them.

In a neighboring tribe was a young chief who was brave and fearless. He and Miskodeed had long loved each other, but owing to the hostility between the two tribes, knew they could never marry. Often in the summer evenings when the stars and moon shone brightly, Miskodeed and Kwasind stole quietly away to the silent river, where they said they would always be true to each other.

Upon his daughter's continued stubbornness in regard to her marrying one of her many admirers, Pau-puk-keewis became very angry. He scolded and threatened her saying the tribe was becoming poorer and poorer, and unless she would marry a rich chief, the tribe would soon be disgraced.

The matter came to a climax, when one day Mitchie Manito, the Evil One, arrived in camp with a large retinue of slaves bearing magnificent gifts for Miskodeed. He was old and wizened and was repulsive to her when she thought of her handsome lover. But her father saw that if he let this chance go by, the tribe would indeed be ruined. So, regardless of his daughter's feelings about the matter, promised her to Mitchie Manito in marriage. In spite of all resistance, the ceremony was performed and the chief prepared for their wedding journey.

That evening, Kwasind came to their meeting place as usual, but found no sweetheart waiting for him. After waiting a long time, he finally grew impatient and determined to find the reason for her absence. When he knew the truth, he was stunned and scarce knew what to do. Turning, he went quietly back to their meeting place.

By the time another moon had passed, Pau-puk-keewis was no better off than he was before his daughter's marriage. In fact, a great deal worse off, for now that he was no longer young and powerful he had lost all authority over the tribe, and he no longer had his lovely daughter to comfort him in his old age. But the mischief had been done; it was too late now to repent of his wicked deed. Within a short time he received news of his daughter's death. Having grieved for her lover and father from the time she had left her home, she finally died of a broken heart, and the cruel treatment she had received from her husband.

Kwasind, upon hearing of his sweetheart's death, was too grieved for words. Sorrowfully he went to their old meeting place and quickly ended his life in the silent waters of the river.

For some time the Gods had been displeased at Pau-puk-keewis and now when they saw the result of his selfish dealings, determined to punish him. So saying, they sent Ishkoodah down to the earth to punish the offender.

When Pau-puk-keewis saw him coming, he was filled with fear for he knew he deserved any punishment he might receive. He started to speak but was checked by Ishkoodah, who said, "You have long been displeasing to the Gods, and now you are to receive your punishment." Again Pau-puk-keewis started to speak, but found to his amazement that he could only growl, for he had been changed into a bear. So he slunk away from the camp and into the forest; and when winter came he hid himself in the mountains; for the beautiful white snow made him think of the pure soul of his daughter Miskodeed.

Now, every winter when the snow comes, the descendants of Pau-puk-keewis hide themselves 'till the Spring time comes again.

G. L. '16.

Exam and Cram

Near to a large white court house,
The Juneau High School stands.
The students are all excited,
For they are going to have exams.

Oh yes!
They are going to have exams.

They have History and Latin, and Algebra too,
And most of the Freshmen are feeling blue,
But the Sophs say exams are nothing new,
Oh no!
Exams are nothing new!

But when it comes to Geometry,
And Commercial Arith. and Latin Three,
The Sophs cram 'till they can hardly see,
You bet!
They cram 'till they can hardly see.

The Juniors are as flustered as they can be,
They study on Solid Geometry,
And Cicero and Chemistry,
Those three!
On Geom., Cicero and Chemistry.

Chubby's Arm

One cold March morning, just at the time when the desolation of a long winter seems to lay heaviest on the Arctic lands, a sled with four huskies was streaking along the glare ice of the lower Tanana. A man at the handles was the only traveler with this conveyance. Judging by the way he drove his team and by the gait he held, in spite of the years of which his gray whiskers told, he was an old timer and used to the trail.

Suddenly a shot rang out! It seemed to come from a small ravine some distance ahead. The old man swerved his team and seemed to bear away from that side of the river. However that was not his intention, for at this point, a short distance from the Yukon, the river is quite wide. Upon reaching a point almost opposite the ravine and some distance out on the river, he stopped his outfit while it was still screened from the view of anyone in the gulch, by a snow-drift which had formed along the bar. Proceeding cautiously ahead the old man peered up the ravine; then suddenly straightened up and ran forward.

What a sigh met his eyes!

A large powerfully built man lay on his side in the snow. Around him a ring of malamutes hungrily sniffed the blood which gushed from a paying wound in his throat. The cooking utensils lay in the snow. A rifle lying just out of reach beyond him and his foot caught in one of the lashings, gave mute testimony of what had happened.

Old Dad Christy, for that was the newcomer's name, hurried to the injured man's side. One glance was sufficient to tell him nothing could be done. The victim, although conscious, was nearly dead from the loss of blood, which was now gushing and ebbing in unison with his heart's beating. All was over in a few minutes. The old man wrapped the body in a tarpaulin, and suspended it between two saplings well out of the reach of wolves. While musing over the vagaries of fate, Dad turned to the sled. He scarce could believe his eyes, for there in a parka many sizes too large, and lashed to the sled, was a boy of about five years.

* * * * *

One summer evening about twenty years later, Dad Christy was seated in his cabin near Ruby talking to his neighbor Streak, known to the old-timers as old Pay Streak. He was called this, not because he had a great amount of gold, but because his initials were P. A., for Phillip Abbot. But Alaska is the land of nick-names and he had been known as Pay Streak from the first day he signed the roll at Circle City, thirty years before. It seemed a little ironical for, although he had suffered many hardships, followed many stampedes and hit many a lonely trail, the pay-streak of his dreams had awlays eluded him. Still there were scores who claimed he had a treasure beyond compare. If you were to

Juneau-Douglas City Museum

ask them to name it to you, in confidence, they would have told you that Old Pay Streak's daughter's Galena, was treasure enough for anyone.

Old Dad Christy rose and gazed down the trail that lead towards the river. "If Bob hasn't lost his stride while at college, he ought to be here most any minute," he remarked.

Resuming his seat he fell into meditation. Old Pay Streak quietly left the cabin, for he knew that Christy was censuring himself for being so cautious twenty years ago and not hurrying to the elder Channing in time to learn the dying man's desire. The old man's thoughts were of the little five-year-old boy who gazed from the sled. Even a clean life and resolute spirit cannot withstand the assaults of time; the years were telling on Dad Christy, he was an old man, and his mind dwelt ever more and more in the past.

Along the trail to the cabin there strode a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, from whose well-shaped head a pair of gray eyes gazed forth with the calmness that comes from a well-trained mind and the good nature which bespoke a strong and healthy body.

Dad Christy was roused from his reverie by a joyous bark from Rouse'em, his old lead dog, as it ran to greet the newcomer. The old man hurried through the open door and quietly shook hands with Bob Channing, his ward, who had just returned from a four-year's course at college. Dad Christy's eyes were filled with an eager light and plainly showed that the quietness of his greeting was but a mask for the feeling that moved him.

"Better wash up," said old man Christy after supper, "'cause there'll be somebody over to see you probably."

"Who will it be?" said Bob.

"Well, old Pay Streak—I think those beans need a little more water," said Dad as he poured some in.

"Who did you say was coming with him?"

"I don't remember saying anyone was coming with him," said Dad. "Was you expecting someone?"

"Well—ah—er, where is Galena?"

"Now that you mentioned it I recollect that she did say she would be over," said Dad, after he had taken, what seemed to Bob, an exceedingly long time to light his pipe. "Well, Bob," said Dad. "I will give you this box and map which your father left. There is not much dust left in the box but that map probably tells where it came from. I haven't been able to figure it out. I have been in this country for over thirty years and for the last twenty have been inquiring for a place called Chubby's Arm, which the map mentions, but I haven't found a trace of it. I've made a complete failure of the whole thing, for I've never been able to identify you either. I thought for a while that those tatoo marks on your arm might be recognized by someone, but I've just about given up hope."

"Never mind Dad," said Bob, laying his hand on the old man's

shoulder, "of course, I've often wondered who my people were, but nobody could have been better than you have been."

Hearing someone approaching, Bob turned to greet Pay Streak and his daughter Galena. Old Pay Streak was profuse in his greeting and comments on Bob's mature appearance. Galena's greeting was quiet yet friendly. Four years had brought a wonderful change in Galena Streak, Bob's old-time playmate. He remembered her as a pretty girl of sixteen and at twenty, she was a treasure, well deserving her name.

Old Dad Christy was showing Galena the map, and repeating that his cautiousness had caused him to arrive too late to learn the key to the map, thereby probably losing Bob a fortune. She read aloud the directions, "8 miles from Cleary's road-house and then see Chubby's Arm?"

"Yes," said Christy, "I know where Cleary's road-house is, but what direction shall I go? It's an open country with likely looking places all around it, and gold is where you find it."

"You were a chubby little youngster when I first saw you," Pay Streak was saying to Bob as they sat near the fire.

Galena suddenly straightened up. Dad Christy looked at her wonderingly.

"Did you hear what Father said he was like when you found him?" she asked.

"Why yes," said Dad. "He was certainly a chubb—say, wonder if——?"

"He has some tatoo marks on his arm," said Galena.

The old man rushed to Bob and forced him to the light. "Take off your coat," he said.

"You're not going to lick me the first night, are you Dad?" asked Bob, jokingly.

"Take off your coat, quick and roll up your sleeve. I think Galena has solved the mystery of the map."

There on Bob's arm was a peculiar design. The shadow of a pinnacle rock cast by the sun touched a narrow opening in the opposite cliff. Underneath was the following inscription:—"7-21 6 P. M."

"Today is the 21st of June," said Galena, "and one month from now at six in the evening the shadows of that rock will be touching the spot on the opposite cliff where you are to enter. It doesn't leave much time to make that long trip and find the rock."

"I remember that rock distinctly," said Dad. "After getting that map I put in lots of time in that vicinity, but I never suspected that Bob held the secret, and probably never would have known it if it wasn't for you."

For a few moments there was silence. It was almost impossible to believe that for twenty-five years the key of the map had lain within their very midst; but here it was. That night a happy crowd discussed the fortune which within a month's time became a reality.

O. L. B. '18.

A Canoe Race

Kishlah and Afnak were rivals. Minnelak, the daughter of old Chief Powkah was beloved of Kishlah. And in like manner, Minnelak was beloved of Afnak. And so between Kishlah and Afnak was hatred, growing more keen with each day. Old Powkah knew well how things stood. But as both young men were "eligible" he let matters take their own course, which was most unusual among the Alaska tribes.

This was before the white men came, before even the Russians. The Indian knew naught of the white man or his ways in marriage. But he had decided views of his own. If an old man had a son, and another old man had a daughter, that they wished to have married to each other, it was done. If a child had no parents when of suitable age for marriage, the chief of the tribe decided the matter. In that day, if a buck even fell in love with a squaw, he did it after they were married.

But the case of Kishlah and Afnak was different. Both were without parents. Both were equally desirable. Both were in love with the daughter of the chief. No one knew which the girl preferred. No one, not even the young men, would have thought of asking her about the matter. The affair aroused the interest of all the tribe. "Who will marry Minnelak?" became the subject of the hour. But old Chief Powkah said nothing.

At last, however, matters became serious. The rivalry that had heretofore existed only between Kishlah and Afnak spread to the whole tribe. Two hostile camps arose, and the followers of Kishlah and the followers of Afnak massacred each other, figuratively speaking. Old Powtah was aroused. He called together all the wise men of the tribe and asked them for advice. Many were the plans offered. One suggested an eating contest. Another, a foot race. Another, a wrestling match. And finally some old Methuselah hit upon the idea of a canoe race. The plan aroused great enthusiasm. For both Kishlah and Afnak were renowned for their prowess with the paddle. And a day was set for the race, the winner to get all the gate receipts, which were Minnelak and five hundred salmon and ten fat dogs.

The day came. At the appointed hour all the village gathered on the beach. Kishlah and Afnak, stripped to the waist, crouched, ready for the start, in their respective canoes. Old Powtah arose. He pointed to a small island about two miles down the channel. "Uskookumagoo (to there)" he said. He picked up a stone, raised his hand and let it drop. "Go to it, Kishlah," yelled some. "Go to it, Afnak," yelled others. And both Kishlah and Afnak, paddling for dear life, set out on the race. When they had gone about an eighth of a mile, both slackened their pace and settled down to a steady pull. The sea was calm, and it was an ideal day for a

race. Afnak dropped behind, and sped along behind Kishlah. Soon the island was reached, and the young bucks swept around on opposite ends. Afnak steered his canoe close to the shore, and put on a terrific speed. When the canoes had both rounded the island and headed back, Afnak was ahead by several lengths.

Now it became a race in dead earnest. Both young men drove their blades into the water with the strength and skill that they were capable of. Kishlah gradually lessened the distance between him and Afnak. When a mile had been traveled, the two were abreast. But Kishlah gained no more. Another half mile flew by. The speed of both canoes was slackening. Kishlah and Afnak were covered with sweat, and were panting for breath. But both stuck to it in grim earnest. Now the goal was but a quarter of a mile away. The watchers on the beach danced about in a frenzy of excitement. Yells of encouragement came over the water to the racers.

Now Afnak began to draw slowly ahead. Kishlah increased his speed. But Afnak still forged ahead. Two hundred yards from the shore—and Afnak was a length in front. Suddenly a large salmon broke the water just under Afnak's paddle. The leaping fish struck the blade, and knocked it from his hands. He quickly seized another laying in the bottom of the canoe, and plied it rigorously. But Kishlah was ahead now—nearly a length. The two canoes were but four feet apart. Mad rage seized Afnak. With a twist of his blade he hurled his canoe against Kishlah's. He sprang forward and seized Kishlah's paddle. Kishlah sprang up, both lost their balance, the canoes overturned, and they fell in the water. They struck out for shore. Both touched bottom at about the same time, but as Afnak plunged for dry land, he struck his foot against a rock and tripped himself. Kishlah reached the beach first.

So Minnelak became Kishlah's squaw. And the five hundred fish were Kishlah's and the ten fat dogs also.

The Between Period Gossip

Between the morn and the evening,
When the students of Juneau High,
Think that Prof. is not perceiving
Their actions as they pass by—
They stop to gossip or pass a word,
And waste a minute or so;
But when they are kept with the rest of the herd,
They make the excuse, "To work I must go."

J. G.

The First Trip

It was the summer of 1917. The long hoped for Alaska aerial mail service was ready. The government had at last decided to operate the route itself, and since the first of April, gangs of men had been busily engaged at Valdez, Fairbanks, Nome and other places, building hangars for the planes and fuel and supply stations. Valdez was the "home port" and here the two planes that were to be used were stationed. Each plane was to make a weekly trip to all points. This gave every settlement on the route, mail service twice a week.

At last all was ready. One the morning of June twenty-eighth the start was to be made from Valdez. The morning dawned, a perfect day. By six o'clock half of the town was encamped around the hangars which were situated about a mile out of town. The start was to be made at seven. Aviator Thomas Brown was engaged with the mechanic Harry Jones, in making a last inspection of the powerful flyer. The machine was a biplane, modeled after the Curtis type, but larger and had a maximum speed of 120 miles per hour. She was made for either one or two man control. On this particular occasion the trip was to be made by Brown alone.

At last the two men completed their inspection. "Fitter than a fiddle," declared the mechanic with pride.

"That's right," assented the aviator; "she's in fine shape." Further discussion was interrupted by the sound of a horn outside. "Auto bringing the mail," said the mechanic laconically, and went to the sliding doors of the hangar and threw them open. The auto stopped outside. The mail was quickly transferred to the plane and all was prepared for the start. The mechanic looked at his watch; "seven," he announced. Brown donned his headgear and climbed to the drivers' seat. The track was cleared. With a loud hum the motor burst into action. He threw in the clutch and the machine moved forward. As she passed the door a murmur ran thru the crowd. The machine gathered speed and raced down the three-hundred yard track. When just nearing the end, the aviator threw up the lifting planes and the machine sprang into the air. The motors barked with increased power, the machine gathered speed and rising, disappeared over the hills.

And now let us take the scene four hundred miles inland, where events of a vastly different nature were occurring. There is a small valley down the middle of which runs a rushing stream. On both sides and the north the valley is enclosed by the rising foothills. The south, however, is open. About in the center of this valley three tents were pitched on the right-hand side of the creek. Smoke issued from two of them, indicating that the inmates were up. The scene was peaceful, but Tragedy lurked about in the valley. In the third tent a man was lying dead, with a bullet hole

thru his heart. In another, two girls, the daughters of the dead man, were cowering in fear. And in the third tent two men were eating breakfast. It had all happened that morning, with a suddenness peculiar to the north.

The dead man was a professor in an eastern college. He had come to Alaska during the summer vacation to collect specimens of various kinds. His daughters, the only kin he had in the world, he had brought with him. The three had sailed to Nome, and then had gone up the Yukon to Fairbanks, where they hired two men as guides and traveled south.

The two guides were both men of bad reputation in the North. It chanced that the professor had a large sum of money with him—five thousand dollars in bills. He had kept this secret, but one of the blackguards had discovered him one morning engaged in looking over his valuables. The temptation was too strong for them and they planned to take the old man as far south as possible, murder him and the girls and make their escape. That was two weeks ago. The climax had come this morning. Grace, one of the girls, had felt restless all night and about four o'clock had gone to the door of the tent and looked out. Then she saw one of the guides walk towards her father's tent. She watched him in surprise. It was all over in a second. The man pushed aside the flaps of the tent and looked in. Then he lifted a revolver from his side, leveled it and fired. There was a heartrendering cry of pain from within the tent, and all was still again. Grace fell back fainting. When she had revived sufficiently she told her sister what had happened. The two girls looked around for weapons. To their despair they found that their two fine rifles had been stolen during the night. Even their knives were gone. Both were strong and fearless, but powerless to act. Finally the terrible situation unnerved them and they awaited the outcome in hysterics. Joan, the elder, built a fire at last. They hardly dared to move. Such was the situation at seven o'clock.

In the other tent were Bill and Joe eating their breakfast. They ate in silence, then Bill cast a tentative look at his companion and said, "What about them girls, Joe?"

"Them girls," said Joe deliberately, "go like he did," and he jerked his thumb in the direction of the tent where the dead man lay.

"I guess you're right," said Bill, "we can't afford no foolishness, you bet. But how?"

Joe kept silent. He did not know what to answer. It was all right to think about disposing of the girls, but quite another matter to do it. But Joe was hard—as hard as a human being can be. The girls had to go, that was all there was to it. "We'll fix that all right," he said, "and now let's get busy." They rifled the old man's possessions, dug a hole in the ground and dumped him in. Then they gathered together everything they did not want to take, heaped them in a pile and set fire to it. And now the moment had

come. Bill looked at Joe; Joe looked at Bill—"Come on," said Joe and started for the girl's tent. Bill followed.

Twenty-five miles away, and two thousand feet in the air, the U. S. Mail Plane was coming at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. Aviator Brown looked down from time to time at the country below him. Far ahead he saw smoke. Closer and closer the machine sped. The whole valley came into view. Far away he saw a blazing fire and two white dots some distance apart. A misgiving came over him. He touched the accelerator, and the plane rushed ahead with renewed speed. He was but two miles away—then one mile. He seized a pair of binoculars, threw in the automatic clutch and looked down. The tents and the fire leaped into view. The two men stood at the entrance of one of the tents. Then one of them pushed aside the flaps and entered—the other followed. In a moment they appeared, but not alone. The aviator gave a last look, threw the glasses aside and reached frantically for the control. The hum of the engine ceased and the machine plunged toward the earth.

Bill and Joe dragged the girls who had fainted from fright, outside the tent. They lay on the ground helpless. No man with a soul could have harmed them. But Bill and Joe were not men—they were beasts.

"Now, Bill," said Joe. Each took a revolver and stepped back.

"Ready?" said Bill.

"All ready," replied Joe.

"Then fire away."

But they never did. Two shots rang out, and two villains died. The mail plane reached Fairbanks on time, with a cargo more precious than mail.



History of Sitka

The first Russian colony in Alaska was on the island of Kodiak at Three Saints Bay. It was established by Alexis Shelikoff who came to this place in the ship Saint Paul and set up a trading post. (1786). In 1791 Baranoff took charge of the Russian American Trading Company, of which this post was a branch. A post was established at Nutchek on Prince William Sound in 1796 and another at Yakutat later in this year. Sitka was founded in 1799.

In the fall of 1799 Baranoff sent one hundred and fifty men in the "Orel" to Sitka for the purpose of founding a post. He followed in the spring and upon arriving, found that nearly all of the men had been killed from eating poison clams. Before leaving he established the post and left twenty men to maintain it.

He was troubled a great deal by American and English traders who gave the Indians arms and ammunition. He endeavored to stop this because it endangered the lives of the Russian trappers. These men came from Boston, a distance of over 15,000 miles. The Indians now call Americans "Waston Kwan," "Waston" standing for Boston, because the Indians were unable to say Boston, "Kwan" being Indian for "tribe."

The Russians did not have the post firmly established and the hostility of the Indians made it very difficult. On one occasion Baranoff with twenty men went into a village of three hundred Indians and demanded satisfaction for an insult to his interpreter who had demanded their presence at the dedication of the post. His bravery completely awed the Indians and quieted them for some time. The inroads of foreign traders greatly decreased the output, so the post was not a financial success.

During Baranoff's absence the village was sacked and burned. This happened on June 24, 1802. The whole affair was witnessed by Ambrosi Plotnikoff. The story of the burning was obtained from his letter to headquarters. He said:

"I had been out in the woods and when I returned, saw that a large band of Indians had surrounded the barracks. They were led by Sitka Chief Michael. The chief stood on a small hill nearby and urged the men to come closer. Seeing that I could not enter the barracks, I went to the cow sheds where I had a gun. Here I barricaded myself in, and awaited the natives. Finally they broke in and I escaped thru the window, but was forced to leave my gun behind. I fled to the woods and hid. I came out a little later and saw all of the buildings in flames. One man jumped from the upstairs of the barracks and was caught on the uplifted spears of the Indians. All of the goods were in the hands of the Indians and were being carried away in canoes. I saw two Indians running toward me and was forced to hide again. While I was running I saw another man break away and run. He was caught almost im-

mediately and pinned to the ground with spears. This carnage lasted till evening, when the savages left. I then returned and found nothing but ashes and half dead cows, but was forced to leave before exploring further. I found a man, woman and child in the woods and for eight days we lived on roots and berries. On the last day we heard a cannon shot out in the harbor and went out to see what ship it was. It proved to be an English vessel. I made signs and called for help but before aid reached me, I was forced to leave on account of the Indians. I repeated this for three days but was forced to leave each time on account of the Indians. Finally aid managed to reach me and the others hiding in the woods and we were brought aboard. We asked the captain to go ashore and see whether there were any other survivors or any goods, but only the remains of a few guns were found. Chief Michael and his nephew were invited aboard to trade. The captain was asked to hold the two as hostages so that any who might be prisoners would be returned. Captain Michael and his nephew were immediately placed in irons and were told that they would be there until all of the prisoners were returned. All the women and a few men were returned unharmed, also a great number of sea otter skins. There is a very interesting legend connected with this. According to the Indian belief, it was very cowardly to harm any woman taken in war. Meanwhile, the Indians had planned to attack the vessel and recapture the prisoners. While executing this plan two more English vessels sailed into the harbor and the savages were repulsed with a great loss."

Baranoff was not able to punish this deed for two years and in 1804 he accompanied Krnsenstern and Leseansky to Sitka, where they had been sent from Russia on a geographical and topographical expedition to Alaska. Here he took by force the island of Kegoor which stood close to shore. He fortified this place and then demanded the surrender of the village. The Indians had built a fort on the Indian River and commenced firing from this. The ships immediately opened fire and Baranoff led a party from land. They were forced to discontinue the fight on account of darkness. In the morning the forts were found deserted. The Indians had left during the night, leaving a couple of old women in charge. All of the dogs and many of the children had been killed so that there would be no noise on their departure. From that day till the purchase of Alaska, the Russians held Sitka.

Baranoff governed Alaska for twelve years during which time he established trade with California, built wharves, ship yards, foundries, saw mills, and flour mills in Sitka. He founded a colony in California now known as Ft. Ross in Bodega Bay where cattle and wheat were raised. The grain and meat was shipped to Sitka where the wheat was milled into flour and was then distributed to all parts of the Alaskan coast. The town gradually grew until it became one of the most important towns on the Pacific coast. Large buildings were built for the officers' quarters and a castle for the governor on the Island of Kegoor.

The transfer of Alaska took place on the island of Kegoon in 1867. On the 18th of October the American army came to take charge under the command of Gen. Davis. The Russians under Prince Maksoutoff were drawn up on one side while the Americans were just opposite. While the Russian flag was being lowered for some reason or other the halyards stuck and the flag could not be moved. A Russian climbed the pole and untied the flag and let it drop. The wind caught it up and gently set it on the upturned bayonets of the Russian soldiers. The American banner was then raised, a salute fired and the great Territory of Alaska passed into the hands of the United States.

Until the year 1884 there was no government and scarcely any protection. In 1879 the few soldiers at Sitka were withdrawn and the inhabitants were left to shift for themselves. Two years later the Indians became so hostile that the citizens were compelled to apply to the government for protection. No attention was paid to this appeal and matters were coming to a critical point. In despair, the people appealed to the Canadian government for protection. They were answered at once and the ship "Osprey" was sent to their aid. Just as the savages were getting ready to attack, the ship sailed into the harbor with flags flying and decks cleared for action. The Indians immediately returned to their village and ceased troubling the people. The "Osprey" remained until relieved by the U. S. S. "Alaska" and from this time on until 1895 a ship was kept in Alaskan waters.

Sitka kept up her position for some time and was capital of Alaska until a few years ago when it was moved to Juneau. She has lost most of her former importance but still is quite a thriving little business center.

S. M. '16.

Woodland Haunts

I wandered alone one day,
Through forests dim and dark,
Wandered, yet longed to stay
Far from the beaten track.
From crowded haunts of men, and noise,
Of cities, and the fight for gold,
From civilized life—it's follies and toys,
Here in this forest old.
Here, 'tis true, no sweet birds sang,
No joyous light of sun e're shone;
Yet through the silence the voice of Nature rang,
With eager lips expounding to her own.
Oh, how I wish I were there again,
Where the gloom shrouded trees grow high,
Where the silence is resting and soothing,
While the hurrying world goes by.

E. N. '16.

A Future Playground

Southeastern Alaska combines in its general character all the attractions that draw sightseers to the Alps, Norway and such places. It is, indeed, an ideal place for communion with Nature in her wilder phases. The public has been slow to recognize the wonders of the north, but it is beginning to see and understand. The European war will have the effect of sending thousands of people to Alaska who formerly had eyes only for Europe. And it will not be an alien people that invade these shores, but those of common race and sympathy with the inhabitants. They will come, see and go away. But they will come again and others will come also. Why the Alps when there is Alaska? There is no reason why. Here in this wonderful land there is all that can be found in the Alps, and more. And over all, there is the fresh spirit of new things, of unbroken wilds, and uninhabited country. And with all this, scenery as grand as can be found; mountains capped with eternal snow, glaciers, long, deep channels forded by wooden hills, cascades and rushing torrents. There is no old world civilization, no art or science. If you would see what man has done, best go to Europe. But if you would see what Nature did when in her flush of youth and height of power, go north to Alaska.

The Passing of Pioneer Days

Alaska's pioneer days are over. They were, alas, too few. The opening up and exploration of the territory has come at a period of great material progress. The marvelous scientific knowledge that has been gathered in the last century has been responsible for making Alaska "the last frontier" only in name. And with the end of Alaska's pioneer days comes the end of all pioneer days. Time that has passed by cannot be recalled; neither can the conditions that once existed come back again. A person can rough it yet if he wants to; go through all that the pioneers did if he wants to, but he does not have to. Grim necessity has vanished. Perhaps men are prone to cover the past with glamour—that is but human nature. But though those times were rough and stern, they were full of life. The old laws prevailed; the strong ruled. It took strength to live then, but people truly lived and did not merely exist. We would not go back if we could, for we love comfort too much, but we cannot but honor those who lived then.

4

Society Notes

Juneau as a city is noted for its social activities and the High School is no small participant in social affairs.

The most popular of social affairs is the Moonlight Dancing Club. It was organized by the boys in 1913 and is more commonly known as the M. D. C. It became popular immediately and has gained in this respect every year. No special place was set for these dances, but they were generally given in the Moose Hall.

During 1915-1916 six dances have been given. For nearly each dance the hall was tastefully decorated and light refreshments were always served. When one M. D. C. was over the days were counted until the next one should be given.

Sleigh riding parties, one of the most enjoyable winter sports, were indulged in by several groups of the J. H. S. One of these occasions was given in honor of Burdette Winn, who was a senior the year before and was spending his Christmas vacation with his High School friends.

Swimming parties were also in the swing of good times. Many swimming parties were given in Treadwell but the completion of the A. B. tank brought this favorite pastime closer home.

The Freshmen gave a party early in the year in the A. B. Hall, which was then on one of Goldstein's spacious floors. Many new and interesting games were planned. Ice cream and cakes were served. The rest of the time was spent in dancing. For a while different pupils took turns playing, but as they wished to be participants as well, they obtained a musician. The time then passed too quickly but everyone left with the satisfaction of having had a good time.

Many individual parties were given, each one carrying a new plan of entertainment and refreshment. Each was novel and bore traces of good ideas and imaginations. Some of these parties were the occasion of birthdays. Two agreeable surprise parties were given.

The Senior girls were entertained at different times by members of the Senior class.

Seward Society, the Literary branch of school affairs has been the most successful since the society was started. The business of the society was carried on quicker and in a more systematic way. Formerly the business took all the time allotted for the society. The society part would then have to be postponed till later. Thus it consumed a great deal too much of school time.

The programs that were planned were interesting and full of life. They generally consisted of a couple of songs by the school, recitations, readings, original papers, solos, duets, quartets, and debates.

The most interesting program was that given in the form of a trip in an airship. The whole high school was taken for a trip around the world. They alighted at the largest cities and most noted places, hearing the different selections about these places. On returning it proved to be only a dream. The program was more than a dream. It was a lively and pleasing entertainment and pronounced the best that had ever been produced.

Thus we see that social affairs, in various forms, are indulged in by the J. H. S. Many have remarked that this has been a very successful year in that respect.

R. U. '16.

A College Town

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

Jimmy Cavendish, a typical college good fellow is a senior at Bexley College. The night before the opening of the play, he has been out on a lark and in his rah-rah enthusiasm has broken several windows, painted a statue on the campus, and to cap the climax calls at the home of Professor Popp and kisses his tyrannical wife who answers the doorbell. The play opens the next morning at Jimmie's boarding house and "Ma" Baggsby, the mother of her college boarders is expecting her niece from Carolina to spend Thanksgiving with her. The young lady arrives and at once captivates the fancy of Jimmie. Matters are complicated by the arrival of the discipline committee hot on his trail. He manages to get out of the scrape by stating that he was with his aunt the night before. They insist on seeing the aunt however, and Jimmie's two chums, Tad and Shorty each unknown to the other agrees to impersonate Jimmy's aunt.

Mrs. Popp gives a faculty dinner party in honor of Jimmy's aunt and Tad goes disguised as Aunt Jane. Mrs. Popp's brother, the head of the military department, proposes to Tad in a ludicrous love scene. The real Aunt Jane arrives from New York and goes to the dinner party. She is met by Tad and is hustled away before she meets the faculty. Things are beginning to get very exciting for Tad as the Major insists on making love and the dinner party is full of comic interruptions.

The College Glee Club spike the punch which produces its effect on the innocent hen-pecked Popp. In his exhillarated state he proceeds to lay down the law to his domineering spouse but is rebuffed and led by the ear back to the dinner party. Jimmie's admiration deepens for Mrs. Baggsby's niece, Jim Channing, and he obtains permission to escort her to the Thanksgiving football game.

The third act depicts the excited crowd on the sidelines of the football field. The rival team is winning and Bexley rooters are all blue. Mrs. Baggsby and the real Aunt Jane arrive at the game.

The Major mistaking Aunt Jane for Tad, renews his love making, much to the lady's surprise. Tad arrives and explains the whole joke to the Major. The Major is indignant and threatens to expel Jimmie, but is finally pacified by Tad's threats to tell all about the Major's love making. The football men need Tad in the game, as he is a substitute player. They mistake Aunt Jane for Tad and rush her out to the field. She is rescued by Jimmie and because of his heroism, forgives all deception. After a thrilling description the football game is won for Bexley by Jimmie, and all ends well.

This was an extremely clever little comedy in three acts given for the benefit of the Arctic Brotherhood Natatorium and Gymnasium. Lively and full of action there was not a dull moment from curtain to curtain. The play was not only a great success but was very beneficial to each member of the cast. This success was largely due to the untiring efforts of Miss Willson, who directed the play. Miss Willson has had charge of the dramatic department in Juneau High School for the past few years and this presentation illustrates her usual success in the work.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jimmie Cavendish—A Rah-rah Boy.....	Simpson Mackinnon
Tad Cheseldine—The College Cut-up.....	Joseph Acklen
Major Kilpepper—The Head of the Military.....	William Taschek
Prof. Senacharrib Popp—Chair of Philology.....	Jas. McCloskey
Scotch McAllister—The Football Captain.....	Carl Anderson
Shortly Long—The Ubiquitous Freshman.....	Waino Hendrickson
Billy Van Dorn—On the Glee Club.....	Wilbur Burford
Dr. Twiggs—On the Faculty.....	Henry Lund
Miss Jim Channing—A Girl from Dixie.....	Suzanne McLaughlin
Marjorie Haviland—The College Widow.....	Hazel Jaeger
Mrs. Baggsby, "Ma"—A Popular Landlady.....	Margaret Dudley
Miss Jane Cavendish—Cavendish & Dean, Wall St. N. Y.....	
.....	Francis Ptack
Mrs. Cleopatra Popp—A Faculty Type.....	Mary Connor
Mrs. Mollie Styles—A Honeymooner.....	Lillian Collins
Miss Twiggs—A Relic of Other Days.....	Georgia Gilpatrick
Mrs. Twiggs—A Motherly Soul.....	Ruth Umstead

L. C. '18.



ATHLETICS

As soon as school was fairly started, a meeting of the boys was held to decide whether or not to enter the athletic field. All were in favor of doing so, and to start things right, Wilbur Burford was elected manager of the basket ball squad to be. After many interviews with owners of available halls, the manager reported that it was impossible to obtain a hall suitable for basket ball playing; therefore, it was decided to postpone activities until the completion of the A. B. Hall, which had been promised to us for gymnasium purposes.

On January seventh, the first practice was held and we had a fine turn out, the squad practiced hard every day after school hours and were soon in good shape. Simpson Mackinnon was elected captain and every one predicted that the team would regain the title of champions.

February eleventh, the manager received a challenge from the Sitka Athletic Club to play two games in Juneau. The challenge was immediately accepted and arrangements were made. They arrived on the twentieth, and after three days' practice in our hall the first game was played. The H. S. boys were in better shape and had better team work than their opponents so that they easily won the game. The final score was 39 to 6. Those playing on the Juneau High were Burford and Kashevaroff, forwards, Mackinnon and Anderson, guards, with Herner as center. In the last few minutes of play, Hodges, Graybill, Hendrickson and Sabin were substituted for Burford, Kashevaroff, Anderson and Herner. The second game was played on the following evening with a score of 11-28 with the J. H. S. again at the long end. Hodges played center and was the only change in the first team line-up. A few weeks after the games we received a challenge from the Sitka boys for a series of games to be played in their city some time next year. They are in the field early so as to be sure to get a chance to play us again.

Our next game was with the Arctic Brotherhood team. The general opinion was that we would be beaten as we were somewhat lighter in weight and our opponents were all experienced players. The first half ended with the score 8 to 29 in favor of the A. B. team and it looked as if we were a little rattled, but after a short conference between the halves the boys went up and ran circles around the A. B.'s all during the second half and with a little more time would have tied the score; however, the game ended with the score 39 to 24. Our line-up in the first half was, Kashevaroff and Hendrickson, forwards; Anderson and Mackinnon, guards, with Bur-

ford as center. In the second half Burford went to his real position as forward and Hodges played center with the result that the team played much better.

The swimming tank in the A. B. Hall is the main attraction to all of the High School students. We have been given a schedule which allows individual days for the boys and girls and gives each two swims a week at the expense of the School Board. During these days the tank is very popular.

The tank is white tiled on the sides and has a smooth finished cement floor, is eighty feet long by thirty feet wide, and ranges from eighteen inches to ten feet in depth. Only fresh water is used as there is no way at present of obtaining salt water. The water is changed frequently to insure sanitation. It is heated by a large boiler and then is kept at an even temperature by the use of a smaller one.

Baseball should be much more of a success this spring than it was last year because there is an abundance of material, plenty of spirit, and we will pray for good weather. Here is hoping for a world-beating baseball team and may next year see a repetition of this year's activities.





A. B. Nelson - Juneau-Douglas City Museum

EDITORIALS

THE STAFF

Editor-in-chief Waino Hendrickson
Assistant Editor Hazel Jaeger
Business Manager Simpson MacKinnon
Assistant Business Manager.....James McCloskey
Literary Editor Charles Skuse
Athletic Editor Carl Anderson
Cartoonist Kathleen Ward
Exchange Editor Eugene Nelson
Alumni Editor Margaret Dudley

This, the sixteenth year of the Juneau High School finds it in better condition than ever before. The school has a higher standing, the largest enrollment and is more efficient in all respects. Several new courses have been added to the curriculum, including commercial law, public speaking and the commercial department. Our laboratory was furnished with a new and larger equipment at the beginning of the term, so that the chemistry class is doing much more efficient and extensive work than heretofore. The general attitude of the student body as a whole, has changed greatly during the past year. A greater interest is taken in athletics as well as in the various social activities of the school. This is especially noticeable at the Seward Society meetings. For several years the Seward Society has been an object of hate and drudgery to the students, and they would do almost anything to be kept from performing. But now there is no such spirit prevailing. The students are willing to perform their parts and always look eagerly forward to "Seward" day. Indeed, if one of our 1913 or 1914 graduates should come to visit us now there is no doubt but what he would see a great change in the school spirit. There is a more co-operative attitude and better team work manifested among the students. All of these improvements and changes are due to the untiring efforts of Professor Henderson, who, in two short years has brought the school from its former low standing, to that of any of the schools in the States. Not only the students, but the community at large appreciate the efforts of Mr. Henderson.

The merchants of Juneau have been very liberal this year and the efforts of our business manager have been entirely successful. The financial success of an annual such as ours depends entirely upon the generosity of the merchants in their advertising. The times have been hard for the merchants of our city this winter and the calls for contributions from different orders and organizations have been more numerous than usual; nevertheless the turn-

downs were few-and-far-between. The students should appreciate this and patronize our advertisers.

Some of our readers may be curious and would like to know who the authors of our good stories may be. We are sorry to say that our readers are no more curious than the editors. All of the literature has been handed directly to the editors, and all of these stories which do not bear signatures, came to the staff as anonymous articles. For two months the bulletin board has been inscribed with S. O. S. (Send on Stories!) signals from the Literary Editor, and many other danger signs and warning to delinquent contributors. The calls were answered by a faithful few, while the majority of the students seemed to take no particular interest in the work. Because of this and many other manifested signs we have come to the conclusion that our Literary Editor is largely responsible for the works which appear in the pages of his department and we feel sure that the success of the Totem is due largely to his personal efforts.

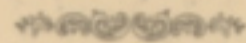
Another person deserving of praise is our cartoonist, Kathleen Ward, who has willingly devoted many hours of labor to make our book original as well as interesting. The Freshmen class should feel highly honored to have one from their number selected for such an important office on the staff.

Last year the Literary Digest was introduced into the English course of the High School for a short period at the end of the term and immediately proved a success. This year it was included in the English course for three months. The study of the "Digest" in the English classes is almost universal in modern high schools. This magazine is issued weekly and treats with all events of current interest. It not only acquaints the student with the affairs of the world, but also brings him in touch with the literature of our modern writers.

Another change in our daily routine has been the addition of music into the High School. Three days a week we devote a period of fifteen minutes the first thing in the morning to singing. The students greatly enjoy this, and find that it helps them to start the day off in the right spirit. We have also discovered some fine songsters among our numbers.



High School Faculty



MISS LOVINA WILLSON, B. A.

*Mathematics, Science and
Public Speaking*

MISS EDITH LASS, M. A.

English and German

L. D. HENDERSON, B. A.

*Superintendent of Schools
Principal of High School*

MISS MARGARET SCOTT, B. S.

*Mathematics, Latin and
Sewing*

MISS MAY TWITCHELL

*Commercial Subjects and
History*



HAZEL JAEGER



MARY CONNOR



WAINO HENDRICKSON



GLADYS TRIPP



LUELLA GILPATRICK



RUTH UMSTEAD



EUGENE NELSON



SUZANNE McLAUGHLIN



SIMPSON Mac KINNON



MARGERET DUDLEY



LILY KORHONEN



CHARLES SKUSE



GARNET LAUGHLIN

*Miss Helen Troy, a member of our Class, was absent for some
time and returned too late to have her photograph in
the Totem. She will graduate
with the Class*



The class of 1916 has been the center of most of the school "pep" during its four short years in the High School. We are known as the class that "can't be beat." Even when we were young and green, we demonstrated our remarkability in this line by not letting the class of 1915 get the best of us when they thought they would show us a thing or two about how Freshmen should be initiated. Although they outclassed us in size as well as in numbers, we were able to hold our own and after two lively hours of work we—the class of 1916 came out victorious.

From that day to this we kept our record up to its standard. Nothing goes on in the High School in which we are not largely represented. In dramatics we can safely claim the honor of outshining the other classes. A great deal of talent has been found among our numbers. And in athletics although we only have two boys in the field—they can do the work of a dozen. Simpson MacKinnon is captain of the basketball team and for three years has been our star player.

Another thing we have to boast of is that we are the largest class to graduate from Juneau High School. Not only that, but nine of us were born in Juneau, or the vicinity, and with the exception of one or two persons we have all gone through school together from the first grade up. Our native born Alaskans are: Charles Skuse, Eugene Nelson, Margaret Dudley, Suzanne McLaughlin, Waino Hendrickson, Garnet Laughlin, Lily Korhonen, Simpson MacKinnon and Hazel Jaeger.

The annual High School play given by its Senior classes will probably take place during the last week of school. Probably the entire cast, or at least the leading characters will be selected from our class.

M. C.

1. Mary L Connor.
2. Suzanne McLaughlin
3. Charles L. Hines
4. Jay Thompson
5. Earnest Laughlin
6. Ruth M. Moberg
7. Simpson Mackinnon
8. Hazel M. Jaeger
9. Lwaino Hendrickson
10. Margaret Dudley
11. Gladys Fay
12. Lulla Gilpatrick
13. Eugene Nelson

Senior Graphology

Pat-em-on-the-back & Rub-it-in Co.

BEATRICE BEARFAX - - SECRETARY

1. Your writing characterizes a person of a very fiery temper. You are tall and slender with a luxuriant growth of auburn hair. You have great musical ability and fate points out a career for you as a prima donna in the musical world. You say that freckles have spoiled your complexion and ask me to suggest a remedy. Make a creamy paste of four parts of fish glue to one part of bicarbonate of soda, add a few drops of carbon disulphide to hasten the action. In a few days your freckles as well as your skin will have been completely removed.
2. You are of the Mary Pickford type without that sad sweet smile. I should judge that when you are asleep you are very demure and reserved. From the specimen of your writing I see that you are a girl of high mentality but poor judgment. You ask whether you should wear your hair down or in a coiffure. I advise you to leave it down as a coiffure would look extremely silly with your childish face. You will notice that I am not sending you the addresses of the New York beauty parlors which you requested. I feel that you are altogether too young to be thinking about such things.
3. Your future stands out most brilliant as a prominent leader in the social world. You are decidedly a "ladies man" and very frivolous. You are a fine dancer and I advise you to take up this art from a professional standpoint. If I were in your place I would give up the idea of becoming a lawyer because you have neither the mental or executive ability which the profession requires.
4. A broad sprawling form of writing such as yours suggests a person of large stature, and most likely of a decidedly brunette type. You are highly intellectual and possess great executive ability. I would not be surprised to see you some day at the head of some great political organization.
5. Thru my knowledge of graphology I am able to forecast events in your life. Keep away from water—you are apt to get wet. You are very coquettish and for that reason unable to hold the attention of young men—mend your ways! You are very fond of pickles which accounts for your great height and slenderness. As for your profession, your long slender fingers make you highly capable of punching holes in doughnuts.
6. A dainty little lady here I see. Your writing shows that you are light and graceful. A wonder at dancing! A future such as that of Mrs. Vernon Castle looms before you. I advise you to co-operate with a certain Mr. Charles Skuse of your locality. He is already acquiring fame for his wonderful dancing and there is no doubt

that by working together you could bring forth some attractive new steps for this dance-mad world.

7. From your writing I judge that you are physically unfit, and advise you to consult a doctor immediately. A brisk five mile walk before breakfast will do wonders to improve your complexion. Do not eat a heavy breakfast. The best thing for a person in your condition is a small bowl of "Force"—preferably eaten dry, tho you may moisten it with a small amount of cream if you desire—but sugar is strictly forbidden. If you will send me two dollars I will write you full particulars on how to overcome your extreme shyness when in the presence of the fair sex.

8. The fact that you are fond of writing letters will make it easy for you to obtain a position as secretary to some one. You have to fiery a temper to be successful at teaching. By your writing I see that you delight in all forms of athletics and you asked me if it will be possible for you to learn to swim. Yes, you will learn swimming very easily and the fact that you are short and chubby will not be a detriment but a decided help.

9. By your small vertical writing I should judge that you are very high strung and decidedly nervous of temperament. I suggest that you eat plenty of Grape Nuts and drink Postum for your breakfast as they tend to steady your nerves. Have you been reading about the new device which has been invented to increase the height? You had better look into the matter as it is sure to help you. You say that your hair is so curly that you are unable to part it. This is a sign that you will marry for money and be very unhappy.

10. In answer to your letter regarding the affairs of your heart I can truthfully say that your future shines most brilliant. You are of a very domestic type and I predict that you will be happily married in six months—or six years. If you have not attained the goal of your desire at the end of this period I shall be glad to furnish you with further advice upon this subject provided you send me a stamped addressed envelope.

11. You are musically inclined and will be highly successful in this profession. You have dreamy eyes and wavy hair and wear an "I Wonder Who's Kissing Him Now" expression. You ask my advice as to the best brain food. Grape Nuts have always been considered a good brain producer but, as you say that you have already tried this, you should eat fish—at least once a day.

12. In answer to your question regarding your future I can say that you will attain whatever you aim to do. I know this by the peculiar character of your writing. As to your question on how to attract more attention from the opposite sex I will say that upon receipt of \$2.25 I will send you a beautifully bound booklet entitled "How to Attract and Hold the Attentions of Gentlemen."

13. By your writing I see that you are a person of fine temperament. You are inclined to be literary and I advise you to try to write poetry and short stories as this will bring you great fame and wealth. You will be well received in the circles of high society at home and abroad, and a great favorite among the ladies.



Altho there were twenty of us when we entered High School, there are now only two. Luckily these two happen to be the pick of the class. We have worked hard for everyone of our absent members, so we have made up in quality what we lack in quantity.

It is very difficult to elect officers in our class because we each vote for ourselves and the result is a tie. Therefore our system is to flip a coin, if we have one, if not we use a bread check which is kept in the treasury for this purpose. By this method William has won the offices of President, Secretary and Treasurer, while Harry has won the offices of Vice-President, Editor and Class Representative.

We are always represented at all school affairs and take an active part in athletics. William has served two terms as Vice President of the Seward Society, and is the leader of the High School Quartette. Altho he did not turn out for basketball this year, he has helped the school spirit along by his successful work as yell leader. While his classmate was yelling, Harry was playing a good game of ball, and promises to become a star.

Our class motto is "Two's Company," and our yell, as everyone knows is "Where's the Lesson?"



Harry Sabin.





The Sophomores this year have an enrollment of thirty-two members and are the largest class in High School. Those who are acquainted with the Freshman class of last year will know in general who comprise the members of this Sophomore class, because with few exceptions it is made up of the same crowd.

At the beginning of the school year four new members joined our forces. They were, Bessie Orchard of Ketchikan, Olive La Bounty of Wrangell, Francis Ptack and Esther Sutton of Lincoln High and Lillian Collins of Queene Anne High in Seattle. William Wagner, also of Queen Anne High joined the class in the first part of the second semester and Kenna Campbell of Stadium High of Tacoma entered in March.

During the first part of the year a meeting of the class was held and James McCloskey was elected President. Georgia Gilpatrick was appointed Seward Society representative. A committee was appointed to arrange for giving a return party to the Freshmen. Thus Jimmy had his first experience in parliamentary law, which proved highly amusing to his class mates.

Though the class has not taken active part in any of the social events of the High School up to date, before the end of the year we hope to give a good return party to the Freshmen, though it probably will not take place until early in May.

Eight of our members held parts in the play, "A College Town" given by the High School in February, making about one half of the entire cast. Joseph Acklen, the Sophomore belle established a record for impersonating femininity in its most perfect charms.

Owing to the small number who will make up next year's Senior Class the bulk of the "Totem" work will fall upon the shoulders of the coming Junior Class. We hope and work to that end, that we may keep up the same class spirit as has hitherto been shown among the pupils.

Roy Mitchell.





Our class is one of the largest Freshman classes that has ever entered High School. We are the second largest class in school, tho' only a few of us came from last year's eighth grade. The majority of our members came from other schools. We have in all, twenty-six members, eleven boys and sixteen girls.

We have not been very active in athletics so far this year, altho' two of our boys played on the basketball team. In the spring we hope to make a name for ourselves in the baseball field.

On the fifth of November the Freshman class entertained the High School and faculty by a party given in the spacious rooms of the A. B. Hall which at that time were in the Goldstein Building. The rooms were tastefully decorated in our colors of blue and white. Because of the large number who attended, we were unable to carry out the programme of entertainment that had been planned so a musician was obtained and the evening was spent in dancing. The party broke up at midnight and everyone declared they had never had such a good time before.

Our class officers are:

President—Vida Spaulding.

Vice-President—Clement Hodges.

Secretary—Kathleen Ward.

Class colors—Blue and white.

Flower—White rose.

Yell:

Chee, Chee, Chee

Chow, Chow, Chow

Boomerang, Boomerang.

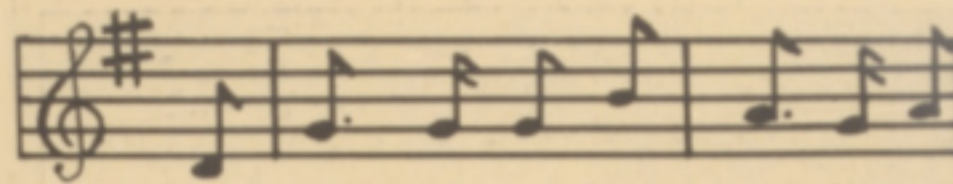
Bow Wow Wow

Rip zip boomerang

Ri Re Ra.

1919 forever and a day.

Joe McLaughlin.



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

1904

Ethelyn Ebner
Grover C. Winn

1905

Crystal Snow

1906

Frances Hammond
Frances Shepard

1907

Edna Dow
Edward Kennedy

1908

Brilliant Olds
Walter Ramseyer
Robert Cragg
Juanita Anderson
William Casey

1909

Blossom Cragg
Thomas Cole
Charles Johnson
David Christoe
Albert Rapp
Irvin Warren
Edward Christoe
Cecelia McLaughlin
Cecelia Tibbits

1910

Mina Sowerby
Ora Morgan
Helen Denny
Carrie George
Clement Rellly

1911

Carl Brown
Harry Harper

1912

Frank Caraway

1913

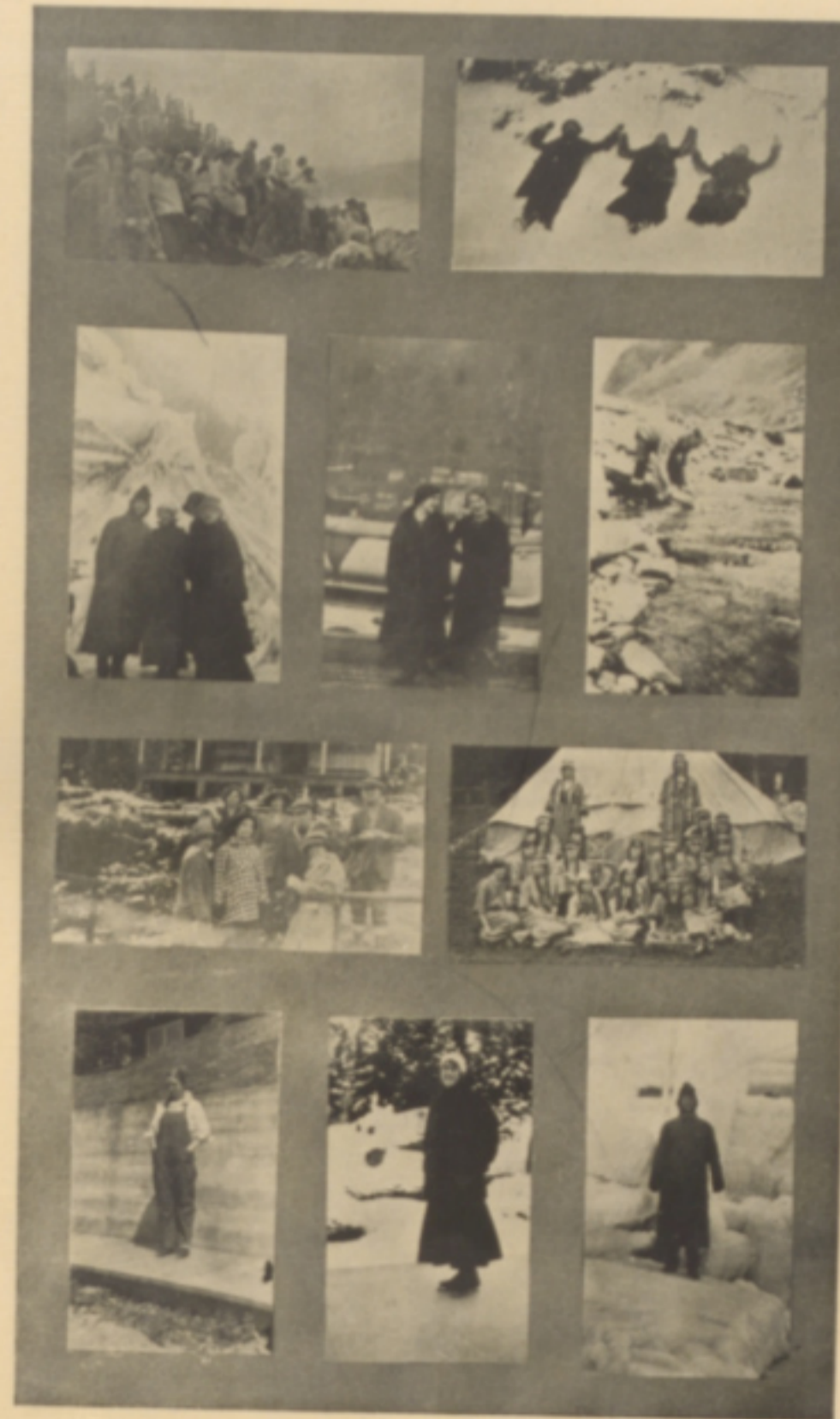
Peter Johnson
Paul Carpenter
Charles Wortman
Lessie George
Chester Tripp
Mamie Morgan

1914

Alma Sowerby
George Nelson
Charles Sabin
Norah Museth
Thelma Ninnis
Edward Beattie

1915

Burdett Winn
Anne McLaughlin
Almond Richards
Cyril Kashevaroff
Helmi Aalto
Paul Thompson







EXCHANGES

Messenger, Bellingham, Washington:—

A wider margin might improve the looks of your book. Your campus scenes are good and we appreciate your boost for Alaska.

Skull, San Andreas, California:—

Your Exposition number is excellent. The industrial articles and illustrations are a credit to your community.

Skip, Sutter Creek, California:—

This is a very attractive, well arranged book. We hope you will always remain on our exchange list.

Tahoma, Tacoma, Washington:—

We find a new attraction in your book—a puzzle page. Your cartoons are also worthy of note.

Troubadour, Portland, Oregon:—

Your editorials on school spirit strike the right note.

The Knight, Camden, New Jersey:—

Your literary pages are among the best we have received this year.

The Clarion, Salem, Oregon:—

Your weekly paper is highly enjoyed by all who read it. It is a very neat and well edited paper.

The Whitworthian, Spokane, Washington:—

You are a new addition upon our list! We hope you will come again!

El Recuerdo, Huntington Park, Cal.:—

One of the best excahnges. Your colored illustrations are very attractive.

Other Exchanges which we wish to remember:—

Caldron, Shawnee, Oklahoma.

Criterion, Waupaca, Wisconsin.

Golden Blue, Maxwell, California.

The High School News, Berlin, Wisconsin.

The Wild Cat, Los Gatos, California.

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ing Merchandise of the Very
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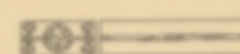
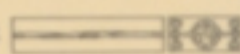
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SILKS
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Arctic Barber Shop

SCHOOL CALENDER

(S. McL.)

SEPTEMBER

MON. 13—School opened today with two new teachers. Everybody is wearing a studious look. The Juniors are conspicuous by their absence.

TUES. 14—New books. Empty pockets. Grind begins.

FRI. 18—Today we had housecleaning in chem. lab. Crusty and Sim showed that they had experience in dishwashing.

WED. 24—The girls have great difficulty to keep out of the M. D. C. refreshment committee's way.

FRI. 26—Our first Moonlight Dance of the season. Held at Turner's Hall, with an exceptionally large attendance and good "eats."

OCTOBER

MON. 4—Scarlet fever! Isn't it awful? Poor "Cap." We can't see him for six whole weeks.

FRI. 8—Cap wants to come out—says he's tired of doing fancy work. We don't blame him.

TUES. 12—We have heard rumors that there is going to be something doing Friday.

The "A. T. SPATZ CAFE" :: Juneau
Alaska

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3rd and Seward

Juneau, Alaska

The PARISIAN

Ladies' Exclusive Wearing
Apparel

Greenbaum's Management

Phone 276

- FRI. 15—Sure enough!—an M. D. C., and we had a peachy time, too.
- MON. 18—Hooray!—A Holiday. It's too bad that Alaska Day comes only once a year.
- TUES. 19.—Gilbert Hodges took a trip to the land of dreams during English class.
- FRI. 22—My but the sophs are happy? No wonder—Cap is getting better
- MON. 25—Blue Monday. Exams! The Freshies are scared out of their wits.
- FRI. 29—Mr. Henderson's gentle voice is heard warning the Seniors to "have those Chemistry note books in by 3:15."

SAN FRANCISCO BAKERY -- Phone 31

NOVEMBER

- MON. 1.—Cards. We feel like "children should be seen and not heard."
- FRI. 5.—Freshman Party. Who says they didn't have a good time? The class of 1919 are good entertainers.
- WED. 17.—The grade school held a "Cantata" at the Hippodrome, and the dignified Seniors peddled candy up and down the aisles.
- FRI. 19.—M. D. C. at Moose Hall. We feel more at home back at the old hall once more.
- WED. 24.—No school tomorrow or Friday either. Guess they think we'll eat too much turkey during Thanksgiving.

Juneau Clothing Co.

— Arthur A. Nagle, Prop. —

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STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

BOOTS and SHOES

FISHERMEN'S, MINER'S

and LOGGER'S SUPPLIES

Juneau, Alaska :: Phone 28

DECEMBER

WED. 1.—Exam week again. The Freshmen don't look quite so scared this time.

MON. 6.—Reports and private conferences with Mr. Henderson in his office.

FRI. 10.—The Senior boys are mad because they weren't invited to the Sewing Bee Hazel gave for the girls. We wondered if they really are so fond of sewing or if they expected something doing in the "eats."

MON. 13.—"Totem" staff was elected.

FRI. 17.—Another M. D. C. which was made exceedingly lively by the presence of a naughty Senior girl with a bunch of mistletoe.

San Francisco Bakery--Eventually, Why Not Now?

MON. 20.—Burdette Winn—better known as "Daddy" returned home to spend the holidays and was given a hearty welcome by his old friends.

THURS. 23.—Seward Society met for the last time this semester and reported a fine programme. Vacation begins. Ten whole days of freedom!

Dream Theatre



Paramount Pictures

W. H. THOMPSON

Prop.

Mullen & Hebert

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Belting Cable Rope

J U N E A U , A L A S K A

Owl Drug Company—Has Service

JANUARY

- MON. 3.—School again with no particular changes. A few more new studies. Simpson looks quite professional in his glasses.
- WED. 5.—The cast for the H. S. play "A College Town" was chosen and the work begun.
- MON. 10.—Miss Scott is sick and did not come to school today. Of course we are sorry but just the same it's nice to get out of Latin for a change.
- TUES. 11.—This afternoon the school took a walk out the Salmon Creek road in order to have a snow picture taken.
- WED. 12.—Miss Scott is back. We are awfully glad to see her but afraid she's going to stretch our lessons to make up for lost time.
- THURS. 13.—"Jim" Margrie got to school on time! Will wonders never cease.
- FRI. 14.—Another M. D. C. A good time? Well, I guess yes!
- MON. 17.—Seniors started having their pictures taken for the "Totem."
- THURS. 20.—B-r-r-r-r! My but it's cold. 14° below. No school. Everything froze up. We stay home and hug the good old stoves.

Dr. Robert Simpson—Optimetrist

First National Bank of Juneau

Capital \$50,000 ⇨ Surplus and Undivided Profits \$50,000

FRI. 21.—Still no school. We like vacations but not this kind of weather.

MON. 24.—We're back to school again with only 50% attendance. We have to keep our coats on to be warm enough.

TUES. 20.—Isn't it cruel that we should be punished so? We can't even write notes any more and must stay after school if we whisper.

Owl Drug Company—Best Ice Cream

FEBRUARY

FRI. 4.—Our first practice of our play at the Orpheum.

SAT. 5.—Tonight was THE night. Much glory and honor for all concerned.

FRI. 11.—We're awful sorry Lincoln's birthday comes on Saturday this year. That means no holiday. Mary is glad tho' 'cause it's her birthday, too, and she knows that if there was school she'd get what is coming to her.

THURS. 17.—Seniors sent for their class pins.

SAT. 19.—The Sitka boys arrived today in their launch "Golden-rod"—Excitement reigns supreme.

WED. 23.—The first B. B. game was played. The J. H. S. rooters made quite a showing and we carried off the honors too. But the S. A. C. boys met their defeat bravely.

THURS. 24.—Again we beat the S. A. C. but we certainly think the Sitka boys are cheerful losers.

FRI. 25.—We gave an M. D. C. in honor of the visiting team. They said they had the time of their lives.

SAT. 26.—The S. A. C. played Douglas and the J. H. S. went over in a body to root for them.

MON. 28.—The Sitka team has gone. Blue Monday again. Book reports are due and Exams begin.

The "A. T. SPATZ CAFE" :: Juneau
Alaska

Dr. Robt. Simpson—Optimetrist

MARCH

- WED. 3.—Seniors are working their heads off—?! Chemistry
note books due again.
THURS. 4.—Lily has lost her curling iron!
MON. 8.—Cards! Why such mournful faces?
TUES. 9.—No—She's found it again. Doesn't she look better with
it curled?
MON. 13.—First section of "Totem" went to press.
TUES. 21.—Waino's gentle voice can be heard at any time between
period's warning people who are doing work for the
"Totem" to "hurry up."
MON. 27.—Senior pins arrived and are greatly admired by the
lower classmen.

The "A. T. SPATZ CAFE" :: Juneau
Alaska

CHEER UP.

When you feel down in the mouth think of Jonah; he came out
all right.

"Your daughter," said the visitor in the den of Pa Dingbat,
"seems to play some very musical pieces on the piano."

"Yes," growled Pa; "she's got a beau in the parlor, and that
noise is to drown the sound of her mother washing up the dishes."

Miss Twitchell, our Shorthand teacher

Was a great ozone preacher,

"Take a front seat if you're cold," she would say,

So the windows were open thruout the day

The pupils would sit and shudder and freeze

While she enjoyed the cooling breeze.

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*Have always enjoyed the confidence of both physicians and
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Orpheum Theatre

House of Good Shows

JUNEAU, ALASKA

Allen Shattuck

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Rents*

223 Seward Street

Miss Scott—"Lilly, give the principal parts of hope."

Lilly—"I dunno—idunnare—idunnavi—idunnatus."

Teacher—"What did Washington do for his country?"

Ruth—"He gave it an extra holiday."

Alaska Meat Company—John Reck, Manager

Teacher—"What solids are used in Solid Geometry?"

Walno—"Your heads."

Bill—"Doggone it, I've got another sliver in my finger."

Burf—"So you've been scratching your head again?"

Mary—"The night wore on."

Gladys—"What did it wear?"

Mary—"The close of day."

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JUNEAU, ALASKA

**The "A. T. SPATZ CAFE" :: Juneau
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Dr. Robt. Simpson—Optimetrist

A man and a woman were arguing.

"And what," said the man, "is woman but a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair?"

"And what," said the woman, "is man but a drag, a bone, and a tank of air?"

Waino—"When I graduate I shall step into a position of \$20,000 per.

Miss Willson—"Per what?"

Waino—"Perhaps."

The girl with the match-making mother nearly always has a little brother who torpedoes her engagements.

Kind gentleman—"Now, what should little boys say when they receive a nickel for carrying a grip?"

Little Boy—"Tain't 'nuff."

The "A. T. SPATZ CAFE" :: Juneau,
Alaska

Teacher—"What is an optimist?"

Pupil—"An optimist is a cross-eyed fellow who is glad he is not bow-legged."

Umpire—"Foul!"

Freshie—"Where's the feathers?"

Umpire—"My boy, this is a picked team."

Suzanne, to——? (Behind the scenes between acts)—"Don't you think you have held my hand long enough now?"

(The answer was so low as not to be heard).

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Alaska Meat Company—John Reck, Mgr.

ASTROLOGY.

The sun is the father of the moon, though it is no credit to him, for the moon gets full once a month and generally does it on his last quarter, but then the sun is just as bad; he never shows up 'till morning.

M. P. GOODMAN, Pres.

E. E. BURRACH, Mgr.

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Rooms with or without Bath and en Suite
Steam Heated and Electric
Lighted

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Juneau-Douglas City Museum

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prices remarkably low. ::*

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HOUSE*

Juneau Furniture Co.

Cor. Third and Seward

A cross-eyed man asked his friend to help him kill a calf. As he picked up the axe his friend said: "Do you strike where you look?"

"Why, surely."

"Well, you hold the calf."

Observant Kiddy—"Oh, look at that funny man, mother. He is sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel."

Owl Drug Company—Best Ice Cream

"Is it proper to wear your Garden Hose at a Lawn Party?"

"Yes, just as proper as to wear your lid to a box party."

"I didn't raise my voice to be a whisper."—Garnet.

Gene—(In German IV.)—"Schatz" means 'sweetheart.'

Miss Scott—"Schatz" also means 'treasure.' "

Gene—"Well, isn't a sweetheart a treasure?"

Alaska Supply Co.

*Hardware, Lumber, Building
Material, Guns and Ammuni-
tion, Stoves, Paints, Glass,
Sash and Doors. :: ::*

JUNEAU :: :: ALASKA

Fry-Bruhn Company

FINE POULTRY

Fresh Sausage Every Day

*Full Line Fresh Meats—Government
Inspected—Try our Wild Rose Lard*

Arthur Ficken, Mgr. Seward St.

ROLYAT CANDY COMPANY

Rolyat Candy Company

It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curbstone shaking his sides with laughter he was asked:

"What's the fun, sir?"

"Fun? Can't you see it? Just look how that thing (pointing to a watering cart) leaks. Why, the idiot won't have a drop left when he gets home.

When a woman's dress is described as a dream—it's cost is most likely a nightmare to her husband.

Ed—"I tho't you could keep a secret."

Nell—"Well, I kept it a week. Do you think I'm a cold storage plant?"

Owl Drug Company—Try Our Malted Milk Drinks

John—"I gave her a good box of rogue for Xmas."

Jim—"Gee, that was some present."

John—"Yes, but I got it all back from her when she thanked me for it."

"What's the excitement in the church around the corner?"

"Oh just a wooden wedding."

"A wooden wedding? How d-ye get that?"

"Why two Poles are being married."

More people would come out on top if they were willing to start at the bottom.

They had just become engaged. He had kissed her for the 264th time. "Promise me," she whispered in loving accents, "that when I die you'll plant a mistletoe on my grave." And he sealed the promise with some more.

NOTE—Some of the jokes in this issue taken from our exchanges.

The "A. T. SPATZ CAFE" :: Juneau
Alaska

The Alaska Grill

TOM RADONICH, Prop.



**Northern
Laundry & Supply Co.**

INCORPORATED

Quality and Service

PHONE 133

Eugene in chemistry, intent upon his experiment with nickel nitrate—"Hey, gimme some more of that jitney nitrate."

There was a big Junior named Bill,
Whose Christian name is Will.
His chief occupation
To his teachers' vexation
Is smiling and flirting with Lil.

One day in Chemistry class
We were making chlorine gas
The professor was talking
And we were all gawking
When the gas went off with a crash.

Father—"And do you think you could support a family?"
Would-be-Son-in-law—"Oh, I only wanted Sarah!"

A traveling man, in a great hurry to catch a train discovered that he had left one of his grips behind. So, calling to a bellboy who was standing nearby, he said:

"Oh, boy! Go up to room 23 and see if I left my grip there."

The boy departed, and returning in a few minutes rushed up to the impatient traveler and breathlessly said, "Yes sir, you did."

Crusty—"Gee! I've got a pain."

Charles—"What's the matter?"

Crusty—"I've got my tongue twisted in my shoe."

Harry Sabin (speaking of Hazel J.) "Ah begorra, with all the saints on the calendar they named her after a nut!"

In Virgil class—"Arma virumque cano," translated as, "I canned the arms of a man."

San Francisco Bakery for Bread, Cakes and Pies

Rates from \$.75 to \$2.50

Special Rates by Day or Week

The OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

STEAM HEATED and ELECTRIC LIGHTED

Buffet and Barber Shop in Connection
Reading Room and Sample Rooms

J. P. OLDS, Manager

EUROPEAN PLAN

Miss Lass (In English VIII.)—"Paraphrase the poem on page 471 entitled "Racing With the Rain."

Harry Sabin—"Gee! You couldn't beat it up here."

Miss Willson (explaining use of X an unknown quantity to Joe Acklin age 15)—"Now Joe, if I am 16 years older than you and you are X years old, how old am I?"

Joe (quickly, knowing the value of X)—"31 years old."

Miss Twitchell—"I see you have quite a talent for painting."

Girl Stude—"Do you think so?"

Miss Twitchell—"Yes, I can see it on your face."

Post Office Store--Periodicals and Curios--

Branch Office
Opp. City Dock

Newlywed (at dinner)—This lettuce is something fierce. Did you wash it?

Mrs. Newlywed—Of course I did! And I used perfumed soap, too!

"Bobby," said the lady in a street car, "Why don't you get up and let your father sit down? Doesn't it pain you to see him reaching for the strap?"

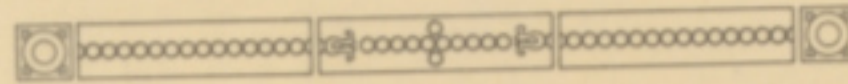
"Not in a car," said Bobby, "only at home."

All the world loves a lover, but it isn't every suitor that suits.

Simpson (In German IV., tapping his head trying to answer the question).

Miss Scott—"Nemand zu Hause. (No one at home)."

The "A. T. SPATZ CAFE" :: Juneau
Alaska



*This is an Expression of THANKS
which the Students of the High School ex-
tend to the following business men and
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